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A LOVE MATCH

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AUNT HAWKINS.

By A. B. ROMNEY, Author of "Four Old Maids," "The Solution of the Difficulty," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"I WISH that I could prove to you what a mistake you are making," said Judith.

"Well," replied Jane, "if you talked for ever you would never convince me that it is not a happier thing for a girl to marry than to turn into an old maid; and what's more, I'm certain you only talk as you do just because you haven't got a lover. If you had——"

"If I had!" returned Judith, flushing angrily. "I should soon let him see that there was at least one girl in the world who wasn't a fool."

"But, Judith dear!" said Nellie, "don't you think that there are some things which one believes with one's head, but not with one's heart?"

"What do you mean?" cried Judith scornfully. "Do try and speak sense, if you can."

"You know, Judith," said Nellie, blushing, as she bent over her work, "that I'm not clever like you, and that I can't argue and explain things properly. If you don't instinctively understand what I mean, I cannot explain it."

"Instinctively understand what you mean!" echoed Judith mockingly. "I don't believe that there is such a thing as instinct—at least, in human beings. Women talk of their instinct, and it just means that they refuse to think or reason on their actions. They allow themselves to be governed by the mere caprice of the moment, and this they dignify by the name of instinct."

"Well, anyhow, I'm not going to be an old maid to please you," cried Jane.

"Nor I, either," echoed Amy.

"That's always the way with you girls: you always repeat at the end of your argument the very words with which you begin it," remarked Judith.

"Why, for that matter, so do you," answered Amy pertly.

"Not at all. I didn't begin the argument, for I didn't wish to speak either for or against matrimony. I only wished to remark how extraordinary it does seem to me when I come home from college life to find you all so engrossed in such trivialities, and neither trying or caring to improve your minds in any way."

"Of course! Fighting and squabbling, as usual," observed a young man, pushing open the door, and sauntering up to the fireplace, where, with his hands deep in his pockets, he surveyed the flushed faces of his sisters. "Who that wasn't blessed with a quorum of sisters could ever guess from the company faces of little girls that they are in reality such a fighting, ill-tempered lot!"

"We weren't quarrelling," explained Judith, taking up her Todhunter; "we were arguing."

"Synonymous terms with women, it seems to me," said Hubert. "But to change the subject: who do you think I saw as I was coming along in the humble 'bus?"

"Oh, I know, I know!" exclaimed Jane, her eyes dancing with excitement.

"Well, if you do there's no need for me to enlighten you on the subject. All I need say is, he sent his love, and is coming to call on my fairest sister at five o'clock precisely."

"What!" exclaimed the three girls, rising from their seats simultaneously. "And you never told us; and it's just five o'clock, and no fire in the drawing-room; and we with our oldest things on. Goodness gracious!"

The three girls rushed from the room, leaving Judith to work in peace at her mathematics, and Hubert to uninterrupted enjoyment of the easiest chair in the room.

"Oh, what a lovely sell they will get!"

chuckled Hubert, stretching out his long legs before the fire. "They expect it's Black Crum who's coming, and it's really Lawrence Wainwright."

"Lawrence Wainwright!" exclaimed Judith, looking up. "What is bringing him here, I wonder?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. I happened to come across him, and he said something about coming up this afternoon. I suppose Jane's last hat has fetched him."

"How can men be such fools?" exclaimed Judith.

"How, indeed!" replied Hubert. "'Tis Nature, I suppose; and does not the poet say that we must 'list to Nature's teaching'?"

"What poet?"

"Don't know. Shakespeare, I would suggest. If not there, try Browning."

"Nonsense, Hubert! Really, I never heard anyone talk such utter rubbish as you do. I cannot understand how you seem contented to drift through life as you do, just earning enough by your clerkship in that bank to support yourself, and never trying to advance or raise yourself in the slightest degree. Do you never regret your folly in refusing to work for the army when Aunt Hawkins gave you the chance?"

"Never! I can say with truth, never. Besides," continued Hubert, as he lighted his third cigarette, "if I had not been the black sheep, where would have been your chance of showing your snowy fleece? It was the purest unselfishness—the wish that at least one of my sisters might have an opportunity of distinguishing herself that caused me to decline to push myself forward. But in this world one never gets credit for one's best actions. One's own conscience is left to reward one, and, by George! it's very poorly it does it."

After a pause Judith put down her pencil, and asked—

"Which of the girls do you think is the best-looking?"

"Why, present company, of course, excepted, I know that Jane is accustomed to be considered the beauty of the family, and Amy runs a very good second to her; but in my humble opinion, Nellie is out and out the prettiest girl."

"Nellie!" exclaimed Judith, with surprise.

"Yes, Nellie; and she is the best of them, too. I'm sure I don't know how we should all be if it wasn't for Nellie. With you always away from home or reading, and the other two always either dressing or going about, the mater would be driven wild if it wasn't for her."

Hubert ended up with a laugh, as if ashamed of having spoken so earnestly, and leaned back again among the cushions, while Judith thought over the new idea suggested by her brother. She always intended to be of such use in the future that she never was of any in the present.

Meanwhile, the three girls had changed their dresses and hurried down to the drawing-room.

"Why on earth did you go and change your dress, Nellie? Dr. Crum is not coming to see you, I fancy," said Jane, with a conscious little laugh and glance at the mirror. "Why, there's no need for you to stay in the room at all. It is so awkward for a man to sit with a circle of girls listening to every word he utters. Amy is chaperon enough. Dear knows."

Hardly had she said this when the hall bell rang.

"Here he is!" cried Jane. "What is keeping Mary, that she doesn't go to the door? I do hope that she will put on a clean cap when she is such a time."

"Mr. Lawrence Wainwright."

Astonishment appeared on Jane's and Amy's faces; pleasure on Nellie's.

"How d'ye do?" cried Jane smilingly, shaking hands with the young man. "Won't you come near the fire? It's an awfully cold day, isn't it? Ring for the tea, Nellie, do! I'm just longing for some. We're having it later than usual this afternoon, because we're expecting father and mother to come home at any moment. They went up to town this morning."

Mr. Wainwright made some polite rejoinder, and turning to Nellie, said—

"I've brought you the poem which you said the other day you should like to read—*Œnone*—do you recollect?"

"Thank you so very much, Mr. Wainwright," replied Nellie. "How kind of you to remember about it! It is a very beautiful poem, I believe. I shall be delighted to read it."

"I must say," remarked Mr. Wainwright, as, after handing round the tea and cake, he changed his seat to one beside Nellie—"I must say that on the whole I was a good deal disappointed in the poem. I wonder what you will think of it? Mind, I shall expect you to give me your opinion on it."

"Have you been going out much lately, Mr. Wainwright?" inquired Jane, before Nellie could reply.

"Why, no. I have been in Scotland the last few weeks. I suppose I shall see you at Lady Bayley's on the twenty-second?"

"We've heard nothing about it—oh, I do hope she will ask us!" cried the girls, all at the same time.

Young Wainwright laughed, and said—

"Of course she will. She has not yet sent out all the invitations, I know. I may hope to see you there?" he continued, looking at Nellie.

"Oh dear!" cried Amy in doleful tones, "it's my turn to stay at home. And it's sure to be such fun! Last time, I remember, Lady Bayley had magic-lanterns all the way up the avenue, and such delightful music!"

"Magic-lanterns! Amy, what are you talking about?" cried Jane laughingly.

"I meant Chinese lanterns, of course," replied Amy, somewhat offended at the burst of laughter.

Mr. Wainwright now left.

The girls, as soon as the hall-door was closed, rushed across the hall into the dining-room, where Hubert and Judith were still sitting.

"Well, how's Black Crum to-day?" inquired Hubert, in a most innocent tone of voice.



"AUNT HAWKINS ENTERED—LEANING ON THE ATTENTIVE MAJOR'S ARM." (p. 7).

"It wasn't Doctor Black Crum at all; it was that stupid, conceited young Wainwright," began Jane. "However, we got one piece of news out of him, at any rate. He told us that his aunt, Lady Bayley, is going to give an 'At Home' on the twenty-second. Isn't that splendid?"

"What is young Wainwright like?" inquired Judith. "Is he good-looking?"

"He is tall and dark, and has an obstinate kind of chin, and those kind of disagreeable

eyes that seem to see inside as well as outside of you," replied Jane.

"How did you come to know him?" continued Jane.

"We met him very often at tennis-parties in the summer. He plays rather well. I say, Nellie," continued Jane, turning to her sister, "when were you talking to him about that poem he has lent you?"

"As I was coming home on Monday from town, I met him, and he would carry all those parcels I had. It was then he asked me if I had read it, and when I said I had not seen it, he said something about lending it to me, but I never thought he would remember to do so."

After giving this explanation, Nellie left the room.

Hubert gave a long and expressive whistle.

CHAPTER II.

THE following morning at breakfast, Major Dudley exclaimed, after reading one of his letters—

"Confound it, Emily! Who do you think is coming to stay with us?"

"Why, my dear?" said his wife, pausing with tea-pot uplifted. "We haven't asked anyone to stay with us, you know."

"That's just the joke of it. Here's a letter from Aunt Hawkins—no less—saying that her doctors have ordered her change of air (change of air for a woman past eighty!), and that all her relations, except myself, have been persecuting her with invitations to stay with them. Therefore, as we are the only ones who haven't asked her, to us she is determined to come."

Major Dudley leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Oh, Frank! Aunt Hawkins coming here? You must be joking!" exclaimed his wife, with an affrighted air.

"Not in the least, I assure you, my dear," answered the major. "You can read the letter for yourself, if you've any doubts on the subject."

Mrs. Dudley took the letter, and with puckered brow read it slowly through, while the girls exclaimed, in various tones of amazement and dismay—

"Aunt Hawkins coming here to-morrow! How simply awful!"

"I see nothing awful in the fact at all," said Major Dudley, "but a stroke of real good luck. Now is the time to make all your innings. Who knows but that she will leave her £20,000 to us, after all? If Hubert was but a pretty little boy in a velvet suit, it would be his to a certainty. Old ladies always have a weakness for small boys."

"But where are we to put her?" interrupted his wife impatiently. "And how are we to meet the extra expenses, and the cook leaving next week? We must, of course, give up our room, and, Judith, you must give up yours for the maid."

"But where shall I study, then?" cried Judith.

"Study your aunt, my dear!" said Hubert, grinning; "it will be better worth your while than Euclid. Give me another cup of tea, mother: I'm getting no breakfast with all this fuss."

"I must go and see after things directly," cried Mrs. Dudley nervously. "I'm sure I don't know how to have everything ready by to-morrow. Nellie, my dear, come upstairs and help me the moment you have finished your breakfast."

Mrs. Dudley left the room, her cap going slightly to one side, as it usually did when she was worried by household cares.

The rest of the day was work, worry, and fuss.

The major, on hearing that minced meat was for dinner, recollected an engagement he had in town, and disappeared. Hubert was always late home on Wednesdays. Mrs. Dudley decided to have no dinner, to save the cook's time, and instead of that meal, she and the girls sat down at seven o'clock to tea and cold meat.

"Well, I never felt more harassed in all my life," said poor Mrs. Dudley, sipping her tea and sighing. "If there is one person in the world whom I positively dread, it is Aunt Hawkins. In her best days I never could understand her or get on with her; and now, when she has grown queerer than ever, she is simply unendurable. As to her leaving us any money, that, I feel sure, she will never do. She was too much offended the time she offered to pay for Hubert at Sandhurst, and he refused to work for the examination; and she thought it was all my fault, because I wouldn't say I was sorry he didn't enter; as if I wanted the dear boy to be shot!"

"Fancy, if Aunt Hawkins were to leave me all her money! Oh, dear, what a time I'd have!" cried Amy.

"Oh, you needn't think she'd dream of doing such a thing," replied Jane. "She never liked you. I was her favourite after Hubert; and now that he is out of favour, who knows what she mightn't do for me? Of course, if Aunt Hawkins were to leave me all her money, I would do something for him—I would go shares—though, indeed, half of the money is more than he possibly could expect.



'PRAY, MAY I ASK YOU WHO THAT WHITEY-BROWN THING IN THE CORNER IS, EH?'" (p. 10).

After all, £20,000 is not such a very big sum. It would only bring a comfortable income, and, of course, all of you would have to be thought of, so if I allowed him £100 a year, it would be very handsome, although, on second thoughts, it might only encourage him in extravagance; and when he is naturally inclined that way, and is living at home, he really has no need for more money than he earns at present. I could give him a present at Christmas, and so on. That will be the best plan."

"You need not be counting your chickens before they are hatched," remarked Judith.

The following morning was like the preceding one in its bustle and fuss.

In the afternoon Major Dudley, after an hour's elaborate toilette, walked to the station to meet his aunt.

Mrs. Dudley and the girls also changed to their best frocks, and sat in the drawing-room resting, while awaiting the arrival of their guest.

At a quarter to five o'clock a four-wheeler drove up to the door, containing the major, Aunt Hawkins, her maid, two trunks, a bonnet-box, an India-rubber hot water bottle, an air cushion, a melon-shaped yellow satin headrest, some rugs, wraps, and four parcels.

Aunt Hawkins, followed by her maid, Squelsh, entered the drawing-room with dignity, leaning on the attentive major's arm.

In person, Miss Henrietta Hawkins was diminutive, but very erect. Her somewhat hairy face was wrinkled and yellow in colour. Her green eyes, shaded by a few remaining white eyelashes, were remarkably keen and bright. She wore false teeth, purposely blackened and broken.

Her dress was made of dark lilac silk, the skirt looped up in festoons by safety-pins. She wore also a black shawl, fastened by a large miniature of a corpulent old gentleman in naval uniform, a black velvet poke-bonnet, surmounted by a circular wire frame covered with green silk. This last-mentioned article was called an "Ugly"—it could be pulled forward or bent back, according as the sun shone; it was much in use in old days among fashionable belles, to preserve the complexion from the effects of the sun and wind. Her feet were encased in soft list boots, and hanging from her waist was a steel chain, ending in an immense bunch of keys of various sizes.

After the usual preliminary insincerities were over, Miss Hawkins seated herself on the sofa.

"Squelsh!" she cried, as the maid was about to leave the room—"Squelsh, come here!"

"Yes, mim," replied Squelsh.

"Go upstairs at once, and see that my bed is made so that I shall be able to sleep in it," directed Miss Hawkins.

"I think," began Mrs. Dudley, "that you will find it a very comfortable bed. I oversaw myself that it was properly made, for I knew you were particular about it."

"Properly made, is it?" cried Miss Hawkins. "Is the head to the north, that the magnetic fluid may flow through my limbs in a natural manner, eh?"

"The head to the north!" exclaimed Mrs. Dudley. "I'm afraid I don't know which is the north of the room. Frank, my dear, which is the north? Will you get a compass and try?"

The major laughed.

"It is very unfortunate, but the bed is just the other way. The head is to the south and the foot to the north."

"What happens if the magnetic fluid goes in at your toes and comes out at your head, Aunt Hawkins?" inquired Amy.

Miss Hawkins bestowed a scornful glance on her grand-niece, and continued—

"Then turn the bed right round, Squelsh, immediately."

"But, Aunt Hawkins," remonstrated Mrs. Dudley, "it is one of those heavy old-fashioned four-posters, with curtains and tester, you know. It is far too heavy for the maids to lift."

"Well, then, turn the bed-clothes the other way, and put the pillow to the foot. That's all," directed Miss Hawkins.

Squelsh left the room.

The major warmed himself, standing with his back to the fire; Mrs. Dudley took a chair beside the old lady, and the girls sat round in a semicircle.

Everyone tried to think of something to say, and failed. The major poked the fire and cleared his throat several times.

The hall door was pushed open, and Hubert's voice rang through the house, demanding from the housemaid—

"Has the old woman arrived yet?"

"Will you have the kindness to go and tell your brother that 'the old woman' *has* arrived, and that as he is so anxious to see her, he may come in at once?" said Aunt Hawkins, with grim humour.

Amy rushed out of the room. Whispered exclamations could be heard in the hall.



"SHE SAW WITH SURPRISE WHAT A LOVELY GIRL HER SISTER WAS" (*p.* 13).

Presently, Hubert, looking somewhat abashed, entered the room and walked up to the old lady.

"Well, Aunt Hawkins, how are you? I'm delighted to see you," said he, stooping down to kiss the least puckered bit of her cheek he could find.

"Pretty bobbish, thank you!" replied Miss Hawkins.

Hubert smothered a laugh with more success than Amy succeeded in doing.

"Sit down here beside me, and talk to me. I'm getting very deaf, you know."

"Are you? Very sorry to hear it. It must be a bore not to be able to hear what a fellow says," returned Hubert.

"Let me see," said Aunt Hawkins: "how long is it since I saw you last, eh?"

"Seven years, I believe, Aunt Hawkins," replied Hubert.

"Ay, so it is. Let me see, what year is this?"

"Ninety-two," returned Hubert.

"Ninety-two. Why, can it be ninety two? Ay! to be sure, so it must be. Take seven years from that, and it leaves——"

"Eighty-five," said Hubert.

"Yes, very true. In eighty five I saw you last. How time passes, and how people change! You're all very altered, do you know?"

"Are we, Aunt Hawkins?" inquired Hubert innocently.

"Your father, dear fellow, looks better than one might expect for his time of life, though, of course, he has quite lost his figure, and is quite broken-down and aged. Your elder sisters have quite lost their good looks. It is sad how soon girls look *passé*. Jane, when I last saw her, might pass in a crowd for a pretty girl. Your mother looks the best; but then plain people often do look their best when they grow elderly."

"And what about me?" cried Hubert, while the others all tried to look as if they had not been listening.

"H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!" cried Aunt Hawkins. "The least said the soonest mended. How do your prospects look now, may I ask?"

"Oh, as black as—my boots!" returned Hubert, stretching out his legs. "And as muddy too, I'm afraid."

"Well, and whose fault is that, sir?" cried Miss Hawkins sharply.

"Whose fault? Why, the weather's on the one hand and the Fates' on the other, I should say," returned Hubert calmly.

The dressing-bell now rang.

The major, in his best manner, offered his arm to Miss Hawkins, saying—

"Allow me, dear aunt."

"Certainly not, sir. You want an arm for yourself. I shall take your arm, young sir, if you will permit me."

Hubert gave Aunt Hawkins his arm, and she sailed out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

As a general rule, the Dudleys were not in the habit of dressing for dinner, but to-night they did so in honour of Miss Hawkins.

The dinner also, for the same reason, was to be at seven o'clock instead of the usual hour of half-past six.

At seven o'clock, therefore, the family assembled in the drawing-room in evening attire, awaiting in hungry expectation Aunt Hawkins' appearance.

The dinner-bell had been rung some time, when Miss Hawkins' maid, Squelsh, appeared at the door to inform Mrs. Dudley that Miss Hawkins did not feel equal to leaving her room again that evening; "but," she added, "my mistress would be obliged if you would 'av,e the goodness to let her know wot's for dinner."

Mrs. Dudley went through the various courses. Squelsh retired upstairs. After some minutes' consultation with her mistress, she re-appeared with a message to the effect that "Miss Hawkins would take some soup, a little roast fowl, and some jelly if it was real calf's foot: not those abominable poisoning melted squares or bottles; also some biscuits and a largish piece of cheese."

After despatching a tray containing the specified articles, Mrs. Dudley and her ravenous family sat down to their dinner.

All were irritable and cross. Mrs. Dudley mourned over the waste of cooking a pair of fowls when one would have been sufficient if she had but known aunt would not have come downstairs.

The major, through his soup and fish, grumbled moodily over the expenses of a household, but from the time the pudding appeared his spirits grew lighter and lighter, until by the close of dinner he became so assured of coming in for Aunt Hawkins' money, and of her speedy decease, that he felt it incumbent on him to indulge in a second glass with which to drink her health.

The next day came the invitation to Lady Bayley's party, and also, it being Mrs. Dudley's "at home" day, a number of visitors, including Dr. Black Crum and Mr. Reginald Pobb.

Dr. Black Crum was a young medical man who had lately come to the neighbouring

town. At present his practice and income were supposed to be equally limited. He was to be met at every tennis and afternoon tea-party, being what is generally described as a "nice young man."

He was short—a convenient size for wending his way through the intricacies of rooms filled with wicker-work tea-tables, basket-chairs, drapery, china, and pet dogs. He was fair—his hair sat in really a lovely wave across his somewhat moist and shining forehead. He was inexhaustible in small talk. With him in her room, a lady was proof against those dreadful lulls in conversation which are so apt to harry a hostess and embarrass her guests. He sang a little, as well as played the piano, not very badly; but chief of his many attractions was the suspicion that he was looking out for a wife. He was an open admirer of Miss Jane Dudley, and called regularly every fortnight to see her.

His friend, Mr. Reginald Pobb, who had lately always accompanied him in his visits to the Dudleys, was supposed to admire Amy. Anyhow, she took him in hand, and chatted and laughed beside him from the time he arrived until he left, and he being a somewhat heavy, spectacled, and obtuse young man, once he reached a safely constructed mahogany chair near the door, feared to get up and leave it for one of frailer appearance, though placed beside a more agreeable companion.

After half-a-dozen visits, guided by habit, on entering the dimly-lighted room, he made directly for his well-tested chair, and on finding Amy beside him immediately afterwards, forcing him to take tea and feeding him with plum-cake, appeared to rather enjoy himself than otherwise.

Both these young men were going to Lady Bayley's on the 22nd. Amy expressed her opinion to Mr. Reginald Pobb that she thought it was a great shame that she should be obliged to stay at home, and that she thought it was very unkind of Lady Bayley not to send her a special invitation when she knew that she (Amy) was simply dying to go; and that if she were left at home, she would cry the whole evening; and didn't he think it was a shame, too?

Mr. Reginald Pobb replied gravely: "Whatever you say yourself." It was his usual form of reply when puzzled by a young lady's bright chatter.

This answer so disconcerted Amy that she got up hastily and walked away. Whereupon Mr. Pobb finished the plate of bread and butter which she had inadvertently left beside him, and stared with glassy-eyed admiration at Nellie, who was playing softly at the piano dreamy German airs.

Amy went over to the corner of the fireside by which Aunt Hawkins sat in grim state.

"I hope you are feeling rested, aunt," she began sweetly. "Won't you have another cup of tea?"

"No more kettle-wash for me, I thank you," returned Aunt Hawkins, in a polite tone of voice. "Pray, may I ask you who that whitey-brown thing in the corner is, eh?" As she spoke, she pointed with a long bony finger at Mr. Pobb, who wore a light brown suit.

"Mr. Reginald Pobb, Aunt Hawkins," replied Amy in a whisper, growing very red as several visitors stopped in their talk and stared round.

"Who?" insisted Aunt Hawkins.

"Mr. Pobb," returned Amy desperately in a loud whisper, close to her aunt's ear.

"Ah! Mr. Snob! Snob by name and Snob by nature. H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!" replied Miss Hawkins.

Dr. Black Crum now rose. Mr. Pobb did the same, and both young men took their departure.

It being now late, the ladies soon afterwards left.

Amy and Jane drew their chairs to the fire and began to discuss the events of the day, while Nellie still played and sang snatches of songs.

Aunt Hawkins left the room.

The hall bell rang.

"Why, surely," exclaimed Amy, "that can't be another visitor?"

"It is," cried Jane, pouring with great forethought some luke-warm water into the well drained tea-pot.

Mr. Wainwright came in. He shook hands with the girls, while apologising for calling so late. "But," he continued, turning to Nellie, and taking from his pocket a card, "I know you are fond of music, so I ventured to bring you a ticket for the Wagner concert to be held next week. My mother wants you to dine with us that evening, and go with us to the concert. She is writing to you about it, I know."

"Oh, how lovely for you, Nellie!" exclaimed Amy in envious tones, while Nellie, with glowing cheeks, thanked him warmly. "You've two engagements for next week, and I've none."

"Oh, never 'say die, Miss Amy," laughed young Wainwright, handing her a note.

"What!" exclaimed Amy, in a voice of rapture, as she tore open the envelope. "A note from Lady Bayley, especially asking me to go to her 'At Home.' Oh, Mr. Wainwright,

I think it's just too sweet of her! But I know it was all through you. Now I am so happy. I don't envy you your concert a scrap, Nellie. It's sure to be a dull, classical old affair, but this party, it's just ripping!" And Amy stopped, quite out of breath with delight.

Young Wainwright laughed would not be persuaded to sit down, and immediately hurried away.

During the following eight or nine days Miss Hawkins improved in health, and consequently in temper. She presented each of the three girls with a £5-note apiece to buy dresses for the party. To Judith, who left home to return to her college, she gave a collection of musty papers, which she termed "her dear brother's invaluable mathematical notes, made when a young man in the year '20." Judith would have preferred a £5-note, had her opinion been asked.

To Hubert she gave a bicycle of the newest and most expensive make.

Squelsh tyrannised over the servants to such an extent that both gave "warning."

Such were the petty events of the week; greater things will soon occur—at least, in the opinion of Jane and Amy, perchance in that of Nellie also.

The new dresses were very successful. Jane's was pink—vieux-rose, she called it. Amy, who at first was inclined to choose yellow, on account of her brunette colouring, was so struck with Jane's selection that she changed round to pink as the most becoming colour, after all. But as she was unable to match the tint of her eldest sister's gown exactly, she chose "the nearest to it," as she herself described it. The result when the sisters stood together could hardly be called a harmony of colouring. However, Nellie, in her white silk, stood between, and toned down both tempers and colouring.

A box of exquisite roses arrived early on the morning of the 22nd, directed to Miss Nellie Dudley; and Nellie, for the first time in her life, refused to go shares with her sisters. Whereupon Amy observed to Jane, "that really Nellie was becoming eaten up with conceit, just because that young Wainwright had taken a little notice of her—as if he meant anything by it."

The girls, when ready to start, paraded into the drawing-room to display their frocks to Aunt Hawkins.

Aunt Hawkins polished her glasses, placed them on her nose, and inspected her grand-nieces with a critical air.

"You two set my teeth on edge," she exclaimed, "when you stand together."

Hubert laughed uproariously. "Well, Aunt Hawkins, what about Nellie, now? She doesn't look half bad, does she?"

"In my young days I was taught to carry myself with grace, and not look all legs and



"THE MAJOR ACTUALLY CAME DOWN IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST" (*p.* 15).

angular funny-bones. But putting grace and elegance aside as unnecessary in these days, I should say that your sister is a comely enough little body, whom I dare say may in time pick up a fool or two for an admirer."

"Don't you believe in love, Aunt Hawkins?" inquired Hubert, pulling on his white gloves.

"I believe in love," replied Miss Hawkins, "though 'tis a very rare commodity; but as to lovers: bah! the very name makes me ill. H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!"

"I don't see how one can reconcile those two statements—I can't, anyhow," said Hubert.

"Well, sir, I never said I could give you brains to do so," replied Miss Hawkins, acidly.

The maid came in to say the carriage was at the door. The young people put on their wraps and hurried away.

The major went to his den to smoke. Squelsh came in for Aunt Hawkins, and bore her off to bed.

Mrs. Dudley was left alone. As she sat by the dying fire, her thoughts went back to the days of her youth. Pictures of the past rushed to her recollection. The wrinkles fade in her forehead, the bloom and freshness of youth return to her cheek, gaiety and sparkle to her eyes. She recalls the evening when she first met her husband. In imagination, her heart again throbs as she sees the handsome young officer for the first time.

She wonders that such a hero can deign to notice her, to laugh at her silly little chatter, to ask her for song after song. And though years have shown that her hero is but a man, and a very selfish one, that the future, which looked but one long day of unclouded brightness, has been dimmed by many a cloud and threatened with dark tempests; still, he and she have weathered the storms, and at the end of near thirty years she loves him better even than when first he placed the golden circle, now worn thin, on her finger, and swore, with joy in his eyes and a careless smile on his lips, to love and cherish her till death.

Then her thoughts fixed on her children with loving pride. Her handsome, reckless Hubert, thoughtless of everything except his little mother—his very faults only drew her heart still closer to him. Why, she wondered, should the child who had caused her most anxiety be—though she tried not to acknowledge it even to herself—her best-beloved, and the one who had never given her a moment's grief, her steady, upright, learned Judith, be the one whom she honoured most, but loved least. It was due to some want in her own nature, Mrs. Dudley decided, with a sigh.

She was surprised how quickly the evening had passed. The children would soon be in; if they were not home in an hour, she would go to bed. Her eyes felt tired; she took off her glasses, closed her eyes for one moment, and immediately fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

MEANWHILE, the evening was proceeding delightfully or painfully, according to the feelings of the guests.

How long the hours before supper and bed to the weary chaperons stifling irresistible yawns behind their fans, to the "wall-flowers" realising the painful truth that "hope deferred maketh the heart grow sick." But how the flying moments sped to the successful singer, surrounded with admirers, to the happy pairs sitting undisturbed in nooks shaded by palms and lit by rose-coloured lamps, or to those perched in dim obscurity on the staircase steps, realising with wonder that the higher up they were the less they had to say.

Jane was now sitting in a picturesque little nook, under the becoming shade of a tall pink-frilled lamp, with Dr. Black Crum.

Jane finished her ice, and Dr. Crum put aside the plate, sat down beside her, and taking up her fan, began to fan her.

He looked very hot, his collar was a perfect



"'HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES'" (p. 19).

wreck, and his patent leather shoes struck Jane as agonisingly tight and pointed.

"You may fan yourself, if you like," began Jane, "but don't fan me any longer. You do make my fringe wave up and down in the most distracting way."

"Distracting to me," replied Dr. Crum, "I acknowledge."

"Nonsense, Dr. Crum!" laughed Jane; then, after a pause, she asked: "Are you fond of flowers?"

"Passionately fond—especially of greenhouse ones," replied Dr. Crum.

"Which is your favourite flower?" inquired Jane.

"Heliotrope, I think," answered Dr. Crum, after some consideration.

"Do you know the meaning of heliotrope?" asked Jane.

"Why, no, Miss Dudley; I'm afraid I'm quite ignorant of the language of flowers. You must tell me its meaning."

"Oh no, I won't," cried Jane coquettishly. "You must find that out for yourself."

"Ah! now don't be so unkind. I want to know particularly," urged Dr. Crum, leaning his elbow on his knee, and supporting his fat cheek on his forefinger and thumb. "Come, now, if you tell me, I shall tell you something that will interest you, I think."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Jane, who thought he might be going to propose.

"On my word of honour, I am," cried Dr. Crum fervently.

"Well, then, it means—devotion," explained Jane, looking downwards. Her eyelashes were remarkably long and curling.

"Oh, that I had a sprig of it to offer you!" cried Dr. Crum.

Jane remained silent until she heard the first notes of the next song. She feared someone would come in search of her.

She said gently: "What is it that you promised to tell me?"

"Oh!" cried Dr. Crum briskly, apparently relieved by the change in the conversation. "I am sure you will be interested to hear that Miss Lina Brushes is engaged to be married."

"And is that all you have to tell me?" cried Jane, in tones of the most utter contempt. "Why, I heard that ages and ages ago. The very day after he proposed she came over to see me, and told me all about it, and showed me her engagement ring, and all. Well, you *are* a stupid to think that I hadn't heard *that!*"

"I'm very sorry," began Dr. Crum feebly, "but I didn't know she was such a friend of yours."

"Oh, she isn't a friend of mine at all," explained Jane. "I just hate her—horrid, conceited thing! She only came over because she couldn't lose a minute to inform me she wasn't going to be an old maid. However, she isn't married yet; 'there's many a slip between the cup and the lip,' and so I told her. Fancy! she never asked me to be her bridesmaid, though I've known her for years and years, and been as intimate as can be. Wasn't it mean of her?"

Dr. Crum acknowledged that it was, and rose from his seat as he saw Amy come up in search of her sister.

Amy began in a doleful voice—

"Oh, Jane! I've been hunting for you everywhere. I can't see Nelly anywhere—I cannot imagine where she has disappeared to."

"Where's Mr. Pobb?" asked Jane.

"He has just left. I've no one to talk to, and I'm tired of listening to the music."

"Would some supper refresh you?" inquired Dr. Crum blandly.

Amy with alacrity placed her hand on his arm, and they entered the supper-room.

"It's the oddest thing," began Amy, as they paused for a moment, "where Nellie can be; I haven't seen her for ever so long. I suppose she hasn't been able to find anyone to talk to, and has taken refuge among the chaperons."

"Why, there she is!" said Dr. Crum.

"Where?" asked Amy, staring round.

"There, with young Wainwright, coming out of the conservatory under the arch. See?"

Amy did see. She saw with surprise what a lovely girl her sister was. Somehow she had never noticed that before.

Nellie came up to where Amy was standing.

"I think," she began, "that it is time for us to be going. You know we promised mother not to be later than one o'clock, and it is nearly that time now. I wonder where Hubert is?"

"I will find him for you. I saw him leaving the supper-room a moment ago," said young Wainwright.

Amy was tired, therefore she agreed that it was time to leave.

When they returned with their wraps, Hubert and young Wainwright were standing waiting in the hall.

Nellie could not fasten her cloak; Mr. Wainwright begged to be allowed to try. It took a long time to find that button, and when found, a still longer time to fasten.

Their carriage was at the door. Hubert handed Jane and Amy in.

"Look sharp, Nellie!" he cried to Nellie, who still stood in the porch.

Mr. Wainwright helped her into the carriage. Hubert jumped in. Mr. Wainwright stood bareheaded on the steps until the carriage drove out of sight.

"I say, Nellie," began Jane, "what was Mr. Wainwright saying to you in the porch? I thought you were never coming."

Nellie hesitated before replying.

"Only that he was coming to see us to-morrow: that was all."

"*Is?* Oh, indeed!" remarked Hubert, lighting a cigar; "much obliged, I'm sure! Mighty affectionate he has grown lately, especially to your humble servant. A jolly good cigar this, he gave me. I must find out where he gets them."

Nellie sat silently looking out of the window.

Jane and Amy chattered over the events of the evening—the various singers, the girls' dresses, etc.—until they reached home.

"Why, mother," said Hubert, going into the drawing-room, "you don't mean to say you're up still?"

Mrs. Dudley sat up with a start, settled her cap straight, and asked how they had enjoyed their evening.

"It was just splendid!" cried Jane; "the music was just perfect! Nothing could have been handsomer than the way everything was done; and the supper was just magnificent! Did you taste the ices, Hubert?"

"Didn't I, though?" returned Hubert. "Certainly the Bayleys know how to do things in style."

"Oh, but I am sleepy, mother," yawned Amy, as she took up her candle.

Mrs. Dudley, followed by the others, went up to bed. Nellie whispered to her mother to come into her room.

"Do you know," said Amy, as she stood before the looking-glass, brushing her hair: "do you know, I really think young Wainwright is falling in love with Nellie."

"Nonsense!" answered Jane. "I didn't see him talking to her once the whole evening."

"That was because she was sitting out with him all the time in the conservatory."

"Are you sure she was?" inquired Jane, in a startled tone of voice.

"Yes, certain," replied Amy, nodding her head vigorously—"quite certain."

"Young Wainwright must be awfully rich—his father lives in such style," remarked Jane, after a pause; "and he is the only son."

Mrs. Dudley came into the room.

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed, sitting down on the edge of the bed, "what do you think?"

"What?" exclaimed both the girls.

"Nellie is engaged to young Wainwright; he spoke to her to-night."

"Nellie engaged!" cried Jane and Amy, in bewildered surprise.

"Yes, the dear child!" sobbed Mrs. Dudley. "And I am so happy about it. Lawrence Wainwright is the nicest young man I know, and I feel certain she will be happy with him. Dear, darling, little Nellie!"

"And he is so rich!" exclaimed Amy.

"Yes, he is everything I could have wished—good, clever, handsome, and rich; but he is a lucky man, for all that, to win my Nellie's heart."

"That was why he said so particularly that he was coming here to-morrow," observed Amy.

"Yes; he is coming to see your father," replied Mrs. Dudley. "There's three o'clock striking. I must really go to bed, though I know I shall not be able to sleep a moment. Good-night, my darlings."

Mrs. Dudley left the room.

"Well," cried Jane, stepping into bed, "I never was so astonished in all my life. The idea of Nellie being the first married of us all, and we thought she was sure to be an old maid!"

"I wonder what Aunt Hawkins will say to it?" replied Amy. "One good thing is now that Nellie is going to marry such a rich man, Aunt Hawkins need not leave her any money, or anything. Dear me, I do hope, even if she doesn't leave me any money, that she will leave me that lovely diamond ring of hers—I do so long for it! It seems such waste to see it sparkling on her bony old paw—doesn't it?"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, Amy, do stop talking!" cried Jane crossly, flouncing round in her bed. "It will be breakfast-time before I get a wink of sleep."

"I never saw such an uninteresting girl to talk to," cried Amy, in an injured tone of voice. "I love talking over things. I'm not a bit sleepy; I could simply talk all night. Do wake up a little, Jane. Jane, Jane! Do you hear me? Jane, Jane!"

But Jane refused to give any sign of life, therefore, after muttering, and grumbling, and rustling the sheets, Amy was obliged to settle to silence and to sleep.

CHAPTER V.

BEFORE breakfast the next morning in some marvellous way the news of Nellie's engagement had reached everyone in the house.

Miss Hawkins sent a message to Mrs. Dudley, asking her to come into her room,

that they might have a long consultation together.

The major actually came down in time for breakfast—an unheard-of event with him. He kissed Nellie lovingly, and patting her cheek, said he hadn't been so happy for many a long year as he felt that morning.

Jane and Amy stared at Nellie with an interest they had never taken in her before.

Even Squelsh smiled, and looked as if she, too, were in the secret, and approved of it.

Nellie was very happy.

Mr. Wainwright was expected to call at about four o'clock. At that hour Nellie and her mother sat together in the drawing-room by the fire, waiting for him.

Jane had of her own accord offered to make some cakes, of which she alone knew the recipe, for afternoon tea, in honour of Nellie's engagement.

Amy was upstairs, changing her dress.

"I think, mother," said Nellie, as four o'clock struck, "that I shall light the lamps. It is growing quite dark; the room looks a little dreary, doesn't it?"

"Yes, darling. Light them, if you wish," replied her mother, watching with proud and loving eyes her daughter.

What a pretty child she looked! Her golden hair coiled low on the stately little head; the dusky curling lashes shading the dark blue eyes; happiness dimpling the glowing cheeks. Her gown was of some clinging flowing green and pink stuff. She recalled visions of spring. Every movement was freshness, grace, and brightness.

The lamps had been lighted, the shades all nicely adjusted, the fire shone brightly, when Jane came in with flushed face, carrying her cakes.

"What! Hasn't he come yet?" she exclaimed. "I thought he was here for the last half-hour."

"It is only just half-past four," replied Mrs. Dudley. "I suppose something has delayed him."

"My cakes will be quite spoiled," said Jane; "and they look so good, it does seem a pity to let them get cold."

"Put them down by the fire, and they will keep warm," said her mother.

Jane placed her cakes on the hearth and remained silently waiting.

Nellie moved restlessly through the room. At length the clock struck five.

"Are you quite sure, Nellie," began Amy, who was comfortably fixed on a cushion in front of the fire, with the cake-plate within easy reach—"are you quite sure that you have made no mistake about what that young Wainwright said? Perhaps he was only joking, you know. Or perhaps he said more than he intended, and wants to get out of it; men often do, you know."

"I have made no mistake," replied Nellie gently, as she left the room.

"It's really the strangest thing I ever knew," said Mrs. Dudley. "He must be ill; but then, why not send a message?"

Miss Hawkins came into the room, leaning on Major Dudley's arm.

When she was seated she peered curiously round.

"Who's that?" she cried.

"That's Emily, my wife," replied Major Dudley.

"And what's that pink thing there, where the cat ought to be?" she demanded again, pointing at Amy.

"Oh!" laughed the major, "that's Amy, sitting on her favourite little cushion before the fire."

"Well, and where is the gallant suitor whom I was to see, eh?" cried Miss Hawkins sharply.

"There has been some misunderstanding, I'm afraid," explained Mrs. Dudley nervously. "Mr. Wainwright hasn't come yet."

"I think he has run away," laughed Amy.

"Have you never heard, Miss Amy," remarked Aunt Hawkins, "that 'only they conquer Love who run away'?—H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!"

Major Dudley and his wife sat on the sofa, talking in low tones. Presently Amy observed again—

"I feel quite certain that Nellie took up young Wainwright wrongly. She always thinks people are in dead earnest. She never sees through a joke. I've often heard people say that Lawrence Wainwright was an awful flirt, but really I didn't believe it. He always looks so grave and learned, but I always notice that people who look like that are the worst, after all, because one can't help believing every word they say. I wish I had warned poor Nellie. How mortified she must feel, after making such a fuss, to find it end in nothing at all!"

Mrs. Dudley was going to reply when Hubert burst into the room.

"Well, what do you think, father?" he began, as if he could not speak fast enough; "the Finster Company has failed!"

"Failed!" exclaimed Major Dudley, jumping up excitedly. "By Jove! I was in luck to sell out those shares when I did. I thought some time past that things looked uncommonly fishy, but I must say I never thought the end was so near."

"And I hear the Wainwrights are completely ruined. I met old Sir George Bayley

hurrying along down town with a face as long as my arm. He is in for a good lot himself, but nothing like the Wainwrights. Old Wainwright had a stroke of some sort when he heard the news, and isn't expected to recover."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Dudley, aghast. "What awful news! I must go to poor little Nellie."

"What's all this? What's all this?" demanded Aunt Hawkins. "Come here, Hubert, and tell me what you are making such a commotion about."

Hubert sat down beside his aunt, and told her the news.

"H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!" cried Aunt Hawkins. "This will put an end to Miss Nellie's little love affair, no doubt; and I am very glad of it. I once knew old Wainwright, the grandfather, and he was a sad fellow. That's more than a day ago. H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm! The least said the soonest mended, but if his grandson takes after him, Nellie has had a lucky escape."

"Well," returned Hubert, "I don't know about that. I think young Wainwright is a decent enough sort of chap."

The dinner bell now rang. Mrs. Dudley and Nellie came downstairs. Nellie looked much happier than she had appeared during the afternoon.

"After all," she observed cheerfully, "losing money isn't much of a calamity. I began to think Lawrence was dead or that he had met with some dreadful accident, so when I heard the news it seemed to me like nothing of any consequence. Lawrence is so clever, he will soon be able to make money. It is a dreadful thing about old Mr. Wainwright, though; he has been looking very ill for a long time."

Everyone agreed that old Mr. Wainwright had been looking very ill for weeks, and that he must have foreseen what was coming for a longer time than anyone knew.

"And what a shame," cried Jane, "to go on living in the extravagant style they did! Why didn't they give up their horses and men servants, and go and live in a cottage, so as to save something before the crash came?"

"One always hopes for the best," observed the major. "And a man thinks things will last his time, anyhow."

"And that shows how selfish men usually are," returned Jane. "It's all very well for them to die off just at the right moment comfortably, and leave their wives and children to bear all the miseries of poverty."

During dinner, Aunt Hawkins observed an ominous silence.

Mrs. Dudley became nervous, tried various topics of conversation, but Miss Hawkins remained obstinately deaf and silent, and immediately after dinner retired to her room.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Dudley, "that something has offended Aunt Hawkins, or else that she is feeling ill."

"Well, anyhow," cried Hubert, "she managed to eat a very good dinner."

"It's very unfortunate what a dislike she has to the name of Wainwright. When I told her about Nellie's engagement, she really looked quite angrily at me, and said she was sure it would never come to any good end. She got quite excited about it," observed Mrs. Dudley.

"Yes; and how curious she was to see him," added Amy. "She called me into her room this afternoon, and asked me no end of questions about him, and made me describe him over and over again."

"What did you say?" inquired Jane.

"I fortunately recollected that old photo which Doctor Crum took of us all at his tennis-party in the summer, and I showed it to her. Do you remember, Lawrence Wainwright is sitting at Nellie's feet in the most romantic way?"

"Well, what did she say of it?" asked Jane.

"She didn't say anything, but put it in her work-basket, and promised that she would return it to me some other time," continued Amy.

"Well, one good thing is," remarked Jane, "Nellie isn't really altogether engaged yet to young Wainwright, so it makes it quite easy for her to get out of it; for of course she wouldn't dream of marrying him now that he hasn't a penny."

"I don't know about that," said Amy. "Didn't you notice how contented she looked at dinner-time, and how she said she was sure he would be able to earn plenty of money?"

"Such rubbish! As if he has any way of making money," observed Jane scornfully. "Why, I suppose he will be obliged either to take a miserable clerkship here, or else emigrate to the colonies. Make money, indeed! It's not so easily done, from all I am able to hear; and though they say he took honours at college, and all that, still, he isn't a bit better able to make money."

"For all that," said Amy, "I think she means to stick to him, whatever happens. I suppose she thinks she will never get another offer."

"Then she will be a great fool!" replied Jane briefly.

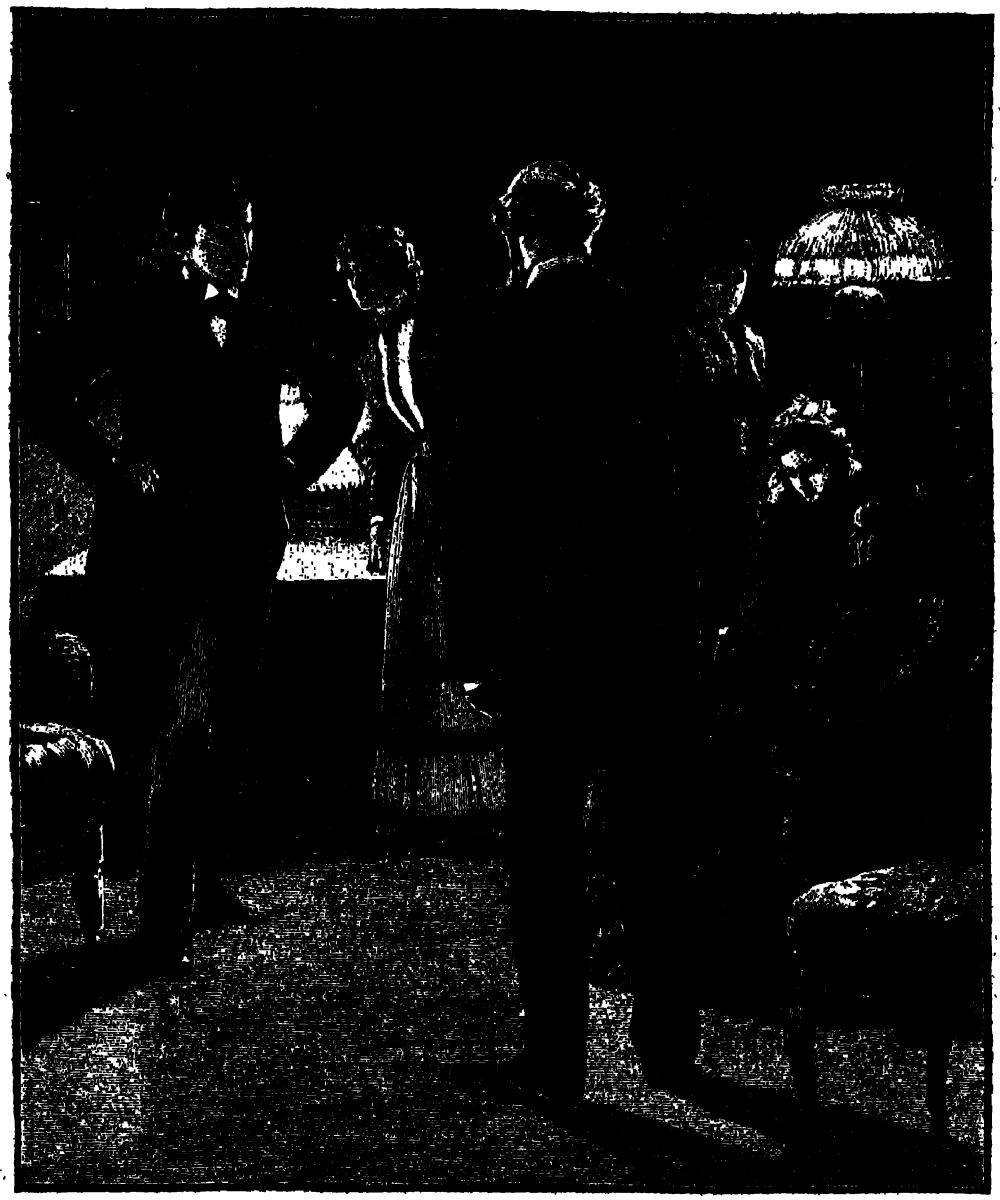
CHAPTER VI.

The following morning a note came from Lawrence Wainwright to Nellie, asking permission to call to see her that afternoon. His father was slightly better, he said.

Miss Hawkins observed Nellie's happy face as she showed the note to Mrs. Dudley.

"When that young man calls this afternoon," observed she, "I wish the entire family to be present, as I intend to find out whether their opinions and mine agree on a certain point. Also, I should be much obliged to you, Emily, if you would be so kind as to write to Mr. Sparkes, my lawyer, and ask him to come here to-morrow morning, for I want him to draw out a new will."

Mrs. Dudley, greatly fluttered, promised that the entire household should be present,



'ALL I CAN SAY IS: I DON'T CARE A HANG IF YOU CUT ME OFF WITH A SHILLING'" (*p.* 20).

that afternoon at four o'clock precisely, and that Mr. Sparkes should be communicated with.

Miss Hawkins then retired to her room. Excitement filled the house. Nellie wrote to Lawrence Wainwright, Major Dudley wrote to the lawyer, and Mrs. Dudley sent a telegram to Hubert, desiring him to come

home at four o'clock Then they all gathered round the fire and talked

"Oh that Aunt Hawkins will leave me her diamond ring, even if she doesn't leave me any money!" cried Amy 'I would rather have it than twice its value in money, and I must say that I think I have a very good chance of it, for it was only yesterday that Aunt Hawkins remarked what small hands I have, and I took the opportunity of saying how much rings, especially diamonds, improve the shape of the hand"

"How lovely it would be if Aunt Hawkins would leave me a little money!" said Nellie "I never felt so avaricious before; but it would be so delightful to be able to give it all to Lawrence, and he would be so surprised

"I'm afraid, my dear," remarked Mrs Dudley, "that you have a very bad chance Aunt Hawkins has taken a dislike to the very name of Wainwright"

"Yes," agreed Amy and Jane, "you have no chance at all"

"I won't give up all hope yet,' said Nellie, smiling "Perhaps when Aunt Hawkins sees Lawrence she will change her mind I shouldn't be a bit surprised if she does"

"I am afraid, Nell," said Major Dudley gravely, "that I should be, but, however, you know, if she leaves her money to me, it's the same thing as to you As young Wainwright loved my little girl when he believed himself to be rich, I won't forget him when he's poor"

Nellie's eyes were too full of grateful tears, her lips trembling too much, to thank her father otherwise than by kisses

There was silence for some time Presently Hubert rushed in

"Well, mother," he began, 'what's up? I got your telegram, and I couldn't make it out in the least"

"Aunt Hawkins is going to make a new will," explained Amy eagerly

"No, you don't say so!" cried Hubert. "But what has that to do with sending for me? Am I to be the heir?"

"I'm sure I don't know what your aunt means," replied Major Dudley "All we know is that she desires the whole family to be present when young Wainwright comes this afternoon. Why, I can't tell"

"And when is Lawrence Wainwright to arrive?" asked Hubert.

"At four o'clock; it wants ten minutes of that time yet," said the major, looking at his watch.

"Well, I must say this is an uncommonly queer idea of the old lady's. I wonder if she is going to put us through an exam. concerning our capabilities for using or abusing wealth?"

"I never felt so excited in all my life," cried Jane

"And how it is raining!" observed Amy "Lawrence Wainwright will get just wet through and through"

It was certainly raining very heavily All day it had been dark and gloomy, with sudden gusts of rain mixed with sleet, but now the wind had arisen from the north east, and beat and whistled round the house It snatched off the few remaining leaves from the trees, and struck the long hanging stems of the Virginian creeper against the panes with violent taps The sound had something dreary and uncanny in it It sounded like the impatient taps of some belated outcast vainly desiring entrance—like the movements of invisible fingers trying the strength of bolt and bar The darkness had fallen early, and intensified the gloom

Mrs Dudley shivered "As the poor people say, I feel as if someone was walking over my grave,' she observed, cowering over the fire

'Shut the shutters, Hubert, and ring for the lamps," cried the major 'We shall be all in the blues if we sit here in the dark any longer'

"I feel as if I could fly out of my skin,' said Amy 'I am so nervous and excited! There's four o'clock striking"

Hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away when the door was thrown open, and Miss Hawkins, leaning on Squelsh's arm, came slowly in

The Dudleys sprang to their feet

"Where would you like to sit, dear Aunt Hawkins?' inquired the major blandly

Miss Hawkins majestically motioned him aside, and sat down on a large arm-chair in the centre of the room Squelsh arranged the cushions behind her back, placed a footstool under her feet, and retired from the room.

The Dudleys arranged their chairs round Aunt Hawkins The major cleared his throat and hm'd several times

"What an awful evening it has turned out!" observed Mrs. Dudley, to break the oppressive silence.

"What's awful about it, eh?" asked Miss Hawkins

"Why, it's raining so hard, you know," replied Mrs Dudley

"Raining! Raining, is it? I didn't notice it. When we grow old, and 'those that look out of the windows be darkened,' all weathers are much the same, so that we have but a corner of the fire to sit beside and dream of the days of long ago. Well, well, everything goes!"

"Goes? What goes?—where does it go? I don't understand," inquired Amy inquisitively.

"Into the grave, my dear," was Aunt Hawkins' grim reply.

Amy shuddered. "I do hate rain!" she observed.

"It is good for the crops and corpses," replied Miss Hawkins.

"Oh, Aunt Hawkins!" exclaimed Amy; "you do make one feel so horridly creepy!"

Miss Hawkins made no reply, for the hall door bell rang violently, and Major Dudley hurried out to open the door. Young Wainwright was heard coming in.

He and Major Dudley stayed some time talking in the hall.

Presently Major Dudley came in, followed by Lawrence, who looked pale and anxious until his eyes met Nellie's loving, welcoming glance, and her little white hand rested confidingly in his grasp.

Mrs. Dudley shook his hand warmly, asked for his people, whispered her sympathy, and then the major led him up to Miss Hawkins.

"This is Lawrence Wainwright, Aunt Hawkins," he said.

Miss Hawkins looked up at him intently, but did not take his outstretched hand.

"Handsome is that handsome does," she remarked, after a pause so long and inspection so keen that Wainwright looked quite embarrassed. "Sit down here, beside me, sir, and when you talk speak plainly, that I may hear you, for I am but an old deaf woman now, sir. H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!"

Lawrence seated himself where he was bidden, and Aunt Hawkins continued—

"Now, my young sir, I have heard some news about you."

Wainwright glanced at Nellie, and smiled.

"I have been informed that you have done my niece Elinor the honour of asking for her hand in marriage. May I ask if this is the truth?" asked Miss Hawkins.

"Yes, it is," replied Lawrence.

"And may I ask what are the brilliant prospects which you hold out to her—in plain words, what are your means?" again inquired Miss Hawkins.

"At present, as you, I am sure, have been told, my father is a ruined man, through the failure of the Finster Company. I need hardly say that had I had an idea of what was going to take place, I should not have dreamed of speaking to your niece as I did."

Nellie cast a beseeching look at Lawrence.

"Of course, then, you are come to-day to release my niece from her engagement?" continued Miss Hawkins.

"If she wishes it, certainly," replied Wainwright, somewhat coldly.

Nellie was about to speak, but was stopped by Miss Hawkins, who said sternly—

"Before you speak it will be well for you all to clearly understand how matters stand. You, young sir, are no doubt well aware that I have money to leave, and perhaps you think who so deserving of it as a niece engaged to such a charming young man as you!"

Lawrence stood up, and exclaimed hotly—

"I did not even know of your existence, much less of your money!"

"Oh, that, indeed!" cried Miss Hawkins; "you never heard of me, even! That speaks well for my relations' affection."

Major Dudley, looking somewhat alarmed, explained how seldom he saw Mr. Wainwright, and how he had intended to invite him to dinner especially to meet his dear aunt.

"Well, well," said Miss Hawkins, "it does not matter a straw one way or the other; but to return to business. I suppose everyone will allow that even an old woman has the right to leave her money to anyone she pleases?"

Everyone, except Wainwright, who stood looking moodily into the fire, agreed that this was just and right.

"Well, the person whom it will please me to leave my money to is the person who succeeds in pleasing me the most."

Everyone, with the same exception as before, looked ready to go to Jericho, if needs be, to please their aunt.

"Now," again continued Aunt Hawkins, after a pause, "the point I wish to make clear is this—I entirely disapprove of and detest this engagement of Nellie's to a penniless fellow, and I hope everyone agrees with me?"

There was complete silence. Everyone looked uncomfortably at each other, and Nellie sobbed aloud.

"Well, sir," cried Miss Hawkins, turning to Major Dudley, "do you agree with me or not?"

"Of course," said the major, "I agree that at the present there could be no thoughts of marriage; but they are both young, and I'm sure Wainwright will soon get something to do."

"Ay! a long weary engagement for Nellie, and then, when her roses are faded with waiting, she will find she is not wanted. No, no, Major Dudley; if you take my advice, you will forbid your daughter to have any further intercourse with this young fellow."

The major fidgeted uneasily, but made no reply.

"Well, sir," cried Miss Hawkins, "speak



"'I DO BELIEVE IT'S SAMUEL!'"
(*p.* 22).

up. I make my will to-morrow, let me remind you. Do you refuse to give your consent to Nellie's marriage with Mr. Wainwright?"

"If you so decidedly wish it—I do," said the major; adding weakly in a whisper to Nellie, who clasped his hand imploringly: "You know you can marry him without it, if you like."

"So far, so good," said Miss Hawkins; then turning to Mrs. Dudley: "And you, madam, do you also refuse your consent?"

Poor Mrs. Dudley looked bewildered, burst into tears, looked at her husband beseechingly, and sobbed that she would do anything that was for the advantage of her dear Nellie.

"Bosh, woman!" exclaimed Miss Hawkins. "You have no more sense than a frog has hair on its back! Jane, it is your turn now. Will you refuse to speak or have anything to do with your sister if she marries Mr. Wainwright?"

Jane, looking somewhat shamefaced, replied that she would do anything Aunt Hawkins thought proper.

"And you, Miss Amy?" continued Miss Hawkins.

"Indeed, I will refuse to have anything to say to her," cried Amy eagerly; "for I think she would deserve it richly if she was so great a fool as to displease you."

"I am glad to perceive that you have some sense, for I have always been somewhat doubtful about it," remarked Miss Hawkins. "And you, Mr. Hubert?"

"I think," cried Hubert, getting up hastily out of the depths of his easy-chair, "that it is really mean the way you are going on, making everyone selfish and miserable when you have it in your power to make them so happy; and if Nellie means to stick to Wainwright, I'm willing to give her away, if father won't. And all I can say is: I don't care a hang if you cut me off with a shilling!"

And Hubert left the room, banging the door behind him.

Miss Hawkins' withered cheeks flushed angrily. She turned to Lawrence Wainwright, saying—

"Now, sir, let me hear what you have to say. Are you willing to hold Nellie to her engagement and ruin her prospects of coming in for a fine fortune?—for, understand me plainly, if Nellie says she will marry you, not one penny will I leave her."

"My only desire is to do whatever may be

for Nellie's happiness and prosperity," said Wainwright steadily.

"Then," cried Miss Hawkins, "the decision rests with you, Nellie. Choose either to be my heiress or to remain engaged to that fellow, who will tire of you before a year is over, and who, for the sake of your prospects, asks for your hand. Choose!"

"I have chosen already," said Nellie, taking Lawrence's hand, and looking up at him with eyes filled with proud and happy tears—"I have chosen already, Aunt Hawkins, and not all the riches in this world could change my love for him. I am ready to wait and trust, for I know his affection for me is as sincere and lasting as mine is for him."

"My darling!" said Lawrence; "if love can repay you, you will never repent of your choice."

"All very fine talking," cried Miss Hawkins. "But allow me to inform you that you are a pair of idiots. I shall, however, remember your folly, and you will reap the fruits of it. H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!"

Miss Hawkins immediately rose from her seat, refused the assistance of the major's arm, and walked stiffly out of the room.

Major Dudley, muttering something about it being time to dress for dinner, also left the room, followed by Amy and Jane.

"Nellie," said Wainwright, "I fear that I have acted very selfishly."

"So have I," said Nellie, blushing and smiling; "for I have chosen what I liked best. Now, Lawrence, sit down; you must not think of going yet."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dudley, drying her eyes, "sit down, please, Mr. Wainwright. You must not mind what my husband said, for you know he really likes you so much; but he couldn't offend Miss Hawkins—now, could he?"

"I don't blame him in the least. Believe me, Mrs. Dudley," replied Wainwright; "but, you know, when he spoke as he did I cannot stay here any longer to-night."

"It will be only for a little while," apologised Mrs. Dudley. "Things will come all right, you will see, by degrees, and I'm sure you will soon get some way of making money."

"I have got that already," said Wainwright smilingly.

"Oh! How?" cried Nellie. "And you never told us about it."

"This morning young Pobb called to see me," replied Wainwright, "and said a post was vacant in his uncle's office, and offered it to me. He did it in the most good-natured way possible. I declare he spoke as if I would confer a favour on him by accepting it."

"Oh, how nice of him!" cried Nellie. "I always liked him."

"Yes, he is a really good fellow. I shall never forget his kindness. I feel ashamed to recollect the way I used to rather despise him for being something of a bore. He was the only person in the town who offered me anything but advice," said Wainwright.

"Is it worth much?" inquired Mrs. Dudley.

"Only £350 a year," replied Wainwright; "but though it seems a small thing to me, I know that I am in reality very lucky to get it. The last few days seem to me like some horrid nightmare. I can scarcely realise what has happened."

"I am sure of it," said Mrs. Dudley sympathetically. "It must have been an awful time for you all. How is your mother?"

"She keeps wonderfully well, and now, since my father is better, she thinks all else of no consequence; and she is right, after all. What is poverty as long as we can keep together?"

Here the dinner-bell rang.

Wainwright stood up.

"Oh, how I wish I could ask you to stay!" said Mrs. Dudley. "It does seem so inhospitable to turn you out in this way, and on such a terrible night too; but you see how things are."

"Never mind," cried Wainwright, shaking her hand warmly; "I know you cannot help it, and I go away happier than I thought I could ever be again. Nellie, darling, good-bye."

Nellie went out with him to the hall, satisfied herself that he was not yet bereft of a great coat, and sent him away the happiest man in the town.

CHAPTER VII.

HUBERT, when he returned home, after seeing Wainwright off by the train, found that dinner was over, and that the family, feeling uncomfortable and ill at ease in each other's presence, had split up into little parties in separate rooms.

Miss Hawkins, with Major and Mrs. Dudley, sat in the drawing-room. Amy and Jane were in the dining-room; Nellie was upstairs.

"Well, I must say," began Hubert, sitting down to his dinner, "I think you two ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

Jane began to whimper, while Amy, perched on the edge of the table, swinging her feet to and fro in an easy and confident manner, asked boldly—

"Why should we be ashamed of ourselves?"

"Why? Why, because I cannot conceive

how you could possibly say that you would give up your own sister for the sake of money. Father was bad enough to say he would forbid her to marry Wainwright, but there was some reason in that—but you! You to promise to refuse to speak to your own sister! Well, I couldn't have believed it possible!"

"Bosh!" cried Amy. "I couldn't have believed it possible that you could have been such a fool! Why, once we get the money, of course we shall be just as fond of Nellie as ever—indeed I, for one, will be a great deal fonder of her than if I had given up all chance of a fortune for her sake."

"Well, time will decide," said Hubert. "But to change the subject. Did you hear Wainwright has got into old Pobb's office?"

"You don't say so," said Jane. "Why, how did he get it?"

"Why, it seems young Pobb interested himself about the matter, and persuaded his uncle to offer it to Wainwright. Why, I can't imagine, for I know to a dead certainty that dozens of fellows were on the look-out for it—all better suited to it than Wainwright, who, of course, hasn't an idea of that kind of work."

"How very odd of Mr. Pobb," cried Amy. "I never knew the Wainwrights and the Pobbs were such friends. I always had an idea that the Wainwrights rather looked down on the Pobbs. It will be the other way now, if I'm not mistaken." She paused, listening, then exclaimed: "Why, what's that? I do believe that someone is at the door; we didn't hear the ring at first."

There undoubtedly was someone at the door, knocking and ringing alternately with desperate energy. Who it could be no one could guess.

Hubert opened the dining-room door and nearly had his head cut off, for as the maid opened the hall-door a violent gust of wind slammed every door in the house, and blew at the same time an unexpected visitor into the hall.

It was a small and breathless man. From every angle of him poured streams of water. Quite a large puddle formed round him as he endeavoured to pull off his cap, which was tied on to his head by a red silk handkerchief.

Hubert gazed with amazement at him for a moment, then exclaiming, "Why, I do believe it's Samuel!" hurried to his aid.

"By Jove, Sammy, you're a walking fountain! What on earth brought you here to-night?" he exclaimed, shaking hands with the visitor.

"Nothing but a sense of duty," replied Samuel. "I heard by chance that my Aunt Hawkins was here, and I've come to see her."

"Well," laughed Hubert, "if Aunt Hawkins saw you now with the red dye off your handkerchief staining your cheeks such a lovely colour, and the water running down you in every direction, I don't think she would recognise her beloved nephew. You, too, so well known as the 'glass of fashion'! Why, all I can compare you to is a gargoyle on a wet Sunday."

Samuel gazed a moment at Hubert; then, meeting the laughing faces of his cousins peering out of the dining-room, and realising the piteous plight the red handkerchief had left him in, he rushed hastily upstairs and bolted into Hubert's room.

Hubert, roaring with laughter, followed him.

"Well, I never did!" cried Amy, sitting down on the hall chair. "I declare I'm tired laughing. Oh! did you ever see such an awful guy as Samuel in all your life?"

"What's all this row about?" demanded Major Dudley, coming out of the drawing-room. "I thought you had all gone mad."

"Oh, it's Samuel; and you never saw such a fright as he looked in all your life, papa!"

"What on earth brings him here on such a night as this?" growled the major, who was far from being in a good humour. "I never saw such a confounded ass as he always makes of himself!"

"He's come to see Aunt Hawkins, I believe," said Jane.

"To see after his own interests, you mean," cried the major. "The meanness of people is just inconceivable! By Jove! nothing is so disgusting to me as the way some people hunt after legacies. There is nothing they wouldn't do to ingratiate themselves into favour."

Major Dudley went into his study, and banged the door behind him indignantly.

"Won't Samuel be in a rage when he hears that Aunt Hawkins is going to leave her money to one of us?" cried Amy gleefully, "particularly as he imagined that her last will was in his favour. It will be fun to watch him to-morrow when he hears the lawyer is with her. He will worry himself into a fever."

"I think," said Jane, "that it was very cunning of him to come to-night, when he knew mother would be too good-natured not to invite him to stay for the night. It was just a plan to get into the house with Aunt Hawkins. I know I'd make him go home if it were twice as wet and stormy, and serve him right for his pains. I do detest cunning people!"

Here Samuel Dudley and Hubert came into the room.

Samuel, as we have said before, was a small man. He held himself so erect that one would have supposed that he was on the point of throwing a back somersault if this idea had not been contradicted by the portentous gravity of his countenance. His hair was straw-coloured and thin. His right hand found constant occupation in stroking and pulling a shadowy moustache, which was the meanest ever possessed even by such a man.

"My dearest aunt!" he exclaimed, hurrying over to Miss Hawkins' side, and bestowing a fervent kiss on each of her cheeks, "I can hardly express the delight I feel in finding you in safety. I heard to-day by the merest chance that you were here, and, of course, I immediately hurried to see you. What made you run away in such a hurry, and without even saying where you were going to? Oh, what a naughty, naughty aunt you are!" and Samuel shook his forefinger in playful reproach at Miss Hawkins.

"I left Fern Grove and came here for peace and quiet, hoping to escape from the incessant worry of intruders," replied Miss Hawkins.

"Oh!" cried Samuel. "And why did you not come to us? Where would you have had such peace and quiet as with mother and me? It would have been the only delight and object of our lives to guard you from all unwelcome visitors."

"I have no doubt whatever that it would," said Miss Hawkins—"none in the least."

"And when do you return home?" inquired Mr. Samuel blandly.

"What is that to you, sir?" asked Miss Hawkins sharply.

"I only inquired, in case I might have the pleasure and privilege of travelling home with you. I might be of some use, you know," said Samuel apologetically.

"Then you would be what you never were before, sir. H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!" was Miss Hawkins' reply.

After this rebuff Samuel sat in silence, twisting and pulling at his apology for a moustache.

Mrs. Dudley observed: "Of course, Samuel, you will stay the night with us? I really couldn't let you go out on such a night as this is."

"I should feel very grateful, Aunt Emily," replied Samuel, "if you, without undue inconvenience, could allow me to remain for the night. It is certainly as tempestuous an evening as I can ever remember; is it not?"

Tea was now brought in, and Jane proceeded to dispense it.

Samuel jumped up with alacrity, and handed round the cups and cake in such a finished style that there was nothing by which one could distinguish him from a waiter but by the want of a napkin under his arm.

"Do you take sugar?" he inquired, handing Amy her cup of tea.

Amy replied that she did not; whereupon Samuel, with a bland smile, said—

"It was superfluous to ask; the cup your lip touches must indeed be sweet."

Amy giggled.

"'There is nothing like the cup that cheers without inebriation,'" remarked her cousin, sitting down on the sofa beside her. "It is so comforting and consoling, is it not?"

"You will want a very big cup to-morrow, then," remarked Amy, laughing.

"Why?" asked Samuel, carelessly stroking his left moustache.

"Why, because you know Aunt Hawkins is going to make a new will to-morrow, and has as good as promised to leave me all her money."

Samuel paused aghast, with tea-cup uplifted.

"You don't mean to say so!" he exclaimed. "Leave *you* her money! Why, her last will was all in my favour."

"Was it?" said Amy. "Well, this is going to be in mine. Mr. Sparkes, the lawyer, is coming to-morrow morning."

Samuel finished his cup of tea in great haste, put it down, and advanced again to Miss Hawkins' side. He evidently thought no time was to be lost.

"I hope, Aunt Hawkins," he began, "that your health has been improved by your stay here."

"Then, sir," replied Miss Hawkins, "your hopes are doomed to disappointment. My health has been decidedly worse of late."

"Just what I should expect. The air of this neighbourhood is far too relaxing; and so I always thought."

"Pray, sir, what does it relax?" inquired Miss Hawkins.

"Your—why, your nerves, you know. Your whole constitution," explained Samuel.

"Oh, that indeed! I thought you might mean it had that effect on my purse-strings. H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!" replied Miss Hawkins.

"Oh no, not at all," cried Samuel quickly. Then, after a pause, he added: "My mother desired me to give you her love."

"You may return it, then, with my compliments," said Miss Hawkins. "And now give me your arm, for I am going to my room."

Samuel reverentially offered his arm, and Miss Hawkins slowly walked to the door.

"How awfully bad Aunt Hawkins looks!" began Amy cheerfully, as the door closed. "I shouldn't be in the least surprised if she was going to get ill. It is lucky that she's going to make her will to-morrow."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dudley; "all the excitement of this afternoon has been too much for her. The doctor says that the quieter she is kept the better; but really it is so difficult to manage her—she is so determined to have her own way about everything, and will never take anyone's advice. She always thinks that one has an ulterior motive for what one says."

"That Squelsh is a horrid creature!" remarked Jane. "Do you know, she was listening at the door all this afternoon? When I went out of the room, I caught her kneeling outside. She looked awfully guilty, and made some slight excuse."

"I was always suspicious of that woman," said Samuel gravely. "She has more influence over Aunt Hawkins than anyone, and, of course, is scheming how to get hold of her money. I am sure it was she who persuaded Aunt Hawkins to leave home as she did, without telling anyone."

"Why," cried Hubert, "do you mean to say that you really did not know that she was here?"

"I simply had not an idea where she could have disappeared to," replied Samuel. "You know that mother or I always make a point of going to see her every day. Well, last Sunday fortnight I went down as usual after church, and to my amazement and horror, I found the house shut up, and not a clue left as to where she had gone. I immediately telegraphed round to all her relatives except yourselves, and all replied that they knew nothing concerning her movements. I feared that Squelsh had hidden her away in order to have her completely under her control. We were on the point of communicating with the police when, by the merest chance, I met Dr. Black Crum, and he mentioned that you had an old lady staying with you; and then, of course, from his description, I knew it must be Aunt Hawkins. I need not say how relieved I was to find her."

"It was certainly a queer start of hers, the notion of coming to us. I wonder what she means by it?" observed Hubert meditatively.

"We shall see that to-morrow," cried Amy. "I am just dying to know what she intends to do. Don't you think that you will be able to find out all about the will from Mr. Sparkes, papa?"

Major Dudley laughed. "Indeed I do not. Just imagine the face of old Sparkes at such a suggestion! Why, his very hair would stand on end with horror!"

"Well," said Amy, "I mean to find out somehow. See if I don't!"

"You will be considerably smarter than I think you are," laughed Hubert, "if you do."

Mrs. Dudley rose from her chair wearily.

"Now, children," she began, "don't talk any more, but come to bed. I'm really quite worn-out. This has been a most fatiguing day; I don't know when I felt so tired and out of sorts. I declare Aunt Hawkins' money would be hardly worth all the worry and anxiety she causes."

"Oh, mother!" said Jane, yawning, "you won't say that when we get it. Oh, won't we have gay times then!"

"You talk as if you were quite sure of it," said her cousin, looking at her with an odd expression in his eyes. "But you ought to remember that my aunt has other relations besides you."

"I know that she has, Mr. Jealousy," cried Amy, snapping her fingers at him; "but I'm not a bit afraid of them. So now, look as cross as you like!"

Samuel, looking very dark and scowling, took up his candlestick and walked upstairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHORTLY after Samuel had gone to his room he heard Miss Hawkins' door open. He opened his door and peered out. Squelsh was coming downstairs.

Samuel advanced to meet her with outstretched hand.

"Well, Squelsh, how are you? I'm very glad to see you," he whispered.

Squelsh took his hand and respectfully shook it.

"It's a long time since I saw you, Squelsh."

Samuel dived his hand into his trousers pocket, and slowly produced a sovereign. "I intended to give you this last Christmas, but I somehow forgot."

"Thank ye, sir," said Squelsh, pocketing the money with an unmoved air.

"And, Squelsh," continued Samuel, "how do you think the old lady is?"

"Ah! bless ye, she's very far from well," replied Squelsh, shaking her head gravely—"very far indeed! If I'm not mistaken, another clean cap'll see her out of this world; and it'll be a happy release. I never seen anyone failing so much. She asked me to sleep in her room to-night—a thing she never asked before—because she says she feels so nervous-like."

"Dear me!" cried Samuel eagerly. "And

what's your opinion about this new will which she is talking of making?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Squelsh. "She burned the old one this morning with her own hands—I seen her myself. You was mentioned in it, sir."

"Was I?" said Samuel quickly. "Have you any idea for how much?"

"For £6,000, she told me," said Squelsh.

"And that will is actually burnt? Oh dear me!" exclaimed Samuel piteously. "But perhaps she means to leave me more in the next one; what do you think, Squelsh?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," replied Squelsh, moving as if to go upstairs.

"Squelsh," whispered Samuel eagerly, "don't go yet. Was that a sovereign I gave you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Squelsh.

"Well, I think that is hardly enough, as it is to be as a Christmas-box; I think two would be better—eh?"

Samuel produced another sovereign, and handed it over to Squelsh.

"Who do you think is her favourite?" he continued.

"I'm sure I can't say, sir," replied Squelsh. "At one time I did think you was."

"At one time!" cried Samuel sharply; "and why not now, eh?"

"Why, sir," replied Squelsh, "because to-day, as she was going to bed, she said that you was the son of your mother, and she was a fiend!"

"Oh dear me!" cried Samuel. "Did she really say that? Gracious goodness me!"

Squelsh nodded her head emphatically.

"Oh, Squelsh!" implored Samuel, "you will say a good word for me, won't you, Squelsh? there's a good woman! Say something before the lawyer comes to-morrow—it might be of the greatest service. You have such influence over her, you know. And if you do, I won't forget you, Squelsh."

Squelsh denied having "an influence," but promised to say a "good word."

Samuel returned to his room noiselessly, and got into bed, cold with apprehension for the events of the morrow.

Miss Hawkins peered suspiciously round as Squelsh came in. She sat propped up at the foot of the bed, arranging with bony, claw-like fingers piles of papers and mouldy letters.

The deep-red curtains hung in heavy folds around, and intensified the gloom and whiteness of the ancient care-worn figure that muttered and sighed from time to time wearily and hopelessly over letters traced by hands long cold in the grave.



"I CAUGHT HER KNEELING OUTSIDE'" (*p.* 24).

On the table, beside the candlestick, lay a set of false teeth, a bunch of keys, and a large box. The shadows danced on the ceiling in fantastic mockery of the old woman's movements.

Squelsh poked up the fire, and began to arrange three chairs as a bed for herself beside it.

"Squelsh, Squelsh!" cried Miss Hawkins presently, in feeble, high tones. "Squelsh, come here!"

Squelsh went over to the bedside.

"Gather up these papers and put them into the box; lock it, and give me my keys. I'm too tired—too weary—to do any more to-night. I will finish them to-morrow. I shall be stronger to-morrow—shan't I? Do you think I shall be so, Squelsh?"

"I'm sure I don't know whether you will be or no. If you wouldn't go teasin' and worritin' among old papers, and a-smotherin' yourself with dust and dirt, but lie down like a Christian and go to sleep, you'd feel better, I dare say," remarked Squelsh, placing the papers in the box and handing Miss Hawkins the keys.

Then she turned to the fire, placed a small kettle on it, and waited until the water began to boil.

"Here's your drink," she said, going over to the bed. "Here, put out your hand; there's the glass. You'll feel better when you've had it. I wonder at you, at your age, a-worritin' over things as you do. You're old enough, in all conscience, to take things easy."

"The heart is always young enough to bleed," quoted the old lady, putting out both her shaking hands for the glass.

Squelsh returned to her edifice of chairs and cushions, curled herself up on them, took off her false front, and put on a night-cap with an enormous flapping frill, which completely concealed her profile from sight.

Except for an occasional cough, both old women sipped their hot drink in silence.

"What kept you so long in the passage, eh?" inquired Miss Hawkins after a while, in her usual tone of voice.

"What kep' me so long? Why, Mr. Samuel, it were, that kep' me so long—talkin', he were," replied Squelsh.

"Talking!" cried Miss Hawkins sharply. "What was he talking about?"

"About yer will—he, he, he!" sniggered Squelsh.

"My what?" cried Miss Hawkins.

"Your will," answered Squelsh—"the will you're going to make to-morrow. He wanted to know if he weren't a favourite with you, he did."

"Confound his impudence!" exclaimed Miss Hawkins. "And what did you say, eh?"

"I said I didn't think he were," replied Squelsh.

"What?"

"I said I didn't think he were," cried Squelsh, raising her voice; "and he's not, neither, is he?"

"He is the worst of the whole pack," replied Miss Hawkins emphatically; "and that's saying a good deal. Of all the insincere hypocrites, he is the most insincere hypocrite. Of all the grasping rascals, he is the most grasping rascal. Of all my unnatural kin who are without one touch of affection or love in their breasts, he is the one who is the coldest and hardest!"

Miss Hawkins stopped, coughing and gasping for breath.

Squelsh waited till she was quiet, and then remarked—

"What's the differ? What d'ye want with relations and love? Money can get you everything you want."

"Money can buy power, but not love," muttered Miss Hawkins.

"Well, and power's a real thing and worth havin'; but what's love? Nothin' but fine speeches and grins at ye, to get somethin' out of ye," said Squelsh.

"Maybe so. Maybe so," replied Miss Hawkins, leaning her chin on her breast.

There was such a long pause that Squelsh was beginning to drowse, when again Miss Hawkins' voice broke the silence.

"Squelsh! Squelsh!" she cried.

"Well, well! what's the matter now? I was just asleep," said Squelsh crossly.

"Squelsh! Don't forget when I'm dead to bury that packet at the left-hand corner of the little oak box with me; and don't forget to rouge my cheeks, for I don't want to look a show even if I am a corpse. Mind you don't forget, Squelsh. What I've done for you in my will depends on you doing that. Don't forget, Squelsh."

"Oh, I hear ye! I hear you!" replied Squelsh; adding in an undertone, as she turned round: "If she's told me that once, she's told it a hundred million times. Rouge on her cheeks, indeed! Talk of vanity, after that!"

"Squelsh!" again cried Miss Hawkins, "Squelsh! there's a winding-sheet on the candle."

Squelsh did not reply; she pretended to sleep.

"Squelsh!" once more cried Miss Hawkins, but on receiving no reply, she sighed heavily, and turned her face to the wall.

CHAPTER IX.

THE following morning Miss Hawkins found herself too feeble to leave her room.

Mr. Sparkes arrived at eleven o'clock, and was shown upstairs.

Major Dudley, Jane, Amy, and Samuel sat in feverish expectation in the dining-room. Hubert had left for town and Nellie had gone for a walk.

"How does Aunt Hawkins seem to-day?" inquired Samuel, as Mrs. Dudley came in, after having shown Mr. Sparkes upstairs.

"Very poorly indeed," replied Mrs. Dudley. "When the doctor saw her he said she was not on any account to leave her bed, but she called him 'a long-faced booby,' and insisted on getting up. She won't take anything he advises, for she says that she's tired pleasing her stomach, so now she is going to please her palate. She is sitting now at the fireside, dressed out in black satin and a lace shawl, as cross and snappy as possible."

"Where is Squelsh, do you know?" again inquired Samuel.

"She is in the room also."

"What!" exclaimed everyone; "you don't mean to say she is going to stay in the room while the will is being made?"

"It's a most extraordinary thing," replied Mrs. Dudley, "but Aunt Hawkins said she was to remain in the room."

"By Jove!" cried Major Dudley, "that's the oddest thing I ever heard of. I bet she will get hold of the money by hook or crook."

"If she does," cried Samuel, springing to his feet—"if she does, I shall dispute the will! I will prove that Aunt Hawkins was not in her right mind when she made it."

"What if she leaves it all to you?" asked Amy.

"Oh! that would be a very different matter," said Samuel. "That in itself would prove that she was quite clear in her mind."

"Would it prove her to be quite sane if she leaves it all to me?" inquired Amy, with a laugh.

Samuel looked sulkily at his cousin.

"I don't know why you are always turning what I say into ridicule," he said angrily, and walked out of the room.

"Cross-patch, pull the latch,
And call the neighbours in,"

sang Amy mockingly.

"I do think that Samuel is the most disagreeable young man I ever met with in all my life!" cried Jane.

"And the ugliest, too," replied Amy. "I simply detest him! I do wish he would go home. What train is he going by, mother?"

"He hasn't said anything about going yet," said Mrs. Dudley. "I suppose he wants to see Aunt Hawkins before he goes, and judge by her manner as to the success of his hopes about the will."

Meantime, Nellie was out in the fresh morning air. The storm of the preceding night had died away. The wind gently stirred through the leafless branches and sighed through the fragrant pines. All around was "calm decay." Under foot rustled the fallen leaves, and from the hedgerow came the sweet shrill notes of a robin. The air was cool and delightful. Nellie walked briskly on, enjoying the sensation of being out once more, and wondering why all her neighbours were not out too. The air loosened little stray curls on her forehead and heightened the colour of her cheeks.

Notwithstanding the events of the preceding day, her spirits were high and her hopes buoyant. She knew that both her father and mother really liked and approved of her engagement to Lawrence Wainwright, and her confidence in his abilities prevented her having any doubts as to their future prospects; and though they could not meet, owing to Miss Hawkins' cruel interference, still they were engaged, and secure in each other's love and fidelity.

Suddenly she looked up, and saw Mr. Pobb coming along the road. She smiled at his awkward, lumbering gait.

"Oh, Mr. Pobb!" she said eagerly, as the young man raised his hat and stopped hesitatingly. "I am so glad to see you. I wanted to thank you so much for——" Here Nellie stopped short and blushed brightly, for the thought struck her that perhaps Mr. Pobb knew nothing of her engagement, and would wonder at her boldness.

Mr. Pobb, looking as embarrassed as she did, muttered something about there being nothing at all to thank him for; and then, after a pause, gathered up courage enough to ask where she was going. Was she taking a walk? he asked eagerly.

Nellie acknowledged that she was; the day was so fine, she faltered, that she thought it a pity to remain indoors.

Mr. Pobb begged to be allowed to accompany her.

"You know," he said apologetically—"you know, I thought that you'd like to hear how well Wainwright is getting on in the office, and what a favourite he is with everyone already."

Nellie, without reflecting that Wainwright had been at work just half a day, so far, smiled brightly at Mr. Pobb, and said she was sure of it



"'SQUELSH, COME HERE!'" (*p.* 26).

"He is such a good fellow," continued Mr. Pobb, "and so awfully energetic and clever, you know."

Nellie thoroughly agreed with him.

"And not a bit haughty or stuck-up," continued Mr. Pobb. "He asked me to his house last night, and he told me about ——" Here Mr. Pobb hesitated and glanced at Nellie, who coloured deeply—"about his great happiness," he added, in a low voice.

For a few minutes they walked on in silence.

"What could he desire more," thought the young man, with a sigh half of content, half of self-pity, "than thus to walk on for ever, though in silence—in silence to watch her, in silence to protect her, in silence to love her?"

With a start he roused himself from his reflections, and returning to the one subject he felt he could speak of with safety, said—

"Do you know what Wainwright is going in for now?"

"No; what is it?" asked Nellie brightly.

"Book-keeping—no less. And he asked me if I would explain it to him. Just imagine him, who is so clever and who knows such a lot, asking me to teach him anything!"

"But you will, won't you asked Nellie smilingly.

"Of course I will. I'm only too glad to be able to do anything to please—him," answered Mr. Pobb.

"You are very good. I shall never forget your kindness; and I'm sure Lawrence never will, either," said Nellie, her eyes sparkling with gratitude.

"Not at all. It's only a pleasure to me," stammered Mr. Pobb, swinging his cane and looking far ahead.

They had now almost reached home.

"Won't you come in?" asked Nellie, as he pushed the gate open for her to pass in. "Please, do."

"No, thanks," replied the young man. "I must catch the next train; but if you will allow me, I shall call next Friday. I thought that as you are not allowed to see or write to Wainwright, that perhaps you would like to hear from me how he is getting on, and—all that," he concluded lamely.

"Oh, do come!" cried Nellie eagerly. "I shall be so very glad to see you."

"I will come every Friday, then," cried Mr. Pobb, hastily turning away.

"How fond everyone is of Lawrence, the dear fellow! And no wonder," thought Nellie, as she entered the house.

As she ran upstairs to take off her hat, she met Samuel coming down.

"He's just gone!" he said eagerly.

"Who's gone?" asked Nellie.

"Why, Mr. Sparkes, of course," replied Samuel, wondering at her forgetfulness. "And the will is made. Nellie, can it possibly be true what I hear about you?"

"What about me?" asked Nellie.

"Why, that you could have been her heiress, and yet that you actually refused the offer!" said Samuel, in a horror-stricken tone of voice.

"Of course I did," cried Nellie.

"Well, until to-day I always thought that you had more sense than most girls," said her cousin, in reproachful tones.

Nellie laughed and, passing him, ran upstairs.

Samuel looked after her, and shook his head gravely. "And I intended to marry that girl if she came in for the money! Little she knows what she has lost by her folly. Of course it's out of the question now, but she'll never get such a chance again. She was inclined to be wilful, but I'd soon have cured her of that. Dear me! it's a very great pity, but it cannot be helped."

Samuel again shook his head solemnly and entered the dining-room, where lunch was ready prepared on the table.

Amy was busy arranging a tray containing beef-tea and toast, for Aunt Hawkins' lunch.

Nellie came running in. "Shall I carry that upstairs?" she asked.

"No, thanks; I'm going up with it myself," cried Amy sharply. "I've had my lunch, and I'm not coming down again until I've changed my dress for the afternoon, so no one need be coming up to see what's delaying me."

So saying, Amy went upstairs quickly and tapped at Miss Hawkins' door. Squelsh opened it.

"Squelsh," began Amy, "here's Aunt Hawkins' lunch; and, Squelsh, I wish whenever you've time that you would come into my room and show me that pretty new crochet stitch which I saw you doing yesterday. Could you come now, while Aunt Hawkins is eating her lunch?"

"Yes, miss; I'll be in with ye presently, when I've fixed her quiet for her lunch," replied Squelsh, taking the tray and closing the door.

Amy went to her room, and impatiently waited for Squelsh.

"They'll be done lunch, and be going all over the house if she doesn't hurry," she exclaimed pettishly, after a few minutes.

Presently Squelsh came in, with her usual stealthy tread.

"Oh, there you are at last!" cried Amy. "Come and sit down here comfortably. Do you think this wool will do?—it's the only kind I have. It will do to learn upon, won't it?"

"Yes, miss, that'll do nicely," replied Squelsh, taking the wool and beginning to work.

"Did Aunt Hawkins like her lunch?" asked Amy. "Does she seem very tired?"

"Yes, miss, she is rayther fatigued, but she seems more easy-like since this mornin'. The will was weighing on her mind, like."

"Did the will take a long time to make? Mr. Sparkes wasn't upstairs with her as long as I expected he would be," said Amy.

"Indeed, miss?" replied Squelsh.

"Were you there in the room the whole time?" asked Amy, in a careless tone of voice.

"Yes, miss. I were one of the witnesses—me and cook."

"Oh!" said Amy; then, after a pause, getting very red in the face, she added: "And I suppose you know to whom she has left all her money?"

"Yes, miss, I do," replied Squelsh, with a slight cough.

"Oh, Squelsh," cried Amy, "how I wish I were you! I'd give just anything to know."

Squelsh made no reply, and Amy continued eagerly—

"Squelsh, dear Squelsh, you're always so nice and good-natured, don't you think you could tell me a little about it? I'd keep it such a secret! Couldn't you just nod your head if she has left it all to me?—that wouldn't be telling, you know."

"Oh, miss, I daren't. It'd be as much as my place is worth," said Squelsh, crocheting very fast.

"Ah, Squelsh! dear Squelsh!" implored Amy, "no one would ever know that you had told me, and it would make me so happy! I would give anything simply to hear."

"What would ye give?" asked Squelsh.

"I'd give you—I'd give you half-a-crown, Squelsh; I'd even give you five shillings," said Amy.

Squelsh shook her head and gave a short laugh of derision.

"Well, I'll give you ten shillings. Now, Squelsh?" urged Amy.

"Ten shillings to hear that p'r'aps you're comin' in for ten thousands of pounds!" said Squelsh. "Not if I knows it, miss!"

"But," expostulated Amy, "I can't spare you anything more. If I had money, I'd give it, indeed I would, Squelsh."

"What did ye do with your allowance your pa give you the day before yesterday, eh?" asked Squelsh, with a cunning look.

"Oh, but," cried Amy, "that ten pounds has to last me a whole six months. I won't

get a penny more ; and I want to buy a whole lot of things, and a new hat so badly."

"Well, miss, if people wants to hear things they must pay for it," remarked Squelsh, rising as if to leave the room.

"Oh, Squelsh ! don't go yet," implored Amy, with tears in her eyes from the struggle between her prudence and curiosity. "Would it be worth it ? You couldn't have the heart to take all my money if Aunt Hawkins is not going to leave me anything."

"It would be well worth it, and you'd be payin' dirt cheap for it," said Squelsh. "But I must be goin' now ; I really must."

"Oh, Squelsh ! couldn't you take a little less ? I'll give you five pounds. If I give you all that father gave me I shan't be able to buy a thing for half a year, and I'm awfully shabby as it is."

"What's the use of bein' a young lady if you can't get things on tick, eh ?" said Squelsh. "But it don't matter a straw to me. All I can say is, it would be well worth the money to 'ear."

"Why would it be well worth the money ?" inquired Amy, wiping her tears away.

"Why, because if you don't know somethin', so as to be able to do somethin', more nor likely you'll never come in for a farthin'."

At this enigmatical answer Amy opened her eyes very wide.

"Oh, Squelsh !" she exclaimed, positively hopping from one leg to the other with irritation and impatience, "you are the most grasping, provoking thing in the world ! Here, there's the money !" she continued, taking the £10 note from her purse and bursting into tears. "There, take it, and tell me what you mean."

Squelsh slowly placed the money in a purse, and said—

"You'll never tell on me, mind."

"No. Do go on, or you'll drive me wild !" exclaimed Amy.

"Well, then, miss," said Squelsh, pronouncing each word slowly, as if dreading to let out her secret, "the way the will is made is this—and a curious will it is, though in a way natural, after all, takin' everythin' into consideration ; and, of course, it's only to be expected some folk will be disappointed anyways, for it's not to be expected that hany one even, with the very best intentions in the world, can please everyone, more especial——"

"Squelsh," cried Amy, "I'll shake you, you horrid, aggravating thing, if you don't go on !"

Squelsh drew up her chin and walked to the door.

"Well, I never did think I'd live to see the day that hany one, callin' themselves a lady too, would up and hoffer to shake me !" she exclaimed.

Amy rushed after her and drew her back.

"Oh, Squelsh ! dear Squelsh ! I was only joking, you know. I didn't mean it. I beg your pardon if I offended you. Dear Squelsh ! do, please, go on."

"Well, miss," said Squelsh, "I was always taught to be forgivin', so though I can't help wonderin' at a young lady showing such a nasty temper, still I forgive you with my 'ole 'eart."

"Thanks, Squelsh ; but now go on, do, please."

"Where was I, then ?" inquired Squelsh.

"Oh, about it being such a strange will," replied Amy. "What was strange about it ?"

"Well, miss, the fact of the matter is, she's left everything (exceptin' a little trifle for myself) to whichever of you four young ladies is married before twelve o'clock on the first of the New Year ; and if two or more of ye are married, it is to be divided between ye, always takin' into consideration that it's not to Mr. Wainwright. Hany one else would do."

Squelsh left the room, and Amy, completely astonished, sat down, exclaiming—"It's well I got it out of her. Gracious goodness me ! what shall I do ? How shall I ever be married in time ?"

She sat pondering over this problem so deeply that she failed to notice that Squelsh's footsteps, instead of going on to Miss Hawkins's bedroom, stopped on the landing outside her own room.

Samuel had beckoned to Squelsh to come into his room.

"Well, sir ?" said Squelsh.

Samuel walked up and down the room restlessly. Now and again he glanced out of the corners of his eyes at Squelsh, who stood with impassive face at the door.

"Well, sir, what is it ?" inquired Squelsh again.

"Don't speak so loud," whispered Samuel.

"*I'm* not sayin' anything *I'm* ashamed of anyone hearin'," said Squelsh, lowering her voice, notwithstanding. "And I can't stay here any longer ; Miss 'Awkins will be wantin' me."

"Squelsh," began Samuel, suddenly stopping opposite to her with downcast eyes, "there is no use us fencing the question ; we know each other better than that. You understand perfectly well what I want."

"Well, an' what if I do ?" said Squelsh.

"In plain words, then," began Samuel ;

"everyone has their price. What's yours for telling me all you know about the will?"

"A hundred pounds," replied Squelsh.

"Very good. I'll promise to give you that when I come in for the money."

"No, no; that won't do. I must have it now, or not at all," said Squelsh firmly.

"She must have left it all to me!" cried Samuel, his face brightening, "or you never could dream of asking me for all that. Consider, Squelsh, what one hundred pounds means."

"I 'ave considered it often," replied Squelsh. "Well, will you give it to me, or not?"

Samuel looked at her for a moment steadily; then he said—

"I will give it to you on this condition—that you know for certain that I am left, at least, part of the money."

"Well, I can't hexactly say that ye are," replied Squelsh slowly. Samuel became very pale. "But if ye only knew it, there's a way by which ye can get hold of all the lot."

"Oh! how, Squelsh?" implored Samuel.

"Show me the money first," said Squelsh.

Samuel sat down, and with trembling fingers wrote a cheque for the sum of one hundred pounds.

Squelsh took it, looked at it carefully to see that there was no mistake, and put it in her pocket.

"Miss 'Awkins," she said then, "has left all her money to whichever of the young ladies is married before twelve o'clock on the first of the New Year. And I'd like to know what's to hinder you from being the bridegroom, eh?"

"Nothing," replied Samuel delightedly—"absolutely nothing! Squelsh, you are a good soul, and I'll not forget you. Did Miss Hawkins leave you any little remembrance?"

"Only five hundred pounds," replied Squelsh.

Samuel whistled.

"Not bad, that," he remarked. "And you're quite sure the will is signed and witnessed and all. It would never do, you know, for me to make a mistake."

"Oh, there's no mistake. I was there the whole time, exceptin' when I went to call cook—me and cook was witnesses."

"Oh, were you a witness?" asked Samuel, with a grin.

"Yes," said Squelsh. "You don't think five hundred pounds is much to leave me, considerin' everything?"

"No, indeed," replied Samuel cheerfully. "I wouldn't care if she had put you down for twice that amount."

Squelsh left the room.



'DO GO ON, OR YOU'LL DRIVE ME WILD!'" (p. 30).

CHAPTER X.

SAMUEL sat in pleasant thought for some time; then he arose, brushed and pomaded

his hair, put on a fresh collar and the latest thing in cravats, and proceeded in the blandest of humours to the drawing-room.

It was just beginning to grow dusk; the fire burned brightly, and by the hearth Nellie sat dreaming in a happy reverie. She started as her cousin came in, and smilingly asked him what he had been doing.

Samuel drew a chair to her side, and replied that he had been writing. He rather winced as he recollected what his "writing" had consisted of.

Nellie leaned back again in her easy-chair, and Samuel looked at her with as much admiration as he ever felt for anything except his own reflection in a mirror.

"I wish you would ring for the lamp, Samuel," said Nellie presently, finding that Samuel's presence had driven away her happy castles in the air.

"Not yet, my sweet darling!" replied Samuel.

Nellie laughed merrily, for she imagined that her cousin was trying to amuse her.

"Nellie," he continued, moving his chair closer to her—"Nellie, I want to speak to you."

"Well, Samuel, what is it? You do look so awfully funny! What do you want to say?"

Samuel moved his chair a little closer, twisted his feet round the legs of the chair, as he had a trick of doing when at all excited, and continued, in a deep solemn voice—

"Nellie, I am about to propose the greatest honour a man can offer to a girl."

"And what's that?" laughed Nellie, moving her chair a little distance from him.

"It is this," continued Samuel, with still greater solemnity, and marking off his periods with his fat forefinger—"it is this: For various reasons, which I need not at present refer to, I am willing to overlook your many little faults and failings—which I have no doubt I shall enable you to cure—as well as excuse your great indiscretion in encouraging that fellow Wainwright; for I am not unaware that all girls like a little excitement and admiration. I repeat, Nellie, that I am willing to overlook all these drawbacks, as well as your lack of fortune—which is your misfortune, not your fault—and—in short, my dear, I have chosen you for my wife!"

Nellie sat upright, gazed at his solemn countenance until she realised the fact that he was actually in earnest, and then, unable to resist the inclination, laughed until she cried.

"My dear Nellie," began Samuel, after a pause, "I am far from wondering at you for being astonished and surprised, but I do wish that you would learn to restrain yourself. There is nothing I dislike in a woman so much as hysterics; and you may as well understand from the commencement that tears do not affect me in the very least."

Nellie took out her pocket-handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"Oh, Samuel!" she said, at last, "you don't mean to say you are really in earnest?"

"I am quite in earnest, I assure you," replied Samuel stiffly. "I am not in the habit of joking on important matters, believe me."

"But, Samuel," continued Nellie, biting her lips to keep herself from again laughing, "I thought you understood that I was engaged to Lawrence Wainwright."

"On the contrary, I understood that your father had forbidden you to have anything to say to that fellow," answered Samuel sternly. "You are surely not going to disobey him?"

"I don't think," cried Nellie, "that you and I would ever understand each other, so the shortest plan is to tell you at once that even if I had never seen Lawrence, I should never have dreamed of marrying you under any circumstances."

"What!" exclaimed Samuel. "Do you mean to say that you are such a fool as to refuse me—*me?* Let me warn you to consider before it is too late. Little you know what you will lose if you persist in your folly."

"The loss is mine, my dear cousin, I acknowledge, so all I can advise you to do is to look out for a woman of sense," cried Nellie, dropping a mock curtsey and running out of the room.

Samuel stood absolutely transfixed on the hearth with astonishment and wrath. He to be refused, and by a penniless chit, whom he by his generous offer would have entitled to a fortune! It was inconceivable; absurd!

"However, if she does not understand when she is well off, there are plenty of other girls with more common-sense and gratitude."

Samuel considered how he should best cover his last move and at the same time make a better one.

He had been thinking for some minutes, and had almost matured his plans, when Amy came in.

"If one thinks of an angel, one hears the rustling of her wings," remarked Samuel gallantly.

Amy sat down at the other side of the round table by which Samuel was standing.

"It's my silk foundation that rustles so deliciously," she said laughingly. "And I know I'd much rather hear it than any angel's wings, wouldn't you?"



"I AM ABOUT TO PROPOSE THE GREATEST HONOUR A MAN CAN OFFER TO A GIRL." (*p.* 32)

Samuel replied that the angels he adored wore silk foundations, not wings.

Amy giggled, and said he was the very silliest fellow she ever saw.

"Why am I silly?" asked Samuel, walking a degree or two closer to her round the circumference of the table. "Why do you say I am silly?"

Amy replied that she didn't know, but he was awfully silly, all the same.

"Do I look silly?" asked Samuel, smiling condescendingly.

Yes, Amy thought he looked awfully silly standing there at the other side of the table.

"Would I look less so at this side?" cried Samuel, coming round very close indeed.

Amy did not reply, but twisted her bangles round and round.

"Amy," continued Samuel, "would you think me silly to tell you how I have ever loved you? Will you, my dearest, will you——"

Here the door was thrown open, and the maid, carrying in the afternoon tea, came in.

Amy, thinking doubtless that delays are dangerous, answered "Yes," without waiting for Samuel to finish his sentence.

Mrs. Dudley and Nellie now came in, and a few moments later some visitors.

Samuel sat beside Amy, and avoided Nellie ostentatiously. Presently Aunt Hawkins, leaning on Squelsh's arm, appeared.

"My dear aunt," cried Mrs. Dudley, "I didn't think you were able to come downstairs this afternoon. Are you sure it will not be too great an exertion for you? Here, Squelsh, this is the most comfortable chair for her."

Miss Hawkins sat down and looked round. "Who's that?" she demanded in an audible whisper, pointing at the visitors.

"The Miss Carrington-Smiths," replied Mrs. Dudley.

"What does she say?" inquired Miss Hawkins, turning to Squelsh, who was arranging her cushions.

"Miss Carrington-Smith's the name of these ladies—Carrington-Smith with a himan between, you know," explained Squelsh in a loud whisper.

"Oh, that indeed!" remarked Miss Hawkins. "I can't say that I see the 'high gentleman,' though. H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!"

The Misses Carrington-Smith turned very red, and poor Mrs. Dudley, to break the horrid pause which ensued, asked—

"Have you been to hear Mr. Waddle yet, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Smith eagerly; "we were at his last three meetings and intend to go again to-night, if possible. I never heard such a delightful preacher in all my life. It *is* such a privilege to hear him. You ought really to make an effort to go. And it was so delightful to see so many people of different opinions under the same roof, listening to his words—indeed, I may say, hanging on each word, like the spokes of a wheel all round one centre, you know."

"Yes," remarked Miss Hawkins, "you always find a *nave* in the middle. H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm!"

Happily, the Misses Carrington-Smith did not perceive the point of this observation, and soon after took their departure, much to Mrs. Dudley's relief, who always felt in hot water when any visitors and Miss Hawkins were together in the same room.

The girls went to dress for dinner. Samuel stayed to break the news of his engagement to the astonished Mrs. Dudley.

"Jane and Nellie," cried Amy, "come into my room. I've got something to tell you."

"Well, what is it?" inquired Jane.

"Who do you think is engaged to be married?" said Amy, laughingly.

"Who?" cried Jane and Nellie eagerly. "Is it Miss Senior? Surely it can't be she, after all?"

"No, it's not Miss Senior," replied Amy.

"Anybody who lives in this neighbourhood?" asked Jane

"Yes," said Amy, laughing.

"Well, then, who? Do we know her?" asked Nellie.

"Yes, very well indeed."

"Dear me! Not one of the old Miss Carrington-Smiths, surely?" cried Jane.

"No," said Amy; "it's someone you know very intimately. You've been speaking to her this afternoon"

"Who on earth can it be? Why, I've not been out all this afternoon, and no one called except the Miss Carrington-Smiths," cried Jane.

"Oh!" said Nellie, "I suppose it's one of the servants. Now, isn't it?"

"No."

"Well, then, I give it up. Tell us, who is it?" urged Jane.

"It is I myself!" said Amy, in the most triumphant manner possible.

"Who to?" asked Jane.

"To Samuel," replied Amy.

If Samuel could but have seen the look of blank astonishment that crossed Nellie's face at this announcement, he would indeed have felt gratified.

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed Jane, sitting down. "You're not in earnest, surely?"

"Are you sure you're not making a mistake?" cried Nellie.

"Indeed I am not," replied Amy sharply. "I suppose you think no one can be engaged but you?"

"But I thought you always hated Samuel?" expostulated Nellie.

"What does that matter? I shall be able to tease the life out of him when we're married."

"And are you really and truly engaged to marry Samuel?" continued Jane. "When did he propose, pray?"

"Just before afternoon tea," explained Amy.

"This afternoon, just before tea!" echoed Nellie, in amazement.

"Yes. What was so odd about that, eh?" said Amy. "Isn't it as good a time as any other?"

"Yes, of course," admitted Nellie; "but still——"

"Well, but what?" demanded Amy.

"Oh, nothing; but I am so astonished—somehow it seems so very strange. I hope you will be very happy," added Nellie gently.

"Why, of course I shall be happy," cried Amy, opening her eyes very wide. "As I said before, it will be great fun teasing Samuel, and making him do just whatever I like. See if I don't!"

Nellie left the room. Amy was not long changing her dress; she was in a highly excited mood, and longed for more people to astonish by her news.

"I'm just dying to see Aunt Hawkins' face when she hears!" she cried.

"Then," replied Jane, "you won't see it to night, for I heard Squelsh say to the housemaid that Aunt Hawkins wouldn't come down for dinner. I suppose she is feeling ill; and no wonder, when she persists in doing everything the doctor says she ought not to do."

"Oh! I hear Hubert coming in," exclaimed Amy impatiently. "I must run and tell him—he will be so astonished. I hope no one will tell him before I can get downstairs. Do come here and fasten this."

Jane went to her assistance, laced her bodice, and Amy flew out of the room.

"Well," said Jane to herself, "it's the oddest thing I ever knew. The idea of Amy and Samuel being in love with each other! Why, I always thought she simply detested

him, and he never seemed to admire her. It's a queer world! To think of both Amy and Nellie being engaged before me! However, I may be married before either of them yet. And I intend to be, too!"

Just then a tap was heard at the bedroom door.

"Come in," cried Jane.

Squelsh came in.

"I beg yer parding, miss," she began, rubbing her hands together, "but I disremembered to ask yer ma for a little arrer-root. We've finished all she give us, and Miss 'Awkins, she likes a little 'ot to her supper; and so, not to disappoint her, I made free to ask yer, miss, to remind yer ma."

Jane promised that the arrowroot should be sent up, and asked Squelsh to lace her bodice.

"With pleasure, miss," replied Squelsh, beginning to lace her with hard, bony fingers.

"An' Miss Hamy is a-goin' to git married?" began Squelsh presently. "Mr. Samuel is a fine young gent—so he is."

Jane laughed rather derisively, and admitted the fact of the engagement.

"I niver did think to see Miss Hamy married afore you, miss—niver! Nor anyone else, either," remarked Squelsh, after a pause.

"Well, she's not married yet," replied Jane sharply.

"No, indeed; that's very true," admitted Squelsh.

"Has Aunt Hawkins heard of it yet?" asked Jane.

"Yes, miss," replied Squelsh. "The housemaid were a-tellin' me, and then I told her."

"And what did she say?" asked Jane.

"Oh, miss, she didn't pass any remark, exceptin' what I wouldn't like to repeat," said Squelsh.

"Oh, I know it was something rude, so you needn't mind me hearing it. Now, what was it?"

"Only somethin' about 'birds of a feather flockin' together,'" replied Squelsh, with an apologetical cough.

"Is that all?" laughed Jane. "I thought she'd have said something far worse than that."

"I suppose they'll be soon married?" remarked Squelsh.

"Oh dear me, no!" cried Jane quickly. "Mr. Samuel is not at all well off. They can't marry for a long time: that is, of course, unless Aunt Hawkins dies and leaves them some money."

Squelsh coughed twice, as much as to say she knew something on that subject.

"Of course, Squelsh," continued Jane eagerly, "you know whether she did or not?"

"I do, miss," admitted Squelsh.

"Don't you think you could give me a hint?" said Jane, in a coaxing voice.

"It'd be as much as my place is worth," replied Squelsh.

"Just the least little hint," urged Jane.

"Well, miss, if you don't let on, I don't mind tellin' you that if you'd take advice from me you wouldn't let Miss Hamy git married afore you. That's all I say," replied Squelsh, closing her lips firmly, and nodding her head several times.

"Oh, Squelsh!" cried Jane eagerly, "what do you mean? Is it anything in Aunt Hawkins' will?"

Squelsh nodded her head emphatically.



"'DO YOU BELIEVE IN PALMISTRY?'" (*p. 57*).



"THE DYING WOMAN SAT UPRIGHT" (*p.* 30).

"Oh, do tell me what you mean! Now, please do, Squelsh," urged Jane.

"Well, miss, if ye promise not to let on that I told you, an' if ye made it worth my while, I might, and I mightn't," said Squelsh.

"Whatever do you mean?" cried Jane. "There's the dinner-bell ringing; I must go. Oh, do tell me first!"

"Ye haven't sich a thing as a ten-pound note ye could spare, eh?" suggested Squelsh, rubbing her hands together.

"Oh, Squelsh! I couldn't give you all that. Why, that's my allowance for a whole half year."

"Very well, miss," replied Squelsh, "it's not my fault, if I were willin' to put you in the way of comin' in for thousands, p'rhaps. But if ye think it better to keep yer money than 'ear what I were willin' to tell, though it might cost me my place, keep it, an' welcome. But don't go and say it were my fault, that's all!"

Jane dashed to her desk, took out the ten-pound note, and a moment later left the room, the poorer by ten pounds, and the richer by possession of Squelsh's promised information.

"I see through Amy's little plan now," thought Jane, as she ran downstairs; "but clever as she and Samuel think themselves, I'll be cleverer still. Oh! little they know how I've found out their sly manœuvres. Wait till to-morrow comes, and I'll surprise them considerably. Won't they get a sell?"

CHAPTER XI.

During the evening Jane sat with a book before her, arranging her plans for the morrow.

Mrs. Dudley sat knitting, every now and then glancing with a perplexed air at the engaged pair, who, perched on the sofa, giggled and quarrelled alternately.

Hubert had gone out for the evening: he made no concealment of his unflattering astonishment at Amy's choice.

The major peacefully snored over his newspaper in his easy-chair by the fireside.

Nellie sat working, with a very grave face indeed. At ten o'clock everyone retired, and soon afterwards silence and sleep reigned through the house.

The following day was Friday—Mrs. Dudley's at-home day.

In the afternoon the girls arrayed themselves in their prettiest frocks, and sat in the drawing-room, awaiting visitors.

"I do hope," cried Amy, "that we shan't be invaded by old ladies to-day. I often feel inclined to put prussic acid in their tea when they persist in staying on when they know they are not wanted."

"Here's someone. I wonder who it is?" cried Jane.

The maid opened the door, and announced —Mademoiselle Guilgault.

"How do you do, mademoiselle?" cried Jane, shaking hands with the visitor warmly.

Mademoiselle Guilgault was generally a welcome visitor; she was supposed to be able to tell the latest fashions from Paris, and was infallible as to good taste in bargains.

Mademoiselle was a plain little woman, who managed to give the impression of being a decidedly good-looking, agreeable person.

She gave Samuel a keen glance as she took a chair near the fire.

"My cousin, Mr. Samuel Dudley," said Jane.

Mademoiselle smiled, showing a pretty set of false teeth, and bowed gracefully.

Samuel bowed, and at the same time wished his arms were not quite so long.

"It is very cold and foggy weather," began Samuel, "is it not?—even for this country. You must find it very trying, I should think."

"Ah yes! De pavements are deplorable. Just mud, mud, mud! My boots, dey are not fit to be seen." And mademoiselle displayed a dainty little kid shoe, with one spot of mud staining its gloss.

"How did you come, mademoiselle?" inquired Nellie. "Did you come by the road, or by the path through the fields?"

"I did come by de fields," replied mademoiselle, holding up both her hands. "And oh! I did get *such* a fright!"

"Why, what happened?" inquired Amy.

"Ven I vas going along, I did meet a cow, and he did come up to me quite, quite close, I do assure you; and den did he *moo* at me. Ah, it was terrible!"

Everyone burst out laughing, and in the midst of the fun Mr. Pobb and Dr. Black Crum came in, and they were hardly seated before several ladies arrived.

The room was soon in a constant hum of chatter. The stream of cups flowed backwards and forwards incessantly from Nellie's tea-table. Samuel carried about bread and butter. Mr. Pobb, on being introduced to a young lady, dropped his cake, and then stood on it. More visitors arrived; the talk grew louder and louder, and the tea weaker and weaker.

When the noise and talk were at the highest pitch, Jane went over to where Dr. Black Crum was standing, and smilingly asked whether he did not think the room had grown very hot, and wouldn't it be cooler in the conservatory?

The place Jane designated by the name of "conservatory" was a small greenhouse, which contained about two dozen pots, a wicker-work chair, and an Aspinalled milking-stool.

Dr. Black Crum agreed that it was very hot, and followed Jane out. They both sat down.

"What a charming little place!" observed Dr. Black Crum, balancing himself anxiously on the Aspinalled milking-stool.

"Yes," agreed Jane, "if the plants would only grow a little faster. There's my maidenhair fern that I bought, thinking it would be so nice to have it to wear every time I went to a party, and it's only got one leaf left, and the fresh ones are just ages coming up. Stupid thing! I gave it some tea yesterday —I heard that made it grow quickly—and I don't believe it's improved it a bit. Just look!"

Dr. Black Crum did look at the pretty little white hand holding out a miserable frond for his inspection.

"It's very sad," he observed sympathetically.

"Oh, you miserable object!" continued Jane (addressing the fern, not Dr. Crum). "I just hate you; there!" And she pinched off the last frond, squeezed it up, and threw it away.

"Do you believe in palmistry?" asked Jane presently; "for I'm beginning to be a firm believer in it."

"Really, I don't know anything on the subject," said Dr. Black Crum, smiling indulgently at his pretty companion, whose silliness comfortably increased his belief in his own sense and wisdom.

"Have you ever had your hand read?" inquired Jane artlessly.

"No, never," said Dr. Black Crum. "Have you?"

"Yes," replied Jane. "I had mine read the other day by Miss Blims; she's wonderfully clever at it, you know."

"And was the result satisfactory?" inquired Dr. Black Crum.

"Oh, indeed it was!" replied Jane eagerly. "It was just lovely! I'm to be married soon,

she says, and I'm to have lots of money; and the only bad thing that ever is to happen to me is I'm sometimes to be in danger of being shipwrecked, but as I have a 'square' somewhere, it keeps me from being drowned."

"That's very fine," laughed Dr. Black Crum. "I only hope it may come true—that's to say, all but the shipwreck part of the business."

"I think it will," said Jane confidently.

"You're the best judge of that, no doubt," said Dr. Black Crum. "Perhaps you are sure of it already?"

At this point in the conversation he began to be sensible that a carved milking-stool is not the most comfortable of all possible seats. He stood up, intending to return to the drawing-room.

"Well, to say the truth, I am," replied Jane—"about the money part, at least."

Dr. Black Crum instantly became attentive, and resumed his seat.

"Really!" he said. "Allow me to congratulate you most heartily."

"If you would promise to keep it a secret," said Jane, blushing and looking down, "I would tell you how it is."

Dr. Black Crum instantly promised to be secret as the grave.

"Really and truly? You will never tell anyone that I told you?" said Jane.

"On my honour," cried Dr. Black Crum, "I never will."

He was intensely curious to learn how Jane, whose lack of even a small fortune he often regretted, could possibly be coming in for any money worth speaking of.

"You know old Aunt Hawkins?" began Jane.

"Yes," said Dr. Black Crum, "to be sure I do: the old lady who makes such cutting observations. Well, is she wealthy?"

"She has about twenty thousand pounds," said Jane.

"A tidy little sum," observed Dr. Black Crum approvingly.

"Well, she made her will the other day, and she's going to leave all her money to whichever of us girls is married before twelve o'clock in the New Year," explained Jane, looking downwards and blushing.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dr. Black Crum. He was very considerably astonished. Here was an opportunity not to be wasted. He was a man who hated to make up what he was pleased to call his mind hastily, and yet he saw clearly that there was no time to be lost.

He grew very red in the face, and stammered out how pleased he was to hear that she was so fortunate as to have such a rich and generous aunt.

"But if one of your sisters is also married before the specified time, what is to be done?" he asked cautiously.

"In that case the money is to be divided between us," replied Jane.

"That would be almost a pity, wouldn't it?" observed Dr. Black Crum.

Jane agreed that it would be a very great pity.

A rather long pause ensued, during which the departure of a good many of the visitors was audible.

"Miss Dudley; Jane!" at last spoke Dr. Black Crum; his voice was hoarse, perhaps from emotion.

Jane made no reply; she gazed steadily at the buckle of her shoe, and became a degree or two pinker in her cheeks.

"Jane, do you know who is the fortunate man whom the palmister said you were to wed?"

He said psalmister, not palmister, in his agitation, but Jane forgave the slip.

"No," she faltered faintly.

"Are you sure you don't?" continued Dr. Black Crum fervently.

Jane made no reply. She heard the last but one of the visitors bidding farewell, and she wished Dr. Black Crum would be a trifle quicker. Dr. Crum heard also, and he did his best.

"Could it—oh, Jane! could it be me?" he whispered sweetly, though ungrammatically.

The last visitor had now reached the door. No time was to be lost, therefore Jane faltered a faint assent.

"My darling!" exclaimed the much-relieved Dr. Crum; "now indeed I know practically what happiness means." He hoped he would soon know practically what wealth meant also.

The happy pair returned to the drawing-room. Dr. Crum went away almost immediately afterwards.

"Gracious goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dudley, when Jane had informed her family of her engagement. "It's like bomb-shells, the way you girls are always startling me with your engagements."

"Yes, indeed, mother," laughed Hubert; "matrimony is spreading through the house like an epidemic. I only hope I shan't catch it, by Jove!"

Amy and Samuel congratulated Jane with a very bad grace indeed, and wore an injured expression during the entire evening.

"How old is Aunt Hawkins, do you know?" inquired Amy, who sat working and considering the chances of soon coming in for the money, for till that happy time should arrive she knew "love in a cottage" must be her fate.

"I believe," replied Mrs. Dudley, "that she must be nearly eighty."

"Oh, indeed, mother!" cried Amy in dismay. "She must be much older than that, don't you think so, father?"

"I'm not sure of her age," replied the Major. "Somewhere about eighty, I should say. Her mother lived to be ninety-five, I've often heard her say."

"What!" exclaimed Amy. "That's seventeen years older than Aunt Hawkins is now! Dear me! I wonder if she will live to that age also?" Amy looked uncommonly blank at the idea.

"I shouldn't be in the least surprised if she did; and I hope she may, poor old woman!" said the major, yawning.

Amy sighed, and remained quiet for an unusually long time.

CHAPTER XII.

The following days passed quietly and uneventfully enough. Samuel returned to his home.

Dr. Black Crum, not content with dining every Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday with the Dudleys, wrote long epistles, both by evening and morning posts, to Jane on the alternate days. What he contrived to fill the sheets of note-paper with no one could tell: Amy gave it as her opinion that they contained extracts from the poets on the subject which was engrossing all his thoughts.

On Wednesday, November 23rd, the family had retired to their rooms some time. Mrs Dudley was just falling into a sound sleep when she was startled by hearing a stealthy step on the stairs. She sat up and listened.

There certainly was someone creeping along. Whoever it was came steadily along the corridor.

Mrs. Dudley awoke her husband hastily. "There's someone going about the house," she whispered.

Major Dudley rubbed his eyes, sat up, struck a match, and lit the candle.

A knock came at their bedroom door.

"What's that?" cried Major Dudley.

There was an inaudible reply.

"Oh, it's only Squelsh; I know her voice," cried Mrs. Dudley.

She hurried to the door and threw it open. Squelsh stood outside in a yellow and red dressing-gown.

"Oh, mem!" she began, "Miss 'Awkins is took very bad, I'm afraid. She's been wandĕrin'-like, an' talkin'. She looks awful bad!"

The major called up Hubert to run for the doctor, and he and Mrs. Dudley hastened to their aunt's room.

It was the hour which nurses call "the turn of the night," when the vitality of the sick is at the lowest ebb: when the dying give up the struggle for life, and the spirit departs, leaving the body cold, as the first beams of the morning light fall on the solemn brow of the one whose tears, whose smiles, are for ever over, whose unbroken rest has just begun.

Mrs. Dudley shuddered as she came into the room. Though the fire burned brightly and the lamp was lighted, the expectation of the coming of Death turned the warmth into oppression, the light into something only more tolerable than darkness.

The old lady was lying propped up on the pillows, muttering in quaking notes some song she had sung in the days of long ago. The sound of the poor old voice, so soon to be stilled for ever, singing snatches of "Oh, Youth serenaded his Love, his Love," touched the hearers as the most melancholy sound they had ever heard.

Mrs. Dudley burst into tears. She bent over the bed and took Miss Hawkins' hand in hers.

"Aunt Hawkins, dear, don't you know me?" she cried.

There was no sign of recognition, only the lips muttered still of "Horses prancing, banners glancing."

"Oh, how I wish the doctor would come!" she said, turning to her husband.

"He cannot be here for ten minutes longer," replied Major Dudley, looking at his watch.

Squelsh had a glass of brandy in her hand, and as it was too late to put it to Miss Hawkins' lips, she applied it to her own at frequent intervals.

Silence had fallen on the watchers; the slow minutes dragged by. The major stood gazing gloomily into the fire; Mrs. Dudley knelt praying by the bed-side.

Suddenly, with a crash, Squelsh dropped the glass on the floor, exclaiming—

"Oh, Lord, save us!"

The dying woman sat upright.

"At the right hand!" she said distinctly, and then fell back dead.

A moment later the doctor hurried in, but no doctor's skill could now avail: Miss Hawkins lay dead.

As the doctor came to the bedside, the large grey cat, which had stolen in unperceived, jumped on the bed, purring loudly.

"Take that brute away," said the doctor. "Bah! how I loathe those beasts: they revel in the scent of Death!"

Squelsh lifted down the cat, and put it outside. Hubert led his mother from the room.

"Oh, Hubert dear!" sobbed poor Mrs. Dudley, "how I wish I could have loved her more and made her happier!"

Hubert sat by his mother and comforted her till, like a wearied child, she fell asleep, her hands clasping his.

He sat thus until the light stole through the shutters, and the faint notes of the birds in the neighbouring trees fell on his listening ear. They broke while increasing the grey solemn silence of the dawn.

His mother woke.

"My darling, go and rest. How selfish I have been to keep you here!"

Hubert kissed his mother and left the room.

As he went upstairs Amy's door opened, and she looked out. Her hair was twisted up in curl-papers, and her face pasty with cold cream.

"Oh, Hubert!" she began, "whatever is the matter? I've been awake these ages, and no one came near me. I thought I heard the doctor. Is Aunt Hawkins worse? or what on earth is the matter?"

"Aunt Hawkins is dead," replied Hubert gently. "She died about three hours ago."

"Dead!" exclaimed Amy, growing very pale. "Oh, gracious goodness! Is she really dead in there? Oh, Hubert! don't go away. I'm so frightened at being here, so close to that room. Oh, I can't stay up here all alone! I shall just go down to Nellie's room. Jane got up and went to see what was the matter, and never came back—the selfish thing! I couldn't imagine what had become of her."

Hubert went downstairs with Amy to Nellie's room.

"Is that you, Amy?" cried Jane, as her sister hurried in. "I thought you had gone to sleep again. I'm so glad you've come down. It's so horribly creepy to be by one's-self; and Nellie would get up and go to make tea for mother. I never saw such an unfeeling girl as she is; she didn't mind going downstairs into the dark kitchen all alone one bit."

"I hope, as she is making the tea, she will bring us some. I really require something—I feel so nervous," remarked Amy, pulling up the eider-down quilt, and curling herself up snugly. "What a comfort to see it is growing quite daylight!"

"What day do you think the funeral will be on?" said Jane.

"I suppose on Saturday. Oh, fancy, what horrid nights we shall have! I'm going to sleep down here."

"Indeed, you are not going to do any such thing," replied Jane sharply. "Nellie promised that I could sleep with her, and I'm going to do so, too; so you needn't think you can."

"I don't care what Nellie promised, I'm going to sleep down here," said Amy. "I wouldn't sleep upstairs by myself for anything."

"But we can't all three sleep in this little bed," expostulated Jane.

"Oh, as to that, Nellie can easily make up a bed for herself with chairs or the sofa out of the study," explained Amy.

Jane agreed that this arrangement would do very nicely, and then both girls settled to sleep.

As Amy had predicted, the funeral was arranged to take place on the following Saturday.

Mr. Sparkes, the solicitor, was communicated with, and he explained to Major Dudley that, according to instructions given to him by his late client, Miss Hawkins, he was not allowed to make known the contents of the will until the first day of the New Year.

On this being told to the various relations, excuses for not attending the funeral, but hopes of being present at the reading of the will on the first of the New Year, came from almost all of them.

CHAPTER XIII.

SATURDAY morning broke wet and gloomy. Stinging showers of sleet beat against the windows. The wind bent the leafless trees and whistled round the house. Autumn was over, and winter had set in with unusual severity.

Of all the relations who had fawned and flattered Miss Hawkins during her lifetime, not one came to stand by her grave that day. Major Dudley and Hubert were the only mourners. The neighbours sent their empty carriages, but stayed themselves comfortably at home. Of course, why should they catch their deaths of cold attending the funeral of an old woman from whom they had no expectations?

At nine o'clock the dreary *cortège* of empty carriages set out from the darkened house.

A couple of hours later Major Dudley and Hubert returned, the blinds were pulled up, and Amy gave a long sigh of relief.

"I think," observed the major, stretching out his legs before the fire, and sipping his warm elder wine—"I think it is a most extraordinary arrangement, this of not allowing the will to be read until the first of January. I wonder what Aunt Hawkins meant by it?"

"Very extraordinary indeed!" assented

Mrs. Dudley. "I never heard of a similar case, did you?"

"Never. I cannot imagine the meaning of it," said the major.

Amy smiled, and said—

"I wonder who Aunt Hawkins has left that lovely diamond ring to? I'm just longing to—to know that."

"I say," exclaimed Major Dudley, "I suppose it is safely put by? It would be very awkward for us if it was not forthcoming on New Year's Day."

"Squelsh arranged and packed all the things. I shall just ring for her, and a k

"Nonsense," interrupted Amy; "it *must* be amongst them. We will look in the boxes ourselves, won't we, mother?"

"Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Dudley. "We must search for it till it is found."

"Let us all come up and look," cried Jane.

Accordingly, the whole family and Squelsh went upstairs, and went into the room.

Amy looked round nervously as she open



"THE MISSING RING WAS NOT DISCOVERED" (*p.* 42).

her to tell us where she has put it," said Mrs. Dudley.

Accordingly, Squelsh was sent for.

"Squelsh," began Mrs. Dudley, "I want to know where you put Miss Hawkins' diamond ring?"

"Please, ma'am," replied Squelsh, "I thought you 'ad put it away yerself. I never laid eyes on it since Miss 'Awkins died."

"Oh, Squelsh!" exclaimed Mrs. Dudley, "this is dreadful! Think again. You must have put it away with the rest of her jewellery."

"No, mim; I know it's not in the case, for I put away all her things together, and it's not among them, I'll take my Bible oath!"

the door, as if half expecting to hear Miss Hawkins' sharp voice demanding what business she had there, but the room seemed strangely cold and silent—that was all.

Squelsh had packed away all her late mistress' belongings into two large trunks, which stood piled in the centre of the room. She handed Mrs. Dudley the keys, and stood resentfully looking on while Major Dudley broke his nails undoing the straps.

The jewellery box was first taken out and carefully examined. Its contents were of little value—chiefly quaint old miniatures, rings containing hair in memory of those whose very names were now forgotten, large

brooches of antiquated shape, and several curious seals.

After satisfying himself that the diamond ring was not in the box, Major Dudley locked it and put it aside.

"There's nothing for it," he said, "but a thorough search through everything. The ring must be somewhere, and it must be found. We must take everything out of the other boxes."

Accordingly, the trunk containing the clothes, etc., was opened, pockets turned inside out, and each article thoroughly searched, but the missing ring was not discovered.

"It is very strange," cried the major, wiping his heated brow. "We've gone through everything now but that box there; and it's not likely to be among the things in that."

"No, indeed, sir. There's nothin' in that but them medicine bottles, and old letters, and her work-box," observed Squelsh sulkily.

"However, we must look through them," said the major.

"It may be in the work-box," cried Amy eagerly. "Let me look."

"Don't bother, Amy," said her father. "I must myself look through everything. You can look through it afterwards, if you like."

The bottles were next all lifted out, the papers shaken, and the envelopes opened. Then the major took up the work box. It was one of those old-fashioned boxes made of rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It contained a small desk and a tray, divided into numerous little compartments, with lids for reels of cotton, thimble, needles, etc.

The major lifted up each little lid and examined each division, pulled out the desk, and even looked if the ring had been wedged behind it, turned the box upside down and shook it, but all in vain; no ring was forthcoming.

"Well," exclaimed the wearied major, "it's the most extraordinary thing I ever saw in my life, the manner in which that ring has disappeared."

"I told ye so," said Squelsh triumphantly. "I know'd ye wouldn't find it."

"I say," cried Amy eagerly, "do you know what I've thought of?"

"What?" said Jane.

"Didn't Aunt Hawkins say something about the 'right hand side' the last thing before she died?"

"Yes," said Squelsh; "sure enough she did, miss."

"Then," continued Amy triumphantly, "you may be sure she was thinking of the ring. She has put it at the right-hand side of *something*."

"Perhaps so," admitted the major; "but I don't see how that helps us. You can, however, search for yourself. I'm too tired to do anything more."

Accordingly, the girls began the search afresh, hunting expectantly in the right-hand corner of everything—chest of drawers, wardrobe, trunks, even the right-hand side of the bed was examined minutely; but when all was done, they were obliged to sit down exhausted, like their father, and confess themselves completely baffled.

"Tiresome old thing!" cried Amy crossly. "Where on earth could she have put it to? I've looked at the right-hand side of everything but this, and there's nothing but a little pincushion here."

As she spoke she pulled the work-box towards her. At the right-hand side of the tray was a little pink satin pincushion, made to fit the square division.

"I say!" she exclaimed, "I wonder if this comes out? Lend me your penknife, father, till I poke it up"

Her father lent her his penknife.

"I declare," cried Amy excitedly, a moment later, "I have it!"

"No; you don't say so!" exclaimed everyone, crowding round her.

The little pincushion had been easily raised up, and underneath lay a little parcel tied round with a piece of thread.

Amy, trembling with delight and excitement, pulled it up, saying: "I told you it was at the right-hand of something. I'm always right when I feel certain of anything."

She broke the thread hastily, and unfolded the white paper. There was another wrapper. She took off that, and then there was another.

"Well, to be sure!" cried Jane. "She folded enough paper round it."

Amy unfolded another piece of paper.

"Here it is now; I feel it!" she exclaimed.

As she said so, she unfolded the last wrapper, and there lay—a remarkably large decayed tooth!

For quite a moment the Dudley family all stood gazing with wide-open eyes at the painful relic of their aunt. Their amazement, anger, and disappointment were too great to find words at first.

"Oh!" cried Amy, flinging the tooth down and bursting into passionate tears. "The horrid old thing! She must have done it on purpose!"

"Well," exclaimed the major, "I never got such a sell in all my life! Deliver me from old women, is all I can say."

"The ring must be buried with her, I really do think," observed Mrs. Dudley.

And with this suggestion the family were obliged to be contented, for the ring remains undiscovered to this day.

CHAPTER XIV.

The six weeks following the foregoing events passed quickly enough to Mrs. Dudley, who grieved over the idea of parting from her daughters in such a short time. It added to her sorrow that, notwithstanding her most strenuous endeavours to love and esteem the young men to whom they were engaged, she found herself quite unable to do so. Indeed, the more intimate she became with them, the less suitable in disposition and character did they seem to her motherly eye. She met with no sympathy in this matter from her husband, who held the opinion that as long as a man bore a respectable name in the world, and was fairly well off, such things as disposition, talents, etc., mattered little to the girl he married. "A woman," he often said, "only wants something to love, and once married, she loves equally a bore or a genius, a bully or a saint."

The weddings were arranged to take place on the first of the New Year, at half-past eleven o'clock.

The girls passed the intervening weeks in one continual state of fuss, blushes, and "fitting on." Indeed, as the major declared, one would think the girls had been in a state of rags, to judge by the amount of clothes they told him it was absolutely necessary to buy since their engagements.

Mrs. Dudley wished to have the weddings very quiet indeed, but by degrees she found her plans completely overruled.

Amy burst into tears at the proposal that she should be married in her travelling-gown. "What would be the use of being married," she demanded, "if one is not married properly?" And Jane declared that she would rather not be married at all than not wear the veil and satin dress of a fashionable bride.

If they wore white gowns, sighed their mother, there must be bridesmaids, and where the money for everything was to come from she did not know.

"Oh, mother!" explained Amy, "of course, anyhow, Nellie and Judith would want new dresses—they couldn't wear their black ones, surely! So it will be no more expense to get them light ones, as bridesmaids. You know they can wear them next summer quite well; it will be an economy in the long run."

"Yes; and, mother, it doesn't matter a bit how cheap they are so that they are bright and pretty," observed Jane. "What colour do you think would look the best?"

A heated discussion on this important point ensued, in which Mrs. Dudley gradually became interested.

It was finally decided that the brides should wear silk, not satin, gowns, and the bridesmaids simple pink "nun's veiling," with silk sashes and large Picture hats.

"Of course we must ask Miss Black Crum and Selina Dudley to be bridesmaids, for they would be dreadfully offended if we didn't," observed Amy.

"But, of course, their dresses will be of no expense to us," added Jane.

"Come along," interrupted Amy. "I hear the postman. Come and see if there are any answers to the invitations." She rushed downstairs and took the letters from the box.

"Here's a whole lot!" she exclaimed to Jane, who had followed her more slowly downstairs.

"Here, mother, there's six letters for you. Open them quickly; I'm just dying to know who's coming. Oh, that's from Dr. Crum; I wonder what he wants that he writes to *you* about."

Mrs. Dudley broke open the envelope and read the note.

"Dear me! Dr. Crum wants to know if he may come by the first train and dress here; the next train would bring him rather late, and, as he says, that would be extremely awkward for everyone."

"Of course," exclaimed Jane, "he can come here. He can dress in Hubert's room. It would be dreadful if he were late." She turned pale at the very idea of such a calamity.

"Well, whom are the other letters from?" continued Amy.

"This is from poor Mrs. Wainwright. She can't come. She doesn't like to leave her husband; but young Wainwright and his sister accept with pleasure. I'm very glad they're coming." Mrs. Dudley looked lovingly at Nellie, who blushed with pleasure at the news.

"This is from the Parrys; they are all coming."

"Of course they are, just because they're not wanted!" exclaimed Jane. "Mean things! The way they used to make up to Aunt Hawkins was just shocking. Well, I only hope I'll see their faces when they find they haven't been left a single penny."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Dudley, "they may come in for it, after all, you know."

Jane was silent.

CHAPTER XV.

The first of January broke bright and sunny, as a wedding-day should do. A slight frost dried up the roads and brightened the colour

in the brides'-elect cheeks and bridegrooms' noses.

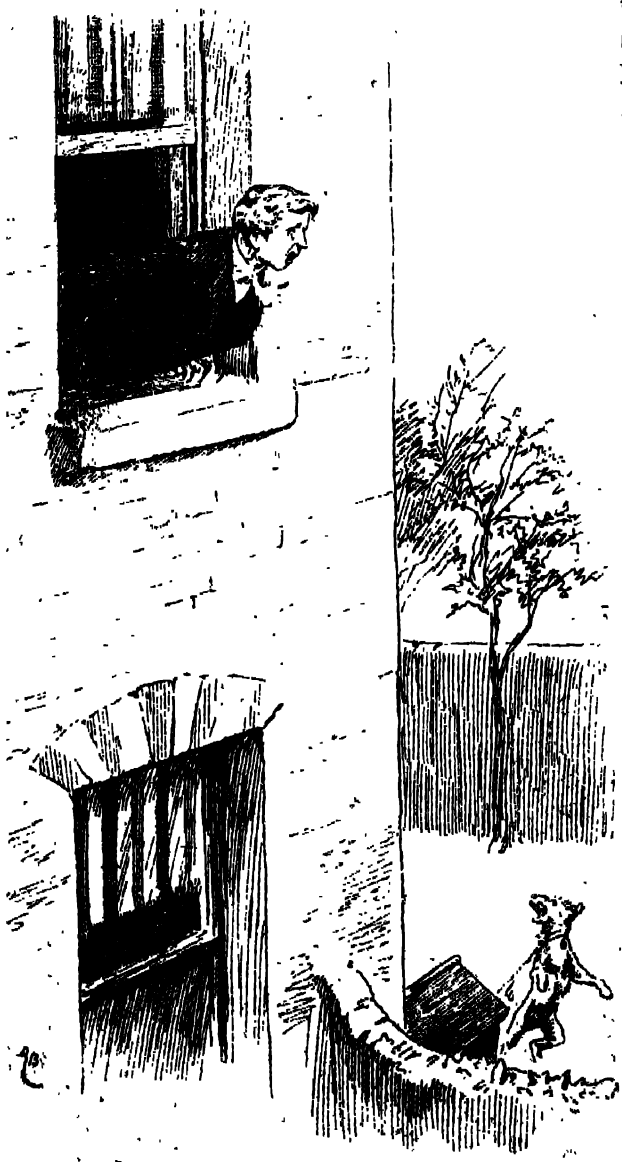
The sky was clear, and the air exhilarating. Amy and Jane were in such a frantic state of excitement that Hubert declared they must have had champagne for their breakfast.

At ten o'clock Dr. Crum and his portmanteau arrived. He was in a pitiable condition of nervousness.

"Do I look very pale?" he demanded of Hubert, as he proceeded to unpack his portmanteau.

Hubert paused in his shaving, and glanced at his companion.

"Very," he replied briefly. "If you feel as queer as you look, all I can say is, I'm glad I'm not in your shoes."



"'HELP! FIRE! HELP! MURDER!'" (p. 46).

"What o'clock is it now?" presently asked Crum.

"Half-past ten o'clock," replied Hubert. "Look sharp! you have but an hour before you're turned off."

"By Jove! is it so late?" exclaimed Crum. "I'll never be ready in time; and I've to shave yet."

Hubert, looking very handsome, and tall and gay, left the room, and hurried downstairs.

All was bustle and confusion, the servants rushing excitedly about, doing nothing, and giggling and talking. Squelsh, looking very important, helped Mrs. Dudley, who was putting the last touches to the flowers in the dining-room, where the refreshments were laid ready.

"I'll fix that, mother," cried Hubert; "you'd better run up and dress. Do you know it's twenty to eleven? If you don't look sharp, you'll be late."

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Dudley. "I had no idea it was so late, and I've to see after the girls, too! There's the bell: that's Selina Dudley and Miss Crum. Go, dear, and bring them into the drawing-room, and talk to them until Nellie and Judith are ready. Remember, you are to drive with them to the church."

"I think the girls might have chosen at least one good-looking bridesmaid, considering I've to work them," remarked Hubert disconsolately, going into the hall to welcome the new arrivals.

Miss Selina Dudley was a tall, lank young woman, of about thirty-two years of age. Her hair was sparse and fair. White eyelashes shaded her watery-blue eyes. She prided herself on the elegance of her figure and the size of her waist. She owed a deep grudge to Amy for choosing a costume which she considered disguised her best points.

Miss Crum, on the contrary, was plump, short, and good-humoured-looking. She was secretly deeply in love with the handsome Hubert, and kept her eyes upturned on him in hopeless admiration.

The pink Empire costumes were hardly becoming to either of the girls; indeed, Hubert could scarcely refrain from laughter as he followed them into the drawing-room.

"Isn't it an awfully jolly day?" remarked Hubert.

"Lovely!" assented Miss Crum, blushing deeply.

Whenever Hubert addressed the simplest observation to her, she always

blushed to such an extent as to quite embarrass him.

"We were so glad that the day was fine on your sisters' account," said Miss Selina Dudley. "I think a wedding on a wet day is such a depressing affair."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Hubert. "If it is raining hard, the bridegroom escapes to a certain extent the usual pelting of rice; and, for my part, I'd rather have any amount of rain than a pound of rice down my collar."

Miss Selina Dudley laughed languidly, and said—

"I suppose there is great excitement in your family as to Miss Hawkins' will? Isn't it to be read to-day?"

"Rather! I should just say so," laughed Hubert. "Sparkes is to be here at one o'clock, and is to read the will before a solemn conclave of relations and friends."

"Who do you think will come in for the money?" asked Miss Crum.

"I haven't an idea," said Hubert. "I believe the betting is on Samuel Dudley."

"Well, I must say," remarked Miss Selina, "that if Aunt Hawkins did not at least leave my brother a large share of the money, she will have treated him very unfairly. She always gave him to understand that he was her favourite nephew since he was a boy, and he has always been so kind and attentive to her. He was just like a son to her; indeed, it would be difficult to find a son like him!"

"Very difficult indeed," assented Hubert, rather drily.

Nellie and Judith now came running in.

The girls embraced, and kissed, and laughed in the most affectionate manner, while at the same time noting with accuracy each detail in each other's dress and appearance.

They stared with envy at Nellie, whose gown suited her to perfection. She looked quite adorably charming. The others felt their gowns to be but bad and ridiculous imitations of hers.

They wondered at the brightness of her smiles, the brilliant light of her eyes, the happy unconsciousness of her face. They knew not that her thoughts were too much occupied with the anticipation of seeing Lawrence once more to find time for thoughts of self.

Judith looked handsome, but peculiar. She looked ready to exclaim, with Titus, "I have lost a day!"

Hubert left the room to see if the carriages were come.

It had struck eleven o'clock some time, and it took quite a quarter of an hour to drive to the church.

"Oh, Nellie!" exclaimed Miss Crum, "you do look so well. That dress is so becoming to you. How I wish mine looked half as nice! I feel as if I were a fright beside you—I'm so short and fat. I wish we four were all more the same height; we'll look very funny, I think, walking up the church: I'm so short and fat, and Selina so tall and thin."

"No one will look at us, you know," said Nellie smilingly. "Everyone will be looking at the brides. You cannot think how lovely Jane looks, and Amy looks awfully pretty, too."

"Everyone looks well on the wedding-day," observed Miss Selina Dudley. "I never saw an ugly bride yet."

"Yes, nothing makes one look so well as happiness," cried Nellie.

"The carriage is at the door now," Hubert called out. "Come along."

"Are we all going together? We'll never be able to fit into one carriage," remarked Miss Crum plaintively.

"Oh no, of course not," replied Judith. "You two are to go with Hubert, and Nellie and I with mother."

"I suppose my brother has set off long ago," observed Miss Crum.

"Upon my word, I don't know," cried Hubert. "I'll run up and see. Will you get into the carriage? There's no time to be lost."

He dashed upstairs to his room, and there, to his astonishment, beheld Doctor Black Crum regarding his profile anxiously in the looking-glass.

"Why, I say, Crum," cried Hubert, "you'll be late, to a dead certainty! What on earth is keeping you?"

"I've cut myself horridly," answered Crum plaintively, "and I can't get the beastly thing to stop bleeding. See!" He turned his cheek round for Hubert's inspection.

"By Jove, old man!" remarked Hubert, "you look as if you'd been contemplating suicide, not matrimony."

"Does it show very much?" inquired Crum anxiously.

"I should rather just say it does. But do hurry up, or your bride will be there before you. I'm off now. Look sharp!" Hubert ran downstairs, jumped into the carriage, and drove off.

Dr. Crum, alarmed to find it so late, hurried on with his toilette as best he could. Never did he feel so dissatisfied with his personal appearance—from the flower in his button-hole to the polish of his boots, everything went wrong. To add to his misery, he feared the cut would break out again. His gloves, too, he could not find.

"I do believe that ass Dudley has gone off

with them!" he ejaculated. "I know they were on the table before he came in."

He heard Jane run downstairs. He vainly looked if the gloves could have fallen behind the dressing-table, and in so doing, knocked the corner of an open drawer rather severely with the side of his head. We forbear to record his observation on the catastrophe.

"Amy! I say, Amy!" he heard Major Dudley shouting from the hall, "there's not a moment to spare. It's a quarter-past. Make haste, do!"

He determined to go without gloves. It was a bitter resolution, but then, what could he do?

He turned back from the door as he reflected that perchance he might find a pair of Hubert's, and madly rummaged through the contents of the chest of drawers.

As he was thus engaged he heard Amy run down the flight of stairs, stop for a moment on the landing outside his door, and then run on.

"I'll be ready in one second!" he shouted; but there was no reply. "She can't have heard me, but I'll be there in time yet," he muttered, as he fished up at last a pair of gloves: they were sizes too large, but that was of trifling consequence.

As he heard the major and his daughters drive off, he snatched up his hat and rushed to the bedroom door. Somehow it would not open. He shook it violently. He pulled, he turned the handle this way and that. He shook it again. At last the frightful truth that it was locked from the outside flashed through his mind.

He shouted to the servants for assistance, but remembered that all of them, except the cook, had been allowed to go to the church, and that she was probably gossiping over the garden wall.

In desperation, he flung up his window and screamed.

"Help! Fire! Help! Murder!" but there was no reply. The window looked out on the yard, and there was nothing there except a dog that barked frantically at him, drowning the sound of his voice.

The clock struck the half-hour. He broke out into a profuse perspiration.

"Oh! whatever shall I do?" he cried. "Oh, you brute! shaking his fist at the angry dog. "How I'd like to shoot you!"

He darted again to the door and tried to break or force it open, but it resisted his most strenuous exertions. He hurt himself considerably against it, but without any result further than spoiling the paint.

Once again he ran to the window and shouted.

Suddenly he heard the hall door open, and someone ran upstairs.

"Help!" he screamed. "Open the door quick!"

The door was unlocked, and the astonished Hubert rushed in.

"What on earth has happened?" he demanded. "We thought you were dead. How did you lock yourself in, eh?"

The unfortunate bridegroom stayed not for reply, but sped downstairs and sprang into the carriage.

Hubert jumped in after him.

"Ten pounds," cried Crum to the driver, "if you're there in five minutes!"

The man whipped up the horse, and away they flew.

"Why on earth," demanded Hubert, "didn't you climb out of the window? There's the drain-pipe quite handy at the very side. I've slid down it hundreds of times."

"A nice thing for a fellow on his wedding-day to slide down pipes in his best grey trousers!" replied Dr. Black Crum sulkily.

"It would have been better than being late, anyhow," said Hubert. "My mother was in a dreadful state about it, and Jane looked ready to faint."

"If I'm late," said Dr. Crum angrily, "I've a great mind not to marry your sister at all. I consider it's a confounded shame, the way I've been treated!"

"I can excuse you being out of temper," remarked Hubert, quietly looking the young man full in the face; "but if I thought you meant what you said, I wouldn't leave a bone whole in your body."

The irascible bridegroom relapsed into sulky silence.

The church door was reached; the smoking horse pulled up. Dr. Crum leapt from the carriage and positively ran up the aisle. As he reached his indignant, wondering bride, the bells merrily pealed forth the hour. They said, like Friar Bacon's Brazen Head: "Time was, Time is, and Time is gone."

Amy and Samuel, as they, now made one, walked to the vestry, turned a look of triumph on Jane and Dr. Crum. The clergyman stood waiting. Dr. Crum saw there was no avoiding his fate; therefore, with the best grace he could summon up, he stood beside Jane, and, as in a nightmare, heard the marriage service read over him, and reflected bitterly, as he mechanically muttered the responses, that he was marrying a girl whom he despised and detested.

The service over, the newly-married couple entered the vestry.

"Well, Crum," demanded the major, "what

kept you? Do you know, we were becoming quite frightened as to what had become of you?"

Dr. Black Crum related his grievances. The assembled party listened with astonishment and some suppressed smiles.

"But," cried Jane, "who locked the door?"

Dr. Crum flushed angrily. "Your sister Amy did," he replied.

Amy laughed merrily. "I only thought to give you a fright for a minute; of course I never dreamed but that you would call one of the servants. When I found you were not coming, I asked Hubert to go back for you. Didn't I, Hubert?"

"Yes, you did," replied Hubert slowly. "But I must say I think it was a very poor joke."

"Oh, well," cried Samuel, jovially slapping Crum on the back, "a joke is a joke, you know. 'All's well that ends well.' After all, what difference does a few moments make?"

Dr. Black Crum could hardly refrain from observing that it made just £10,000 difference to him. He felt certain Samuel knew of the conditions of the will, and that Amy had played the trick to secure the entire fortune for herself. He hated her more for the way she had confessed the act, and treated it as a joke, knowing that he was obliged to hold his tongue, than for actually doing the deed. He perceived, too, that the guests were laughing at him for taking so seriously what they thought was but a practical joke. His face looked black as night as he led his bride down the church to the carriage.

Jane's pride and anger alone kept her from tears.

"I'll never—no, never—forgive Amy as long as I live!" she exclaimed vehemently, as the carriage drove off. "I don't believe in the least that she only did it for a joke. She did it cunningly, to secure all the money for herself. The mean, cruel creature!"

Dr. Black Crum bit his nails to the quick; he was in too great a temper to reply.

"Oh, dear, dear! Whatever shall we do?" sobbed the bride, looking half-frightened at her husband.

"Do?" exclaimed Dr. Crum. "I shall go to law about the matter. I'm not going to be cheated in such a disgraceful manner, I can assure you."

"Yes, indeed," said Jane, "it would only serve her right if we got every penny. But how it was that you didn't hear her locking the door, I can't understand."

"I've told you dozens of times," replied Crum, "that I was hunting for my gloves, and opening and shutting drawers. Besides, it never entered my head that anyone was capable of such a mean, shabby trick."

"But she won't be a bit the better for it," observed Jane, "though she does think herself so clever. I shall just let her know what I think of her."

"Don't you go interfering," said Crum; "leave everything to me. I shall give notice of what I intend to do when Mr. Sparkes reads the will. You just stay quiet; there's no use making a show of yourself before people."

Jane remained silent, but by no means unchanged in her determination to give, as she inwardly phrased it, a piece of her mind to Amy.

"What time is it?" she asked, just as the carriage stopped at the house.

"Quarter to one," growled Crum. "Isn't old Sparkes to come at one o'clock?"

"Yes," said Jane, as she stepped from the carriage; "he promised to be here punctually at one o'clock."

Dr. Crum followed his bride to the drawing-room, where the sight of the quantity of handsome presents helped him to regain his equanimity by the time the rest of the family and relations returned.

The guests wandered aimlessly about the room, inspecting the presents, and secretly determining which articles were silver and which merely plated; whom each present was from, and whether it was handsome or shabby, in proportion to the supposed income of the donor.

Amy and Samuel, flushed and triumphant, stood receiving the congratulations of their friends in the front drawing-room. In the back drawing-room remained Jane and Crum, gloomy and silent.

Everyone found a difficulty in passing the time: all were in anticipation of the arrival of the will and Mr. Sparkes.

Not one person in the room but whose heart beat high with hope that Miss Hawkins might not have left some remembrance, however small, to him or her.

CHAPTER XVI.

One o'clock struck. A moment afterwards Mr. Sparkes was shown in. Mr. Sparkes was elderly, but active. He clothed his somewhat diminutive form in a frock-coat and grey trousers, a good deal too short in the leg. His face was long and sedate, and ornamented by a mole on the left nostril; his eyes were small, twinkling, and observant; his hands

were cold, hard, and void of heartiness as the claw of a cock.

As he walked up to congratulate the brides a complete silence came over the remainder of the guests. The eyes of all were fixed on the black bag he held in his left hand. That bag contained the precious will.

"I say," said Major Dudley, going up to Mr. Sparkes, and interrupting his polite speeches to the brides—"I say, Sparkes, we're waiting for you to read the will. We're all more or less anxious, you know, so I thought, if you didn't mind, it will be better to have the will read at once, and then go to our luncheon."

"Certainly! By all means!" replied Mr. Sparkes. "Business first, and pleasure afterwards, has ever been my maxim. I shall drink the health of Miss Hawkins' legatee afterwards with the greatest pleasure."

"Yes," cried the major, "we shall all drink the heir or heiress's health afterwards. For my part I expect nothing, so I shall not be disappointed."

"I suppose," said Mr. Sparkes, "that everyone here is a relation of the late Miss Hawkins?"

"Yes, everyone is a relation," replied the major, "except my friends Miss Wainwright and her brother, Miss Crum, and Mr. Pobb. They, being intimate friends of ours, are interested, I am sure, in the contents of the will."

"I am not a relation," said Miss Sleat, in a forlorn tone of voice; "but I was a friend—I may say the most intimate friend—of the dear deceased Miss Henrietta Hawkins."

Miss Sleat clasped her mittened hands together and looked round with watery eyes, to see if anyone disagreed with this statement.

"Yes," said the major heartily, "we know how kind and attentive you always were to Aunt Hawkins, and all I can say is that I hope she has remembered you; but, as we are all aware, the old lady was always a little peculiar, though, I've no doubt, good-hearted in the main."

"Yes; but there's no doubt," interrupted Samuel hastily, "that although she was a little eccentric, still she was quite in her right mind when she made her last will. There is no question about that, I hope?"

"No, none whatever," agreed Dr. Black Crum.

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Sparkes. "There is no doubt that the late Miss Hawkins was in sound mind when she made her last will. Indeed, I never recollect coming across a lady of any age of a more determined will or clearer intellect. It quite surprised me to hear of her death so soon after I had the pleasure of seeing her."

So saying, Mr. Sparkes walked back into the front drawing-room, sat down comfortably close to the fireside, crossed his legs, and opened the black bag.

Everyone crowded round him. Nellie and Lawrence Wainwright stood close together behind Jane and Dr. Crum. Samuel and Amy, with hopeful anticipation very evident in their faces, pushed right to the front.

"Little woman," cried the attentive Samuel, "you will be tired, standing so long. Sit down here, my pet." He placed a chair at Mr. Sparkes' right hand for Amy, and then stood behind her, thereby securing a good place for himself.

"Oh, my heart is throbbing!" whispered Miss Crum to Hubert.

"Is it?" said Hubert. "So is mine."

"What can cause your heart to throb?" again whispered the susceptible Miss Crum, blushing vividly.

"The intense longing I have to punch that fellow's head!" returned Hubert, nodding in the direction of the smiling Samuel.

Miss Crum relapsed into silence once more.

Mr. Sparkes, as we have said, opened his bag, and, amidst the breathless silence, drew forth a sealed packet. He cleared his throat.

At this moment a quiet hesitating knock was heard at the door.

"Come in! What's that?" cried the major.

Again the knock was heard.

"Come in, can't you, whoever you are?" again cried Major Dudley.

Squelsh came slowly in, rubbing her hands cringingly together, a propitiatory smile on her face.

"I beg your pardon, mim," she began, "but I made free to come and ask if I might 'ear poor dear Miss 'Awkins' will read. She's dead and buried [illegible] and more's the pity; but I niver can fo[illegible]er—no, niver."

Squelsh applied [illegible] corner of her well-starched apron to her eyes till a reluctant tear appeared.

"Certainly you may, Squelsh; certainly," said Mrs. Dudley. "I hope Miss Hawkins left you some little remembrance in her will."

"She promised over and over again that she would, mim. Over and over agin did she up an' say—'Squelsh, I'll not forget ye, for you're the faithfullest, most obligingest creatur in the world. If I looked 'igh or low, I'd never find yer equal.' She did indeed, ma'am."

"Well, well," interrupted the major impatiently, "that'll do, Squelsh. Take a chair. Mr. Sparkes is going to read the will."

Squelsh drew a cane-bottomed chair near to the door, and sitting down on its edge, prepared to listen.

Mr. Sparkes laid down the sealed packet on his knee, took out his spectacles, polished them with his silk pocket-handkerchief, settled them on his nose, and said—

"The late Miss Hawkins gave me instructions to read this letter before reading her will. In it she explains her reasons for leaving her money to the person she thought proper to make her legatee. You see, on the envelope she leaves orders for it to be read to her assembled relations on this day, the First of January, 1893. I shall proceed to do so now, with your permission."

Mr. Sparkes broke open the seal and unfolded the enclosed paper. He then cleared his throat, and read as follows :—

Miss Hawkins' Letter.

"To my very dear and near relations who are assembled like carrion crows to pick up what they can get of my remains, I, Henrietta Hawkins, write this letter to inform you of my reasons for making my will as I have seen fit to do.

"In my last will, drawn out by Mr. Sparkes, I revoke all my other wills. I revoke the will dated 17th Sept., '80, in which I left all my property to my grand-nephew, Samuel Dudley, who I, at that time, believed to be the most hypocritical rascal I had ever come across."

Here Samuel groaned aloud, and became very red in the face.

"I revoke the will dated the 4th of Jan., '85, in which I left most of my money to Robert Parry, as the most ingenious swindler I had the pleasure of counting among my relations; but as he afterwards was idiot enough to become bankrupt, I changed my mind and made another will, in which I left all my money to Mrs. Samuel Dudley, for being, I considered, the most mean and stingy woman I had ever met. This will I also destroyed, and made one, dated April 1st, '88, in which I left the sum of £20,000 to Squelsh, my maid, in appreciation of the remarkably clever way she stole four of my finest rings."

"I denies it," sobbed Squelsh faintly from the edge of the cane-bottomed chair. "I tectotally denies it!"

"This will I also destroyed, and made one dated Oct. 29th, '89, in which I left all my money to found a Cat and Dogs' Home in my native town."



MR. SPARKES

Mr. Sparkes paused to blow his nose, and the company waited in blank astonishment

"This will I destroyed," continued Mr. Sparkes.

A sigh of relief rose from every heart.

"That's a blessing, anyhow," remarked Dr. Crum.

"Hush, hush!" said the major. "Go on, if you please, sir."

"This will I also destroyed, for I recollected that there was one family of my relations who had never pestered or persecuted me. I determined to go and see with my own eyes the cause of their unwonted forbearance. They must be rich indeed if the sum of over £20,000 was of no account to them. I came, therefore, to the Dudleys to discover the reason of their unaccountable conduct, and was received with kindness—the usual hypocritical kindness I was accustomed to receive from everyone who was aware that I had anything to leave. I found them poor, and determined to test each of them, though I had long since lost all belief in there being such a quality as disinterested affection,

"I found—as I had expected to find—that Major Dudley was the usual type of a selfish, carelessly good-natured Army man; his wife, a weak, soft creature, with a cat-like love of her home and children; Hubert an idle ne'er-do-well."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Hubert softly. "Much obliged, I'm sure!"

"The girls, senseless little idiots, with the exception of Nellie, whose apparent unselfishness and innocence caused me to waver in my incredulity in human goodness and sincerity. I resolved to test her thoroughly. Each day her sweetness grew upon me. I began to think it possible that in her, at last, I had found a being who would love me for myself. I determined to take her to live with me, to love her, to attach her to myself by every possible tie. I revelled in the idea of having her lovely face ever beside me, of her voice cheering my loneliness and softening my heart, of her hands closing my eyes in death, and her true tears falling on my grave. I pictured my house a home filled with youth, with music, and with happiness. I felt I could never return to its former stillness and intense loneliness.

"I gave secret orders that my house should be newly furnished, and filled with everything I fancied a young girl could wish for, and then I impatiently waited for the day to come when I could explain to Nellie my plans, and take her home with me.

"Alas! for the blindness of my eyes—that I should have dreamt that I, an old woman, was capable of inspiring love. I called her mother to me and unfolded my plans, little dreaming of opposition; and I learned that Nellie's heart was already given away, and given to the man whose very name of Lawrence Wainwright filled my mind with unspeakable loathing and dislike. Why I hated a man I had never seen, why I shuddered at his very name, Mrs. Dudley could not discover. Now that my aching heart lies still and quiet in the grave—too quiet for even the bitter sneer and scornful laugh to pain or wound—I shall explain the reason.

"More than sixty years ago, I, too, was young and fair as Nellie. I can recall with wondering astonishment how the days seemed all too short—when each year brought more pleasure and love than the last—when all beholding my face smiled and granted what I asked—when the world seemed full of love and happiness. I had everything but money, and I never felt its want. I believed in goodness, in truth, and love, for I believed in Lawrence Wainwright's honour.

"I cannot yet speak of it. He, who a thousand times had sworn he loved me, loved something better.

"An heiress smiled on him, and—he left me.

"He left me for money, and when I shortly afterwards came in, unexpectedly, for money, it came too late. I had lost the only thing it could not purchase for me—love.

"Lawrence Wainwright had left me, and when he would have returned with fair words and smiles on his handsome face, I sternly told him to return to the heiress who professed to love him. He implored me to forgive him—he swore he had never loved but me. He wept, and I despised him. At length, sullenly he left me—left me to become day by day more hard, more pitiless, more miserable—to become what I am now: an old woman, unloved and unloving.

"You can now understand why the name of Lawrence Wainwright is hateful to my ears—why it stirs up every evil passion from the utmost depths of my heart. Nellie loved his grandson, and it seemed to me that he must be what his grandfather, Lawrence Wainwright, had been before him. I determined to save her from my fate; I resolved on exposing his falseness; I felt as if now was my moment of revenge.

"I determined to see him. They sent for him, and he came. As he entered the room my heart beat violently, my eyes grew dim. It was as if time had rolled back, and that he, who long since lay dead, stood once again before me. In figure, in face, in every movement, he was the Lawrence Wainwright I had loved in all his youthful strength and beauty.

"He was unchanged, but I—oh! what was I? He looked calmly at me, and smilingly took Nellie's hand. From that moment I hated her. I felt as if I should die. By degrees I recalled my wandering senses. I even felt a sort of gratification [illegible] thought I soon see Nellie weep as I had wept, over the falseness of her lover—that another should know the bitterness and agony I had known.

"I waited until their whispered greetings were over, and then each person in the room I resolved to put to the test, and prove to Nellie that I alone loved her. Her father, mother, brother, sisters, and lover—all should bow before the power of gold, and Nellie should be mine alone.

"It was as I foresaw; all save the boy Hubert gave way. Little as he knew it, his words pierced my heart. He has not yet known the sweetness of revenge.

"Then came the turn of Nellie and her

lover. I trembled as he took her hand. I could scarce realise it when I saw, when I heard, they were true to each other and their love.

"His voice was a torturing joy to me as he declared his love for Nellie, and she looked at him with unfaltering trust.

"I could bear no more. With a rush the old love returned once more, and I loved the young man standing before me as I had loved, in the days long past, Lawrence Wainwright. Think not that the heart is ever too old to love and bleed. I went to my lonely room and wept, though I thought my tears were long ago dried up. I wept once more, and rejoiced that there was love, though not for me, still to be found in this world.

"I know not if it be the revulsion of feeling or the joy of seeing Lawrence Wainwright once more, but I feel my weakness has increased, my sight grown more dim. I have with difficulty written thus far to explain my reasons for leaving my money as I have done.

"I have left all my money, property, and house to Lawrence Wainwright, with the exception of £5,000, which I leave to Hubert Dudley, in token of my appreciation of his honesty and sincerity. To the rest of my relations and to Squelsh I leave what they deserve: namely, nothing.

"I foresaw that Amy and Jane would not restrain their curiosity as to the contents of my will; therefore I prepared a little plan, into which they fell with amusing rapidity, considering what a pair of smart young ladies they think themselves. I wish them joy if they succeed in their manœuvres!

"My will to the above effect has been drawn out by my lawyer, Mr. Sparkes, and is in his possession."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Sparkes paused. The company burst into loud and surprised exclamations. Dr. Black Crum grew red, not to say purple, in the face. Jane said vindictively: "Well, anyhow, Amy isn't getting it. I can stand anything but that."

Amy burst into tears; so did Miss Sleat.

Samuel stood as if stupefied with astonishment and disappointment.

"My darling Nellie!" cried Lawrence; "all my good fortune is owing to you."

"No," said Nellie, "no, indeed, it was not. I knew Aunt Hawkins must love you when she saw you; but I never——"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Hubert. "It is all owing to Aunt Hawkins' little plan, and to nothing else. Come, let us give three cheers for her heir!"

THE END.

FOUR HOLIDAY PROGRAMMES.

I.—The Valley of the Semois.

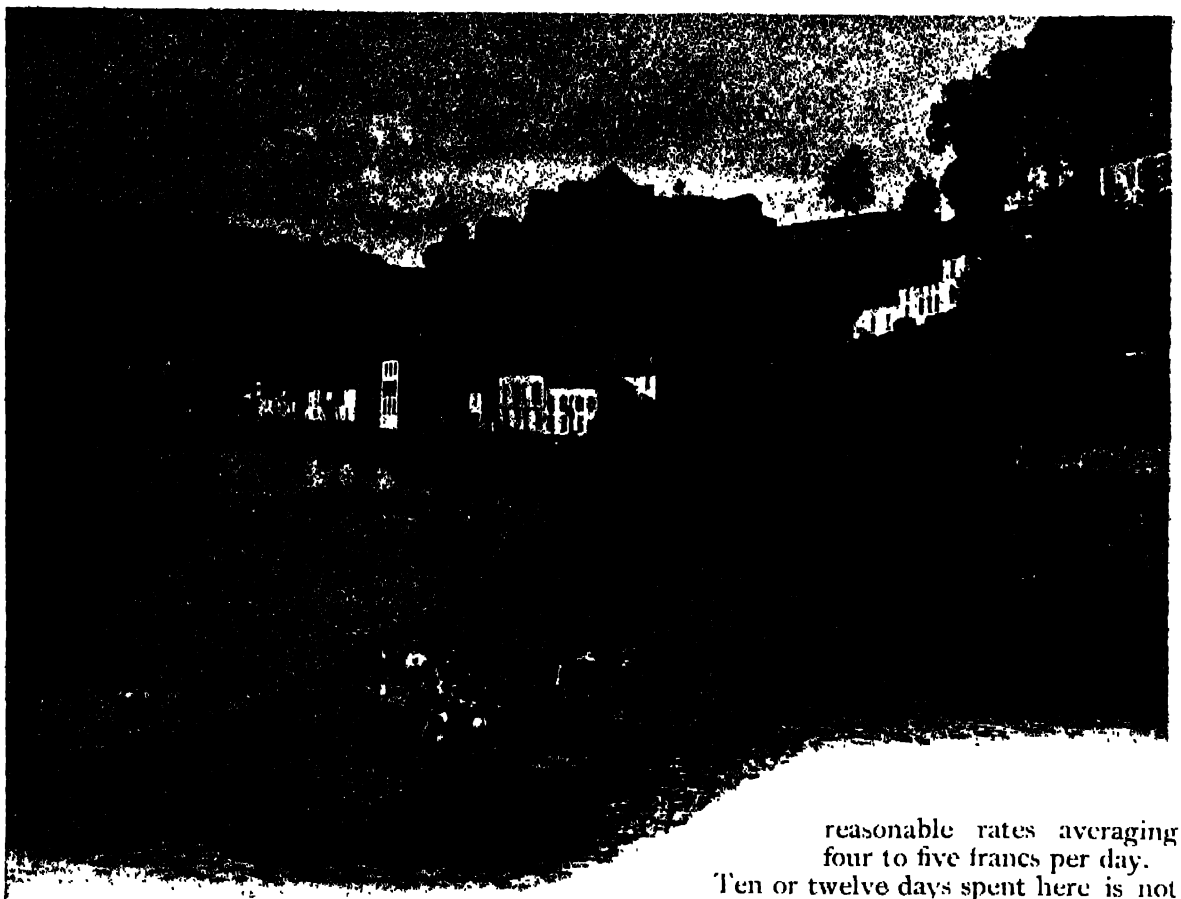


I MADE a tour not long since which I can strongly recommend for combined freshness, economy, and intrinsic attractiveness. It consists of a quiet walk, with a friend for choice, along the valley of the Semois, which is a moderate-sized stream meandering among hills and woods along the boundary that divides France and Belgium.

The valley forms an outlying portion of the Ardennes district, and is very little frequented by English tourists, just because there is neither a railway nor a diligence, nor any public conveyance whatever. Here, however, one meets with a primitive and undemoralised state of rusticity.

Along with the walking tour itself one may, of course, combine the pleasure of visiting, on the outward or the return journey, such places as Antwerp, Brussels, Namur, Dinant, Waterloo, Bruges, etc. No very great extra expenses need be incurred in this way. But I do not intend here to go over the beaten track, but shall confine myself to particulars as to the journey and expenses from London to the "happy hunting ground" selected, and to giving some account of the pleasant valley itself.

Starting at 8 p.m. from Liverpool Street Station, one arrives at Harwich about 9.30, and there the Antwerp boat is all ready to start. This is quickly done, and the passage is not formidable, since the G.E.R. line of vessels is well-fitted and commodious. Next morning we can breakfast comfortably on board while our ship is quietly steaming up



CASTLE BOUILLON, SEMOIS VALLEY.
(From a photograph by Payne Jennings, Ashtead.)

the "lazy Scheldt" to Antwerp, arriving at 10 a.m., or more commonly somewhat later. The return fare to this point, second-class and saloon, is £1 16s. From Antwerp it will be our business to make our way *viâ* Brussels, Namur, and Dinant, to the small town of Monthermé, where the map shows the confluence of the Meuse and the Semois. This amounts to a distance of 100 to 120 miles. One can travel quite well third-class, even by expresses; and as the rate is about threepence for five miles, the cost will not exceed 12s. both ways, and the time occupied will be only a few hours. So that, making allowance for expenses of food, etc., by the way, we may reckon that the sum spent in going and returning should not be more than £3, or, at the outside, £3 10s.

Arrived at our starting point, we have before us some thirty miles of country stretching eastwards to the town of Bouillon, and more can be included in our programme if desired. This distance is broken up by some half-dozen villages, each affording tolerable though simple accommodation, at very reasonable rates averaging four to five francs per day.

Ten or twelve days spent here is not likely, therefore, to cost more than 66 francs, or about £2 10s.

As to the attractions of the valley itself, I may say that I found its population were friendly and kindly-disposed people; they seemed quite pleased to answer questions. It may be added, by way of caution, that it is better to take no luggage except a knapsack. A portmanteau is a great nuisance, and if sent forward by itself it is stopped on crossing the frontier unless unlocked. The language spoken is French.

The entire cost of the tour, for about a fortnight, will thus come to £6, or even less with economy.

II.—Through Cornwall.

One July evening Ethel Vanstone burst into Florence Penrose's den, saying—

"Tell me how to spend ten pounds and a fortnight in Cornwall."

"How to economise them and yet see everything," corrected her friend.

"Right," said Ethel. "The programme, please?"

"Start from Plymouth—when?"

"Friday morning."

"See St. Andrew's Church, the Guildhall, and the Hoe before lunch; in the afternoon

go up the Tamar. Next morning take train to Launceston, thence coach to Bude. Spend Sunday there. On Monday coach to Boscastle, Tintagel, and Newquay. Sleep at Newquay; walk to the Headland and Porth next morning. After lunch drive to Lanherne. The carriage you must hire would carry four persons for the same price as one."

"Never mind," said Ethel.

"On Wednesday morning coach to Truro. See the cathedral; then steam down the Fal—admire Falmouth that evening. On Thursday coach to the Lizard, walk to Kynance, return to Falmouth the same day. On Friday morning visit St. Mawes. In the afternoon—a half-holiday—there will be a choice of excursions. On Saturday morning coach through Ponsanooth Valley to Redruth, the Cornish mining metropolis; take train to Carn Brea, a sacred place of the Druids, walk up the hill, come down again——"

"Of course," ejaculated Ethel.

"Off by train to Penzance. On Sunday attend service at St. Michael's Mount. On Monday drive to the Logan Rock and Land's End. On Tuesday morning steam to Scilly. You land at St. Mary's, but Tresco is the show island—go there by row-boat. Return to Penzance on Wednesday; see Newlyn that evening. On Thursday morning take train to Fowey, 'do' Place House and the Church, then be off by rail to Plymouth," concluded Florence.

"Arriving bankrupt," said Ethel.

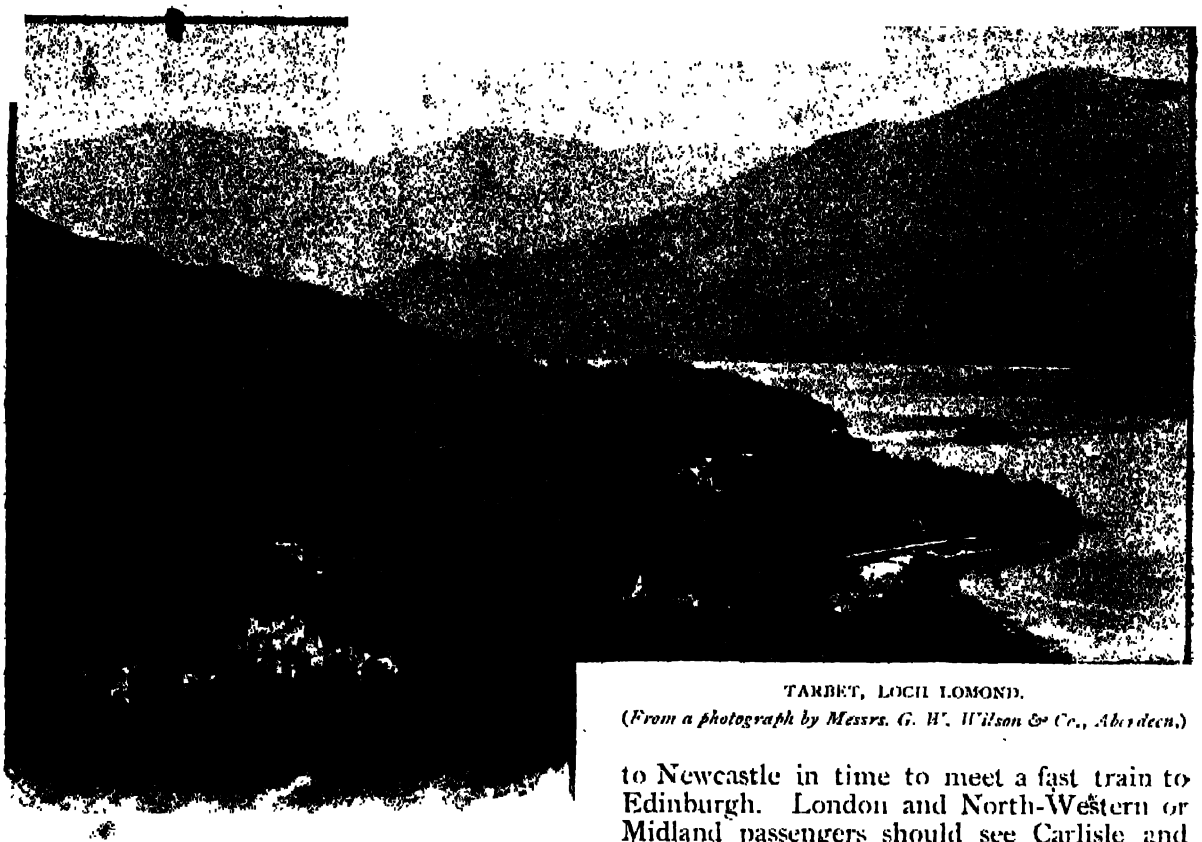
"No," replied Florence, handing her the list, "you will have something left. And I have allowed far too much for board, lodging, and extras. Take hand-luggage only, then you won't want cabs."

Ethel read the list:—

	£	s.	d.
Thirteen days' board, lodging, and extras, at 7s	4	11	0
Steamer—up the Tamar		1	6
Rail—Plymouth to Launceston		2	11½
Coach—Launceston to Bude		3	6
Coach—Bude to Newquay		17	0
Carriage—Newquay to Lanherne		10	0
Coach—Newquay to Truro		1	6
Steamer—Truro to Falmouth		0	9
Coach—Falmouth to the Lizard (return) ...		5	0
Steamer—Falmouth to St. Mawes (return)		0	6
Excursion		1	0
Coach—Falmouth to Redruth		1	0
Rail—Redruth to Carn Brea		0	1
Rail—Carn Brea to Penzance		1	3
Penzance to St. Michael's Mount (return)		1	0
Coach—Penzance to Land's End (return)...		5	0
Steamer—Penzance to Scilly (return) ...		10	0
Boating at Scilly		10	0
Rail—Penzance to Fowey		4	2
Rail—Fowey to Plymouth		3	8
	£8	10	10½



FALMOUTH HARBOUR, FROM GREEN BANK PIER.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Frith & Co., Reigate)



TARBET, LOCH LOMOND.
(*From a photograph by Messrs. G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.*)

III.—Programme of a Holiday Tour through Scotland. 13 days. Cost, £8 15s.

The tour embraces all the chief towns of Scotland as far as Inverness, with sailing on two of the lakes.

Care should be taken in getting the tourist ticket at King's Cross, Euston, or St. Pancras, that it is in every particular as stated below.

Tourist ticket to Inverness going by way of Stirling, Dunblane, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Aberdeen, Portsoy, Buckie and Elgin, returning through Forres, Grantown, Blair Athol, and Dunkeld.

Monday.—If you choose the East Coast route leave Kings's Cross by fast Edinburgh train about 10 o'clock in the morning. Get into a corridor carriage. Have your luggage (which ought to be one small bag) in the carriage. Break the journey for a few hours at York, so as to see the city and Minster. If you adopt the West Coast route, from Euston, your break will be at Lancaster for the church and castle; while, on the Midland route it will be at Sheffield or Leeds. In the afternoon go to Newcastle-on-Tyne by the first route, or Carlisle on either of the others.

Tuesday.—See Newcastle, and a trip may be made to Tynemouth, taking care to return to Newcastle in time to meet a fast train to Edinburgh. London and North-Western or Midland passengers should see Carlisle and might take a trip to Silloth, before completing their journey to Edinburgh.

Wednesday.—Spend at Edinburgh.

Thursday.—Leave Waverley Station, Edinburgh, in the afternoon, for Queen Street, Glasgow. West Coast passengers travel from the Princes Street station, Edinburgh, to the Central Station, Glasgow. See the city.

Friday.—In the morning, take a circular ticket at Low Level, Queen Street, for Loch Lomond and Loch Long. Leave boat at Tarbet on Loch Lomond, and walk or go by 'bus to Arrochar on Loch Long, where a boat will be waiting to take you back to Glasgow.

Saturday. — Leave Queen Street or Buchanan Street (West Coast route) early, for Stirling, spend an hour or two there to see the Castle, then go on to Perth, and in the evening go to Dundee.

Sunday.—Spend the day at Dundee.

Monday.—At 9.20 leave East Station for Arbroath. Stay an hour to see town and ruins of old abbey. Go as far as Dubton, change to Montrose train, and after seeing town, return to Dubton and go to Aberdeen.

Tuesday.—See Aberdeen and take 'bus to see Old Aberdeen. About half-past three leave for Elgin, taking care to get into carriage going through Portsoy.

Wednesday.—Leave Elgin early, break journey at Nairn, and later go to Inverness.

Thursday.—Inverness.

Friday.—Leave at 10 o'clock, get into carriage to Perth by way of Grantown, etc., proceed to Edinburgh.

Saturday.—Edinburgh to London.

Cost of tour:—	£	s.	d.
Tourist ticket the whole distance, both ways	3	0	0
Ticket from Newcastle to Tynemouth and back...		1	6
Circular ticket from Glasgow to Lakes ...		5	0
12 days' hotels—tea, bed, breakfast, and attendance, including hot or cold meat or fish at tea and breakfast, 6s. 6d. per day	3	18	0
12 days' mid-day light refreshment, 1s....		12	0
Dinner on Sunday at hotel		2	6
Dinner on train between Edinburgh and London		2	6
Trams, etc., to see outskirts of towns ...		3	6
Other contingencies...		10	0
	£8	15	0



ROSS ISLAND, KILLARNEY.

IV.—THROUGH NORTH WALES TO IRELAND.

Justice to Ireland demands that her ancient capital the regal city of Dublin, her peerless lakes of Killarney, sylvan Glengarriff, the romantic Blackwater, mountainous Connemara, the rugged highlands of Donegal, the Giant's Causeway, and the Mourne Mountains, should be enumerated amongst the destinations that are open to Englishmen and Englishwomen who may be selecting a bourn for their summer holidays. In a similar sense justice may be claimed for "gallant little Wales." If her claims for fair consideration can be similarly satisfied by a due acknowledgment of her scenic charms or by a passing visit to her cliff-bound coast, grey castles, and verdant valleys, so deservedly eulogised by Mr. Ruskin, it will be our pleasing duty to suggest a practical measure of conciliation. Hence we propose for the purposes of our journey to link the iron roads of the Emerald Isle with those of England and Wales in one indisputable bond of union. By adopting this course we shall afford our tourist friends a most delightful holiday route, embracing many hours of travel, to be enjoyed amidst beautiful scenery and in the society of genial people.

Seeing that editorial discretion, while allowing ten days for our holidays, decides

that they may not extend beyond a fortnight, and limits our expenditure to the modest sum of ten pounds, we must briefly furnish an outline for just such a holiday jaunt through wild Wales to the south of Ireland, with the promise of one's return thence to English soil with renewed health, enlarged views, and, so far as a ten pound note be concerned, an empty pocket. Fortunately or unfortunately, much of our pleasure lies within the power of the purse, and a financial investigation becomes a needful preface to progression. Hence we should remind the intending traveller—Firstly, that the cost of a third-class tourist ticket from London (*Euston* or *Paddington*), Bristol, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, or Glasgow to Dublin, Killarney, or Cork, *viâ* Chester, should not exceed £2 7s. 6d. It will be obvious that a considerable economy can be effected by those whose residences lie in centres that are nearer to Chester, such as Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Hull, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, or Liverpool. Secondly, a daily expenditure of twelve shillings for mixture comforts will allow for—

	s	d
Breakfast	2	6
Luncheon or plain dinner .	2	6
High tea	2	6
Bed	3	0
Attendance ...	1	6

If this sum be disbursed for ten days we shall lighten our resources to the extent of six pounds. Thirdly, the balance of £1 12s. 6d. will quickly disappear if judiciously distributed at the daily average of 2s. 9d. in the purchase of newspapers and light refreshments, also in sundry payments for short excursion fares, and fees to hotel servants. Fourthly, having exhausted both our arguments and our finances, we will conclude with a practicable programme.

First day, *Wednesday*.—London (*Euston* or *Paddington*) to the ancient city of Chester.

Second day, *Thursday*.—Chester to Conway—for excursions thence to Trefriw, Bettws-y-Coed, or Llandudno.

Third day, *Friday*.—Conway to Penmaenmawr, thence to Llanfairfechan and Bangor.

Fourth day, *Saturday*. — Excursions to Bethesda, Carnarvon, Llanberis, or Beaumaris. Bangor to Dublin (*North Wall*).

Fifth day, *Sunday*.—Dublin.

Sixth day, *Monday*.—Rambles in Dublin.—Travel by the *Great Southern and Western Railway* to Killarney or to Cork. N.B.—The journey can be broken at Goold's Cross for a drive to the Rock of Cashel.

Seventh day, *Tuesday*.—Killarney or Cork.

Eighth day, *Wednesday*.—Excursion from Killarney to Lismore or from Cork to Youghal for the Blackwater District.

Ninth day, *Thursday*.—From Killarney, from Lismore, from Youghal, or from Cork, to Dublin, *viâ* Mallow. An excursion from Dublin to Kingstown or Bray.

Tenth day, *Friday*.—Dublin to Chester for stations in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Scotland, and the Midlands, also for Bristol, Oxford, Cambridge or London.

Ere relinquishing the pen, we may remark that although our suggestions embrace a fairly typical outline for a combined Welsh and Irish holiday, the latter portion of these journeyings will admit of many variations. For instance, an expenditure of £2 10s. will purchase a tourist ticket at Euston for the Chester and Dublin, North Wall, route, *viâ* the *Midland Great Western Railway*, to Galway, Westport, Ballina, or Sligo, for the Connemara District; while a sum of £2 2s. will provide for a circular tour through Dublin and over *Great Northern* metals to Belfast, returning homewards by the boats that sail each week-day from Belfast to Fleetwood for Preston. Similar tickets likewise permit tourists to visit the beautiful scenery of Warrenpoint, Rosstrevor, Kilkeel, Newcastle, and the Mourne Mountains *viâ* Greenore; or to travel *viâ* the *Belfast and Northern Counties Railway* towards Portrush for the majestic cliffs of the Giant's Causeway. Furthermore, attractive trips afford access from Dublin to Bray, the Dargle Valley, and other scenic gems of Wicklow; also to the City of Limerick, the countryside of the Shannon, and the cliffs of County Clare. If perchance the annual holiday season extend to a fortnight, the ten days reserved for Wales and Ireland may be admirably sandwiched between two days of happy anticipations and two days of no less happy reflections upon the pleasures and profits to be gained by a flying visit to the fair island which has been well termed by its versatile poet "the first gem of the sea."

A ROMANCE OF SOMEWHERE.



MAP, SHOWING THE HERO'S WANDERINGS.

I WAS positively going to write a novel —a novel novel, that would take the reading world by storm, and fill my pockets with wealth untold, and place on my brow a figurative laurel wreath of such magnitude that were it *not* figurative I could set up in business as a nurseryman, and stock all the gardens of Europe with laurels. First I had to build the thing, though.



I sat down and thought, and oceans of ideas came up like billows, increasing and getting more grand and majestic, until there was a very storm of plots and counter-plots, murders and revenges, woes and pleasures, pains and counter-panes, pistols, swords, fair maidens, poisons, haunted houses, noble heroes, daggers, obstinate fathers, ghosts, avenues, gallant steeds, villains of dark grey hue, situations, ruffians, thunder, mysterious noises, wind and rain storms, lightning, touching deaths, and faithful dogs. But I couldn't disentangle them: that was the worst. I imagined a haunted house on a lonely moor, surrounded by ghosts and storms, and inhabited by a peculiarly lovely maiden and an unusually severe and uncongenial father. Also an irreproachable butler—a good old soul, who wouldn't be there except for the sweet damsel, and perhaps the salary. Comes to that lonely spot the hero on a gallant steed, with the faithful and usual dog. The handsomest man on earth, too! How lucky for both him and the fair girl I was around to bring them together!



You *know* that under the circumstances they will marry, and the novel really might as well close. But no! they shall never on this earth know the sweet joys of married life, never shall they—oh, bosh! Let's get on with the skeleton. Ha, ha! we must work in a skeleton! But how, and when? The poor dear old butler must work the coming together of the miraculously-met couple, in spite of the unnecessarily severe pa, who won't have a penniless son-in-law—for of course the handsome hero hasn't got a red cent; and where he got the horse and dog and general clean and distinguished appearance from goodness only knows! *You* don't, and *I* don't.

But that doesn't matter. You think only of the beautiful face and sad eyes of him, not considering that possibly *you* would look sad if you had such a riding outfit as he, and didn't know where you'd got it from or how to run it.

He must meet a vindictive ghost before he reaches the house, who moans and shrieks and waves him back, and Something must whisper to him to go on, as a glass of something else is hanging to it.

Possibly he may want to turn back, despite



that glass of something else. He won't. *I* see to that personally, and remove the vindictive apparition when it has had enough show.

It was a wild night, and I leave him wading around to introduce the reader to the haunted house.

This is *not* a very desirable family residence; and how the inmates came there you'd better not try to consider if you don't want to have a headache; and however they got the good, dear old butler—! There!! and however he stayed when they *did* get him—!! Gloomy wonder!!!

When the curtain rises on this abode of peculiarly and bewilderingly lovely girlhood, virtuous old manhood in the portly person of the butler, unnecessary inhuman passions on the part of the pa, and a mixed population of *haunts*, we find the dear, portly, good old butler comforting the wonderfully beautiful girl for something or other, and telling her that a great time's coming, because he can see it, and that—er—she mustn't cry—place is damp enough as it is, and everyone but the lovely maiden has rheumatism (perhaps *that's* what makes the pa so cross), and generally talks to her in a way that no ordinary servant who's been to the Board School, and knows that twice two are twenty-two, and that hides and tallow come from Mashonaland, would condescend to do.

Then a spirit turns up, and the dear, portly, good old venerable butler sighs, and says he's seen it before—I forgot to mention, I believe, that he's a strict teetotaller, and belongs to the Salvation Army, so you will please take his words as they are meant; and that each time disturbances have occurred—please remember to take it as it is meant.



Then the pa comes waltzing in, with a fearful attack in a bad form, and sacks the sweet venerable butler on the spot, and proceeds to talk to his utterly unoffending daughter in a way that makes you want to hit him, and keep on saying nasty things all through the chapter, when footprints are heard, and a voice shrieks in a hoarse whisper, "Beware!"



Then we leave things to terrify each other in the house in the middle of unparalleled vastness and storms, and the lovely maiden to grow more lovely still—for each time you see her she never looked so beautiful, quite, as she did then—and follow the poor old butler: that wonderful creation who is far more like the angels than the angels themselves.

Now comes a wrench. We must kill that poor dear old man. It wrings our hearts and takes up several chapters, and occasionally we think we'll pickle him and put him in pawn to the end of things, and then turn him loose to upset the pa and generally reinstate things. But no! He must die. If we let him cross those dreary swamps and pestilential ghost-haunted marshes and long weary leagues of storm with only one solitary young man—by the bye, we've rather neglected that heroic figure—prowling around, and living only on air and a good constitution, and still keeping up his charger's glossy coat, his dog's undying and well-fed devotion, and his own noble and matchless appearance—if, I say, we let the poor old butler get safe to the nearest town (which will be London, by the surrounding scenery), then what would prevent the lovely maiden from fleeing from her home and turning out a grand success on the boards of the Lyceum, or such? Of course, *I could* prevent it, but—well, I can't. I don't know the procedure or the doings of theatres, and so, though it is rough on the unparalleled girl, she must stay in that moated grange till I can manage to get her out. So the dear good old butler must die; and then we can boil him down into a ghost and send him back to the dear old home, where, in childhood's happy hours, he wandered through the lovely avenues of Linden, and watched the village maidens



dancing on the fair lawns, regardless of its being private property, and plenty of room in the daisied meadows stretching for miles around. Handkerchiefs, please!

Having really decided to massacre the poor dear portly old man, we do so with a completeness only equalled by a spiteful hatred that there is no earthly need for, and no one to turn up just when the knife is within an ace of his heart, etc., but turn ourselves loose in a murderous *abandon*, and kill him several times over, and convert him into a picturesque skeleton, taking the spirit back to the haunted house, where it plays sad havoc with the stern father.

If the roof falls in, it is the shade of the poor dear and still and so-to-be-for-ever portly old butler, and not a thought of want of repair; and if *anything* out of the way happens, it is put down to the butler.

Oh, by the bye, an important fact I forgot to mention before. There is a picture-gallery, and the pictures are always falling down, thereby presaging ruin and death to the family individually and collectively; but not just yet, you know—some centuries hence.

The horrid way in which that dear dreadful old butler knocks the windows in and the doors out, thereby causing the father to be always dying of frights, colds, and rheumatism, is really most wonderful to consider, as the unparalleled girl is always preserved in perfect health and still increasing beauty, and the house always seems to be in good repair, and sometimes, even, it isn't stormy, and the wind doesn't whistle and shriek around. At such times the moon takes the opportunity for an appearance, and lights up the ruined mansion with a ghastly light, only equalled by its wonderful blueness and penetration.



Here is an opportunity to show up the character of the valiant but unnecessarily nasty parent, for despite colds, frights, and rheumatism, he refuses to forgive his daughter for nothing, and holds on to that fearful house like an Englishman to his various climate.

Phew! we've forgotten the hero. Still, we know where he is, and we're able to find him any moment in the swamps, over which he has been lightly bounding for about ten months, by the events of the tale, with nothing to eat, and nowhere to go, and such a lot of important business to transact when he gets there.

It is time we let him shoot some squirrels and have a square meal, and his horse will benefit by some oats or devour some space, and the faithful-unto-death hound can rustle around and eat dog-biscuits, a supply of which the hero, despite his terrible secret gnawing away his heart, to the dangerous possibility of leaving none for his lady love, whom he is beginning to feel is somewhere around, has had the forethought to bring; ignoring the fearful sufferings of himself with noble loftiness, but apparently, like the camel, feeding on the hump; for we still keep him of plump appearance—can't have a beastly skinny chap for a *hero*, you know.

Then he comes on a skeleton—quite accidentally, you know—wouldn't have known it was there if he hadn't seen it; and he has an idea—doubtless due to a surfeit of raw squirrel—that the thing recommends him to "keep peart" and continue as he's been continuing, only more continuously, and to never stoop so low as to need money when he can't use it; and that there's a lady somewhere around whose very presence is as the sun at mid-day. And then the poor skeleton wipes away a tear, and a voice is heard exhorting the hero to procedure haunted-houseward.

He proceeds as directed, and arrives bang on the house; but the meeting of the two lovely creatures savours of the meeting of those who have been there before. Each knows the other is the one for whom each one knows the other believes the one to be specially built for the other, and they both part, with a sigh that causes the roof to remove again.

The unnecessarily nasty disagreeable parent smells the blood of an Englishman, and immediately, and with no reason, determines that his daughter shall not marry him. Not that the still more lovely girl ever hinted at any unnatural wish to marry anybody, far less this perfect stranger whom she knows is fooling around her boudoir window with a guitar and a bad cold.

For a chapter or two things are draughty with sighs, and whenever the lover, who cavorts around in the swamp under conditions calculated to kill any other trio of living beings at fifty yards, sees a window-blind flutter, he takes it to be her handkerchief, and soliloquises in large and magnificent language, always darkly hauling in his dread secret to mar his joy.

Happiness is not made for that heroic form—his not to breathe the happy air of a beneficent heaven—his not to reason why—his but

to suffer bitterly and darkly for some awful but honourable crime that would worry the nails out of a boot-sole, and that makes him as interesting as a murder.

The curtain episode mentioned above causes an unarranged meeting at the boudoir window, and as the fairest of unearthly fair happens to be fixing her hair at the glass, this leads to a misunderstanding and superior despair on the part of the lover, who threatens to hie him to the pestilential swamps, where to venture is death to man and beast, and where, if he had lived longer than the last ten months, he had surely died. Of course that would have been beastly awkward, for the house was so full of ghosts now that there wouldn't have been room for another.

Then comes a reconciliation between the lovers, and the unnecessarily hasty parent turns up, and has a bitter but very, very gentlemanly quarrel with the hero; and the chairs groan, and the delightful, portly, dear, sweet, old, venerable butler's spirit comes in through an oak door or two, and melts through a chair, and wishing to tap the very nasty parent on the shoulder, slides through the table, and whispers "Beware!"



"Be where you like!" thunders the desperately evil old person, and commands the spirit to avaunt.

He avaunts, and the hero throws out hints that fetch up a violent storm over the scowling heavens, and he gallops away on the wings of the wind—and his horse, of course. As he disappears, the faithful-unto-death hound—by the way, we've got to kill the poor beast in a little while—gives a howl, and the wonderfully lovely maiden doesn't quite know whether to think it has had an accidental kick or whether it knows trouble is in store for everybody—especially her. She decides on the last idea: it's more romantic. So to her boudoir she goes, and weeps fish-bones and odd boot-buttons, all the time talking such sentiment that handkerchiefs will be again required at this point.

Then she goes to the window, and looks at the place where her lover placed his hand—by the bye, I think we again forgot to mention that he washed himself every morning, and groomed his horse in the swamps, for he had had the forethought to fetch along a sponge, brush, and comb, horse-cloth, dandy-brush, and a mattress to sleep on, so you will please take the above statement as it is meant—and wept over it, and talked more weepful talk, and the never-to-be-too-much-lauded spirit of the dear sweet old butler pushes her out.



She falls all through one page, and would undoubtedly have been killed had not the lance of her lover been directly underneath, upon which her dress catches, and though she breaks the lance, it breaks her fall, and she is landed safely and unhurt on the untrodden leagues of swamp.

With the natural perverseness of young animals, she promptly sets to work to lose herself as hopelessly as she can in the time between her headlong fall and the rescue party her unnecessarily remorseful father raises to go out into the pestilential wilderness, one breath of the air from which is certain death to any living thing.

Things are now really so very interesting that one doesn't want to stay to think where on earth the rescue party came from. It is all-sufficient to know that they are there, although there lurks a dim, dark, speculative guess that the noble and now thoroughly broken-hearted hero, whose very touch left an impression even upon the window-sill of his lady's boudoir, will go several better than the rescue party, and discover his bewitcher, probably in the last stage of exhaustion.

As things are in danger of finishing too soon, we must scatter them a bit, so it happens that at the close of a wonderfully lovely day, when the spring chicken rises up from the meadows and loses itself, singing, in the dome of sky, when the bee is particularly to be avoided, and the wasp is more than usually interesting, and sings to his love on an old banjo in the light of a silvery moon, then at that entrancing hour, at that wonderful time, the rescue party came on the forlorn hero, and rescued the novel from an untimely end by shooting his faithful horse, and leaving *him* to flee with a dramatically expressed opinion of them, and routing the dog, driving it afar into the setting sun.

This chapter closes with such an *exposé* of the nastiness of one's fellow-mortals as makes one feel quite unkind to one's own

self, but the *next* treats of the beautiful and unfortunate heroine.

This lovely maiden, unlike the hero, soon gives out in the wilderness, and we look upon her on a wild and stormy night. By the bye, I have forgotten to mention the scene of this tale is laid in England, but perhaps it may have been discovered by the climatic peculiarities.

The beauteous lady is dying, having had nothing to eat since the last meal. This is only somewhere between a month and three weeks back, but she is very fragile, though still keeping up an unsullied and riotously healthy appearance.

Not having had time to collect a mattress and a few other necessary articles of home life, she has been sleeping on imagination and standing on her dignity, and seems to have managed right well, but that life is in serious danger of being cut off just because there is nothing to eat. A mere trifle! Besides, the hero's sure to be looming around.

However, things get bad. Even the loving spirit of the dear old butler, who turns up whenever we happen to think of it, won't do much good. Then she has an interview with a skeleton, whom, quite accidentally, she came on in the swamp, and which she knows to be the skeleton of her poor dear darling of an old pet of a butler, and she takes a rib-bone to be a kind of a reminder of him, apparently forgetting the spirit kept fooling around.

Then she meets a wolf out for a stroll—apparently a very seedy old beast, for she kills it with the rib-bone, which she wears in



her boot, and there follows *such* an eulogy to the dear, the darling, the adorable old butler, who even in death was as useful as ever.

You see, we couldn't kill the poor old chap for nothing.

But the fearful struggle has told upon the dauntless girl, now more lovely still, for the quarrel has brought a colour to her cheeks, and she continues to die at an awful rate, and finally, at the close of a heavenly day, she wanders into a beautiful wood, and dies, watched by the faithful spirit of the dear old butler.

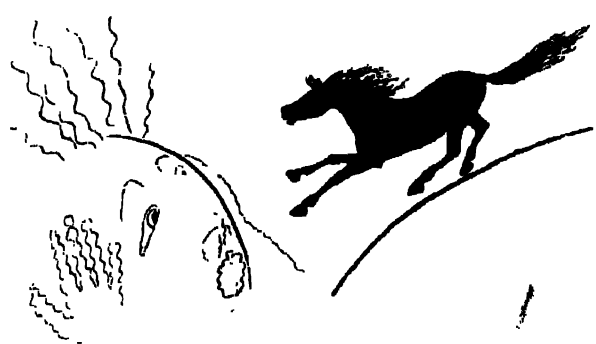
Then we go to the poor faithful-unto-death hound, who, after rushing away in chase of the sun, returns to avenge his master, and is most brutally treated by the rescue party, urged on by the horribly merciless and brutal parent. The poor beast is left for dead, and crawls into the dismal swamp to die.



But for that dog there are no closes of beautiful days to die at: he must die at my discretion; and I don't know whether he won't work in yet, so I'll leave him dying in the swamp, and go to the magnificent charger, lying shot on behalf of his master.

For about a week it has been dead, but now its heart begins to beat faintly, and it looks around, and cries for that master whose caress it shall never more feel on its noble head—never cavort over leagues of swamp with its master and a few odd necessaries of life packed in the holsters—never feel the soft touch of a three-inch wheel-spur on its silken flank.

But it got up and shook its cloudy mane, and rejoiced in its wild untamed strength, and bounded into the setting sun, which



caused it to fall beneath the horizon at express rate, and caused night.

A dim, mysterious night, with a ghostly bright moon, but no such uncomfortable thing as dew. Oh, by the way, will readers please note that that skeleton had the usual number of ribs; minus two: one the wonderfully beautiful girl removed, and one missing before? Thank you; now we'll go on. Those two missing ribs have positively nothing whatever to do with the tale, but we like to be accurate. Yes, there was no dew. On that night the band of rescuers, having no earthly clue to the whereabouts of the lovely but missing maiden, and not being able

to support themselves on a bitter bygone wrong like the hero, soon succumbed, and all lay down to die.

They had frightful rheumatism through wandering about in the swamp, and a dreadful fever was upon them. Neither had they happened upon the skeleton, or that might have helped them. The cross parent's heart was now beginning to wring with remorse, and he didn't know what to do, so he couldn't do it; and the chapter shows how wrong it is to have led an evil life, and finishes with a glimmer of hope that if the poor old gentleman remorses long enough he won't die immediately.



Now we return to the lovely horse, who simply devours space in the endeavour to find his master, which he cannot possibly do. In fact, we've rather lost sight of him ourselves.

He comes across the faithful hound, apparently dead. But *he's* been there too, and he picks up the poor beast, whose last dying wish, you will remember, was for his master, and carried him tenderly by the tail—for the hound was a thoroughbred—along with him, in search of his master.

Suddenly he comes on the rescue party, and among them an old gentleman whose remorse is so poignant that he cannot die, like the rest—for they are all dead but him. They were a low lot of utter roughs and villains, that always said "Ah-ha!" and wrapped themselves up in cloaks and big hats and daggers, and would undoubtedly have killed the hero had he been serving in some uninteresting capacity; so we feel very glad.

The two noble animals—for the dog soon recovers—take pity on the unfortunate old gentleman, and the splendid horse, whose coat shines like satin, takes him up, and, with the dog, who is now on a strong scent, they



set off in quest of the hero, whose fearful secret and broken heart are playing mischief with him.

We have dreadfully neglected the shade of the butler and the lovely dying maiden, but we *must* hunt up the hero.



He has been in a desperate condition since the loss of his horse, dog, shaving materials, mattress, and dog-biscuits, which were all on the saddle, and goes about with quite a fearful scowl on his brow, and his arms crossed on his broad bosom, within which burns the dread secret, hot enough to singe his coat off.

He hears a voice occasionally telling him that all will yet be well, but he can't help wishing it would hurry up, and the gentle breezes waft his silky curls around his noble brow.

In fact, he ought to be perfectly happy—but there is always that fearful secret, a horrid thing that gnaws and worries him.

As his despair reaches the third chapter and its culmination, a wild weird night turns up again. Wandering in the marshes, he comes on a skeleton whose hand points to the west. At sight of it he stops, and batters his head about for awhile, and then, with an exaggerated shake of that organ, rushes off in the direction indicated.

This takes him to a beautiful wood, and on the ground he sees his lady-



love, to all appearances dead. She has never been so lovely, and he kneels down and worships her in quite an affecting way.

The scene is too sad. We pass on, and look at how the dog and horse and the poor old gentleman are coming on, and find that the sagacious dog has happened on the skeleton, and is following the track of his master.

He is carrying a brace of snipe he has caught, and the noble charger with the dear old gentleman follows after him. They espy a wood, and make straight for it, and on entering at the right spot, behold a sight that throws them all on their haunches. We



don't mean to imply the dear old gentleman was shot off as the horse and dog started back, and we don't want to keep you in suspense as to what they saw; but sudden shocks are not good, so we will return to the hero and heroine.

Presently the heroine recovered, for she had only fainted, and the hero, happening to see the rib bone, had a bad case of drama. She explains that she removed it from the skeleton of a sweet dear of a poor old lamb of a butler of theirs, and he brings from his heart —over his heart, I mean—another rib bone just like, and matches them, and finds them both alike.

Then he explains that the poor dear old butler must have been his father, whom he had sworn to avenge, and whom he *had* to a large extent, for he had recognised the assassins in the rescue party, and had slain six of them before he had to flee.

Now, when he had hunted up the rest his revenge would be complete, and his burning secret would die out.

The more lovely still now she is alarmed girl beseeches him to do nothing rash, and



he beseeches *her* to marry him; but she hints that she can hardly marry their butler's son, however jolly the dear old butler himself was.

Right there comes the poor dear suffering old gentleman & Co., Ltd., and he rushes to his daughter, and the hero and horse and dog rush for each other, and the occasion becomes positively holy.

Then the old man suddenly remembers that he had a son many years ago, whom he had loved very dearly, and who was undoubtedly the hero. This is modestly disclaimed, but the old gentleman reminds him how they had both been attacked by assassins once, and left for dead, and when he had managed to crawl to a friendly hut, he found that one of his ribs had been broken and gone. Then his son was missing, and he had spent his days in morose bitterness, as we have seen.

Then the hero produces the rib bone, and they find it fits, and he owns up to being the old gentleman's son, and the old gentleman tells him the appallingly lovely girl isn't *his* daughter, but the daughter of a dead friend of his whom he had brought to his home and treated as well as circumstances would allow, and he would certainly bless their union.

So all is very happy, especially when the sweet dear old gentleman informs his son, from whose noble heart the blackness of desolation is removed on account of the death of the assassins, that he is going to re-fix his beautiful home, and he wants them to live with him, and when they arrive they find the dear good old butler has returned from his last situation to this old home.



That skeleton was a

particularly handy and coincidental one, and one of those things that prove that truth is stranger than fiction.

The old house is re-done up; and as for the ghosts, they only existed in imagination, and the happy occupants of the beautiful mansion are always travelling around their lovely estate, which is continually bathed in sunshine.

Once again we have forgotten something. When the hero struck that wood he made snares of his hair—which, by the bye, was quite long by this time—and set himself to work to catch birds, not thinking for one moment he would be able to, and was really quite surprised when he found he had got quite a number. But at the same time the supply was giving out, and he and his fair lady would undoubtedly have starved had not the dog turned up with the brace of snipe.

One great trial to us is the dread secret. It is hardly a secret at all, and certainly not so dread as insinuated about the book at dark intervals. But the hero *must* have an awful past of some kind, so we have obliged by making his life as bitter as we can, and hope the public will be as merciful to us as we are to everybody in the tale—except the blood-thirsty ruffians who set out on their one deed of mercy. But then, they hadn't been used to luxuries.



TENNIS CLUB TEAS.

BY MONA NEALE.



TENNIS CLUB teas have of late become so much the fashion, that a few suggestions for the benefit of prospective hostesses are sure to be welcomed at this season. It is the custom, in many tennis clubs, for the lady members of the committee to provide tea on a certain afternoon in the week for all the members present.

This is arranged at the beginning of the season, by each lady undertaking to act as hostess once, or, if the club is a small one, oftener, during the summer months.

If the hostess is one to whom expense is no object, she generally finds that the simplest and least troublesome plan is to hand an order to the best local confectioner to supply tea for so many at so much a head.

On the other hand, if the hostess is one to whom economy is an object, she will, in all probability, decide to make most of her cakes at home, provided that she can spare the necessary time, and has a taste for cooking.

Home-made cakes are generally much appreciated, and at this season of the year when eggs are plentiful and butter is cheap, there can be no question as to the saving of expense if the cakes are made at home.

The recipes collected for this article are all suitable for an occasion of this kind, and are both simple and economical. The secret of success in making cakes at home lies in their baking. Very few cooks understand how to bake cakes. They are generally allowed to become what is called "sad," or else baked until all the goodness is baked out of them. Large cakes should be placed in a cool part of the oven, until they have risen sufficiently, then removed to the top shelf with a buttered

paper placed on the top of the cake, and allowed to finish baking. While the cake is rising the oven door must *on no account* be opened, or the cake will spoil.

All loaf cakes must be made the day before they are required for use, as they will not cut if too new.

Delicious Cake.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter and half a pound of white sugar in a basin, and beat until it becomes like cream. Add three eggs, and beat until thoroughly mixed. Add half a teacupful of milk, mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with half a pound of flour, and stir this in. Then add a teaspoonful of vanilla essence, and mix all well together. Have a tin lined with buttered paper, pour in the mixture, and bake for one hour in rather a quick oven.

Chocolate Cake.—Beat a quarter of a pound of butter and six ounces of sugar to cream, and add three well-beaten eggs. Grate two ounces of chocolate and dissolve it over the fire in three-quarters of a teacupful of milk. Add it, while still warm, to the eggs and sugar, and then add eight ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and one teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Give the mixture a good beating, and pour into a mould, which has been buttered. Bake carefully, until quite firm, about one hour or longer.

The quantities given here will not make a large cake, but if doubled, it is better to bake the mixture in two moulds to ensure the cake being very light.

Fairy Cakes.—Mix together in a warm basin four ounces of fresh butter and the same of sifted sugar. Then add two eggs and a very little milk. Mix two small teaspoonfuls of baking-powder with four ounces of flour, and four ounces of cornflour. Stir this carefully in, and then add one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon essence. Fill small patty-pans with the mixture and bake in a quick oven for about ten minutes.

Light Cake.—Beat six ounces of butter to a cream. Then add six ounces of white sugar, and four eggs, which have been well whisked. Mix three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder with a pound of flour, and half a pound of sultana raisins. Add enough milk to make a stiff dough. Put into a fluted mould, thoroughly well buttered, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half.

This makes a very large cake, and will be pronounced excellent by all who enjoy a plain, light plum-cake. If carraway seeds are liked, they can be substituted for sultanas.

Little Orange Cakes.—Beat thoroughly four ounces of fresh butter to a cream. Grate the rind of two oranges and add to the butter, with a quarter of a pound of fine castor sugar, and the yolks, well-beaten, of four eggs. Add to this four ounces of dried flour, and when these are well mixed, stir in lightly the whites of the eggs, whisked to a stiff froth. Pour into small moulds—after first rubbing them over with fresh butter—place a strip of candied orange peel on the top of each cake, and dust powdered sugar over. Bake for ten minutes in a moderate oven, until firm throughout.

Rice Cake.—Take half a pound of flour, and half a pound of ground rice, a teaspoonful of lemon essence, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, half a pound of white sugar, and half a pound of butter, a little milk and four eggs. Put the butter and sugar in a warm basin and beat with a wooden spoon until quite white. Then drop in one by one the eggs, beating well as each goes in. Then add the flour, ground rice, baking-powder, and essence. Give the whole a good beating, adding a little milk if too stiff to beat easily, and pour into a cake-tin lined with buttered paper. Try it with a knife, when almost ready, and, if the blade comes out bright and clean, it is known to be baked enough.

Grantham Nuts.—Mix one pound of flour with one pound of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and half a teaspoonful of sal volatile salts. Melt a quarter of a pound of butter, and add to two eggs beaten well for five minutes. Add these to the dry ingredients, and mix thoroughly to a dough. Prepare two large baking-sheets, by rubbing them over with butter. Roll the dough into balls the size of walnuts, and place on the sheets about two inches apart, as they spread a good deal in baking. They must be kept in tins until used, or they will lose their crispness.

Mocha Sandwich.—Beat three eggs and a scanty breakfastcupful of sugar for ten minutes. Mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar with a full breakfastcupful of flour, and sift this into the eggs and sugar. Then dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a little boiling water, and mix it quickly with the other ingredients. Have two sandwich-tins (or large dinner plates will do) greased with butter. Spread the mixture on these and put into a very hot oven for about five minutes. When the sandwich is ready, set it aside to cool, and prepare the following mixture—Two ounces of fresh butter, softened near the fire, and mixed with a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, and a tablespoonful of strong coffee, freshly made. When the sandwich is cold, spread one half

with this mixture and place the other half upon it.

In addition to cakes, the hostess must provide plates of brown and white bread-and-butter; also some dainty sandwiches, made by laying a thin slice of cucumber or a sprinkle of mustard and cress between slices of thin bread and butter, cut into tiny fingers. A pile of buttered scones, too, should not be forgotten; made from the following recipe they are excellent.

Scones.—Place on a pastry-board a pound of flour, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful each of salt and cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Rub in a heaped teaspoonful of lard, and mix to a dough with sour milk. Divide into small rounds, about half an inch in thickness, and place on a hot girdle to bake. If butter-milk can be obtained it is better than sour milk, and in that case the lard should be left out.

As regards the arrangements for dispensing the tea, much, of course, depends upon the capabilities of the club-house. Sometimes, this is merely a rustic summer-house, with a few seats, but more often the club-house boasts not only cloak-rooms but a cooking-stove and cups and saucers. The tea is then made upon the premises; and it is a good plan to sew the tea into muslin bags, which can easily be removed from the teapots when the tea is sufficiently strong. This will prevent late-comers from getting a bitter cup of overdrawn tea. Coffee can be made at home beforehand, and when wanted for use can be warmed in a coffee-pot over the stove. It will be well for the hostess to provide some iced lemonade or simple claret-cup in addition to tea and coffee. So many people nowadays do not drink tea, and gentlemen, especially, often prefer a cool beverage.

In conclusion, let me advise the hostess, who would make her "Tennis Tea" a success, to procure the services of two or three capable servants to hand the tea and assist her in presiding at the tea-table. It is very unfair to expect the tennis players of the male sex to wait upon the ladies, and a good hostess would never permit them to do so. She must look upon all present as her guests, and be as careful for their enjoyment as though they were assembled at her own house.

KAISER KRUM.

BY MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

I.

THEY called him Kaiser Krum, though why nobody knew. It was enough that one so unlike anybody and everybody the little town of See had ever known before should gradually attach to himself a name that was unlike too; for all of his friends conceded that plain John Raynor seemed absurdly inadequate to designate so big, so commanding, and so altogether surprising a person as Kaiser Krum.

The Kaiser had been in See six months before anybody found it out, which was surprising to begin with. At the end of three of these months he had leaped from a plain clerkship in the office of the See and St. So-so Railroad to the position of cashier, and in three more he was serenely installed as general agent—which was more and more surprising, particularly to the nice, easy-going old gentlemen over whom he was placed, and who never yet have been able quite to see how it came about.

Of many minds upon this point, they speedily agreed upon one other: their attachment to the great indolent-looking fellow who combined with his boyishly blank expression such a fund of ready wit, and who did so much more "hustling" in his first week's supervision of the See and St. So-so Railway than had been done in all their recollections of its previous years.

The Kaiser probably had parents and a home somewhere (he was still very young), but one would never have connected him with anything savouring of the tender or domestic. He seemed born to the life that centred about See's favourite hotel, and to the lordly dictatorship of his busy world of freight and train-yards, offices, tracks, and departments.

If he ever read a book, nobody knew it. Poetry, art, music—they were things to be borne with patience when unavoidable, but never sought. Man's chief end was railroading, and with this primal object the Kaiser worked early and late, always alert, always business-like, as true to the course he had set himself as were the steel rails to the long track of his beloved railroad.

After a time, he began to be popular with See's particular half-hundred. That was another surprising thing about Kaiser Krum. Not that he was not worthy the admiration he evoked, but that he was so absolutely indifferent to it.

"Bring your friend," commanded one pretty girl after another of Long, who occupied a room with Krum at the See Worthy.

And Long tried bravely, getting Burton and Russel and Dahlgren to help him.

"Have I any time for pretty girls?" the Kaiser would invariably ask in his pre-occupied rumble. "Passenger-agent's business—not mine."

He argued after this fashion for a year or two, occasionally availing himself of invitations, but more frequently declining or absolutely forgetting them. And that he was liked and forgiven and still plied with invitations told a volume in itself.

"There's nothing tame about him," one little miss remarked. "He's like a trout"—the maid was fond of fish and fishing—"you lead him along gently, and play him well; and just as you think you've landed him, away he darts to other waters, and you don't see him again for months."

But the Kaiser was destined to surprise his friends yet further, and himself as well.

Burton — who, with Dahlgren, had occupied rooms adjoining Krum's—married, after a time, a charming little woman from somewhere east, and a sister came to visit them. Krum really called on the bride and the sister—called a care-free, level-headed, happy-go-lucky fellow, and left a dazed, ecstatic, hot-blooded enthusiast.

It was all so sudden that it took his breath. He felt himself a changed man, without an idea what the change implied. Symptoms new and alarming possessed him, but the malady he could not diagnose. Leaving the Burton threshold, he actually stopped long minutes on the pavement, gazing back in rapt delight at the blank brick walls behind which Paradise lay. Then he began to walk, to walk as though bricks were indiarubber and the air a tonic.

He was jubilant, ecstatic. "By Jove!" he said to himself, and said it again and again. Then he made for the See Worthy, possessed of an insane desire to talk.

"Long! Dahlgren!" he shouted, bounding into the bachelor sitting-room. His tone was tense, alive.

"What's the row?" Dahlgren asked. "Haven't joined a ballet, have you? There's an airiness about you that is startling."

And then it suddenly occurred to Krum that the proper thing about an affair of this sort would be deep reserve. He would talk of other things. And feeling himself a diplomat, he began, "Kind 'o' lonesome around here without Burton, isn't it?" And he smiled a smile that made the incandescents dim.

"Just strike you?" Dahlgren grinned. "You look horribly cut up. Don't take it to heart so, old boy."

The two men were staring at him curiously.

"Whah you been to-night, anyway?" Long asked, after an impressive silence.

"Over to Burton's."

A long pause, during which the Kaiser continued to beam and his friends to speculate. Then light began to dawn.

"How tall is she? What style of girl?" Dahlgren asked, chuckling.

"Girl? What girl? You fellows little bit unhinged to-night, eh?" and Kaiser Krum struggled to command the scowl that had sometimes served him in a business way—effort vain.

"Blame the shoe!" he cried with sudden fierceness, removing and scanning the article as he spoke. But his transparent attempt to divert their thought failed signally, and he spent the next half-hour pouring forth his soul to these sympathisers, the shoe serving now to pound emphasis, now to point upward as some burst of eloquence lifted him fairly off his feet.

"Wh-ew!" Long whistled, in the first lull. "I'd like to see this mahvel. Any guhl, Krum, who could set you off like this in one shawt evening must be a—a freak! I'm goin' round to-morrow."

And he did, only to find the ladies driving with Krum, and Burton, just in from the office, meditating in the twilight and watching for their return.

Long set himself about enlivening the waiting time, and he did it effectually.

"You don't mean it!" Burton was finally ejaculating amazedly. "But, now you speak of it, he was sort of unnatural last night—even heard that nine o'clock train go out without referring to his watch. Didn't leave in a dash for the office, either."

"Office! You couldn't a' tied him to the office with a cable. He'd a' bounded off like a bubble. Made me think of a bubble, 'pon honah—pink lights on all sides!"

Long was smiling at his own figure when Burton said, "And it's likely he'll go through this as he does everything, treading difficulties under foot and coming right out on top in no time."

"I reckon."

"Say, Long," and Burton looked injured,

"it isn't fair for one fellow to get every rose he wants just for the reaching, while other folks climb, and scramble, and bruise their bones in the struggle. Why, I worked for that girl's sister harder'n a roust-about, and I'll be shot if I want him to walk off with

II.

AND what he had was an idea that few words explained.

The suite at the See Worthy in which for two years Dahlgren had been domiciled was called, in deference to that gentleman's par-



"'TO COMFORT ME?' HE GASPED" (*p.* 70).

May in such an easy and impudent style. He's a nice boy, but he's going to get spoiled some day if something doesn't take a little of the starch out of him."

"Don't know how it's to be done. We try it at 'The 'Sylum' now and then, but it isn't any go."

At the last discouraged sentence Burton clapped a hand upon his knee and shouted, "Listen, Long, I have it!"

ticular weakness, "The Asylum for Incurable Chess-fiends," and this term, abbreviated to "The Asylum," had gradually come to include the adjoining suite occupied by Long and the Kaiser.

Krum, in his present state, was undeniably out of mental balance. "So, if partially demented," Burton explained, "why not say so, or at least make it clear to May in some way or other? It will really add interest to

the whole affair, and I don't see, in the long run, why he might not be grateful for it. Who wants a prosy love affair? Certainly not the Kaiser, with his large ideas. We'll post the other fellows. There's no time to lose."

The "other fellows" dropped in together next day—Dahlgren and Russel—and there was evidence that they had been previously "posted."

"How is our friend to-day?" Burton asked solicitously before they were well settled.

"You mean Krum, of course? He was looking over musical catalogues when we left—strange symptom and rather grave," and Russel sighed heavily.

Pretty Miss May smiled, then looked uneasily from one guest to the other, bewildered by the sudden seriousness that seemed settling upon them.

"Ordinarily, you know," and Russel shook his head with sorrowful meaning, "he has no interest in music. Any tendency of this sort is alarming; but"—more cheerfully—"we left Charlie Long with him. Charlie understands him pretty well."

Miss May was growing more and more bewildered. No interest in music? When he had so lauded her voice the night before, in his queer, abrupt style. What could it mean?

"Does he eat pretty well?" Burton was asking.

"Oh, yes! Physically he seems in prime condition. No signs of melancholy yet. That was the father's trouble, I believe"—and Russel added the mental proviso that most men are melancholy at some time or other, and Krum *pere* probably no exception. Then he addressed himself to Miss May as though to change a painful subject. "And how do you like our mushroom West, Miss May?"

Miss May found it difficult to answer for a time. Longing to inquire into the strange case of Kaiser Krum, yet prevented by her own conscious interest in him, it was with some really painful effort she finally launched into a discussion of the merits of the little town of See.

When Long came lazily in, in the late afternoon, she scanned his face eagerly, as if to read some secret in its placid depths.

"How did you leave him?" she heard Dahlgren ask in a stage aside.

"Oh, not at all violent," came Long's cheerful reply. "Raved a good deal eahly in the aftahnoon—of co'se, Sunday's a bad day for a trouble o' that sawt—mind free from business cahes, you know."

May felt her blood run cold. "Does—does he suffer much?" she asked impetuously, with a quick step forward, and her voice quivered despite her efforts to control it.

The men exchanged glances—sad and serious ones.

"Um—yes, Miss May, it does affect him terribly sometimes," Long answered in his most guarded manner.

"You'll pardon us," Russel interposed, "for discussing the matter here and now; we try pretty generally to keep it quiet, but we're fond of Krum, and a good deal upset over this trouble of his. It runs in his family, I believe. His father had just such a case, I understand, shortly before his marriage."

"And did he recover?"

"Ah—y-es—at least, the first violence wore off, though I surmise he has always been haunted more or less by the delusions that possessed him then."

He lowered his voice as he finished, and held up a warning finger as the Kaiser himself stepped in, smiling, from the hall.

Miss May started perceptibly. "How do you do?" she said, moving involuntarily further away.

"Don't be frightened, May," Burton whispered gently. "He's perfectly right now. Humour him."

And May offered him her hand, and tried to seem unconstrained. Indeed, before their early tea was over or the evening had half flown, she found it hard to realise that this delightful man, so odd and droll and entertaining, could be menaced by that grim and hideous thing—insanity.

The poor child began to develop a tendency to eavesdropping whenever she came upon a group of the Kaiser's friends in solemn conclave. She haunted the public library in search of books on mental disorders; and resolving wildly to forget the poor patient, she found her thoughts for ever recurring to him by a sort of fascination she could not resist. And learning that a natural manner must be observed toward the insane, she grew most unnatural in her frantic endeavours to be cheerful and unconcerned.

One night, sitting alone at a window commanding the street, she beheld the Kaiser stepping briskly toward the house. How strong and well and happy he looked! Poor, poor fellow! His own unconsciousness of his mental state made it seem so much more pathetic and dreadful. She remembered Mr. Long's saying sadly the night before, "He hasn't been any time out o' the 'sylum, yet I reckon at this moment he halidly recalls such a place." Oh, the terror of it!

Krum had reached the little gate by now, and was lifting his hat blithely.

May began to grow nervous. She had never been alone with him before. Now she wished Kitty had not gone. "A natural manner," she kept repeating, as if to calm her heart-beats; and then she opened the door, smiling a bright if tremulous welcome.

He took her hand in his big, warm, hearty grasp, and the light of his eyes enveloped her. How good he looked, and how protecting, as if he might defend her against burglars and maniacs—even against himself!

"May—Miss May," he said, his great heart shining in his honest eyes—and then he remembered that he still stood in the cool little hall, his hat and stick in his hand. Well, what matter if he didn't do his love-making as every other idiot did it? He didn't feel like delaying this matter—it was too important—more so than business, certainly, and he never delayed business.

"See here, Miss May," he burst forth, "you must know how I feel about this thing. It began at the very first, and the longer it goes the worse it gets!"

"He *is* conscious of it, then," the girl thought, instinctively slipping farther away. But her heart ached for him. "Dear Kaiser Krum"—and her eyes were wet—"I do know! The gentlemen have all told me; and I sympathise with you from the very bottom of my heart."

The Kaiser looked at her for a moment in petrified silence.

"Sympathise?" he stammered. "Then I suppose it's all up with me; but if I don't go back to the Asylum and take it out on those duffers for giving it away!"

"Oh—oh, don't!" Miss May's breath was coming fast. "Control yourself—try! So much depends upon the patient's own efforts—all the books say it. And you know how well you've done. Remember, you haven't been violent once since the night you broke the book-case."

"Broke the book-case?" the Kaiser echoed feebly, and he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "If I were one of those other fellows, I would think I had been drinking," he said slowly, a sense of utter bewilderment giving his face the blank air that so often convulsed his friends. Then he walked into the parlour with a manner that betokened a return of his old-time determination.

"Sit there," he said firmly, indicating a chair; and the little lady did so, one frightened eye on the door. "I'm going to start in again. I have failed to make myself clear. Are you with me?" He looked at her fixedly.

"Very near; right here," she answered reassuringly, and she shivered as she spoke.

"What I was trying to make clear is that I love you, and want to make you my wife." He spoke with extreme care and deliberation. "Love you dearly," he repeated; and then he waited for her reply.

It did not come at once. Miss May had fallen from fruit-trees in her day, and had had some experience in runaways and steamboat explosions, but no previous training had prepared her for a shock like this. She forgot her "natural manner," and became so truly natural that she bent her pretty head upon her silken arm and burst into tears.

"It wouldn't be so—bad—if I didn't care for you so," she sobbed. "But I can't help it; I've been afraid of it the whole time. I can't get you out of my mind one minute, day or night. You look—you do look so perfectly lovable and grand!"

During her broken speech the Kaiser's face had changed from radiance to perplexity, and then to radiance again. At the last wailing adjectives, joy overcame him quite, and he started towards her with impetuous step. Yet how could he accord his eager happiness with the strange tearfulness of the little figure rocking with covered face in such an ecstasy of woe?

He sat down quietly beside her, and drew one unresisting hand from the little tear-stained face. "Let's talk it over reasonably," he said.

"I do believe we can," she cried with sudden energy, and she turned upon him eyes wet as violets on a showery morning. "It is better to be reasonable and frank, and you look as if you could understand."

"You flatter me," he said; but she went on, unheeding—

"Let me tell you this first, to comfort you: I shall never, never marry!"

"To comfort me?" he gasped.

"Never, never! For I know now that I love you with all my heart, and that, even as you are, you are more companionable and dear than other men with all their faculties entire."

She looked wistfully into his dazed eyes as she continued—

"But it's like this, dear: one has certain principles, and one must live up to them. Do you understand? It's a matter of conscience, not merely of personal feeling or fear. And it would be wicked, actually wicked, to assume the grave responsibilities of married life under such conditions. You see, my dear, dear friend, if your poor insane father had never married, we'd have been spared all this misery. Crazy people ought never to marry. Even if you were cured, or considered so, the slumbering mania might some day be roused,

and so our marriage would be little short of criminal."

She had talked with feverish haste, all her fear forgotten in the earnestness of her desire to make the whole case clear to him. And now she watched him pacing frantically back and forth, and wondered in a spasm of remorse if her reckless ebullition had unbalanced his poor, unsteady brain, and were bringing on another attack.

It would almost seem so, for he walked like one possessed. Twice he started towards her, strange emotions struggling in his face; twice it seemed as if his madness would find relief in words, and, finally, just as a gleam of intelligence seemed to light his eye, all his tortured and over-wrought soul found expression in one horrifying dissyllable.

When the storm began to clear, and the three conspirators to sort the mental *débris*, they found among the wrecked pleas and fabrications but one excuse that had held intact—Burton's wicked beginning of the plot.

"You see, old chappie," Long began in his soft, persuasive way, "Burton hahdly thought you the man for a lovely girl like Miss May. He's mighty pahtic'lah, you know, Burton is—got strict ideas. Miss May's sawt of a religious little body. Burton's been mighty pious himself since he married her sister."

At which Kaiser Krum made use of a pious word or two not recorded. "I'd like you to tell me the day when I didn't lay Burton way in the shade for real principle," he demanded



"HE PAUSED, AGHAST" (*p.* 72).

III.

WHATEVER Kaiser Krum's previous attacks in the Asylum had been, none exceeded in violence that which occupied him upon his return from that memorable visit with Miss May. The very air trembled about him, and Long and Russel and Dahlgren found that coping with a Kaiser mad was, after all, no joke.

hotly. "Any fellow that'll plan a low-down trick like that and scare his wife's relations into an early grave—by Jove! I'll show him up! Mrs. Burton shall know what sort of sport her husband is."

"Oh, you'll cool off by morning," Russel said easily.

And, so far as outward sign gave token, he foretold well.

The Kaiser went about his varied duties serenely. He even called, two nights later, upon the Burton household, and was so smiling and matter-of-fact, so free from all constraint, so coolly ready to ignore everything connected with that last tempestuous call, that Miss May felt her heart grow leaden with dread and disappointment.

She did not know that the Kaiser's inward glee arose from his certain knowledge that justice would be meted out.

"I'm coming to walk to church with you to-morrow, if I may," he said in friendly fashion to the ladies as he left. "Sorry you can't be with us, Burton. This comes of business on Sunday; but you may see us come home—that is something;" and the Kaiser made his adieux in a tone so buoyant that Miss May crept off miserably and had a good cry all alone.

Meantime, in a distant and not too reputable portion of the town, boys large and small had been poring over a sign posted conspicuously upon bill-boards and fence-corners.

"Wanted. A quiet and gentle dog. Any breed. Deliver at my residence next Sunday, 12 o'clock sharp. T. S. Burton, 1220, Breton Place."

Sunday came, and it was high noon when the Sabbath stillness of aristocratic Breton Place was rudely disturbed by the yelping and howling of curs being led, dragged, or carried to the portals of No. 1220.

Burton had come home from the office warm and weary, and had thrown off his coat for half an hour's rest before dressing for dinner, when the house-bell jangled discordantly once, twice, thrice, each time with increasing violence. Quiet followed, and then the jangling recommenced. Presently the excited tones of the hand-maiden were heard in the lower hall, and Burton went down to investigate.

In his doorway he paused, aghast.

The entire yard and street seemed filled with dogs—dogs of all colours and conditions; of rare breed and no breeding; dogs ranging in age from youngest puppyhood to decrepit decline; dogs secured by chains, ropes, and the detaining clutch of grimy hands; and dogs, escaped from all bondage, exploring the premises or engaging in lively and independent warfare. There were mastiffs and bloodhounds, pugs, poodles and terriers, house-dogs, watch-dogs, greyhounds, and setters. In all his life before, neither at dog-show nor vivarium, had Burton ever beheld such a collection of barking, yapping, uproarious dogs.

When he looked up, he saw beyond the nightmare well-dressed people walking home from church, their faces vivid with expressions of surprise, annoyance, or disgust. Occasionally someone scurried out of a decorous walk to dodge a darting canine or his darkey pursuer.

It seemed to Burton that all the blood in his mortified body surged to his averted face. Could he, Burton, the quiet, the correct, ever face again the little world about him whose sense of the proprieties he had so grossly outraged? *He* to stand there conspicuous, powerless, chagrined! He made an angry dash into the crowd, at once furious, despairing.

And at that instant, fresh, calm, and smiling, around the corner stepped Kaiser Krum, Miss May's dainty prayer-book in his hand, and conscious propriety visible on every inch of his tall person.

There was a horrified look upon Mrs. Burton's pretty face. "It—it seems to centre at our house," she was saying in a strained little voice.

"Jove! What can that husband of yours be doing now?" the Kaiser exclaimed with barely-disguised disgust.

And then, through the crowds of "sports," negroes, and dogs, they had reached the gate, and were being guided through it by the solicitous Kaiser.

"Burton," that gentleman exclaimed sternly, while Mrs. Burton's reproachful eyes made each word stab doubly, "can you explain what this spectacle means? Were you not sufficiently erratic in your younger sporting days without dragging such an element about you now and here?"

And Burton, dumb before the withering disapprobation of this model, suddenly gasped, as light struck him—

"You barbarian! If I don't wreak vengeance on your yellow head before the sun has set!"

But he was slow about it. He stood in admiring wonder while the Kaiser selected a crippled rat-terrier, and wrote a cheque for it in Burton's name. And his admiration grew when, having thus easily settled matters, the Kaiser dismissed as by magic, men, boys, and dogs, and assured his diminished host that he would so far forgive him as to come in to dinner.

That night, when Tom and Kitty had considerately gone off to walk, Kaiser Krum made his third attempt to explain to Miss May his true mental condition.

And happy Miss May, finding his ravings delicious to her ear, cried as he held her fast, "If this is lunacy, dear Kaiser Krum, may it last for ever and ever!"

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.



CLOAK, HAT, RUG, UMBRELLA, AND TRAVELLING BAG, FROM MESSRS. HEATH & CO., OXFORD STREET, W.
(From a photograph by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

ALL pleasure is comparative. To the country bred the "countless smiling" of the summer sea is truly an unfailing pleasure, whilst to others after the exhaustion of brain and nerve incurred by the competition of talent, social life, or bread-winning in the great arena of city life, delightsome are Nature's influences to those who seek their soothing and refreshment in a visit to the country; and many are the attractions she invites us to revel in, whether we seek them in the wild mountains of Wales, or in the restfulness of the calm beauty of the Valley of the Wye, or, it may be, seclude ourselves in the retreat of a quiet home where only the notes of the wild birds, the laughter of the rills, and thousand whisperings of the forest disturb our rest.

If it be our intention to make the country our resort, everything needful to our requirements or graceful for our personal adornment must be thought of and packed ready to go with us, from the small but necessary item of pin or hairpin to the not easily overlooked gown or costume.

Firstly is required a good cloak wrap, preferably waterproof (such as the one we illustrate from Messrs. Heath & Co.), in a becoming shade of grey, with facings of plaid silk, and to ensure comfort when walking in rain and wind the cape has little inner arm-straps and the collar frill is hooked down at the points to the cape. The stylish hat is composed of straw ribbon and feathers, and the umbrella is elegant and light in weight, with beautiful handle of tortoise-shell. A good example of this firm's well-fitted and extremely useful travelling bags is also shown. A warm rug is a necessity; and should the journey extend into the night, a comfortable hood of cloth lined with chamois leather is an acquisition.

For a close-fitting hat with indented crown of either cloth, coarse straw or Panama straw, shades of brown, black, green, white, or burnt-cream colour, supply a large variety of useful and appropriate styles. Panama straws have a very stylish appearance; one in particular, with a box-shaped crown, the rim curving up at either side, and a black satin lining blocked in with the straw, had narrow black moiré ribbons twisted around the crown, with high loops grouped at one side and fastened in with two long quills.

Costumes for Country Wear.

For the country walking costume a tailor-built gown is the perfection of style; and nothing could be more charming on a sunny day than one made in smooth-faced cloth,

combined with velvet in exactly the same tone of colour.

We give a sketch of a really beautiful example, built in a pale shade of stone-fawn cloth. The coat, cut without a centre seam at the back, fits perfectly to the figure, the side seams forming graceful curves into the waist, thence in flutes, not pleats, to the edge of the basque which is short. The fronts have a most becoming long-waisted appearance, almost fitting to the figure, and merely opening to show a narrow line of the dull green silk whereof the shirt is composed. The elegantly shaped revers of velvet have an outline or strap of the cloth. Although the collar stands up well at the back of the neck, yet it curves downwards to the centre of the back some five inches, and rises on the shoulders to meet the front revers. The sleeves are not of extreme dimensions—a fact which asserts itself in the tailor-made world of fashion, in contrast to the huge sleeve of the silk or crépon gown.



COSTUME IN SMOOTH-FACED CLOTH, FROM MESSRS. REDFERN, NEW BOND STREET, W.)

A black-chip crush toque, ornamented with groups of rosettes in gold and green and upstanding ends and jetted quills in black, gives the finishing-touch to this refined and beautiful costume. From this original emanate the numerous modifications whose existence verify the charm of its use and adaptability. In homespun cheviot, with shirt of silk, moiré, piqué, or cloth, it meets every requirement of day wear.

The practical cape of three-quarter length is one of the most convenient garments to possess for country wear, and is only equalled in its usefulness by the semi-fitting covert coat, greys, putty and drab being the leading colours, with double-breasted fronts that turn back in revers, and collar at the neck, and are fastened with half-a-dozen handsome buttons of tortoise-shell or smoked pearl. The basque of the coat is shorter and has much less fulness than of yore, and the seams are strapped. Charming little capes are made for young ladies in cloth of a brown tint; this colour supplying so many tones and shades that an easy selection may be made, most becoming to the complexion of the fair wearer. The best style is that which provides double capes that have a narrow line of black or écru coloured piping at the edge and two stitchings to correspond, half an inch above. The deep turned-down collar may be made in brown velvet, black moiré, or in the cloth with a vandyke collar of écru lace; a broad bow of ribbon clasps the cape at the neck in front.

A pretty rival to the cloth jacket is a sleeveless pelisse—see our illustration on page 80—made with double capes that open back and front, bordered with lace insertion and ornamented with moiré ribbons. The turned-down collar is pleated in the centre of the back and forms two points. The hat is a very becoming shape in black chip, and is ornamented with black jetted ribbons and quills, a drooping cluster of auriculas in brilliant colours being placed at either side of the back and also under the left side of the brim.

A good "workman-like" costume for wet weather, and consequent mud-splashings, is in waterproof cheviot—the skirt, short to the ankles, plain, and bordered at the hem with soft leather; a perfectly plain-fitting bodice with a pointed basque, fastening straight up the front, and finished with a tiny revers and collar of the leather. Over this is worn a pelisse, also in the tweed, fitting to the figure,

sleeveless; and with a cape to the elbow, fastened beneath a handsome turned-down collar, which, if required, can be raised round the throat; a hat of waterproof material, ventilated; and good double-soled boots, with the tongue-leather sewn to either front to prevent the rain from intruding.

Garden Party Toilettes.

Flower-shows and garden parties form a large proportion of country festivities and afford opportunities of donning the pretty gown of fancy muslin or delicately-tinted canvas. The accompanying design (page 76) represents an underskirt of pale grey-green satin and rows of point de Venise lace insertion, appearing also on the vest and half-sleeve. The over-skirt—fawn canvas shot with green and pink—is raised in pleats at the left side and forms two double box-pleats at the back. A draped satin belt is worn at the waist, into which the seamless bodice is drawn in fulness. The revers open back and front in a V-shape and are finished with small knots and bows of satin. The sleeves, arranged with large puffs caught up with satin knots, reach to the elbow, with the lower half tight-fitting to the wrist.

Crocodile crépon in the new shade of pink I saw arranged in a most effective manner as a fête dress; the skirt of crépon had wide black lace inserted at the seams, tapering to the waist and finished at the hem in a full box-pleat, clasped with a black satin ribbon bow. The bodice was draped on a tight-fitting lining, the lace sewn on in lines extending from the shoulders to the waist and the point where they joined the lines on the skirt was hidden beneath bows of satin. The fulness of the voluminous sleeves was grouped into a knot and bow of the ribbon on each shoulder, with a wristlet and bow of the same, with fan-frill of the crépon around the wrist. Black lace with square ends kilted was arranged as a collar, and the whole costume was crowned by a large hat of golden straw and black roses, the sunshade being dull green silk. This toilette was worn by a handsome dark woman at a fashionable fête.

Young ladies will welcome the delightfully cool muslin that is now so fashionable, and that looks so charming against a background of shrubs and flowers. Plain white book-muslins, combined with lace insertions passing round the figure or in large vandykes, have garnitures of ribbon either in blue or the pretty saffron tint of yellow, arranged as rosettes and streamers.

The hats worn on these occasions are broad-brimmed, with upstanding ribbon bows trimming the outside, and roses nestling on the hair at one side underneath the brim. Other



SEASIDE WALKING COSTUME.
(*Sketched at Messrs. Redmayne's, New Bond Street.*)

shapes have flat round brims and low crowns, in burnt-cream straw, trimmed with bunches of black violets with green stems and aigrette knot of black lace, and one erect spray of rosebuds in natural colours. Such a hat is charmingly becoming, and completes the toilette sketched on page 76.

The present fashion of wearing a bodice in material dissimilar to the skirt proves of great assistance in obtaining variety where the packing space is too limited to allow of several dresses accompanying us on a visit. Thus a most useful and comfortable bodice could be arranged to look well with two or three different skirts if it were made in black moiré silk with revers outlined with jet and its deep basque adjusted with the waist-belt,

worn or not at pleasure, the tight-fitting lower half of the sleeve being also made free from the large upper puff. Draped bands of old-rose miroir velvet at the neck—fastened with a paste ornament and cravat of lace—also finishing the puff just above the elbow, add a dressiness to the design. For full evening dress we illustrate (on page 77) a quaint picture gown made in pale grey-green satin, having a silvery sheen upon its surface, embroidered profusely on bodice and revers with silk and crystals in self colour. Embroidered straps, looped over crêpe gauze, form the beautiful and picturesque sleeves, with similar gauze in tiny horizontal puffings filling in the low square bodice. The material, a mixture of wool and satin, had a most handsome effect, and fell from the figure in lovely folds.



GARDEN-PARTY COSTUME, FROM MESSRS. ALLISON, REGENT STREET, W.

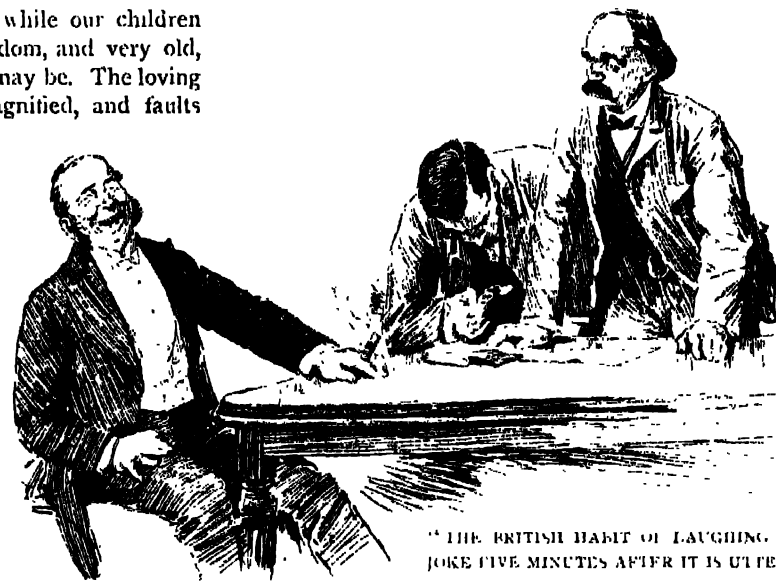
A beautiful shade of corn colour was chosen for an evening dress that was entirely composed of crêpe that had a glistening line of crinkled silk striping its surface, the simple folds of the plain skirt falling gracefully to the figure. The bodice, on the contrary, was elaborately decorated with a deep puff that draped the figure from the small round neck, encircled with a ruche, to the deep belt that rose in a point to the centre, and was bordered with a triple row of minute puffings, and girdled at the hips with a graceful scarf and long ends to the feet. An arrangement of a deep puff and three soft frills veiling the elbow, formed the sleeve. With this gown was worn a gauze fan of a rich metallic green colour, painted with fireflies, and a necklet of tiny pearls, from which depended uncut jewels.

For slight, girlish figures the favourite Empire style is very becoming. A pretty gown in this design was made in China silk, with high waistbelt richly embroidered in silk and seed pearls, the neck, slightly open, revealing soft folds of lisse. The deep puff of silk above the elbow was finished to the wrist in transparent lisse sleeves slightly full to the shape of the arm.

A very suitable design for a young lady is a gown of Liberty cashmere, in a pale shade of blue or grey, with a square-cut bodice bordered with Oriental embroidery, which also composes the shaped waist-belt. The skirt is very full at the back and quite plain in the front, gored outwards to the hem; a huge puff of cashmere goes from shoulder to elbow and is finished by an armlet of the embroidery. This gown is easily converted into a day dress by the simple addition of an adjustable vest of pleated silk high to the throat, with a draped collar of old lace, and the lower half of the sleeves made on a tight lining with the silk pleated horizontally at the inside seam. A charming little evening wrap, three-quarter length, made in cashmere to match the gown, with large bow and hood-lining of silk, is a graceful finish to this toilette.

A gown of silk for dinner and evening wear is indispensable when visiting. The accompanying example, illustrated on page 78, is a handsome gown of French design in a lovely shade of pale blue Gros de Suez silk, the surface closely besprinkled with black chenille spots. The border of the skirt is cut in deep vandykes outlined with a beautiful imitation of point lace in cream colour; beneath this is a box-pleated flounce of blue glacé silk edged with a narrow black lace. At the back the skirt is very full, and has two long ends of black

coloured glass, flecked with glory, while our children believe us to be mountains of wisdom, and very old, whatever the number of our years may be. The loving husband or wife sees virtues magnified, and faults correspondingly diminished, in the life's companion. The fiction of appearance kept up for the sake of others is not always to be deplored, for the fact of striving to live up to the ideal formed by those who love us often brings about a realisation of the image. Nor can we persistently traverse the belief in our goodness and worth. We *must* make ourselves justify it.



"THE BRITISH HABIT OF LAUGHING AT A JOKE FIVE MINUTES AFTER IT IS UTTERED."

If we could hear our servants talk of us, we should gain useful information. "*She'll* get a new one d'rekly, and say nothing," would be a good hint to a young housekeeper if she heard the cook make the remark to a careless housemaid who has had a smash of crockery. "She's *orful* mean!" would lead a matron who is obliged to study economy to explain a little of her reasons for inquiring about the stray dishes that have so odd a fashion of disappearing when carried into the larder, if she heard the cook and kitchenmaid say it. If they knew it was necessity, not choice, which made their mistress so careful, they would probably try to help instead of hinder her.

To try to see ourselves as others see us, to try to let others see us as we are, are two lessons we may go on learning all our lives, and the happy person who acquires them best may feel certain that he helps to oil the wheels of the heavy chariot of life's burdens which each one of us must drag till he reaches the Portal of Death.

IVOR MERLE.



"'SHE'S ORFUL MEAN!'"

THE PHANTOM FORGET-ME-NOTS.

PREFACE.



IT is not without misgiving that I make public the following statement, written by the late James Glascodine.

My first impulse on reading it was to put it quietly into the fire; but it is not a light matter to disregard a dead man's wishes, and Mr. Glascodine's high character and well known researches have given so much prominence to his story, it is only right that the public should know the whole truth about the phantom forget-me-nots.

ANDREW BONHAM,
Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

IN publishing this narrative, I may at once say that I expect to be blamed for not having published it before.

So be it.

I have borne much in my life—more than anyone has suspected, unless it be my son-in-law, Andrew Bonham, whose filial care has brought comfort to my declining years.

Through the death of my parents I was left my own master when quite a young man, and at the age of twenty-three I married a girl some years younger than myself.

My married life was blest beyond conception.

It does not become me to dwell here upon the one year which my wife and I spent together.

She died on the first anniversary of our wedding day, at the birth of a daughter, and left me the most miserable and forlorn of men.

My hopes were crushed as regarded this life—and I did not believe in any other.

I knew—and events have proved the correctness of my judgment—that I should never find another woman to console me for Marian's loss.

My old home of Dalbourne Hall had grown hateful to me, and the sight of the child was hardly less painful.

I shut up the house. I felt as if I should like to burn the place to the ground, but the next heir had rights over it which I could not disregard.

I left one of the gardeners and his wife in charge of Dalbourne Hall, and went back to the rooms in London which I had occupied as a bachelor. But I found it impossible to resume my old ways.

The amusements and occupations which had sufficed, when life lay before me, had lost their interest now, when all that made life worth living lay behind me.

An apparent accident turned my attention towards the subject which was to engross my best energies for over thirty years.

I entered upon those statistical inquiries which have, I trust, been of some service to my fellows.

My one year of happiness faded more and more into the distance, and I ceased to suffer because I ceased to feel.

For fifteen years I never set my foot inside Dalbourne Hall. Slade, the gardener I have already mentioned, looked after the grounds; and Mrs. Slade took care of the house.

Once a year I received a letter* from Mrs. Armstead, the wife of the rector of Dalbourne.

With the freedom of an old friend she used to reproach me for my absence from Dalbourne, and even hint that I did not show enough interest in the child.

As a matter of fact, Helen—she was named after her godmother, Mrs. Armstead—was not an interesting child.

She had inherited her mother's charm neither in mind nor in person, but was a pale, undersized little girl, with a reserved and unprepossessing manner.

I had placed her in the care of a lady, Miss Crofton, who had once been governess to my Marian, and was now living in the county town of Highminster, where she kept house for her brother, one of the minor canons at the cathedral.

She was a worthy, dull woman, very fit for the subordinate part she had to play in life, and though her society was very tedious to me, I put up with it for the short visit to Highminster which I thought it my duty to pay from time to time.

I never imagined that more than this could be expected of me, or that Marian could still care for the child, whom, I mistakenly believed, she had never seen.

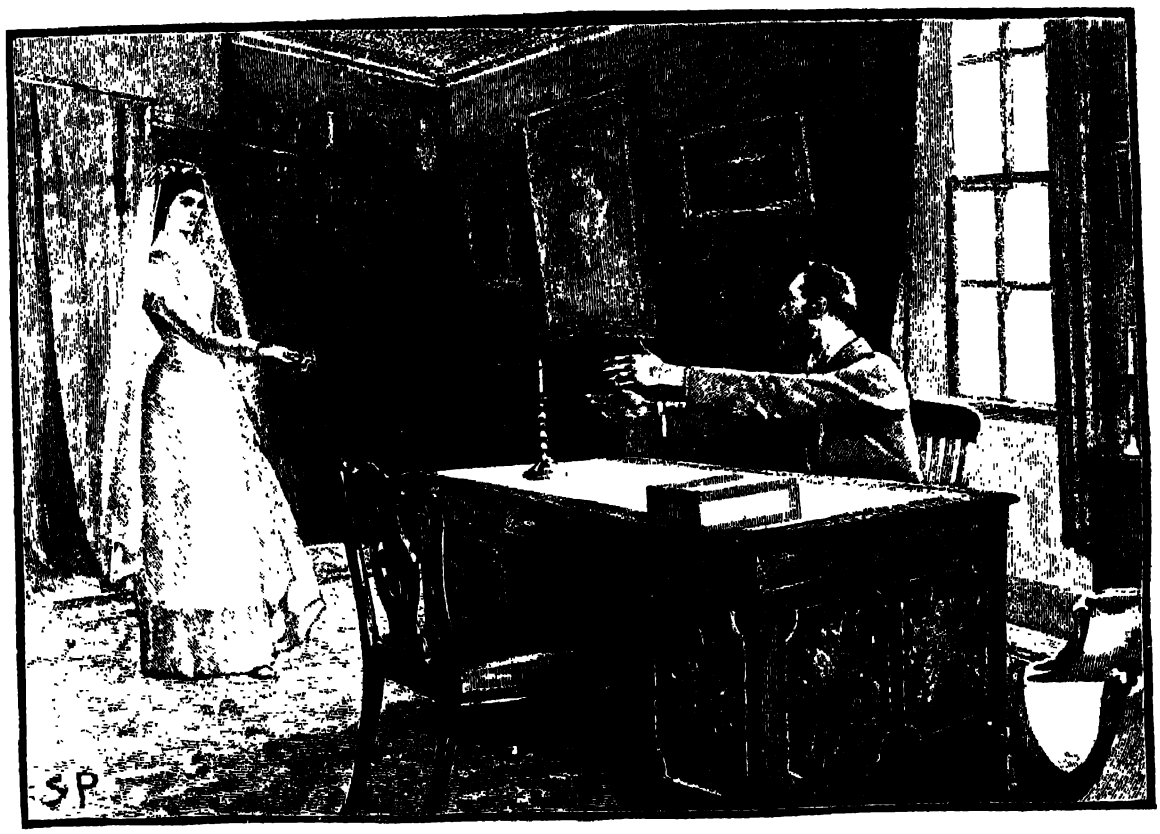
If I ever thought of the two together, it was only to feel how deeply Helen had injured me in substituting her insignificant life for Marian's brilliant existence.

I believe she was happy with Miss Crofton, and, after she had received some elementary teaching at Highminster, I arranged with that lady to take her to Leipsic for two years, so that she might study music at the Conservatoire.

I was glad to feel she was satisfactorily disposed of for some time, as I was about to make a lengthy visit to America, and pursue my investigations in the United States.

Before starting, however, it was necessary for me to revisit Dalbourne Hall. I wished to set my affairs in order, consult some old papers I had left there, and

* This letter used to be sent in acknowledgment of an annual gift of £100, which Mr. Glascodine regularly sent for the benefit of the parish of Dalbourne. His rather dry statement gives no hint of his liberality—a liberality also shown in the arrangements concerning his daughter. Mr Glascodine's income was never large.—A. BONHAM.



MARIAN!" I EXCLAIMED

destroy an uncancelled will—made before my wife's death—which bequeathed my whole property to Marian.

I would not spend the night beneath my desolate roof, but went down by an early train, and reached Dalbourne at mid-day.

No one recognised me at the little station, and I took the field path to the Hall, a walk of a couple of miles.

It had been dreary winter when I last left the house, but now the sun shone on its walls, and the open windows gave something of an inhabited air to the place.

After the fewest possible words with Mrs. Slade, I passed into my study, and shut the door behind me.

I will say nothing about my feelings, but it was some time before I felt calm enough to attend to the business which had brought me there.

I was perfectly collected, however, when at last I sat down at my writing-table and opened the drawer. There lay my will as I had expected, and I was about to take it out when suddenly I raised my head, which had been bent over the drawer.

As I looked up, my eyes fell upon my wife, who had apparently just entered the room, not by the door which I had closed, but through another door, covered by a curtain, and communicating with a room which used to be her dressing-room.

How often, in the old days, had she stolen in and surprised me at my work like this!

It seemed so natural that, for a second, I felt no astonishment at seeing her. I only wondered why she had got on her wedding dress.

Her face as she entered was just the same bright and laughing countenance I so well remembered; her eyes dancing with merriment, her cheeks suffused with a glow of health and happiness.

"Marian!" I exclaimed, and stretched out my hands towards her.

At the sound of my voice a change came over her; she fixed on me a mournful and reproachful gaze, pronounced our daughter's name in low, but unmistakable tones, and held out a bunch of forget-me-nots, her favourite flower, as if it were a token of what I was to do.

I sat as if turned to stone, my eyes felt dazzled, and I could see no more. I don't know whether I lost consciousness or not.

I can't tell whether I had been sitting thus for half a minute or half-an-hour when I came to myself once more; but the room was empty now, and I asked myself if I had been dreaming.

But I knew it was a foolish question—I was as certain I had seen my wife as I was now certain that I looked upon an empty room—empty, save for one sign of the presence which had been with me, on the floor,

between me and the curtained door, lay a bunch of forget-me-nots.

I sprang forward and drew aside the curtains. The door behind was closed and locked, and when I entered the apartment by a second door, which opened on to the corridor, the room showed no signs of having been recently occupied.

I hurried down to Mrs. Slade, to inquire if anyone had been in the house; for, convinced though I was that I had seen my wife, it seemed to me a sacred duty to make all due investigations, so as to preclude the chance of its having been the result of fraud or error.

Mrs. Slade was positive that no one had been near the place; and as to anybody opening my study door, she showed me the key hanging on a nail in the housekeeper's room, where it was always kept.

I showed her the forget-me nots as a proof of a visitor's presence, and her astonishment was unfeigned.

"Dear! dear!" she exclaimed. "Why, I haven't seen any the like of those since the mistress had her picture painted, with a bunch of them in her hand."

It was true. The flowers were not like those which grew in our garden; they were the large water forget-me-nots, only to be found in the little river which ran through Dalbourne village and past the churchyard where my Marian lay.

Taking my precious flowers with me, I returned to town, in a dream of bewildered happiness. I had seen my wife again; she was not lost to me, as I had believed: I had a proof of her continued existence, and the hope that mine might mingle with hers again.

It was with difficulty that I could bring my mind to bear upon other subjects during my subsequent interview with my lawyer; but his inquiry whether I were in my usual health gave me a hint as to the need of self-control.

I repressed all sign of emotion and proceeded to Liverpool, whence I embarked for America.



"HER ASTONISHMENT WAS UNFEIGNED."

But I had presumed too far upon my strength, and before I had been two days at sea, I was really ill.

The ship's doctor was skilful and attentive, but I believe I owed the recovery of my health—and, perhaps, my reason—to my cabin companion, Dr. George Bonham.

Unlike so many of his colleagues, he was a firm believer in spiritual intercourse. He was a man of original ideas and a disciple of Swedenborg; gifted with a subtle intellect, and a great charm of manner.

It was an untold relief to find that my story met with unhesitating belief on the part of so able a man. He even pointed out—what had escaped my perception—that my wife's visit was due to anxiety about her child, and her desire to establish a more intimate relation between Helen and myself.

This view received a startling confirmation a few weeks later, when letters, forwarded from Miss Crofton, informed me of Helen's dangerous illness at Leipsic.

Marian's visit had doubtless been intended as a warning, and I was so much impressed that I believe I should have returned to Europe if the next letters had not been of a reassuring nature.

As it was, I remained in Boston to take part in the Statistical Conference, which I had come to America to attend.

At Dr. Bonham's urgent request, I allowed him to make public my story at a great meeting of the Boston Psychical Society.

This course was repugnant to my feelings, but my gratitude towards Dr. Bonham would not allow me to refuse; besides, he convinced me that it was my duty to impart to others the communication which I had been privileged to receive. It needed no small effort on my part to change the convictions of my whole previous life, and to avow myself a believer in those things which I had hitherto considered to be ignorant superstitions, unworthy the attention of thoughtful men.

I have reason to think that my story has been the means of convincing many unbelievers of the existence of a spirit world, and I feel I ought not to murmur at the price I have had to pay for the good thus accomplished.

My evidence excited much attention. At first it was blankly contradicted, and my friends in England set it down as a barefaced invention of the American newspapers.

One after one they wrote to me, asking me for an explanation of my remarkable change of views. To each of them I replied that the story of the phantom forget-me-nots was absolutely correct—except, indeed, in the matter of its title. It will hardly be necessary for me to point out to the intelligent reader that the forget-me-nots were not phantoms. I have them still in my possession, carefully dried by that German process which retains the natural colour of the flowers.

But the newspapers, with their slip-shod inaccuracy, dubbed my story by that misleading title, and no protests of mine have availed to change it.

I suppose any other title would have rendered me equally ridiculous in the eyes of a jeering and ignorant public. But it has been no light matter for a man of my solid reputation, and grave disposition, to be made the butt of the witticisms of a so-called comic press.

The society of those who unhesitatingly believed in me became more grateful from the contrast. During the remainder of my stay in America, I saw a great deal of Dr. Bonham and his friends, earnest men, who, convinced of the substratum of truth in many of the so-called supernatural phenomena, devoted themselves to the examination of those subjects.

Their investigations were much hindered, however, so Dr. Bonham told me, by the circumstance that persons gifted with a high degree of what I might call mediumistic power, and therefore likely to be the recipients of supernatural communications, were also apt to be persons of imaginative or hysterical temperaments, which rendered them (to say the least of it) inaccurate as witnesses; and many among them, far from being morally elevated by their peculiar privileges, were tempted to eke out and magnify the communications which were granted to them, by deliberate inventions and fraudulent practices.

It was my undoubted honesty and matter-of-fact character, Dr. Bonham said, which made my case a peculiarly valuable one; and he and his friends entertained high hopes of future discoveries which they might make through my means.

In this we were all disappointed. Ardently as I longed to obtain some further communications, that one visit was all I ever received; and when Dr. Bonham and I returned to England, two years later, there was nothing more to be added to my story, though our belief in the continued existence of departed spirits had been confirmed by much that we had seen and heard in America.

With my full sanction, Dr. Bonham visited Dalbourne on our return, that he might make a more complete investigation of the locality and circumstances connected with my story: and, at the suggestion of his brother, Mr. Andrew Bonham, a young barrister, he paid particular attention to the time of my arrival at Dalbourne Station and at Dalbourne Hall, and as to whether the Slades had apprised anyone of my expected arrival, and various little matters which had hitherto escaped our notice.

Indeed, I was so much struck by Mr. Bonham's acuteness and sagacity, that I wished him to accompany his brother. But Dr. Bonham objected, on the ground that Andrew Bonham's disbelief in spiritualism would make him a prejudiced witness on the other side, and that he had not the impartiality which was necessary for the task. Dr. Bonham thought that investigations such as these should be conducted by men trained in the scientific pursuit of truth, and not by those whose perceptions were blunted by the chicanery of the law-courts.

I thought Dr. Bonham a little severe, and was pleased by the admirable good-temper with which his brother took his remarks. But there was no doubt



"'YOU MIGHT TRUST ME, HELEN.

that Andrew Bonham was a very obstinate young man. Even when Dr. Bonham returned with the most satisfactory answers to his inquiries, Andrew, while admitting our good faith, refused to accept our conclusions.

"Then how do you explain the contradiction?" urged his brother.

"I can't explain it," was the reply. "This is just one of those cases that one must be content with not understanding. Half the error in the world has arisen from the impatience with which people insist upon explanations of the inexplicable."

It is a curious fact that, in spite of his prejudices, I not only became fast friends with Andrew Bonham, but that I actually felt more at my ease with him than I did with his brother George.

My daughter Helen, who joined me at this period, seemed to share my preference; and it was with a feeling both of pleasure and relief that I consented to a marriage between her and my young friend.

Certainly he was better fitted to make her happy than I had been. He admired her pale face and languid manners, and he was quite enthusiastic about her music—a subject in which I never took the slightest interest.

Helen improved very much after her marriage, and was an excellent mother to her handsome boys; though I sometimes wondered how it was that she should have been the mother of those beautiful children, so full of life and animation, and brimming over with fun and cleverness.

They were certainly the most promising and attractive children I have ever known.

The eldest bore such a striking likeness to my wife that I one day remarked to Helen, I could have wished he were a girl.

But Helen never thought like other people.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "I am so thankful they are all boys. There is only one thing in which a girl is superior to a boy, and that is in her greater capacity for suffering."

Andrew, who was sitting beside her, looked troubled at her words, and laid his hand upon hers with a mute caress.

"You might trust me, Helen, to make your daughter happy," he said.

Helen looked up at him with a beaming smile, which brightened her whole face.

She reminded me of my dead Marian.

Startled and moved beyond what I could have imagined possible, I hurriedly took my leave, with that look of Helen's still before my eyes.

It is before them even now.

Three days later Andrew sent me an urgent summons. Helen was not expected to live, and I must come immediately if I wished to see her once

more. I hastened to their house, but I was too late to bid her farewell. She had already passed away, leaving a little daughter behind her.

I grieved for her more than I could have believed possible; but I did not feel the anger and despair I had experienced at Marian's loss.

Now, I confidently hoped for a reunion with them both, and Andrew shared my hopes, though he did not share the ground of my hopes.

It may be well that it was so.

The shock which I weathered might have wrecked his faith.

This was how it happened.

Three weeks after Helen's death, Andrew came one evening to my rooms, and handed me a closed letter.

"It is for you," he said, "I found it in Helen's desk."

He sat down, while I opened the letter, and we read as follows—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have something which I feel I ought to tell you; but I am not at present equal to what might be an agitating interview.

"If I ever get strong again I shall destroy this letter, and tell you by word of mouth. If I do not recover, I shall leave it for Andrew to give it you after my death.

"I have just read the story of the 'Phantom Forget-me-nots.' Soon after my marriage I learned that some strange story was connected with your name; but, in obedience to my husband's wish, I refrained from inquiring about it. I knew, even then, that his request was only a part of the tender care with which he has made my life like a dream of happiness.

"An apparent chance has just thrown your story in my way; and I read it through, not knowing, till the last line, that you were the hero of it.

"I then saw that you had been the victim of a piece of girlish folly, which had long weighed heavily on my mind, though the dread you inspired in me has always prevented me from alluding to it. The day before we left Highminster for Leipsic, Miss Crofton and I went to spend a long day with my godmother, and bid her good-bye before leaving.

"Mrs. Armstead was always very kind to me, and both Miss Crofton and I used to enjoy these visits to Dalbourne Vicarage.

"Many a summer afternoon, while she and my godmother sat knitting in the garden, I used to wander through the village, or lay flowers on my mother's grave, and I generally ended by paying a visit to the Hall.

"I did not like Mrs. Slade, who was rather cross, and old, and always wanted to hurry me; so I fell into a habit of entering the house without speaking to her. I knew where the keys of the different rooms were kept, and I used to ramble about the house for an hour at a time, carefully replacing everything exactly as I had found it. Slade was always about the grounds in the afternoon, and Mrs. Slade was far too deaf to hear me, while I took good care she should not see me.

"On the afternoon I met you at Dalbourne, I was very happy at the thought of our approaching journey; my godmother, too, had pleased me very much.

"'Why, Helen!' she had exclaimed, when she saw me, 'I declare you are growing the very picture of your mother.'



'FORGIVE ME, THAT I THINK FIRST OF HELEN'" (p. 110).

"'She has always been like dear Marian,' replied Miss Crofton, 'though no one would believe me when I said so. Marian was small and pale, like Helen, till she was about fifteen, and then she shot up and her complexion grew bright, just as Helen's is doing.'

"Nothing pleased me so much as to be told I was like my mother. I went gaily along the fields to Dalbourne Hall, and picked a bunch of forget-me-nots as I passed the brook.

"A fancy seized me, that I would place the flowers beneath the picture of my mother which hung in your study.

"I entered the Hall, and went, as usual, to my mother's sitting-room to find a vase for my flowers.

"You remember how her sitting-room leads first into her bedroom, then her dressing room, and, last of all, into your study.

"Everything in her rooms was unchanged. I knew every article in her drawers, and had often taken them out and looked at them with reverent affection. I lingered now, and opened the drawer where her white satin wedding-dress lay wrapped away.

"A faint smell of lavender recalled Mrs. Armstead's garden to my mind, for I had been standing by the lavender bushes when she had said--

"'I think you will be the picture of your mother.'

"But my mother had on her wedding-dress in her picture, very unlike my pink, cotton frock.

"With a sudden impulse I took off my own dress, and arranged myself in my mother's satin. I caught up my forget-me-nots, and looked at myself in the glass. I could almost have fancied that the reflection I saw was the picture which hung in the study. I determined to go, just as I was, and look at it. I was delighted to think that I was really like my mother.

"I opened the door and passed through the curtains, looking for the dear face I knew so well.

"I cannot describe the shock I experienced, when my eyes fell on your angry face. You pronounced my mother's name, as though demanding the author of this profane travesty.

"I faltered, and then, overcome with terror, hastily drew back and locked the door behind me. I went into my mother's room, and hurriedly put on my own frock, replacing her gown in the drawer. To my great alarm, I presently heard you enter the adjoining dressing-room, but instead of coming into the bedroom, you went down the front staircase to speak to Mrs. Slade.

"I crept quietly down the back stairs, and heard you shouting your questions to make her hear. Under cover of the noise you were making, I slipped into the housekeeper's room and replaced the keys; then I crossed over to the other side of the house, and out through one of the open windows.

"I flew back to the Rectory, hoping to gain Miss Crofton's sheltering presence before you had had time to overtake me. I never doubted but that you had seen me, and would reproach me. I often wondered afterwards why you never mentioned the incident, and concluded you were too deeply offended with me to allude to it.

"Now that I understand the reason of your silence, it is my duty not to leave you in error. I ask your forgiveness for unintentionally misleading you, and regret the foolish timidity which made me shrink from you."

I read the foregoing letter with a feeling akin to consternation. My whole existence for the past fifteen years seemed suddenly blasted and falsified.

I gazed at Andrew in speechless wrath and despair.

But even kind-hearted men look at troubles from their own point of view.

Tears were standing in his eyes, but not for me or Marian.

"My poor darling!" he exclaimed. "How you must have suffered!"

Then I think he saw the anguish in my face. He grasped my hand in his, as he said—

"Forgive me, that I think first of Helen. But the real meaning of her history is, that the true way to honour the dead is to cherish the living.

"That was the message which your wife sent you through her daughter. What does it matter whether you received it by natural, or, so-called, supernatural means?"

Andrew is right.

From what I remember of my own state of mind, my embittered feelings and sceptical views, I can see that I needed some such startling appearance to dispose me towards that attitude of belief which has been the consolation of my closing life.

The cause of the reticence of my later years is now explained.

I was no longer in a position to maintain the objective truth of the story of the "Phantom Forget-me-nots;" but I shrank from a second time making a public recantation of my opinions.

If my fellow-men accuse me of cowardice or dishonesty in holding my tongue, they may remember that they have to thank themselves for my silence.

They made me suffer too much, when I frankly avowed my first change, for me to be willing to encounter their vulgar ribaldry again.

Besides, I had reason to believe that my evidence had had the effect of bringing others to a belief in an unseen world and a future life, and I feared lest I should be the means of again unsettling their faith.

I therefore resolved to be silent.

Only now, when my stay here is to be measured by a few weeks, or even days, the choice is laid before me to speak out while there is time, or to go hence with a secret in my heart, to meet those two pure souls, with whom I humbly hope to be reunited.

Perchance, even the mocking world will hush its laughter at a dead man's voice. It may be that its merriment will not reach me in my grave—but if it does, better that, than to feel I wronged it by keeping back the truth.

E. CHAPMAN.

"BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD."

ARE LADY-HELPS A SUCCESS? YES.

BY EDITH E. CUTHELL, AUTHOR OF "LADY LORRIMER'S SCHEME," "ONLY A GUARD-ROOM DOG," ETC. ETC.

Forty Years Ago and Now.

DURING the last forty years woman's sphere has widened in two directions—the intellectual and the practical. The higher education of girls has made enormous strides, and their capacity for mental work has proportionately increased. On the other hand, their practical and manual and physical training has been also greatly extended. For the word "genteel" we have substituted "womanly." Cooking, nursing, gardening, dairy-work, dress-making, and millinery have been thrown open to the gently-born and refined woman, for whom formerly governessing was the only available means of livelihood.

Hundreds of girls who used to be relegated to vacuous idleness over worsted work and wax flowers, or forced into uncongenial and unsuitable teaching, can now be usefully and profitably employed in positions formerly considered menial. The lady-help is a distinctly *fin de siècle* product. Our grandmothers, though they made their own jams and got up their own fine laces, would have scorned the idea of doing such things for hire. Yet the teaching other folks' children has never been held degrading. But in our fuller, busier lives, with our present crowd of surplus women, the lady-help, like mercy, comes as a boon and a blessing, both to herself and to others. Now that education is so universal we demand heads as well as hands.

The lady-help combines both. Where one sister gravitates towards nursing and enters a hospital, and another takes up teaching in a high school, the third, less robust and strong-nerved, less intellectual, more home-loving and domestic, with a love of children and a taste for housekeeping, and deft with her fingers, can become truly a lady's help.

The movement, like all innovations, was laughed at at the first, like Sir Robert Peel's "Bobbies," or the Volunteers, in the sixties. Let us attempt to dispel any lingering doubts as to the success of the lady-help, and first from her employer's point of view.

Servants Difficult to Get.

We have only to glance at the advertisement columns of the daily papers to see how increasingly difficult good servants are to procure. The well-trained superior article naturally gravitates towards the larger houses, and middle-class families have to put up with the smashing, banging, stumping, smudgy, raw material.

The mistress of a country vicarage, the wife of the small professional man, or of the upper tradesman in a provincial town, who have a certain amount of outside or social duties, and who cannot be always in their nurseries and kitchens, to such the lady-help is a real boon.

Everyone knows in a small house how the servant's powers of song or of altercation, their moods of mirth or temper become, after a time, too omnipresent and apparent. Supplant her by a lady-help and there is peace in the kitchen.

Some people have a prejudice about asking their equals to perform menial offices for them. They do not prefer a lady-nurse in sickness, for instance. But surely a vulgar, rough and uneducated person about the house is not preferable to a refined one? The mistress who lays herself out to treat her lady-help kindly and unselfishly will find herself amply repaid for such extra outlay of consideration, by receiving in return more loyalty, more head and heart service than from one not of her own class, for class feeling can never be wholly broken down, and servants are a class, if not, indeed, a caste.

Not Mere Machines.

The lady-help, to be a success, should not be a mere machine, neither should she be treated as a household drudge. Her comfort, both in kitchen and in her bedroom, should be considered. These, even if stuffy, cramped, or bare, may seem luxurious and palatial to a servant from a two-roomed cottage, but the lady-help will expect more refined surroundings. In these days, however, so much stress is laid on artistic houses, and comfort so much thought of, that it hardly seems necessary to insist on this point.

In the matter of economy the lady-help is distinctly worth her salt. She has no lurking affinity for the baker's boy, and does not waste her time over the area railings with the passing policeman. She is superior to perquisites, and can be trusted to check and pay the books, having the pen of the ready reckoner, as well as of the ready writer. Thus she saves her mistress both time and money.

We have heard a great deal lately about lady journalists. There is a daily increasing class of married women, mothers of families, too, who supplement their husbands' incomes by professional work of their own, either in teaching in schools or privately, by newspaper or art work, or as superintendents or managerésses.

To such as these the lady-help is specially valuable, in conjunction with regular servants. Hitherto we have only considered the lady-help alone, with no other servants, in poorer households, helping the mistress, the mistress helping her, and

living quite as one of the family. In the household of the professional woman the lady-help is a success under another aspect. She is more than a mere-upper servant. Besides managing the children or the kitchen she can assist in social duties, do the shopping, write the notes, interview callers and business people, and in countless ways save the time which is the money of her busy mistress.

It follows that she must have a servant or servants under her, but she herself will be more than a mere housekeeper and less groovey than a governess or mere teaching machine. The mother need not fear, then, that during her enforced absences her children are left entirely with inferiors. The lady-help is a refined companion for her girls, as well as a buffer between her mistress and servants, tradesmen, and bores.

Sharing a Crust v. *Picking Crumbs.*

And now a word as to the lady-help herself. Granted that it is always bitter to eat the bread of others, is it not easier to share their crust with them than to pick up the crumbs which fall from their table? Doubtless the lady-help, to be successful, must be gifted with tact and temper. The governess lives apart in her own domain: the hospital lady-nurse has her being under a *régime* of discipline which it is easy to bear conjointly with a crowd of others. The position of the lady-help, however peculiar, need not, therefore, be anomalous.

If she is thrown with servants who are not subject to her, she must expect jealousy and other disagreeables. But if these are met with dignity, tact, and kindliness—if there is no suspicion of siding against the servants with the mistress, who can tell what her influence for good on her associates may not be? A few generations of lady-helps may leaven and raise the whole system of domestic service throughout the land.

Doubtless, however, the lady-help is happier and more successful in small households where no servants are kept, though the work may be rougher and more continuous. But a nice girl will soon adapt herself to the family where she is well treated. It is the same with pleasant governesses. The lady-help, however, must not undertake her work with a view to romance.

It is only in novels that she marries the eldest son or the rich bachelor lodger. The days of Cinderellas are past. As regards society, however, and intercourse with people of her own class, the lady-help in a small household is infinitely better off than the governess in a family of superior position.

The Pecuniary Point of View.

From a pecuniary point of view, again, there is no denying that the sphere of lady-help offers the best remuneration for the least preliminary outlay. The qualifications are more those of character and temperament than those of expensive training or natural gifts. Contrast the salaries commanded respectively by nursery governesses and by cooks. Domestic service is better paid than teaching.

The careful mother, obliged to send her daughter out into the world, can have no doubt as to the success of the lady-help movement. There are many girls with a natural love of children and a wealth of motherly tenderness which, unfortunately, will probably never be expended upon offspring of their own. Why not turn these gifts—for surely such a feeling, springing from the heart, is a gift, and from the God who is love Himself—why not turn these gifts to account? An ear for music, an eye for drawing, has its monetary value. Why in the same way should not a love of babies, or the possession of what are called "cook's fingers"?

Again, is it not safer for a girl to be living "at home," as it were, under one roof, than to be tramping to and fro as a daily governess, or to be turned loose among an unknown herd of close companions in a shop or a type-writing office? These considerations ought to weigh with mothers.

The Ideal Lady-help.

In conclusion I have in my mind's eye an ideal lady-help, modelled on a real person. She was a girl of good social position, not at all bookish, but a fine horsewoman and good tennis player, who, wearied of the eternal round of the London season, went out to pay a year's visit to relations ranching in the Far West, facetiously dubbing herself the "hired girl." There were no servants, of course, on the ranche, and I inquired wonderingly of her mother one day how the life suited Kathleen.

"She is enjoying herself unmensely," was the reply, "though, of course, it is hard work. She failed in churning, she writes—her butter wouldn't 'come,' but she has undertaken the washing, and is most successful in getting up white shirts: 'a dandy at clear starching,' they call her."

"White shirts!" I gasped. "Do they wear white shirts out there?"

"Indeed they do," replied my informant. "They dress for dinner every evening when the day's work is over, and I have just sent Kathleen out another tea-gown."

This is an ideal picture of a lady-help, I know. But it is far from being an impossible one, and it is a good thing to have an ideal to aspire to, and if the lady-help and her employer try to fall into some such lines, in the future the ideal will be realised. In the meantime it is good, in this workaday world, to have a good, common-sense moral maxim to cling to and live up to, for ideals are, after all, far-off, cloudy things, and no better motto can guide the lady help than the old-fashioned one we imbibed as children, namely, "to do our duty in that state of life (whatever it is) to which it shall please God to call us."

LADY-HELPS ARE *NOT* A SUCCESS.

A Theory for Housekeepers.

SOME years ago a theory was propounded to housekeepers, which at once arrested their attention, for it promised to solve once and for all those vexed questions for ever arising between mistress and maid, servers and served. The middle-class matron felt that henceforth she would no more be distracted by careless, untidy, wasteful, ill-tempered domestics, but that her cares would be shared by two or three delightful young ladies, who would get through the work of the house in half the time and with twice the "gumption" of the erewhile Mary Jane. The cooking would be done on the most hygienic principles, whereby digestion would be ensured, delicate appetites tempted, and the totals in the grocers' and butchers' weekly books halved. Instead of echoes of the type of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" and "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins" floating up the kitchen stairs from untutored throats, gentle strains from tuneful "Mascagni" or original "Grieg" would be wafted to the drawing-room; while in the evening, work done, and the house in order from cellar to garret, two pretty, well-dressed damsels would come into the drawing-room, and play accompaniments for Belinda's violin, read to the blind aunt, or play backgammon with grandpapa. No more underpaid, overworked governesses would be seen. Every girl who, through stress of circumstance or lack of brain, could not take a degree at college, or display a diploma, would be drafted into the ranks of the lady-helps, and become an angel to some untidy house. The advertiser who required "A lady who can teach German and French (acquired abroad), the rudiments of Latin, music, drawing, and the usual branches of a good English education to four young ladies. Salary, £16," would have to replace it by a request for "A thoroughly domestic young lady who can superintend the kitchen department of a household of eight. Nothing menial required. Salary, £20." Mater's girls would all go to high schools, and she would have daily leisure for needlework, reading, walking, or correspondence, as her taste might incline.

Some Flaws in It.

A delightful theory; but even at starting there were flaws in it. The "surplus governess" could not at once undertake the duties of cook, parlourmaid, or housemaid, these professions requiring as much training (though of a different kind) as that of teacher; and the numerous girls who caught at the chance of quitting the schoolroom for the kitchen did not pause to consider that to send up two dinners a day for a family of eight, to economise provisions and fuel, to keep the store cupboard well stocked and the table well covered, required forethought, practice, and instruction; and their failures cast a shadow of incapacity over the lady *cook* from the first. Then the difficulty of arranging about the hard work—the actual scrubbing of a greasy kitchen floor, the attention to sinks and grease traps, blackleading the kitchener and cleaning out its flues—has always proved a stumbling block in the path of the lady-help. It seemed out of place to require Dorothy or Phyllis, with her dainty appearance and soft hands, to undertake these uncongenial tasks of the Mary Jane or Jemima whom she replaced; but if she could not be asked to do it, who could? If a girl to do this hard work had to be brought in, the difficulty about below-stairs etiquette and companionship again arose. The original theory that *all* the work of the house should be done by ladies, who would be together in the kitchen during work time and ascend to the drawing-room when it was over, became an unworkable one, if a grimy Matilda were introduced to the household. In the same way, the young lady who undertook to be housemaid in a household with three servants would object to scrubbing the nursery floor, cleaning the nurse's bedroom, emptying baths, scouring lavatories, and carrying up coals. If, therefore, the lady-help in the kitchen would only weigh, measure, mix, and make nice dishes and arrange a good menu, and the lady house-parlourmaid only clean silver, trim lamps, lay the table, wait at it, and dust the room after making the beds, another inmate must be taken into the house, and other difficulties and troubles begin.

More Difficulties.

But even where the lady-helps did their work fairly well, and the trouble about the rough scrubbing was arranged, other worries were not infrequent. Sometimes she who claimed to be, and to be treated as, a lady, was in many cases the uneducated daughter of a tradesman or a small farmer, who believed she would at once better her position and have less to do as "help" in some other house than her overcrowded home, and was by birth, training, and disposition, quite unfit to associate with the family of the mistress who received her. Or, again, she was a lady in all essentials, but failed to grasp the tone of conduct required in her very difficult position, and mater found that although she no longer was annoyed by the cook who played the accordion, yet she was only exchanged for the girl who scraped the violin; and Matilda Jane's Sunday frock, with its aggressive trimming, was replaced by Miss Julia's tailor-made costume, which was easily recognised as a replica of the latest purchase of the eldest daughter of the house. Cook no longer asked one evening a week for—chapel; but Miss Dorothy required almost as frequently to go and dine with the aunt who was passing through town, or to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the cousin who was going

to India; while the friends who came to see her had to be entertained at tea in the drawing-room, and probably turned out to be acquaintances of mater's own friends, through whom filtered back to her the intelligence that "dear Dorothy had a bad time of it, poor Mrs. Smith was so very exacting."

Then would arise another case. When the help was ready and willing to do all the work, hard or otherwise, required of her, if she were really a lady, refined, educated up to a certain point, well-bred and well-nurtured, gifted with a head, a heart, and a conscience, she did all that was expected of her, and did it faithfully and well; but at the end of six months she broke down *hopelessly*, and the employer who had been rejoicing over the treasure she possessed, mourned the loss of help and the help's loss of health.

The Lady-help a Failure.

These and other causes we have not space to mention have made the lady-help a failure; that she is so is abundantly testified by a look through the advertising columns of the daily or weekly papers, which for a year or two teemed with lists of lady-helps. Now the name is either absent altogether or else is replaced by the "Useful Companion," the "Lady Housekeeper," or the "Young Lady of twenty, to take the place of elder daughter." "Mothers' helps" are still to be engaged, and they are always supposed to be children's nurses. This we imagine to be the best field of operation for the real lady-help; for, surely, to have a refined gentlewoman to take entire charge of her children must be a great boon to a busy matron.

The vexed question of mistress and maid, therefore, does not seem to be nearer settlement; for though as mother's help, or as general helper where two or three spinsters live together in a flat, the lady-help may prove useful, as an actual worker, to take her place amongst the army of servants, she has not been found eligible.

It seems, however, that there must be a large field for the operations of those girls who cannot, for various reasons, become governesses, and who are not fit for genuine service. They have largely recruited the ranks of the sick nurses, they are to be found in dozens at the call of every surgeon, and they ably fill places of trust as housekeepers, superintendents of the laundries in large establishments, school matrons, lecturers on cookery, hygiene, nursing, and dressmaking for County Councils, and as amanuenses, secretaries, guides, couriers, companions, and even gardeners. In all these (and many more) positions is scope enough for the helper; but it is better that she should drop the prefix, and evince her title to be a gentlewoman by the conduct which proves her to be one.

PICTURESQUE IPSWICH.

'Hence to Ipswich, doubtless one of the sweetest, most pleasant, well-built townes in England." 8th July, 1656—"THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN."



A CORNER POST.

IPSWICH, in spite of its great age and its respectable population, is still very much in the country. At least, so it seemed to Anna and me as we walked about the town one warm summer's evening.

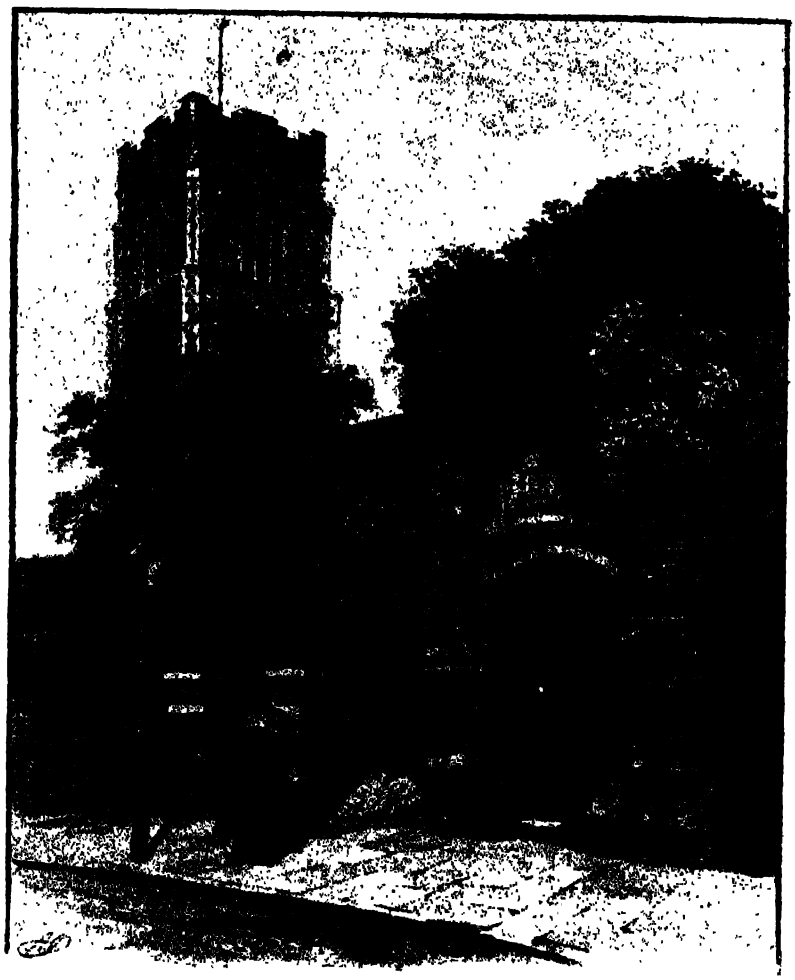
In Ipswich you are never far from the sight of green trees; and ten minutes' walk in any direction will show you some glimpse of Nature—be it river-bank, wooded hill, or distant corn-fields.

The sixteen churches of Ipswich help to deepen this semi-rural impression. Most of them are surrounded by spacious churchyards, where avenues of limes, rows of sycamores, or groups of elms lift up their green heads with that happy, vigorous growth which trees seldom display, unless they are nourished on country air.

The number and positions of these churches alone would tell us that Ipswich was an ancient place; while its tramways, its factories, its newspaper office, its girls' high school, and its girls' club assure us that it is a very modern one.

It is this union of past and present which gives its peculiar interest to Ipswich. It makes the town, in a high degree, historical.

Though it is not connected with any one great event in our history, Ipswich is a sort of historical event in itself.



WOLSEY'S GATEWAY AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

It is like a fragment chipped off from the mass of English life: a little, easily-handled specimen, in which may be traced all the qualities of the larger bulk.

If we look in the museum we find records of the earlier times—in the Roman tessellated pavement dug up near St. Matthew's Church, the stone vessels recovered from the ooze of the Orwell, the coins of the Saxon days, some of which were minted in Ipswich.

The churches preserve relics of the succeeding period, from the curious Norman font in St. Peter's Church down to the windows of St. Laurence, interesting specimens of the Perpendicular work of the fifteenth century: the last great style in English ecclesiastical architecture.

It is succeeded by the domestic architecture of the early Tudor days, when the general security, following upon the Wars of the Roses, expressed itself in those large-windowed houses which culminate in the Elizabethan style.

The Archdeacon's Gate, in Northgate Street, is an interesting relic of Henry VII.'s reign, while the gateway in College Street—all that is left of Wolsey's foundation—reminds us of the greatest of the sons of Ipswich.

The vivid, many-sided life of the sixteenth century reflects itself in the old house in the Butter Market. Its elaborate ornaments in wood-carving and pargeting, the emblematic figures of the four continents which decorate its walls, as well as the scene from Virgil's Eclogue, recall the culture of that period, which was illuminated by the discoveries of the New World and the old learning.

The richly ornamented houses, built from this time onward, and right through the seventeenth century, are an indication of the active civic life of that period, when the towns battled manfully for their charters with their kings; when John Evelyn visited the place, commended "the prudence of the magistrates," and asserted, "in a word 'tis for building, cleanesse, and good order, one of the best townes in England."

In the eighteenth century Ipswich seems to have sunk into the quiescent state, which was to follow

one period of excitement and prepare the way for another.

At one time the population of the place diminished so greatly, that it was said to be "a town without a people." It has shared to the full in the activity and energy of this present century, and grown, like the rest of the country, in wealth and numbers.

Unhappily, the lack of taste which was so characteristic of the first half of the nineteenth century, and found its strongest expression in the work of the "Regency," has set its mark on Ipswich.

It is to this period we owe the loss of some of the most interesting relics of the past - the cloisters of the old Dominican priory, still perfect in 1811, and the ancient market cross, which stood in the centre of the town.

But the artistic sins of the first half of our century are forgotten when we remember the literature which we owe to that time. The humorists of those days—from Lamb to Thackeray--have twined themselves round our hearts and our lives, and Ipswich is associated with the foremost of the band.

It was at the "Great White Horse," in Ipswich, that Mr. Pickwick had his celebrated adventure with the lady with the yellow curl-papers, and that Sam Weller "returned Mr. Job Trotter's shuttlecock as heavily as it came." The green door through which that worthy emerged, is still pointed out in Angel Lane, near the old Angel Inn, at the bottom of Fore Street.

Fore Street is full of charming specimens of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and we keep crossing and re-crossing the road to get the best view of some elaborate carving, grotesque bracket, projecting window or corner post, till our devious course attracts the attention of a kindly old dame, who is enjoying the evening air at her street door.

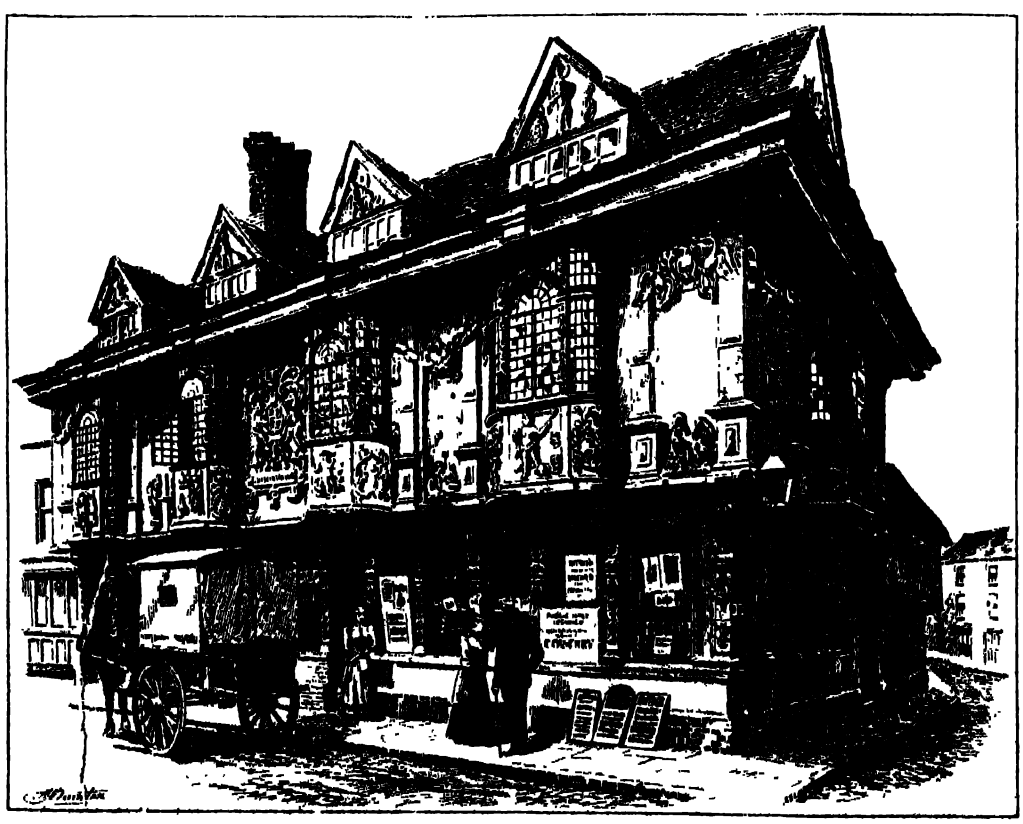
"What number are you looking for?" she amiably inquires; and we explain that we are only admiring the carving upon her house, upon which she invites us indoors, to show us the fine old staircase, of which she is justly proud.

We make out that this is the house once occupied by Cavendish, the faithful follower of Wolsey, and an ancestor of the present Duke of Devonshire.

He was also known as a traveller. His companion, Eldred, who travelled round the world with him, lies buried in St. Clement's Church, hard by. A portrait printed of him many years ago deserves to be remembered for the quaint and touching inscription that accompanied it.

"What can seeme great to him that hath seen the whole world and the wondrous works therein, save the Maker of it and the world above?"

The corner posts of Ipswich are a feature which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere; but local differences in house architecture were commoner three hundred years ago than they are in the present days of easy transport and intercourse.



THE ANCIENT HOUSE.

The old houses of Shrewsbury, Ludlow, and Tewkesbury differ widely from those of Salisbury, Wells, and the Cotswold districts, which lie near good stone quarries; and the Ipswich houses are specially interesting, as showing the good effect that can be got out of the comparatively poor materials to which their builders were, in some measure, restricted.

They are, for the most part, built of wood and plaster, with a little brick in the foundations; it is a wonder so many of them are preserved, and that they have escaped the fires which have destroyed many old wooden houses in other parts of England.

Several of the Ipswich corner posts are elaborately carved. The one at the junction of Northgate Street and Oak Lane, shown in our illustration, has a representation of a blacksmith and his forge, possibly meant for St. Dunstan.

Another post, in Foundation Street, has a carving of a fox and some geese, with an ecclesiastical-looking figure in the middle—probably one of the sly jokes against the priests, of which Chaucer and his contemporaries were so fond.

Sometimes, as in the post at the corner of Silent Street, instead of being placed against the wall, the corner post stands clear of the house, supporting the projecting beams of the upper storey, and forming a sort of double entrance to the door, which is placed in the angle of the building.

One old institution of Ipswich is preserved by name alone. Lady Lane recalls the memory of the once famous shrine of "Our Lady of Ipswich," which stood near that spot.

It was of great repute in its day, was said to work miracles, and was the object of many pilgrimages. At the Reformation it was taken to London and burnt; and it is especially mentioned by name in the second of the Church homilies—that against "the peril of idolatry."

What a comfort it is, by the way, that we don't change the names of our streets to suit the political fancies of the moment; and that we can still walk about London in company of Dr. Johnson, or John Evelyn, or Mr. Secretary Pepys, without incessantly looking at a foot-note to see whereabouts we are.

In spite of my admiration and respect for the French nation, I should find it trying to belong to a country which can change the Rue de la République to the Rue d'Orléans, and back again to the Rue de la République, in the trivial space of a single century.

The same love of old memories meets us in the streets near St. Peter's, where College Street and Cardinal Street show that Ipswich returns the affection with which Wolsey seems to have regarded her.



THE OLD "NEPTUNE" INN, FORE STREET.

The union of those two names brings up the memory of a third. Shakespeare makes Buckingham complain of—

> "That Ipswich fellow's insolence";

and, later on in the play, Griffiths' apology for the dead statesman refers to—

> "Those twins of learning that he raised in you—
> Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
> Unwilling to outlive the good that did it."

Many of the names of Ipswich are as local as its corner posts themselves. Catchpole and Boby, Cobbold and Punchard, are all suggestive of Suffolk, and, if you meet them in any other county, you may be pretty certain about their origin.

It is upon the old side of these towns one loves to linger—rather unfairly, perhaps, in the case of Ipswich, which is taking so brave a share in our life of to-day.

Its country-town businesses have expanded into important industries, and its agricultural implements have carried the name of Ipswich all over the civilised world.

The town also shares in that revival of architecture which seems at last to be setting in, and which makes this latter end of the nineteenth century appear so very much alive.

Perhaps the old style—or rather, want of style—reaches its climax in the pillars in front of the Town Hall; but the last ten years or so have produced buildings which are worthy to stand by the early architecture of the town.

The bank buildings in the Cornhill, with the houses adjoining it, the newspaper office and the girls' club in Carr Street, are buildings which do credit to the place; and one is glad to see a finely-coloured red brick replacing the white brick in vogue some years back.

This last is a most unsatisfactory material from an artistic point of view—a poor, slaty white when new, which turns to the dingiest of greys after a few years' wear.

We went over the Working Girls' Club with its genial lady superintendent, and were charmed with the unusually well-planned building.

The bright little garden, where the girls can swing, and play croquet, and sit in the fresh air, made us quite wish we could waft it away for the benefit of our London friends. But the two beautiful acacias which adorn the place would soon hang their heads in Whitechapel or Bethnal Green, to say nothing of such a return for the courtesy with which we were shown over the club.

But of all the modern work in Ipswich, we were most pleased by the restored tower of St. Laurence's Church, a singularly happy combination of flint and stone, worthy to stand beside the old Perpendicular church, which Anna looked at with extra respect, as it is honoured by a place in the pages of "Rickman."



OLD HOUSES, FORE STREET.

This use of flint in church building is very characteristic of Suffolk; the flints are found in the county, and they give something of that local flavour so delightful alike in art and literature.

One would like to see this flint building developed to meet modern requirements: flint and stone panelling would have an excellent effect in street architecture; and we commend this idea to the notice of the Ipswich people for the next public building they may wish to erect.

Besides its promenade along the banks of the Orwell, the town is well supplied with public gardens and recreation-grounds.

One, with the high sounding name of the Arboretum, has a part reserved for subscribers, where families with children pay twice as much as those which consist of adults.

We don't know what the young people of Ipswich may have done to deserve this invidious distinction.

I asked an old woman who opened a gate for me why they kept the churchyards locked.

"If we didn't keep them shut, the boys would pull them up by the roots," she replied; but I am inclined to believe she slandered them, and Ipswich would be a more hospitable place if they left churches and churchyards open for the refreshment of the weary.

The town was keeping holiday at the time of our visit. Christchurch Park was crowded with thousands of tidy and orderly people: all the children of Ipswich seemed to be there, for the most part dressed in the simple but pretty fashions which have lately prevailed among the rich.

In a country like ours, where we show our respect for our social superiors by imitating them as closely as we can, where this year's Belgravia is reflected in next year's Whitechapel, it is a real boon when the fashions set by "the great" are such as can suitably be adopted by the poor.

One of our errands in Ipswich was to see Anna's old nurse, who had married and settled in that town, and now brought her three pretty children to the park to help in the consumption of plum-cake, which we were told was distributed to ten thousand children.

I can well believe it—the streets of Ipswich were redolent of that delicacy.

While pretty frocks and bright ribbons were fluttering in Christchurch Park, the young manhood of the town was collected in the cricket-field, where various sports were being carried on.

From a sheltered spot we watched them racing under the broiling sun of the hottest of July days, and we felt proud of belonging to the energetic race which can find its pleasure in such arduous exertion.

It is this cheerful energy which struck us as the chief characteristic of Ipswich; and the town reminded us of one of its own trees—its roots well grounded in the past, while it is growing bravely and brightly in the present.

E. CHAPMAN.

THE SLEEVE OF CARE.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," etc. etc. etc.



CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

MRS. MAGNIAC was a little late for luncheon that morning, but when she appeared she was as beautiful as usual, and her languid air a little more marked.

She motioned Lord Chesney into a chair at her right hand and smiled at him, which mark of favour he received, however, with absolute indifference.

He had been a guest at Mervyn Court a little more than a fortnight, for he had arrived on the same day as Miss Humphreys.

He had come for a day or two, for he was attached in a certain fashion to his meek little host, but it was Tessie's eyes that had held him captive for a longer time.

Those evenings of delicious music were an oasis to him in the desert of the long dreary days, when he had to spend as much of his leisure as could be exacted in Mrs. Magniac's society.

He had occasionally, too, met Tessie in one of the corridors, or had come upon her strolling in the garden, with a volume of Browning or Tennyson in her hand, on which occasions he had always made a point of arresting her as long as possible in conversation.

He had grown to long for those delicious moments in a way that made him blush when he thought of it. For Chesney had never known in his life of five-and-thirty years what it was to be susceptible.

"Miss Home," said Mrs. Magniac, toying with her raspberry cream and raising her voice a little as she spoke, "I am afraid that I am quite unequal to giving you a sitting this afternoon, as I have been considerably upset by an interview that I have had with Miss Humphreys."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Home drily. "Then I am afraid that the picture must be finished without the sitting, for I must leave by the first train to-morrow."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Magniac, with a faint sigh of disgust for Miss Home's unfeeling words; "if it is absolutely necessary for you to leave to-morrow, of course I must put inclination aside and give you a sitting."

For the picture was to be exhibited at the winter galleries, and Mrs. Magniac hoped by its means to develop into a full-blown fashionable beauty.

"What has poor Miss Humphreys been doing now," said Lady Silverdale, pausing with a scrap of jelly on the way to her mouth. "Governesses are always in the wrong. *Cela va sans dire!*"

Mrs. Magniac gave her an unamiable look.

Her guests were evidently not prepared to receive her communication in the proper spirit.

"It is altogether a terrible affair," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "I have had complaints that she has not been conducting herself in a proper fashion in this house, and that her previous life has not been an absolutely desirable one."

This was an afterthought on the part of Mrs. Magniac, and put in for telling effect.

Miss Home pressed Lord Chesney's foot warningly under the table, for she saw that his face was white with passion, and that he was on the point of speaking.

"And," continued Mrs. Magniac, "she came to me this morning with some lying tale about my poor little girl Lalla. Said she had seen her in the avenue being embraced by a man, but when I taxed the man in question with this he utterly denied it, and avowed that it was a fabrication of malicious jealousy."

Miss Home's eyes wandered round the table to each of the men's faces in slow wonder.

First to Chesney, livid with suppressed fury; then to Baker, absolutely indifferent; to their host, open-mouthed with astonishment, and last of all to young Sandford of the Guards, and d'Arcy, a budding peer, both of whom, for some untold reason, blushed violently.

Then she looked back to Chesney, and their eyes met.

She gave him a little sign of repression and he controlled himself with a mighty effort.

"Dear me," said Lady Silverdale with a loud laugh, "none of the men seem very anxious to confess themselves the heroes of this *esclandre*. Shall we put it to them each in turn? Lord d'Arcy, I must say that you look decidedly guilty."

The boy stammered out a denial, and Chesney said coldly—

"Suppose, instead of picking a woman's character to bits any longer, we arrange how to pull off that lingering tennis-match this afternoon."

And under his auspices, much to Mrs. Magniac's irritation, the conversation drifted into a fresh channel.

When luncheon was over Miss Home beckoned Chesney out of the room, and he followed her to the studio that had been set apart for her use.

"Look here, my dear young man," she said, laying her hand on his arm and peering up into his face in her quaint, half-quizzical fashion, "don't you go and make that girl's position worse than it is by sticking up for her. I can see how the land lies with you: but, my good fellow, I'll look after her, and wherever Emilia Home has a resting-place for the sole of her foot that lovely little creature shall find a home and plenty of employment. I shall take her to London with me to-morrow, for it would break her sensitive little heart to be 'returned empty' to her mother as a failure in the governess line. And—I believe you know my town address, Lord Chesney?"

His eyes made an eloquent answer to her words, as he pressed her hand and turned away.

Miss Home winked rather fiercely two or three times.

"Poor fool," she muttered under her breath. "I don't believe in matrimony, but, upon my soul, that young man makes me believe in love."

And she trotted off to the schoolroom.

Tessie was sitting crouched upon the window seat, her face buried in her hands. And as she lifted her head at Miss Home's approach her eyes were swollen with heavy weeping.

"Tessie Humphreys," said the little artist severely, "I should be sorry to have to call you weak-minded; but to that conclusion I must inevitably come if your face does not assume a less woebegone expression. Only babies and idiots weep at escaping from bondage, and you surely do not want me to consider you either the one or the other?"

Tessie gave a faint, hysterical sob.

"But where am I to go? I cannot return to mother absolutely penniless, when we were hoping such great things," she said brokenly.

"No, of course not. You are coming to live with me in London for a bit. As you are to sit to me for Diana in my new picture, it will be a most natural proceeding, and you can easily find plenty of music pupils near at hand."

For all answer Tessie flung herself on Miss Home's neck, and slipped her warm, grateful arms round her waist.

"Dear, dear Miss Home!" she said. "Do you really mean what you say? Only let me explain first about Mrs. Magniac and Mr. Baker. I cannot allow you to——"

"Bless your heart, my child," said Miss Home, patting her head gently, "as if I hadn't read that yellow-faced villain like a book! He hates you like poison, and would say anything to injure you. There, there, don't cry. I know you told me he was the means of your losing your fortune. Be a good girl, and cast Bakers and Magniacs behind you, and be ready to start with me by the eight o'clock train to-morrow morning, and we'll begin a new and jolly life together. Bless my soul, there's that red-haired, diamond-covered serpent calling me. I had forgotten the hour of our sitting!"

And she dashed away, leaving Tessie happier than she had been since she left her home, and full of thankfulness to God for having led her safely through trial to unexpected happiness.

Lalla and Isobel were not allowed to see their governess again that day, and Tessie keenly felt the disgrace into which she was so wrongfully thrust.

Her meals were brought to her by the sympathetic Ada, who assured Tessie that she was well rid of the bondage of Mervyn Court.

"It's a godless place, miss," she said, as she displayed a tempting piece of roast chicken before Tessie's tearful eyes. "Don't take on so: you're not the first, and you won't be the last governess that Mrs. Magniac has got rid of; and if ever you want a maid as'll take a pride in dressing a beautiful mistress, think of Ada Smith, and she'll come to you at once."

"Thank you, Ada," said Tessie with a wan smile. "I am afraid that I shall never be in a position to need a lady's maid."

"Oh, won't you, miss?" said Ada, with a little laugh. "Now, do take a bit more chicken. Cook's real anxious for you to make a good dinner."

Tessie, when she had finished her packing and the one or two necessary duties that had to be done, sat down in the schoolroom thinking, a little drearily, until the cool grey twilight descended upon the earth and the night fell.

Failure and misunderstanding are always disagreeable things to contemplate, for even though they are not the outcome of one's own fault, the effect is the same. And to have failed is one of the bitterest griefs human nature can endure.

When Tessie thought that the whole household would be installed in the drawing-room, enjoying after-dinner chat and Lady Silverdale's singing, she crept downstairs into the sleeping garden.

It was absolutely necessary to her that she should have a breath of fresh air to cool her tear-stained cheeks and fevered brow, and she stole out by the side door on to the stone terrace, and away past the drawing-room down to the rose garden.

Lady Silverdale was singing as she passed the half-open window, and the sound of the shrill metallic voice, and the vulgarity of its French chansonette floated out to her on the evening air.

She could hear the applause that followed the rowdy chorus, and she hastened her steps to escape from an atmosphere that was so thoroughly distasteful to her.

All around her, as she groped her way in the silver moonlight, the roses were hanging their faintly-perfumed, sleepy heads in the shadow of their green leaves.

She sat down on the edge of a marble fountain which, from a statue in the centre, was lazily flinging a thin jet of water into the air, and let her fingers dip in the cool basin.

Presently she heard, growing out of the distance and the night, a man's voice, singing softly under his breath a scrap of "La donna é mobile," and alternately puffing at a cigar, the spark of which flared redly in the hazy light.



'HE CAME UP, QUICKENING HIS PACE AS HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER.'

It was Lord Chesney, and she held her breath, uncertain whether to fly or to remain where she was.

Something held her spellbound, and when he came up, quickening his pace as he caught sight of her figure against the marble statuary, she looked up at him with a quiet smile.

"You are a late wanderer, Lord Chesney. I thought that you were such an ardent lover of music!"

He flung away his cigar and stood looking down at her.

"Not of that sort of music-hall squalling," he said, with a shrug of disgust. "But what are *you* doing out here?"

He thought that never in his whole life had he ever beheld so sweet a thing as this fair girl, with her pathetic, pale face and wealth of rich hair outlined against the dead whiteness of the background.

He could see that she had been crying bitterly, and with all his strong, tender heart he longed to take her in his arms, and to kiss those tears away, assuring her that never in this dreary world should she have cause to shed them again.

But he controlled himself with an effort, while Tessie, with averted head, went on with her story.

"I—oh—I; but you have heard. Mrs. Magniac has dismissed me, and it is all false—the lie of a man who has done his best to injure us in every way," she said brokenly.

Then, with a stronger voice she continued—

"But I must not bother you with the story. It was briefly this: that I saw Lalla Magniac being made love to by one of her mother's guests, and when I deemed it my duty to report it to Mrs. Magniac, I found that Mr. Baker had been there before me, and had poisoned her mind against me."

"So it was Baker after all? I thought as much," said Chesney significantly. "And, if what I hear from Miss Home be true, you have cause to thank him for your loss of fortune?"

"We have, indeed," said Tessie. "But what is the use of raking up old scandals and old troubles? The fact remains that I leave here to-morrow, and that Lalla Magniac, together with her fortune, is in the power of a man who is as unprincipled as any creature upon this earth."

"What are *you* going to do?" said Chesney abruptly. "What does it matter about Lalla Magniac?"

"I am going to Miss Home. I could not go home to mother, for she is so poor that any extra mouth to feed is a serious matter for her; and, besides, I vowed not to return until my fortune was made."

There was a pathetic quiver in her voice, and Chesney, eagerly watching the outline of her face, could see that her sensitive lips were trembling dangerously.

If he could only throw risks to the four winds of heaven and catch her in his arms, telling her that all his fortune was hers, and that she had but to say one little word and she would be loaded with wealth that would more than fulfil her lightest wish.

But he knew that she did not care for him.

He could read the signs in her utterly indifferent manner when she addressed him, and in the quiet friendliness of her eyes.

And without love he would not have her—would not even offer her the temptation of his wealth and of his passionate love.

For he knew now, utterly and fully, that the love he felt for bewitching Tessie Humphreys was no mere child's play, but the one deep love of an upright man's life.

The first look from her eyes had touched his heart, and the last had taken it captive in a sweet slavery that would only end with life.

"You will make your fortune soon in London," he said, awkwardly taking her hand, for she had risen to bid him good-night.

"Will you allow my mother, Lady Chesney, to call upon you? She might, perhaps, be able to help you, and I think you would like her."

"I shall be delighted," said Tessie, with grave dignity. "Now I must go, Lord Chesney, for we leave early to-morrow; and I am, oh! so tired."

She gave him one glance from under her tear-laden lashes, and mutely wondered why his dark eyes looked so eagerly into hers.

It was kind of him to be so sympathetic when he must have so many more important things to think of than the sorrows of a poor little governess.

When Chesney returned to the drawing-room his hostess was anxiously watching for him.

"How long you have been, Lord Chesney," she said gaily, beckoning him with one diamond-laden hand to a seat near her. "Have you been keeping a tryst in the garden?"

"With my cigar," he answered drily. "Mrs. Magniac, I must apologise for my abrupt departure, but urgent business recalls me to town to-morrow by the midday train. I have already trespassed too long upon your hospitality."

The slender ivory paper-knife that Mrs. Magniac held in her hand snapped in two.

Tessie Humphreys was to leave the next morning. Could that have anything to do with his departure? But she consoled herself with the thought that the girl was to go by the early train; and that neither in word nor look had Chesney expressed more than an ordinary interest in her.

"We shall be sorry to lose you," she said, recovering herself and smiling graciously. "But no doubt we shall see you again shortly, for we are to be in town for the autumn. Lady Silverdale, will you not give us another charming song?"

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"STOP, driver—stop! Good gracious, is the man a fool that he cannot read, '10, Llanthony Crescent' on the door? Here, Tessie, here we are—at home at last."

And out of the rickety four-wheeler trundled Miss Home on to the Notting Hill pavement, and Tessie, dazed and confused with her journey, followed more slowly.

When the ten boxes and bags were safely in the little hall, and the driver was paid, with terrible threats of the police-court should he dare to overcharge, Miss Home dragged Tessie upstairs.

It was a pleasant house, with that sense of sweetness and light that characterises the houses in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill, which may almost be termed a suburb of the great city.

"Oh, it is quite green," said Tessie, as she held back the drawing-room curtain and looked out. "It's not a bit like London. It was so different when we had a house in Green Street."

"Oh, if you will be fashionable, you must pay for it by discomfort," grunted Miss Home, as she bustled off to show Tessie her bedroom at the top of the steep staircase.

"I hope that it will be yours for a long time, my dear," said the little artist, with an unwonted spasm of affection, as she touched Tessie's forehead with her lips. "It is so delightful for me to have a young thing like you about me, and we shall soon settle down to our new life."

When Tessie had unpacked, and had settled her various possessions in the pretty white room, which in its spotlessness was so intensely un-Londonlike, she went downstairs for "high tea."

Miss Home, in a fearful and wonderful lavender tea-gown, was pouring out coffee in the dining-room, and at her side was seated Chesney, with an air of being completely at home.

"What a nuisance you and Miss Home will think me, Miss Humphreys," he said, springing to his feet as Tessie, in her white muslin gown, came slowly in; "but the fact is that I want to have my portrait painted as a birthday-present for my mother, and I came to see about it at once."

Miss Home glanced sharply at Tessie's unconscious face and quiet smile as she shook hands.

"The girl must have a heart of stone not to be melted by the man's eyes alone," she thought as she handed the bread and butter to Lord Chesney, and watched Tessie slip calmly into her seat opposite to him.

"When you left Mervyn this morning," continued Chesney, eating buttered muffins and strawberry jam with a fervour that he had never displayed for Mrs. Magniac's entrées, "I had an opportunity of proving your suspicions to be right. I know you will be very sorry to hear it, but Baker has persuaded that silly child to run away with him and be married in London. I said nothing to Mrs. Magniac, for she deserves any trouble that may fall upon her."

"Oh, but poor Lalla!" cried Tessie, flushing with agitation. "I must save her from him! What can we do?"

Chesney revelled in the little word "we."

It was making him one with her plans and her hopes, and he assumed a profound air of importance as he looked into the anxious eyes opposite to him.



"'IT IS BOUGHT ALREADY!'" (P. 125).

"Bring her to me if you can," said Miss Home drily. "I've pretty well outlived the passion of my life, but I've not forgotten what St. John Baker did for me, and how he crushed out my love and hope when I was a young thing."

Chesney looked at her in surprise.

Her thin, nervous fingers were trembling, and her heart under her lavender tea-gown beating like the heart of a girl in love for the first time.

"Don't speak to me about it," she said hurriedly. "If you can bring that poor child to me I'll let her know the whole sad story, but I cannot speak of it now."

"What I propose to do," said Chesney, turning to Tessie, "is to meet the afternoon train from Mervyn myself to-morrow and to do what I can to persuade that misguided child to come quietly here to you. She may, perhaps, more readily believe me when I tell her that her lover is a villain than she would you, whom she believes prejudiced against him."

And when Chesney left Llanthony Crescent, it was with the easy consciousness that he should have the chance of seeing a good deal of the lady of his love.

Tessie came down next morning fresh and bright after a long night of refreshing sleep.

"I've been thinking about you," were Miss Home's first words. "Have you got any relations in London who ought to be consulted before you take up the new plan of life which I am going to arrange for you?"

"Relations in London?" answered Tessie gaily. "Well, let me think. I've a cousin in Bayswater, who is as poor as a church mouse and gives singing lessons. She won't mind. I've an uncle who is on the Stock Exchange, and who has as much as he can do to keep his head and the heads of his twelve children and his wife above water. He lives near Russell Square, and *he* won't mind. He would only be afraid that I wanted to come and live with him. Then—oh, yes!—then I have a relation of whom I stand in awe. A Mrs. Vesey, who has a house in Park Lane, and who is very rich. She is a half-sister of my mother's, and was so angry when we lost our money that mamma would not ask her to give us any help."

"Still," said Miss Home, meditatively, rubbing her nose with her first finger, "I do think that you are bound to give her the chance of supporting you if she cares to do so. Go off to her this morning, and tell her what you propose to do, and if she objects she may either ask you to live with her or——"

"Oh! Miss Home, I'd rather live with a wild tiger than with Aunt Jane. She may have velvet paws, but they cover very sharp claws! And as she hates everyone who is poor, she is not in the least likely to make me an allowance," cried Tessie.

But nevertheless, about eleven o'clock Miss Home started off her young *protégée* in a hansom in charge of one of her servants, and sat down to her painting with a smile.

When the hansom rattled up Park Lane and stopped at the door of one of the prettiest, most flower-brilliant houses in the whole street, Tessie felt a pang of terror.

Mrs. Vesey was at home, and the old butler's face relaxed into a half smile as he recognised little Miss Tessie of old days.

The drawing-room did not seem to Tessie's eyes to have changed in the least since she used to know it as a wonderful museum of beauty.

There were carved curios from the East, dainty egg-shell china, and wonderful Dresden figures, stiff with lace, on little lacquer tables about the room.

Huge jars of fragrant perfume were hidden by mush-rabbeer screens, and made the air heavy with musk and attar of rose.

And the blinds were so discreetly drawn that Tessie felt rather than saw that the door was pushed open, and Mrs. Vesey was advancing over the velvet pile carpet towards her.

Mrs. Vesey was a woman over whose head years passed and wrought little change in her.

She had no keen feelings whatever, and therefore had none of the lines that sorrow and much love score so deeply on a sensitive face.

Her hard, handsome mouth expressed no tenderness, and her small light eyes, restless and suspicious, fell upon Tessie with little kindness.

She was so thoroughly well-preserved in her beautiful black and violet gown that a casual observer would have taken ten years off her life, and have written her down as forty-five, and not a day older.

"Tessie?" she said with a cold smile, as she held out an unwilling hand to her niece. "And where upon earth did you spring from? I thought that you were all vegetating and economising in a little Yorkshire village."

"I am trying to earn my living, Aunt Jane, and help my mother," said Tessie cheerfully. "Our income is so intensely limited that an almost imperceptible increase is better than nothing."

"Humph!—sit down," said Mrs. Vesey.

She hated to hear of poverty or failure. They never entered into her estimate of life at all, and she always maintained that if people were poor it *must* in some way be their own fault.

"And how do you expect to earn your living?" pursued the good lady, with a slighting contempt that made Tessie wince.

"I am living with the great artist Miss Home, and hope to get some pupils for the piano; but I thought it wiser and more dutiful to come and acquaint you first of all with my decision," replied Tessie with an undaunted boldness that was not carried out in her inward heart of hearts, for Mrs. Vesey was not a person with whom one could lightly jest.

"Indeed? And do you know what *I* intend to do should you carry out your unmaidenly proposal?" said Mrs. Vesey, visibly swelling with wrath, and growing purple to the very roots of her hair. "To live with an artist is an extraordinary proposal to begin with! Pray how do you know that she is respectable?"

"Aunt Jane," said Tessie, half rising from her chair, "you forget that you are speaking of a very dear personal friend of mine."

"Forget!" snorted Mrs. Vesey. "Sit down while I try and put a little sense into your pert head to save you from dragging your mother's name in the dirt. I offer you the post of companion to myself. No salary, mind, but your clothes and your board, lodging and washing. That, I am sure, is more than you have any right to expect, as I do not imagine that you will be any particular use to me."

Tessie indignantly faced her aunt.

"Aunt Jane, do you know that you have made me ashamed of you? Out of your abundance you have offered me a pittance which would utterly prevent me from being any assistance to my dear mother, whose welfare must be my very first thought. And if you call honest labour dragging my mother's name in the dirt, I am very sorry for you, because it appears to me to be only obeying the Commandments of God, who tells us to do our duty in the state of life to which we have been called. I only hope that the name of Humphreys may never be more dishonoured."

"After this, Theresa, I may as well tell you that I wash my hands of you entirely!" panted Mrs. Vesey, rising from her seat and waving Tessie to the door. "I should not think of asking you to luncheon either, after your words to me."

"Good-bye, Aunt Jane," said Tessie earnestly. "Please don't be angry with me because I spoke as I thought. I am afraid that I could not eat luncheon with you just now, because the food would stick in my throat with thoughts of what has passed between us."

"Go!" said Mrs. Vesey, stamping a foot that might not inaptly have been termed a "beetle crusher."

And Tessie, without one backward glance, rushed downstairs and into the hansom.

The maid, seeing that she was upset, said nothing, but directed the man to drive straight back to Llanthony Crescent, and they clattered down the street at a spanking pace.

Miss Home was in her bare little studio when Tessie came flying up the stairs like a whirlwind.

She did not lay down her palette or mahlstick, but just turned round with a quiet smile.

"Well, Tessie, your mission has failed? I am heartily glad, for we have a great deal to do; and, after all, aunts with feelings are not things to be encouraged. Now, just get into the Diana gown I showed you this morning, and we will have one sitting before lunch."

Her calm words seemed to steady Tessie's overwrought nerves, and the tears that had sprung to her

eyes as she imagined the story that she should have to tell her new friend fled back to their source.

She forgot her vexation in her work, and Miss Home, as she sketched in with rapid fingers the outline of her perfect face, wondered, with a faint sigh, what the future of so fair a girl would be.

"There, my child, what do you think of yourself as a heathen goddess?" said the little artist when the luncheon gong sounded, and she took off her big apron.

Tessie, in her trailing white gown and leopard skin over her shoulder, came round and peeped over her friend's shoulder at the canvas.

"How nice, dear!" she said enthusiastically. "But who will buy it when it is finished?"

"It is bought already," said Miss Home, pretending to touch up a spray of daffodil.

"Bought already? Why, dear Miss Home, do tell me who is going to be the owner of my face?" cried Tessie with a merry laugh. "Of course I feel deeply interested in him."

"Lord Chesney has bought it," said the little artist, with a sidelong glance at Tessie.

"Lord Chesney? How very odd! I wonder why *he* wanted to possess it?"

"The ways of men are inscrutable, my love, and difficult to investigate, but I should think that there could be 'no possible, probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever,' as to why Lord Chesney wished to possess this picture."

And Tessie, with one long earnest glance at her, turned away to hide the vivid blush that spread from chin to brow.



"THE GIRL SHRANK BACK INTO HER CORNER" (*p.* 126).

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

SIR JOHN BAKER was, morally speaking, on his last legs. He had had his fling in life, had tried this, that, and the other; had speculated wildly, and had failed to make the fortune for which he had fought so hard.

He was heavily in debt on all sides, and so burdened with debts of honour that he had not scrupled to take upon his shoulders, that only two alternatives lay before him: flight or marriage with an heiress.

And of the two alternatives he chose the more pleasing to himself—the more easy to his sybarite nature.

Lalla Magniac would, of course, inherit, with her sister, the large fortune that belonged to their father. And, such being the case, it was a most desirable match.

It was easy enough to win her young, foolish affections; easy enough, by a few words of flattery and insincere love pleadings to convince her that he, man of the world as he was, was dying with love for her—a plain, unattractive country girl.

But it had not been so easy to plan their secret marriage.

And Baker, as he waited at the London station for the train that was to bring up his bride from Mervyn, gnawed his moustache with impatient anxiety as he contemplated the possibility of Lalla's nonappearance.

The detestability of his conduct never struck him. He never thought that he was betraying the confidence of Mr. Magniac, his friend, if only in questionable betting transactions.

When Lalla arrived he was to take her to the house of an old aunt of his, who was delighted at the good marriage that her nephew had a chance of making.

And from thence they would be married at the Registry-office, or, if Lalla insisted, no doubt a sleepy city church might be managed where the vicar could be deceived by a few adroit lies.

Would the train never come in?

He fumed as he paced the station, counting the minutes and cursing the ill-luck that had driven him to the point of being tied for life to a girl for whom he cared absolutely nothing.

And the question was, Would Mr. Magniac ever forgive his daughter for deceiving him, and relent so far as to allow her a sum sufficient for their needs?

Such a catastrophe had never before entered his calculations, and his heart almost stopped beating at the mere thought of it.

What an existence his life would be dragged out with insipid little Lalla Magniac without the golden pill that would gild her insignificance!

He stopped short behind one of the arches of the station, with the idea of flight strong upon him, when he caught sight of two familiar figures advancing rapidly from behind the barrier.

They were Miss Home and Tessie, but he did not notice the stalwart figure of Lord Chesney in the background, keeping well out of sight.

A saturnine smile crossed his lips at once, and he braced himself up for an agreeable difference of opinion with Miss Humphreys.

As there were only two frail women concerned, victory would certainly be to the stronger, and he chuckled to himself as he contemplated the pleasurable opportunity of so soon crossing swords again with the fair Tessie.

"Good-afternoon," he said suavely, as he came up to them and took off his hat. "Dear me, I believe that this is the express, and I am expecting to meet a friend by it. Good-bye—good-bye. Lovely weather for the time of year, ain't it?"

And he moved off with an insolent volubility to which Miss Home and Tessie were not equal.

"I think that we shall make him sing rather small before we have done with him," muttered Miss Home with a compression of her lips that boded no good to the man who had just accosted them.

Then she and Tessie anxiously scanned the line of carriages, and as fortune would have it, were the first to spy out Lalla, and Miss Humphreys wrenched open the door.

The girl shrank back into her corner with the gesture of a wild beast at bay, evidently horror-struck and terrified at the unexpected encounter.

"Lalla, dear," said Tessie, with a quiet firmness that seemed to magnetise the trembling girl into obedience. "If you will come with us into the waiting-room we will explain everything; pray come at once. Yes, Mr. Baker, I hope that you will accompany us."

For St. John had arrived on the spot with a scowling face, and had laid his hand on Lalla's arm.

"Pardon me, Miss Humphreys. Miss Magniac has not come up to town to see *you*. Her business is of a more agreeable nature, and concerns me alone."

"More agreeable it may be," said Tessie, in a voice of ringing scorn. "But will you have the kindness to follow me at once to the waiting-room, and after Miss Home has said her say, Lalla shall be free to take her own choice?"

Baker shrugged his shoulders, for he had no wish to make a scene, knowing that his only chance lay in secrecy, and followed the three women to the waiting-room, where they were quietly joined by Lord Chesney.

"Stand round the fireplace," said Miss Home, in her abrupt fashion. "We do not want the whole world to know what is going on."

Lord Chesney looked from one to the other with a half-amused smile hovering on his lips.

It was such a curious group, and yet with such tragic undercurrent of purpose.

St. John's lowering, anxious face was in the background, and facing him Lalla, with wide, miserable eyes fixed on Tessie's grave, pathetic profile. Miss Home was standing among them white and immovable, with a strange rigidity of expression that made him wonder what he was to hear from her lips.

Tessie was alarmed by her friend's face, and moved insensibly nearer to her, so that she might feel the support of her presence; and Miss Home, independent and unyielding as she usually was, laid her hand on the girl's shoulder with a yearning touch of affection.

"Miss Magniac," she began; and her voice was hoarse and broken in its deep earnestness; "I have two stories to tell you before you elect to go with this man as his wife—a bond which only death can break. And I crave your attention for the few moments that they will occupy.

"When I was a girl, young and attractive, perhaps, God knows!—I fell in love, as so many girls have done, with a man some years my senior, whom I had every reason to believe was deeply in love with me. Across our path one day crept this serpent—this being—unworthy of the name of man who now stands before you——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Baker scornfully. "Lalla, my love, are you going to stand here all day listening to the raving of a lunatic?"

"Stay!" thundered Miss Home fiercely, and so suddenly that Baker started. "Lalla, if you do not hear me out now you will regret it every hour that you breathe."

Lalla drew a little aside from her lover, unconsciously turning to Tessie, as though to a stronger mind, and evidently unwilling to go further in her rash adventure till she was assured of the character of the man to whom she was about to confide herself.

"He—this Mr. Baker," continued Miss Home, pointing a finger of fiercest scorn at her enemy, "chose to fall in love with me also, I having a considerable sum of money in prospect at that time.

"More fool he," muttered Baker, with an ineffectual attempt at scornful ease.

"He determined to leave no stone unturned to win me for his wife, and in the blackest manner planned my misery, thinking that in the rebound he might catch my unhappy heart."

She paused for lack of breath, and Tessie laid her arm closer round her quivering shoulders.

"He told my lover that I was secretly plighted to another man, and in proof of his foul lies showed him letters that his own cruel hand had forged.

"My lover believed him and left me, stricken to the heart, without a word. And the next week I was summoned to his death bed, to hear from his lips the black chain of lies that had separated us.

"He had ridden recklessly in a steeplechase and had broken his back. And with him died my youth — my happiness; yes, everything but my love of God and my contempt for St. John Baker. Yes, you may well try to carry it off with a high hand, for this is the second time, sir, that you have heard the story from my lips, and, please God, it will be the last!"

"It is to be hoped so," said Baker roughly. "Come along, Lalla, this old idiot has come to the end, and time is pressing. You surely cannot allow a story that was hatched in a woman's diseased mind a quarter of a century ago to come between us now?"

"Miss Humphreys, what am I to do?" said Lalla faintly, shrinking into Tessie's arms as Baker laid no gentle hand upon her.

"St. John Baker," said Miss Home suddenly, fixing the man with her piercing eyes, "Susie Hartop was my greatest friend. Lalla, he beat his first wife to death and was charged with it at the inquest, but through some lawyer's quibble got off scot free."

"There! some of you in the name of goodness stop that vixen's tongue. Lalla, the Fates are against you and me to-day. Are you coming with me or do these spicy bits of scandal alarm you?"

Lalla looked round her, bewildered, with the air of a person walking in her sleep. Then she tottered forward a few steps.

"Take me away—take me away!" she moaned; "only take me out of his sight!"

And with hands outstretched she fell prone at Miss Home's feet.

There was a little stir among the two or three bystanders, but with a cool gesture Lord Chesney lifted the fainting girl in his arms, and carried her out to his carriage, while Baker, with a sullen shrug of his shoulders, walked straight to the ticket-office and took his ticket by the night mail to Boulogne.

The farce was over for him, and by the look on Lalla's face he guessed that she had gauged him at his true worth.

England was well rid of him; and France possesses so many, let us say strange, characters, that one more or less made no perceptible difference to the picturesque town.

When Lalla came to her senses she clung weeping to Tessie, fearful lest the man she now dreaded should return. She believed every word of what Miss Home had told her, and in pitying sympathy expressed her gratitude for the pain which the recollection of bygone anguish must have aroused.

"If it has saved another woman's heart from breaking," said Miss Home drily, "I'm more than repaid for my trouble. Believe me, Lalla, that no man on this earth is worth deceiving your parents for, and acting for in an underhand way. If you'd not had the blessing of good friends where would you have been when you found that you were fast married to a villain?"

Lalla pressed her hand silently.

"Mother knows by this time," she said, after a moment's silence. "I wrote her a letter and left it on my dressing-table before I left."

"Lord Chesney telegraphed to your father as soon as we left the station," answered Tessie.

"I can't go home. I can't face mamma—she will be so terribly angry!" wailed Lalla, flinging herself on to the sofa, and burying her face in her hands.

"We will see what Mrs. Magniac says. Meanwhile you must settle down here with us. Miss Home has arranged a room for you."

Lalla's penitent letter, written next day to her mother, produced an answer: one so furious in tone from Mrs. Magniac that Tessie felt the indignant colour flashing to her face as she read it and saw the nerveless, trembling figure of the girl opposite to her.

"*Marvyn Court.*

"DEAR LALLA,

"Though you hardly deserve even the coldest expression of endearment, your whole escapade has shocked and horrified me to such an extent that I am simply a wreck at present.

"It is easy enough to write a penitent letter, and to expect to be taken back to your home, and your wickedness overlooked. But I utterly refuse to acknowledge you as my daughter for the present, till you have shown that you are really sorry for what has occurred.

"As no doubt Miss Humphreys has incited you to this pernicious behaviour, perhaps she will be so good as to give you a home for the present.

"If not, I shall be able to find a strict school for you in the neighbourhood of London, where you may learn how to behave in polite society.

"I will make you a sufficient allowance for your dress and lodging when I hear as to whether or no Miss Home will keep you for the present.

"Your affectionate Mother,

"NINA MAGNIAC."

"Of course, Tessie, Lalla remains with us," said Miss Home quietly, checking the furious words on Tessie's lips with a repressive glance.

"We shall be very glad to have her. And now, dear, perhaps you had better go and unpack your box, and settle comfortably into your room."

And Lalla, dismissed, crept humbly upstairs and wept hopelessly and miserably until Tessie, coming in upon her, gathered her into her tender arms, and gently tried to make her look at the bright side of life once again.

If the girl had sinned it was not her own fault entirely.

The sin should have been laid at the door of the mother who had never acted a true mother's part to her child, and had never taught her that high principle is the root of every Christian life.

"It will be almost too happy being here with you," whispered Lalla, as she smiled faintly up into Tessie's face. "We were horrid to you at Mervyn; but then, you know, I did not look at things in the same way as I do now, and I was so—unhappy."

"Happiness is the order of the day at Llanthony Crescent!" cried Tessie brightly. "So come downstairs at once, and forget there are such things as tears in the world."

Tessie, with some difficulty, found two small girls, who were very glad to avail themselves of her talent and who came and thumped the piano twice a week, and drove musical Tessie to the verge of despair.

How she hated the dreary drudgery of music lessons.

And Lalla, who had grown her silent, devoted slave, used to get up unknown to her at six o'clock in the morning to practise her scales and exercises, in order to be able to take Tessie's pupils for her.

When Tessie got to know of this quiet bit of self-sacrifice she felt that now, indeed, the sullen, uninteresting girl had found her heart.

One lovely morning in August, when the rather dull little crescent was looking brighter than usual after a refreshing shower, Tessie was sitting drumming "The March from Zampa" into the head of a peculiarly dull pupil, when a carriage and pair dashed up to the front door.

Amelia Sophia immediately lost her place in turning to gape at the powdered footman.

"I didn't know that you knew carriage-folk," she volunteered at last, when Tessie called her to order severely. "We never have men with floury heads at our house!"

Tessie smiled faintly, for Amelia's mother was the wife of a retired and wealthy jeweller, and she was proceeding to read a wholesome lesson on the subject of humility and powdered men-servants, when the little maid entered the room, with a card on a silver salver.

"For you, miss: and the lady is below."

And taking it up, with no small surprise Tessie read upon its polished surface—

"*Lady Chesney.*"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

TESSIE did not hesitate for a moment, but sprang to her feet with a lovely flush of colour.

How good of Lord Chesney to fulfil his promise so speedily, and how good of his mother to call upon her.

She had heard much of Lady Chesney as being, perhaps, the most fascinating woman in London. Fascinating, not from looks alone, but from the spiritual beauty that radiates round a life spent in doing good for others, and in the highest form of self-culture.

"Teacher," said Amelia, in the sharp, pert voice that grated so terribly upon Tessie's nerves, "you'll have to make up this lesson another time. Ma always asks me if I've had a full hour, and maybe she'll be cross when she hears about to-day."

"Unless you speak to me in a very different tone, Amelia, I shall give you no more lessons at all," said Tessie loftily. "But if you have made up your mind to behave like a lady, you may come to-morrow morning at the same time. Now you may go."

It was insufferable to her to be treated as a bond slave by women so unutterably below her, and she was holding her head very high indeed when she entered the little drawing-room, and found herself face to face with Lady Chesney.

Her new friend was a woman of considerably more than middle age. Not particularly tall or imposing-looking, but possessing a perfect oval face, framed by snow-white hair, and lighted by a pair of brown eyes, deep and tender as woman's eyes could be.

She was quietly dressed in some rich black material, and at her throat she wore as her only ornament, a locket set with diamonds, containing the miniatures of her dead husband and of her only daughter, whose death had been the most crushing sorrow of her serene life.

Lady Chesney confessed to herself that she had felt keen anxiety when she stood waiting for Tessie Humphreys in the shabby little drawing-room in Llanthony Crescent, where everything was harmonious, but dear to Miss Home alone by force of old association.

She almost worshipped her only child Roger, Lord Chesney. His slightest word was law to her, and when he had returned from Mervyn Court with a new light in his face, a new vigour in his step, she had, with a mother's marvellous instinct, guessed the truth before he had told her.

He was in love, and therefore she had lost him. He did not know whether his love was returned, and therefore her heart and soul went out in the prayer that he might be satisfied with the love of the girl to whom he had given his whole passionate heart.

But she had certainly felt nervous lest Theresa Humphreys should not be worthy of the position which she might one day enter upon.

A pathetic little governess with a pretty face was all very well in theory, but was she such a woman as would help Chesney in the noble life that his mother had planned out for him?

Had she strength of purpose—the high principles necessary for a leader of society?

But when Lady Chesney's eyes fell upon the beautiful face of the girl advancing to meet her with shy, modest demeanour, and a faint rose flush upon her cheeks, all her suspicions vanished as the dew before the sunshine.

She only remembered that this was her son's love, but that though he had bade her be kind to her, he had adjured her not to disclose by word or look, the secret of his heart.

Her lips were tremulous and her eyes strangely bright as she held out her hand to Tessie.

"My dear," she said quaintly, "what a refreshing

sight you are to an old woman's eyes. Will you grant me a little request that I have come a very long way to make?"

Tessie smiled pleasantly down at the dainty little lady, who looked so *petite* and fragile by the side of her strong young beauty.

"Of course I will grant you anything that you like to ask me. And I think that it is so very kind of you to take the trouble to come and see me—and so very good of Lord Chesney to ask you."

The old lady's bright eyes watched her face so closely that any change of expression must have been observed at once. But Tessie unconsciously smiled as serenely as ever, and Lady Chesney gave a little sigh as she realised that as yet her son's love was certainly not returned.

"My son tells me," she began gently, "that you have bravely begun to make your own way in the world and to help your mother. Miss Home, whom I know so well by name, is no doubt very glad of your company, but there is someone who would be, perhaps, more glad to have the society of a bright young girl like yourself, and that person is myself. Miss Humphreys, I am going to my home in Devonshire to-morrow, and I want to know if you will come and pay me a long visit. Yes, my dear child, I know what you are going to say. But if you will be to me a daughter—a dear, helpful daughter—you must allow me to give you the same allowance as I should have given my own dear daughter had she been alive, and that is £100 a year."



"'IT'S ONLY PEPPER,' SHE SAID SHARPLY" (*p.* 130).

She spoke hesitatingly, as though she were ashamed of her proposal, and did not know how Tessie would meet it. But the girl held out her hands in astonishment.

"Dear Lady Chesney," she said, "am I dreaming? Is this thing quite true? What shall I say, for you cannot know if you will like me or not."

Lady Chesney's answer was a decisive one, for she leaned forward and kissed Tessie's blushing cheek, and a tear that fell from her kind eyes lay sparkling like a diamond on her black gown.

"Will you give me the happiness of your affection and your society as long as you will?" she said, with a break in her gentle voice. "I have wanted a companion since the day that my daughter died, but till this moment I have never seen one whom I could love."

It was settled, after a long consultation with Miss Home, who nodded her sage head very brightly over the plan, that Tessie was to go down to Woodlands the following week on a long visit.

It was also settled that so soon as Miss Home herself could escape from her numerous engagements she was to spend a fortnight with them, painting Lord Chesney's and his mother's portraits.

"Miss you, child?" she said, as she and Tessie sat alone over their tea that night, Lalla being in bed with a bad headache. "Of course I shall miss you, but you know for the present I shall have the girl, for Mrs. Magniac particularly requested that she might not return to Mervyn until their Hamburg visit is over. Lalla is not much in the way of company, but anyhow, she is an excellent substitute for butter!"

Tessie laughed, and then sat playing with her teaspoon meditatively.

"What are you thinking of, child?" said the artist sharply. "It's my opinion that you've got some love affair on your mind. Eh, Tessie! Now tell me truly, have you ever been in love?"

Tessie blushed a little, and then laughing lifted her honest eyes to Miss Home's face.

"No, never," she said decidedly. "But all the same, I believe I am engaged."

She spoke with a little, rueful air of resignation that did not escape Miss Home's keen ear.

"Nonsense!" she said sharply, knocking over a vase of flowers and a pepper-pot in her astonishment and disappointment; "you can't possibly be engaged without being in love. I insist upon being told all about it immediately."

"My dear love," said Tessie, "I believe that you are really angry. What is the matter?—what have I done? Why, Homey dear, you are crying!"

She rose in horror, for Miss Home was wiping away two tears of genuine distress with the corner of her napkin.

"It's only pepper!" she said sharply. "Now, then, what is this silly story?"

Her mind was so full of Lord Chesney's disappointment that it seemed almost more than she could bear with equanimity.

She had planned such a happy future for Tessie, and she could not bear to have it annihilated at a single blow.

Tessie dimpled with amused laughter.

"You look so funny when you are angry! I do wish that you were not such an inveterate man hater, you dear old thing! Well, this is the truth about the whole matter.

"When I was seventeen, the son of a neighbour of ours, Raymond Holden, fell in love with me, and I think that I must have liked him a little also, for I promised that I would marry him when he was twenty-five, and when he had got an income big enough to keep me on. He was to come into seven hundred a year when he was twenty-five, and papa said that we might leave it in that way, only that we were not to write to one another, and not to consider ourselves engaged till he reached that age. Then we could do as we liked.

"I, for one, am not going back upon my word, and if Raymond likes to claim me this autumn—well, I may just as well marry him as anyone else."

"What nonsense! What utter, foolish rubbish!" ejaculated Miss Home. "And have you never heard from the young man since then?"

"He wrote to me when papa died," went on Tessie softly, "and said that I was never out of his thoughts, and that he was waiting impatiently for the autumn to come, when we might be engaged in the eyes of the world."

"And did you not write to him before you went out as a governess?" fumed Miss Home.

"Oh, dear no! Why, he would have said that the whole thing was preposterous, and have wanted us to marry on nothing a year. No! no! He knows my mother's address, and when the time comes if he wants me he will come and claim me," concluded Tessie decisively. "Now don't let us talk about him any more. What do you think my charming aunt in Park Lane will say to my going to live at Woodlands? She will tear her hair for very rage and fury," laughed Tessie, springing up from her chair and mincing across the room in exact imitation of her aunt's mode of progress. "All her life it has been her keenest ambition to get to know Lady Chesney, and I fear now that she will never succeed. I cannot fancy her and that fascinating little lady together. They were not fashioned in the same mould."

When the day came for leaving Llanthony Crescent Tessie impressed upon Lalla the necessity of being Miss Home's right hand, and of helping her in every way, and Lalla earnestly promised to do her best until she returned to Mervyn Court.

Tessie left with a lighter heart, inasmuch as she herself had been a pecuniary burden on Miss Home, and Mrs. Magniac was paying liberally for her daughter's board.

She and Miss Home parted with many tears and affectionate embraces, and when Tessie waved a good-bye from the window of the dingy four-wheeler, she felt that she had gained a friend who would cleave to her through life.

It was a quick journey down to Woodlands, through exquisite scenery, and Tessie was enchanted with the look of her new home as she alighted at the door of the manor from the spruce little brougham that had been sent to meet her.

It was a comfortable, two-storied house, that had been knocked about a good deal in the time of the Civil Wars, and in which Cromwell's bullets still lodged above the oak door.

The windows were all oriel on the front side, and the house being built in a semicircle, was surrounded

by a battlemented wall that enclosed the paved centre court and the ruins of the chapel

The long low front above the door was filled with carved coats of arms that had belonged to the Chesneys since the days of Crecy and Agincourt. A Devoniensis, with its copper leaves, was nodding its saucy white rosebuds in at the drawing-room window, and Lady Chesney, in a fresh, grey gown, was waiting with outstretched hands to receive her tired guest

"You shall go straight to your room, dear, and have some tea before you join us in the library," she said, giving the girl into the hands of a neat maid, who was introduced to her as her future sole property

When she had had her tea brought to her in a dainty Dresden service, and had smoothed her fluffy hair and slipped on a black grenadine gown, she followed Lucy down the polished oak stairs into the library, where her hostess came forward and set her at once at her ease

"Dear child, how glad we are to see you You know my son, and this is Miss Rachel Enderby, my cousin, and this——"

Tessie turned with a smile to Lord Chesney, who welcomed her eagerly, and her eyes drooped a little under his eager gaze

Then she looked at Miss Enderby, a smart London girl in a yellow gown, with a mass of black wavy hair and a vivacious manner

She was looking straight at Tessie with an amused expression of curiosity, and the girl felt in an instant that their natures were antagonistic

She did not think that they should agree, but she answered her careless question as to her journey with grave politeness, then turned to the last member of the party, who was waiting with a look of wonder and astonishment on his face

"Good gracious, Raymond, *you* here?" she cried, as she turned her bewildered eyes upon him

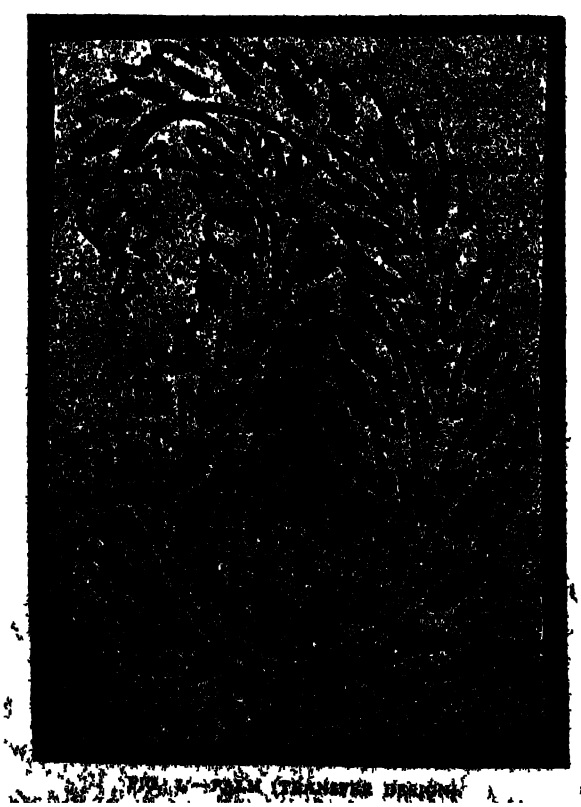
"Tessie! This is the most astonishing meeting! How on earth did you come to Woodlands?" he answered pleasure and sorrow struggling together in his voice

Lord Chesney, with one dismayed glance at the couple, turned on his heel and left the room

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH

SOUTACHE EMBROIDERY.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE, AUTHOR OF "MOUNT MELLICK EMBROIDERY," ETC. ETC.



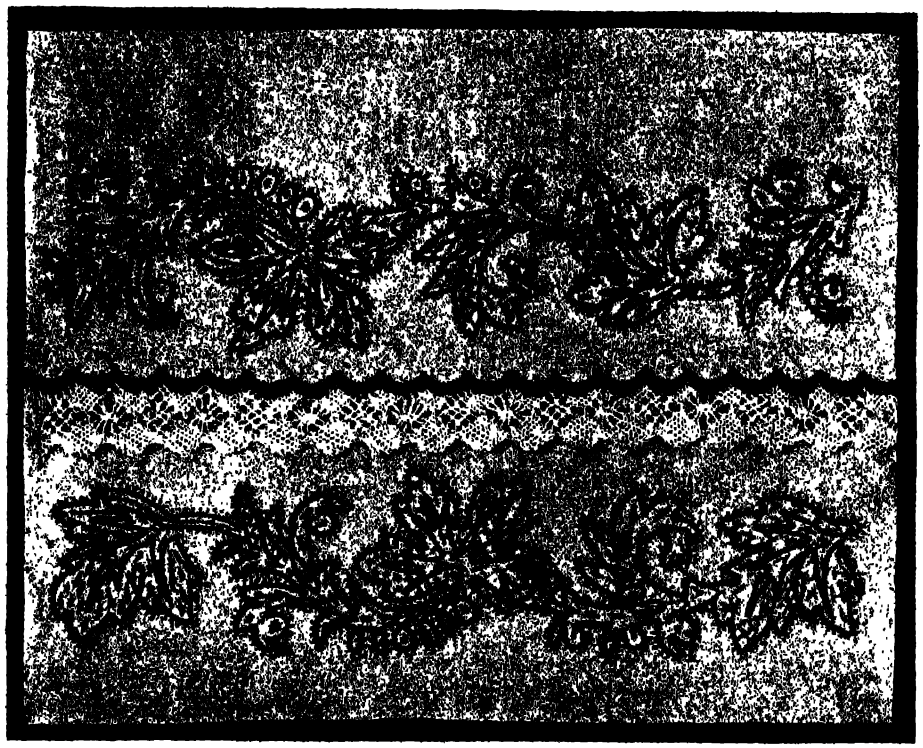
SOUTACHE is the French name for a narrow braid made in cotton and silk The former is very pretty when used for various embroidery purposes, and its greatest recommendation to those who live in towns will be that if you get the real D M C soutache, made in several colours and in many widths, it washes perfectly

There are, I believe, two or three special colours which are doubtful, but, as a general rule, the braids, cottons, etc, which bear these far-famed initials wash extremely well.

You can sew on the soutache with fine silk if you like it, being careful to obtain that which matches it exactly But you can get what is called D M C. Soie de Coton, which is fine and strong and answers extremely well for this purpose The latter is sold in small reels, No. 100 being the size I have usually found the best As this cotton can be had to match the soutaches exactly, use a fine needle and run the braid on neatly, folding over corners and fastening these with a very strong stitch or two

The night-dress case seen on page 132 is made of coarse unbleached linen called Toile Grosse, a material which, as it washes perfectly and is of a whity brown colour, is very good for all purposes of the kind

For this article I have used one of the readily procurable transfer designs, as I have found that many of these can be employed for this purpose



NIGHT-DRESS CASE.

The entire pattern is outlined with narrow red soutache, and the spaces, as will be seen, are filled up with stitches of many kinds, which can be done according to the taste and fancy of the worker. Here I have used blue *coton à broder* also D.M.C., Nos. 16 or 20 being good sizes for the purpose. As all readers will be acquainted with the Mount Mellick work articles which have appeared in this magazine, I shall not reproduce the stitches, for they will soon recognise familiar ones in the illustration before them. Loop stitch, French knots, herring-bone stitch, coral stitch, snail-trail stitch, etc. etc., all are used, and the outline of the braid is followed outside by a row of *point sablé*, which is nothing but a single back-stitch taken at an infinitesimal angle—a thread is enough—and done at equal distances.



FIG. 2.—MARGUERITE.

The edge of the case is scalloped with red *coton à broder*, one of the transfer patterns being used for marking it out. When cut out, Torchon lace is run under it, and the result is a very pretty case which costs little and will wear and wash well.

In Fig. 1 you will see a palm, also one of the transfer designs, which is in reality close upon twelve inches long.

This palm would do very well for a great many purposes; for instance, the middle of a chair-back, or the section of a bed-spread being two I may name among many others. The red soutache used is an eighth of an inch wide, and is sewn down with soie de coton of the same colour.

As you will see if you examine the illustration closely, the entire pattern is not followed by the soutache, but loops are left which are worked in coarse *coton à broder*, No. 8, D.M.C. These are not outlined first or padded, but worked over in satin-stitch.

Fig. 2 is another transfer design, that of a marguerite, and this is worked in yellow soutache the same width as the red I have just described and also green, which is about half the width. This would make an extremely pretty border for curtains, etc., and is easily and quickly worked.

The flower is done with soutache threaded first of all into a thick *aiguille à tapisserie*, which has a large eye and sharp point, differing in the latter respect from the ordinary rug needles which, with blunt point, would be absolutely useless here. All the soutache work is begun in the same way, and then the soutache is firmly sewn down and the needle just used dispensed with until you have to begin or end in a fresh place.

Before proceeding further, it may be as well to say that the "soutache de coton" is sold in small pieces of about a dozen yards in each, costing but a few pence.

As the yellow petals of the marguerite are formed with the soutache folded down from the petal to the centre, a space more or less wide is left between the edges. This is filled up with *lin à broder* D.M.C., sold in small skeins, and which matches the soutache and, like it, washes perfectly. This is done with long and short stitch, familiar to all who understand the well-known crewel-work. Use a crewel needle and fill up all the space, so that none of the material may be seen.

For the middle of the flower double your flax thread —for that is what it is called in English—and fill up the space with French knots placed closely together. If you like it, you can use another shade of yellow, but it looks well as done here, all in the one shade.

A narrower soutache can be had and with it flowers, etc., can be worked without being sewn down. A finer *aiguille à tapisserie* is then threaded with the soutache and used for the actual work, which is, in the case of long spaces being covered, kept down with an occasional stitch of embroidery, cotton, or flax thread, which helps to shade the flower. To make my meaning clearer, if you were doing a small pink daisy in pink soutache each petal would be formed by one stitch in soutache; but upon the latter you might with advantage place a stitch in a lighter or darker pink, about a third of the length of the petal in cotton or flax.

All Greek patterns, such as the Greek fret, etc., are good for this work, and most braiding patterns may be adapted to it.

In Fig. 3 you see how an initial can be worked in soutache, and it will be obvious to you what very great variety you will be able to get by the use of Mount Mellick stitches combined with the soutache. The very narrowest soutache of all is used for small letters, but the large "M" given in our illustration is best worked in soutache an eighth of an inch wide.

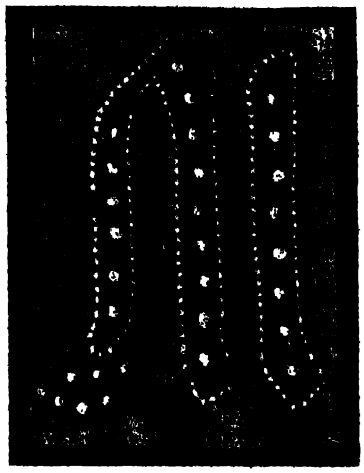


FIG. 3.—INITIAL LETTER.

Rope-stitch is here used, done in red cotton No. 8, and the white *point sablé* and French knots are done in Mount Mellick cotton, which, as you know, is very generally called knitting cotton.

An initial of this kind varied in any way you please would answer admirably for large articles. Bath blankets, laundry bags, bed-spreads, etc. etc., could all be adorned with letters like this.

Fig. 4 shows how the satin-stitching as in part of Fig. 2 is done. Work across the petal and let your stitches lie evenly close together, and with care to let the edge be clear and true. Use for this work a large Mount Mellick needle. I always like those manufactured on purpose for Mount Mellick work, but, if you cannot get them, a large size of "betweens" answers very well.



FIG. 4. FIG. 5. FIG. 6.

Fig. 5 shows one of the tapestry needles threaded with soutache, for in some instances you might form all your petals with it, only giving a stitch with the fine cotton here and there.

Fig. 6 shows how you run the braid on.

I am sure that you will like this work when once you begin it, and I may remind you that it is particularly suitable for the dresses of children. Holland frocks for children embroidered in white or coloured soutache look well, and come back from the wash-tub none the worse for it, unless, of course, great carelessness has been shown and soda or chemicals used.

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET.

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER, AUTHOR OF "UP THE MOONSTAIR," "IN THE FAR COUNTRY," "CALEB ARMSTRONG, BLACKSMITH," ETC.



"GEORGE HILDRED, Surgeon."

I stood still for a moment, and glanced from the shining brass plate on the gate post to the substantial red-brick house which stood back from the trimly-kept lawn.

Then my old chum had already attained to the object of his ambition! Only a popular and rising surgeon would live in a house like this—one of the best middle-class houses in the little country town. Ah, well; there is a world of difference between five years of steady work and five years of idle wandering. George Hildred, if I might trust his letters, was a happy husband and father; if I might trust the evidence of my eyes, prosperous in his profession; while as for myself—but never mind, the story concerns my friend.

I passed up the garden path, and pulled the bell.

It was delightful to think that within the next five minutes I should clasp George Hildred by the hand again. Frank, gay-hearted George Hildred! I knew that five years could have little effect upon spirits as buoyant as his; and as for hard work, it was exactly what he needed to bring his splendid physique to perfection. Already my hand seemed to tingle in his friendly grasp; and my tympanum almost vibrated in anticipation of his laughter.

The door opened; and as I stepped into the richly-carpeted hall, I caught the gleam of a white dress on the stairs, and the sound of a child's voice sent a quick pain to my heart.

"Dr. Summerfield, sir," announced the servant, throwing open double doors of green baize, and I entered George Hildred's study.

A folding screen shut off the greater part of the writing-table from view, and for a moment I did not see my friend. A thin white hand shot out beyond the screen, hastily seized a newspaper, and dropped it over an open book which lay on the visible part of the table. Then a chair was pushed back, and Hildred stepped into view.

My chin dropped, my outstretched hands fell limply to my sides, and I stood before him staring and speechless. A ghost suddenly rising from an open grave would scarcely have surprised me so much.

My friend—the grandest man, from a physical standpoint, I had ever seen—was a shattered wreck. The once mighty limbs, which in the old days might have made a Cornish wrestler tremble, were thin and shrunken; the face I had last seen glowing with ruddy health, was ghastly white; the blue eyes had lost all their old fire and fun, and peered at me with contracted pupils; and the hair, still thick and tawny as a lion's mane, was streaked and flecked with silver.

"Summerfield! This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, pressing my hand with fingers that felt soft and damp.

"The pleasure is all on your side at present," I returned. "Tell me, my dear fellow, what have you been doing with yourself?"

He passed his hand wearily over his brow, and then, pointing to a seat, sank into his chair.

"To tell the truth, I believe I'm run down," said Hildred, nervously shading his eyes with a trembling hand. "The work is heavy here, and I have had an anxious time."

"Have you looked in the glass lately?" I asked.

He laughed uneasily.

"Oh, I see, it's this hair of mine you are thinking of. Why, man, haven't you ever heard of hair turning grey in a single night? It must be more than five years since we met. Tell me about yourself, Summerfield."

I saw that my allusion to his altered appearance had annoyed him, and I changed the subject. He made an effort to pull himself together as he listened to me, and a ghost of his old gay smile wavered over his face. It was pitiful to see him. He was quite incapable of any sustained effort; and our conversation soon began to flag.

As my eyes wandered from his face, they naturally rested upon a revolving stand of books which stood at his elbow. "Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers"; Maudsley's "Pathology of the Mind"; Clouston's "Mental Diseases"—these were the first names which attracted my attention; and looking a little closer, I saw that all the books in the case dealt with cognate subjects.

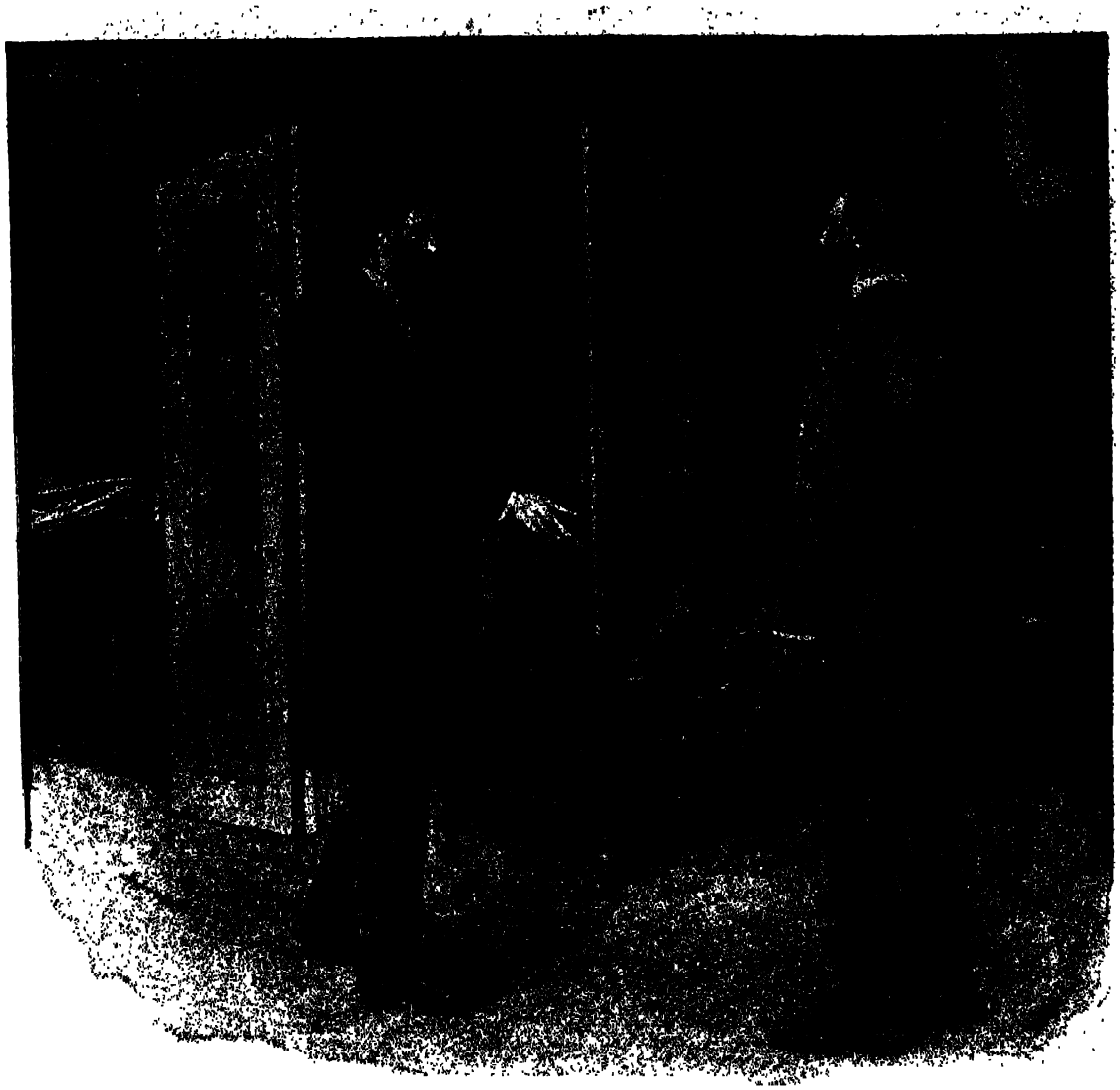
I came to the conclusion that my friend was making a speciality of diseases of the mind.

"Come, Summerfield, let us go into the drawing-room. I want to introduce you to my wife."

I was startled by the suddenness with which Hildred spoke, and no less by the harshness of his tone. There was that shrill, peevish ring in his voice, which always gives evidence of acute nervous excitement.

I rose at once, and prepared to follow him. In passing the table his coat-tail brushed against a newspaper and swept it to the floor; and there, just under my eyes, lay the open book which he had taken such pains to conceal on my entrance. I could not avoid seeing the title. The type was large, and at the first glance I had read the words—"The Borderlands of Insanity."

I knew the book well; and but for Hildred's anxiety to hide it from me, I should have thought nothing of seeing it on his table, especially after reading the titles of the works he was evidently studying. But now I



STOOD BEFORE HIM STARING AND SPEECHLESS" (*p.* 134).

looked at him apprehensively. He had turned at the sound of the falling paper, and his eyes were fixed keenly upon mine. A crimson flame of passion sprang into his cheeks, his hand clenched instinctively, and an exclamation of anger burst from him.

Then he recovered himself with a violent effort, bit his lip with vexation, and, swinging round on his heel led the way out of the room.

II.

BLANCHE HILDRED gave me a warm welcome as her husband's friend; and when I had little Georgie in my arms, and my bachelor whiskers had been well pulled by Georgie's inquisitive fingers, I began to feel at home.

In spite of her fresh young beauty, Hildred's wife alarmed my professional eye. At first the delicate colour of her face, the alertness of her eyes, and the rich masses of hair gave the entire pleasure which a truly beautiful countenance is meant to afford. But a second glance revealed a drawn look in the skin of the face, which threw the features into too sharp relief; and the eyes revealed an expression of strained eagerness.

My heart misgave me as I looked from husband to wife. Hildred stood with his back to the fireplace, with a look of settled gloom on his face, very different from the expression of glad and proud mastership I had expected to see there. His eyes turned mournfully from his fair young wife to the beautiful boy in my arms; and at the same moment I remembered the stand of books which was placed so near to the arm of his study chair, and a thought flashed into my mind which turned me sick with horror.

"Why had he tried to hide the book on his table?"

I asked myself. "Why had he been so moved at its discovery just as he was leading me into the presence of his wife. 'The Borderlands of Insanity!' Could it be possible that he believed——"

Just then Hildred's voice recalled me to myself.

"I have to go out, Summerfield," said he. "I know you will excuse me, and my wife will take good care of you. Of course you stay with us?"

"Yes; don't let me keep you from your engagements."

"This is one which can't be put off," he answered; and kissing his wife tenderly, he made an awkward attempt to nod gaily to me, and left the room.

For a moment we did not speak. Georgie slipped from my arms and set off in chase of the cat; and I was lost in gloomy, disappointed thought. Mrs. Hildred sat silent, with her head bent down, until the slam of the front door gave notice that her husband had left the house, and then she turned her eyes upon me. They were eager and glittering, and her breath came in quick gasps as she cried excitedly—

"You find him much altered?"

I could only say—

"I do, indeed."

"Oh, Doctor Summerfield!" she exclaimed, "I cannot tell you how thankful I am that you have come. You are his old friend—you know him so well. I have heard of you so often; your letters have told me that I may speak to you as I would to my own brother. You will take pity upon me, will you not?"

As she spoke her excitement increased. She rose from her seat; she crossed the room and stood before me in mute agonised appeal, with folded hands and quivering lips. I was obliged to grasp her wrists firmly to keep her from falling on her knees at my feet.

"Try and calm yourself, my dear Mrs. Hildred; let me beg you to sit down," I said soothingly, forcing her gently into a chair, and keeping my eyes fixed upon hers. "I will gladly hear all you have to say, and I am altogether at your service—and your husband's."

Only when I uttered the last words did the tension of her muscles relax, and she sank back with every appearance of exhaustion. I felt that all the energy of a powerful will had been concentrated in the supplication for my help, in case there had been any coldness or unreadiness in me to overcome.

"Yes, it is for him—for your old friend I ask your help," she said. "You say he is much changed; I know it. Tell me, did you notice anything strange in his study?"

She had almost started to her feet again as she asked the question; but once more I laid my hand on her wrist and she was quiet.

How my heart ached for my friend as I looked at her! But I only said—

"It seemed a very ordinary study for a doctor to have."

"Ah," she returned in a disappointed tone, "you were not there long enough to examine his favourite books.

"I noticed that he has taken up a special study," I said at a venture.

"That's it!" she cried, with a sudden flash from her wide eyes. "He thinks of nothing else night or day in all his waking moments. Shall I tell you what it means, Doctor Summerfield? Bend your ear—closer—closer—don't let little Georgie hear the awful words."

My head was bent until I could feel her breath upon my cheek, and then she whispered hoarsely—

"Have pity and help us, Doctor Summerfield. *My husband believes that his mind is affected!*"

III.

A COLD shiver ran through my frame as Mrs. Hildred spoke.

"I have known it for a long time," she went on. "At first I could not account for the change in him, but I have watched him closely, and I'm sure that I'm not mistaken. Oh! Doctor Summerfield, tell me, for pity's sake, do you think it is true? Is it possible that there can be any ground for his fear?"

For a moment I felt stunned. This had not been my conjecture, but it was equally appalling. I looked at Mrs. Hildred again, and the effect of her words passed away. My first belief took a firmer hold of me than ever.

"Tell me something more," I said, wishing to hear her talk. "You have not shown me sufficient ground for your own fear yet."

"I don't know that I can," she answered; "one may be quite certain of a thing without being able to convince another of it. Countless little things lead me to my conclusion. You must own that only a great shock could have produced such a change in my husband. Then his manner to me, always kind, has grown to be almost womanly in its tenderness; and all his pleasure in our child seems dashed with a mournful pity. If I try to win his confidence, a look of abject terror comes into his eyes, and he takes pains to avoid me, spending whole nights in his laboratory. Then again, why should he take up such a horrible branch of study with so much earnestness? He has no special mental cases under his care just now."

"He tells me that the work here is heavy," I said. "I suppose he has a large practice?"

"He had; but for the last six months it has been dwindling away rapidly. I know that many of his best patients have lost confidence in him; they see the change and pity him, and I believe he goes in daily dread that his secret will be discovered."

"I believe that you are deceiving yourself, Mrs. Hildred," said I. "Your husband is too honourable a man to continue his practice after he has once doubted the soundness of his judgment. Is there nothing else that may account for this change? He spoke of having had an anxious time lately."

"Yes, he has; but that is not the cause. The change has been gradually taking place during the last year; but the anxiety he spoke of only began a week ago."

"What is the nature of the anxiety?" I asked.

"It is a dreadful business altogether," answered Mrs. Hildred. "I don't think I have thought how dreadful it really is, for my own trouble has made me selfish. A week ago our neighbour, Colonel Scott, was found dead in his garden, under mysterious circumstances. He had been stabbed, and was lying beside an artificial lake, with one of his hands in the water. My husband believes that it was a case of suicide, but no weapon was to be found; and although the lake has been dragged, nothing has come to light."

"What makes Hildred believe it to be suicide?"

"Well, Colonel Scott was a strange old man, a childless, and apparently a friendless, widower, and a patient of George's. He was intensely melancholy, and full of crotchets. It seems that he had a great respect for my husband, for he has left us his entire fortune, something like fifty thousand pounds, I believe. George was much moved when he heard of it, for he never liked the old man."

I looked at my companion in some surprise. If the legacy had been fifty thousand pence her tone could not have been more indifferent.

"It was strange that Colonel Scott should have done such a thing, for my husband had quarrelled with him, and they had ceased to be on speaking terms. The old man possessed some secret remedy which he had learned in India, and he was always carrying bottles of it to the country people. George never complained of this, for his own hands were always full then; but he was indignant that the remedy should be kept secret from the profession, and he spoke too warmly to the colonel about it, called him a quack, I believe, and was ordered out of the house. It was just like the old man's eccentricity to leave him the money and the prescription into the bargain, with full liberty to make it known if he saw fit."

"Of course, there has been an inquest," I said. "What was the verdict?"

"The inquiry was adjourned until to-day. That is where George has gone now. There was a dispute as to the possibility of the wound being self-inflicted. My husband was of opinion that it might be, but Dr. Turnbull, a far older and more experienced man, would not hear of such a thing. I believe additional medical evidence is to be called to-day."

"No doubt Hildred has been very much upset."

"Yes; but, as I said, it does not account for his past misery. Will you promise me, Dr. Summerfield, to watch my husband carefully, and try to make him speak of his trouble? He may confide in you."

"I promise," I said; and then Mrs. Hildred of her own accord changed the subject.

I could see that she had to make a strong effort, so I began to talk of my wanderings abroad, and she managed to listen to me for half an hour with a polite show of interest.

But she started and changed colour at every sound.

Presently the servant came to say that lunch was served, and at the same moment a heavy step sounded in the hall, and Hildred entered.

He threw himself wearily into a chair, and wiped the thick beads of sweat from his brow. His face was pale as death.

His wife crossed the floor and stood beside him, laying a hand gently and caressingly on his shoulder. He started under the light touch as if it had been a stinging lash.

"Well, what was the decision, George?" she said.

"They had a brand-new practitioner over from Newborough," returned he, in a tone of harsh displeasure, "and he sided with Turnbull."

"Did the jury return a verdict accordingly?" I asked.

"Yes: 'Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown.'"

Hildred sprang to his feet and opened the door for us to go into the dining-room.

IV.

DURING the rest of that day Hildred and I played a game of cross-purposes. I tried hard to make an opportunity to get on my old intimate footing with him; and he tried, no less hard, to keep me at a distance. He was friendly enough in the presence of his wife, and so long as I talked about myself; but no sooner did I make any reference to his broken health than he entrenched himself behind a shield of cold reserve, which I found it impossible to penetrate.

I retired for the night utterly mystified and defeated. That my friend was oppressed by some terrible secret was certain, and I was equally certain that, unless relieved of the burden, his mind would give way under the strain.

Next morning at an early hour I was shaken roughly out of sleep, and, starting up in bed, I was surprised to see Hildred's man standing at my side. My shoulder ached with the fierce pressure of his hand, and I was on the point of remonstrating when I noticed the sickly pallor of his face and the nervous twitching of his lips.

"Speak out, man! What's the matter?" I shouted.

"Can you come downstairs—at once, sir?" he gasped. "The police are in the house, and they are asking for the doctor."

"What do they want with him?"

The man's teeth chattered.

"It's all over the town this morning, sir," he said. "They say that the master murdered Colonel Scott, and the inspector's here with a warrant for his arrest."

"Good heavens! What d'you say? Murdered Colonel Scott!" I cried, leaping out of bed and plunging into my clothes. "How can they have made such a horrible mistake?"

"It seems that they've drained off the water from the artificial lake in the colonel's grounds, sir, and it's said they've found a surgical knife with Dr. Hildred's monogram on the handle. And they've traced footsteps from the spot where the body was found to the laboratory, and the ivy on the wall is torn and ragged, as if a heavy man has climbed up or down by it."



'THERE'S SOME FOOLISH MISTAKE' I SAID" (p. 133).

"The laboratory wall! Where is the laboratory?" I asked.

"At the bottom of the garden. The doctor has made a workshop of the old stables built against the wall of Colonel Scott's grounds. Please make haste, sir. The inspector's waiting for you—we don't want to disturb the mistress."

"How can you help it? Isn't Dr. Hildred in his room?"

"No, sir. He spent the night in the laboratory again."

I was just ready, and struggling into my coat, I rushed downstairs, closely followed by the servant. In the hall stood the inspector and a constable.

"A bad business, sir," said the former, "and I want to get it over as quietly as possible. The man said you would take us to the doctor without disturbing the lady."

"To be sure. Dr. Hildred will thank you for the courtesy. Lead the way to the laboratory, John." Then, turning again to the inspector, I added: "The doctor did not sleep in the house last night. We shall find him in his workshop."

I saw the man's face fall, I heard the constable mutter "Walker!" under his breath, and I must confess that I felt a slight sinking at the heart as we followed the servant out into the garden.

Could it be possible that Mrs. Hildred's suspicion had been correct? The tale of my friend's quarrel with the murdered colonel flashed through my mind, and the incident of the secret remedy—exactly the kind of thing to prey upon a morbid condition of the mind.

We crossed a wide stretch of turf, and traversed several paths winding through a shrubbery, and then halted before a large two-storey building.

It was the laboratory.

The door was unlatched, and without ceremony the inspector pushed it open and we entered.

Tables littered with electrical apparatus, retorts, test-tubes, and vessels of all sorts and sizes; a furnace, in which charcoal still smouldered redly; shelves on the walls holding rows of bottles—these and other paraphernalia of a chemist's laboratory met our view, but of the doctor himself not a sign.

"How do we reach the lofts?" asked the inspector, seeing no ladder.

John went outside, and following him round an angle of the wall, we found ourselves at the foot of a flight of stone steps, leading to a strong iron-clamped door on the second storey.

The inspector was the first to ascend the stairway. I kept close to his heels, and the constable and John brought up the rear.

The iron-clamped door, like the one below, was ajar. I saw it swing open, and I saw the inspector vanish. Then a low cry reached me, and with a bound I was in the loft.

At first I only saw that this loft was furnished as a luxurious sitting-room; then my eyes fell upon an easy chair, and in it, turned slightly away from me—gracious Heavens! what did I see? The figure of a man with hair as white as snow. Surely I could not mistake the proud pose of that noble head, the breadth of those colossal shoulders; but what in the name of wonder could it mean?

"Hildred!" I shrieked, suddenly seized with a fearful trembling.

There was no answer. The figure sat motionless.

I leapt forward and seized its arm. It was stiff and rigid! I grasped its hand. An icy chill shook my arm, the white head fell forward upon the breast, and with a gasp of horror I found myself gazing into the glazed eyes of a corpse. And such a corpse!—withered, wrinkled, and yellow as any face of four-score years.

For a moment the silence was awful and profound, and then—

"May I ask the meaning of this intrusion?" cried a harsh voice.

I started as if I had been shot, and looked up.

A door, leading into an inner loft, was standing open, and within its frame stood the figure of my friend, George Hildred, as I had seen him yesterday, but with the look of agony intensified upon his face. He stepped forward, and behind him I caught sight of the burly form of another man.

The inspector motioned me to explain, and I took my friend by the hand.

"There's some foolish mistake," I said. "Discoveries have been made relating to Colonel Scott's death, and your presence is needed at the magistrate's."

A wave of horror swept over Hildred's face, and for a moment he hid it in his trembling hands.

I shook him by the shoulder, pointing to the dead body in the chair.

"What is that?" I asked, in a low voice.

Hildred uncovered his face. His cheeks looked whiter than I had seen them yet, and his lips moved stiffly as he answered in a hoarse whisper—

"That is my father."

"Your father, Hildred! What does it mean?"

Again his lips moved stiffly, but no sound came from them. He bent his head till his mouth was close to my ear, and then I caught the words—

"Alcoholic mania!"

* * * * *

Yes, I know it is a terrible story; but the world is full of tragedies. Is there a single man or woman who has reached middle life without hiding one horrible true story in some dark corner of the memory? Instead of following this one farther, let me sum up after-events in a few concluding words.

George Hildred's father had spent twenty years in the West Indies, and the letter which told of his home-coming had contained an ominous hint which had induced his son to keep the news a secret from his wife. A year ago he had met his father on his return to England, and the old man, a victim to long intemperance in a hot climate, was hopelessly insane.

After much thought—revolting from the idea of committing his father to the care of strangers—Hildred hit upon the plan of tending him himself in the rooms above his laboratory. He had obtained a certificate and a properly qualified keeper, and from that time until the night I slept under his roof, during which the old man had died, Hildred's life had been a long-drawn-out misery. Refusing to share the burden of his awful secret with his wife, he had almost sunk under its weight.

All doubt as to the murder of Colonel Scott was quickly cleared up. No fault could be found in the keeper; his vigilance had been keen. And yet the cunning of the madman had found means of loosening the bars in the window-frame of his room, and also of stealing one of his son's instruments. The thick ivy on the stable walls had afforded him egress while his keeper slept, or while he was locked in alone; and as for the motive of the crime, it could only be accounted for as a fit of maniac rage at seeing an old man in happy liberty while he himself was a prisoner.

Hildred slowly recovered from the shock and strain of that miserable year, but he could not remain in the neighbourhood. I induced him to become my partner in a practice I had lately bought in a flourishing northern town, and we have found it a pleasant and profitable arrangement; and as I grow older year by year, my friend is gradually resuming the buoyancy of a second youth.

Of course Hildred never touched a penny of the colonel's fortune; and the last time I entered the little town in which my friend had lived, it was to make a speech, in his name, at a public ceremony when a royal personage opened the Scott Asylum.



"SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR?"

Words by GEORGE WITHER. *Music by* W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.Mus.

VOICE.

PIANO.

With spirit.

f
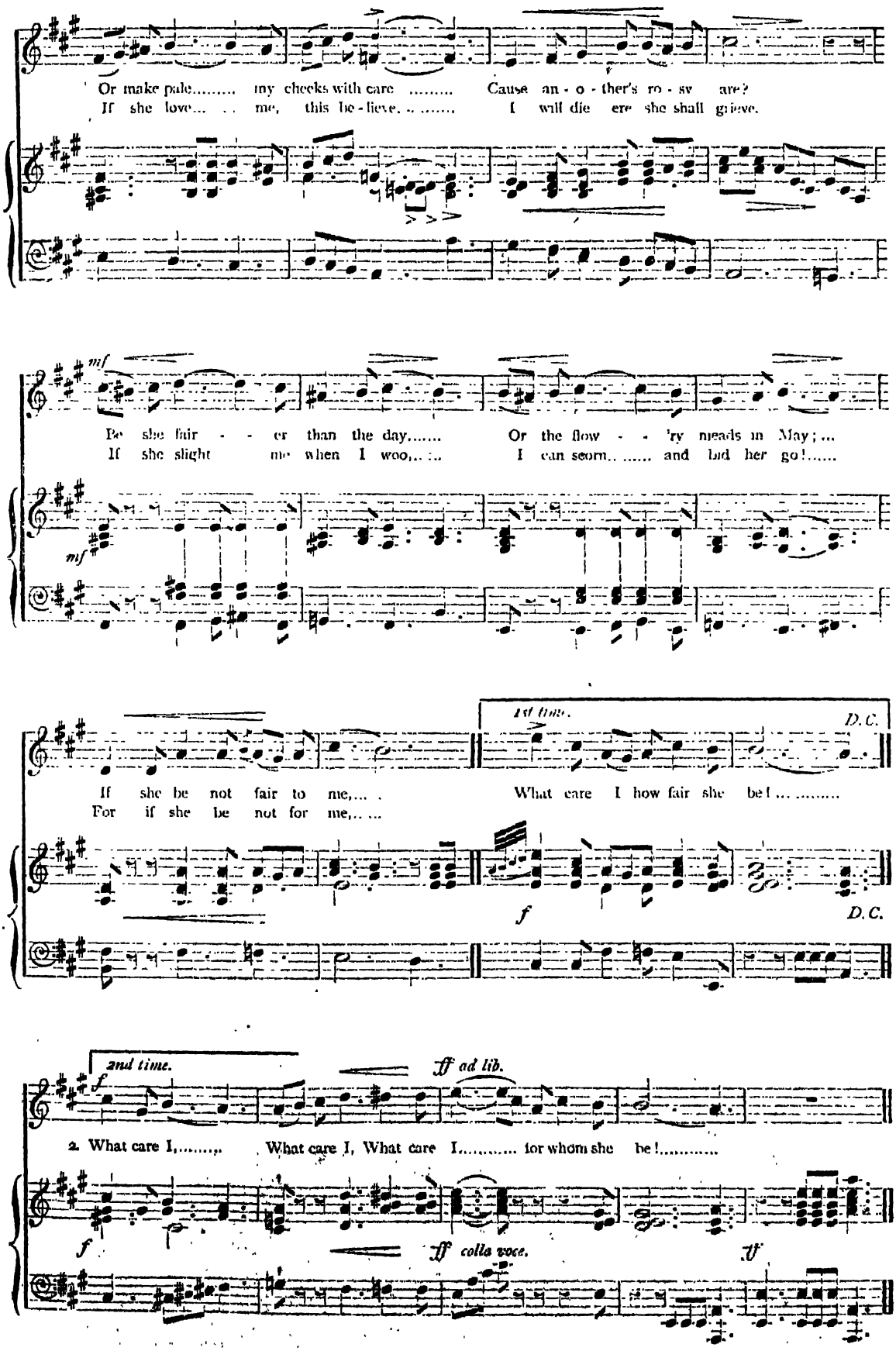
mf

f

1. Shall I, wast - - ing in des - pair, ... Die be - cause..... a wo-man's fair?.....
2. Great or good,..... or kind or fair,..... I will ne'er..... the more des - pair;..... ...

mf

f


Or make pale..... my cheeks with care ..... Cause an - o - ther's ro - sy are?
If she love... .. me, this be-lieve. .. .. I will die ere she shall grieve.
mf
Be she fair - - er than the day..... Or the flow - - 'ry meads in May; ...
If she slight me when I woo,.. ... I can scorn.. ..... and bid her go!.....
mf
1st time.
D.C.
If she be not fair to me,... .
For if she be not for me,.. ...
What care I how fair she be! ... .
f
D.C.
2nd time.
f
ff ad lib.
2. What care I,.....,. What care I, What care I..... for whom she be!.....
f
ff colla voce.
ff

CONCERNING CHAPS AND CHILBLAINS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"BLAIN" is an old English word meaning a sore; and a chilblain is a sore caused by cold. Chilblains are consequently much more frequent in the winter, when the weather is cold. They are seen in those whose circulation is feeble and, curiously enough, young people under the age of twenty suffer more frequently than older people.

The history of a chilblain is very simple. In consequence of a feeble circulation, the nutrition of the skin is injuriously affected by cold, and slight inflammation ensues. On the parts most exposed to the weather (for chilblains affect the hands and feet, particularly the heel) an ill-defined redness becomes apparent. There is a good deal of tenderness, and when the part becomes thoroughly warm there is much itching and a sensation of burning.

If appropriate treatment is adopted at once, the inflammation subsides and the skin soon resumes its natural appearance; but if this early stage be neglected, and the part be irritated by a rough stocking or by the chafing of an ill-fitting boot, further damage to the skin results. A little blister forms, and when it breaks a superficial sore is left, which is very troublesome and heals very slowly.

In no case is the old proverb "Prevention is better than cure" more true than in the present instance. All that is required to prevent the occurrence of chilblains is to ensure a sufficiency of warmth. Warm gloves and warm stockings must be worn, and boots fitting easily and suitable to the season must be procured. The circulation must be promoted by friction, and encouraged by active exercise taken regularly. If all precautions fail, local treatment must be begun without delay.

At first a sedative lotion or soothing ointment must be applied to allay the inflammation, followed later by more stimulant remedies. Simplest, and perhaps as efficacious as any other application, is the use of resin ointment; or the part may be painted occasionally with a little tincture of iodine. It must always be remembered that warmth is essential for success—not toasting the toes in front of a fire and then letting the feet become cold again—but the warmth must be maintained by suitable clothing.

Frost-bite is a more extreme effect of cold; it chiefly affects the more exposed parts—particularly the ears and nose. Just as in the case of a burn, the injury to the skin is greater than is at first apparent. Careful treatment under medical advice must be adopted.

A chap is a longitudinal crack in the skin, and generally affects the hands and arms. Apart from the particular effects we have just considered, cold has a profound and more general influence on the nutrition of the skin. This influence is intensified if the cold is combined with wet, more especially if the wet skin is allowed to dry spontaneously.

An eczematous condition is induced which manifests itself by the skin chapping. Washerwomen, laundresses, and others who alternately wet and dry their arms are particularly liable to suffer. Here, again, preventive measures are all-important. The hands must be kept warm, and when they are wetted care must be taken to dry them thoroughly with a dry, soft towel.

Several patent preparations are highly recommended; the old treatment of glycerine and rose-water dabbed on the skin occasionally is, however, very satisfactory. Many people, I would parenthetically remark, make the great mistake of applying pure glycerine to the skin, and thus defeat their own object—for pure glycerine acts as an irritant.

It ought to be diluted and this is best done with rose-water. If the chapping is very severe, it is best to consult a doctor, as much harm may be done by taking the advice of inexperienced people or even by following one's own prescription.

The skin of the face may also suffer; it is necessarily the most exposed part of the body, and the effect of cold upon it is very noticeable. The natural temperature of the body, as I explained at length in a previous article, depends upon a balance being maintained between the heat produced by the vital processes and the heat lost by the skin, lungs, etc. When a cold draught of air plays upon any part, the quantity of heat lost is minimised by a narrowing of the calibre of the blood-vessels at that spot, and blood-vessels are very numerous just below the skin. Comparatively little blood flows through the contracted vessels, and it flows slowly, so that it has time to lose its bright red colour more completely than usual. The bluish colour of the face and lips on a cold day is due to this cause, and I have already referred to the impaired nutrition of the skin which may result. A certain amount of protection is afforded by wearing a veil, but care should be taken that it should be suitable and contain no injurious dye. Drawn tightly under the nose, a veil may cause a little chafing and irritation; it is therefore better to allow it to extend below the chin. On entering a warm room an uncomfortable feeling of burning may be experienced, which is often allayed by the judicious use of a sedative application.

Closely allied to the foregoing conditions are fissures in the lips. These are very painful, and heal with difficulty. Promptly treated with lip-salve, they may be soon cured; but if they become at all deep, it may be necessary to touch the raw surface with a pencil of lunar caustic. The pain is only momentary, and healing follows rapidly.

There is yet another condition produced by cold. It

is very interesting to study, but it involves a consideration of the general influence of nerves on nutrition, so that we cannot pursue the matter far in this paper.

A slight eruption on the face near the lips is not unfrequently seen. Pain is felt, perhaps towards evening, then the skin reddens, and by the morning a crop of little blisters closely aggregated together is developed. This affection is herpes, and when it occurs round the body it is commonly known as "shingles." It is a very curious affection, and is, without doubt, due to nerve influence. It soon passes away. All that is necessary is to avoid irritating the eruption; the application of a little zinc ointment is very grateful.

Finally, many people are troubled with coldness of the extremities, especially during the winter months. Sometimes when they wake in the morning they may find their fingers numb and white, as if they were quite bloodless. The circulation is, however, soon restored by friction and warmth. This condition depends upon a spasm of the blood-vessels, and is generally due to nervous influence. It is seen in those who have a weak circulation, or in those whose blood is not in a perfectly pure state (it is often associated with an accumulation of uric acid in the system). Considerable alarm may be occasioned, and timely medical advice is desirable, especially if the numbness is of frequent occurrence. Very often a simple remedy is successful, and much perturbation of mind is thus avoided.

THE QUEER PASSENGER'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NORTHWARD HO," "GOD BLESS THE CHEESE," ETC. ETC.



ONE LOVELY summer's day an English yacht lay moored in the harbour of Bergen. Her skipper, with folded arms, leaned over the bulwarks, lost in quiet enjoyment of the scene. No ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the water, and in it was mirrored the town and its encircling mountains. Suddenly across his range of vision floated a boat; two men were at the oars, and they were evidently making for the shore. Boats are no novelty at Bergen, but there was a peculiarity about this particular craft that riveted the skipper's attention, and effectually awoke him from his day-dream. In the bows, motionless, unfettered, stood a fully-grown and magnificent eagle. Surely such an extraordinary sight was never seen before in Bergen Harbour!

The boat drew nearer, and the skipper hailed her: "Boat ahoy! What are you going to do with that splendid eagle?"

The men stopped rowing; the queer passenger rolled its eye in the direction of the speaker, but otherwise took no notice of the interest it excited. Its master—the younger of the two men—replied in English that he was taking it to Bergen in order to present it to the museum there.

"What!" exclaimed the skipper. "Have the bird killed and stuffed? It would be a thousand pities. Would you sell it to me?"

The Norwegian considered, and then said—"If I sell, I ask of you two dollars."

"All right!" replied the Englishman, surprised at the modest sum asked; "it shall be a bargain. Will you please come on board?"

Shortly after the two were seated in the cabin at their ease, whilst the eagle, perched on the back of a chair, seemed to preside over the meeting.

"And now," said the skipper, "pray tell me why you are getting rid of this fine bird."

The Norwegian prefaced his reply by saying that his name was Carl, and that he lived at his foster-father's farm on a large island to the south of Bergen. The eagle was his own, and lived at the farm also; it was so tame that it would eat food out of his hand. It generally flew away to the hills in the morning, but always came back at night. Perhaps the Englishman would remember the very hot weather of a week ago? On one of the warmest days the eagle sat in the farm-yard basking in the bright sunshine, and thoroughly enjoying the light and heat.

Tempted, too, by the beautiful weather, into the farm-yard strolled Petersen, one of the hands; it was a holiday, and, like the bird, Petersen intended to make the most of it. It was so hot that he had discarded his coat and vest; his trousers were rolled up to his knees, and his legs and feet were quite bare. He found a plank, tilted it at a convenient angle, and half reclining upon it, closed his eyes and smoked the pipe of peace, contented with himself and all the world.

The eagle, that had been dozing on its perch, regarded the new-comer with amazement. Its sense of propriety was doubtless shocked at the sight of Petersen's bare legs. That they were white, and plump, and shapely, could be no excuse in the mind of this cultured bird! It began to chatter to itself; and the more it pondered the matter the more its indignation was aroused. From chattering it took to stronger language, until, in a sudden access of fury, it made a wild rush at those beautiful legs, buried



"CARL LET GO HIS HOLD" (*p.* 145).

its talons deep into their most fleshy part, and pecked at them with its powerful beak until the blood streamed.

Alas! poor Petersen. His holiday was completely spoiled. With a wild yell he flung aside his pipe, and closed in a hand-to-claw tussle with his infuriated assailant. Roused by his cries, some of his comrades hastened to the rescue, and the eagle was beaten off. However, it was a gross case of assault and battery: the bird was evidently dangerous; and so, after turning the matter over in his mind, Carl determined to take it to Bergen, and present it to the museum.

"But tell me," said the skipper, "how did you first become possessed of the eagle?"

"Ah, that is a longer tale," replied the Norwegian. "I shall tell it you with pleasure."

And the following was in effect the story of "The Queer Passenger."

One morning in spring an unusual air of bustle and excitement pervaded the farm. Outside the chief entrance a group of the "hands" were eagerly engaged in discussing an affair of evident importance. Guns, ropes, and rope-ladders lent a formidable appearance to their otherwise peaceful aspect. Opinions evidently differed concerning the matter on hand—no less a matter, in fact, than the assault of an eagle's stronghold. Day by day for a week or more a lamb had been stolen from the farm, and the feathered thief was at last seen making off with its booty. Straightway a court had been held; in the absence of the defendant judgment went by default; the president —metaphorically speaking—put on the black cap, and "death" was the penalty pronounced. The peasants were now gathered awaiting their master, in order to carry the sentence into execution. In the midst of their talk the door opened, and the farmer appeared, accompanied by his nephew Carl, a tall, muscular youth of seventeen.

"Well, men, are you ready?" The question being answered in the affirmative, the new-comers placed themselves at the head of the small force, and at once led the way in the direction of the hills.

The eagle's nest was perched about two-thirds of

of brusqueness; but this impression soon wears off, and gives way to the conviction that one is talking to a thoroughly sincere and honest man, who is too much in earnest to waste time in mere conventional compliments. I began my conversation with the following remark, the answer to which I hoped would clear away a good deal of the misapprehension that is attached to popular ideas concerning life at a crammer's, which I trusted would allay many paternal heart burnings, and which would clear the ground for all further inquiry. Nor was I wrong in my prognostications. And this is what I said to him:—

"Captain James, some three years ago I was engaged in visiting the chief public schools for the purpose of writing a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on 'The New Era and the Public Schools.' I then learned from many of the head-masters that they were forming army classes in their schools purposely to obviate the necessity for parents sending their boys to crammers, where, as they alleged, their morals were practically neglected altogether, whilst the education they received was of the most superficial and temporary nature. Now, what have you, one of the chief crammers in England, to say to that?"

To which the reply came as follows:—

"What you say I have, of course, often heard before. I have no hesitation in saying that the public schoolmasters who hold these opinions, or *profess* to hold them, don't know what they are talking about. I am far from saying that every army tutor is an angel under heaven, but the large proportion of them are men who do their duty honestly and well. It is stated that the moral welfare of boys at a crammer's is utterly neglected, that they run wild, and are frequently ruined for after-life. Such, I assure you, is not the case here. We begin work at 9.30, and go on till luncheon; then from 3 or 4 to dinner-time; and no boy or young man is ever allowed to go out after dinner. Now I ask you, what chance a boy has of going wrong under such circumstances? Why, he would have more opportunity at home or at his school than he has here. Of course, I cannot be responsible for the day-boys, any more than a head-master is responsible for the home-boys at a public school; but I do undertake that no boy shall play the fool in *any* respect so long as he lives under my roof. Many parents complain that my rule is too strict. Very well; they can remove their sons: it is a matter of perfect indifference to me; but so long as they are under my care I feel absolutely bound to look after their moral bringing-up and their whole lives with the most scrutinising care. They are not allowed to enter a theatre or music-hall. To be discovered in a public-house would mean immediate expulsion. My younger boys are separated entirely from the older ones who come here either from the Militia or the Universities; they live in separate houses, and they practically never meet. The Civil Service pupils also work apart as, also do officers who are reading with me for the Staff College; for I believe in the system of isolation, both from a moral and educational standpoint. The whole art of ruling boys lies in keeping them in small groups. And now to answer the ridiculous statement that boys are superficially crammed at these establishments. I utterly deny it, in the first place; and in the second place I assert that such a statement, so far as superficiality is concerned, might much more truly be made of the public schools themselves. To begin with, I object altogether to the use of the word 'cramming.' 'Cramming' is the name given by inferior teachers to a standard of imparting knowledge to which they are unable to attain themselves. Which is the more likely to be well taught for the Army or the Civil Service: the boy who forms one of thirty or forty in a class at a large public school, or the boy who forms one of three, or four, or five with me? Again, as to the class of tutor. *I* can't afford to keep tutors who are hideous failures. The public schools *do*. I know what I am talking about," vigorously went on Captain James, in reply to a feeble protest on my part. "I see more of the average product of the public school than anyone living, and I hear what the boys themselves have to say of them; and I unhesitatingly say that at every school there are masters who, to use an expressive schoolboy phrase, are habitually 'rotted' by their classes. Now, what can you expect of such men but failure? I keep no man of that kind. Every man here is not only a master of his own particular subject, but he is master of those confided to his care. Power of discipline with me counts for as much as power of teaching. Another point in favour of education at an army tutor's is this: that he and his assistants devote their *whole* attention to *teaching*; here *education*, and not *athletics*, is the thing most thought of. Athletics—much as I believe in them in their proper time and place—have been, and are, the



CAPTAIN WALTER JAMES, R.E.

(From a photograph by Russell & Son, Baker Street, W.)



TEST WORK.

curse of our public schools. You know as well as I do that the chief worship at the public schools is athletics tempered with a little learning. Mind you this : I am no opponent of the public schools, because I think that the education and the associations a boy has at a *good* public school are beyond price, but I unhesitatingly say that I can pass dozens of boys who would fail if they went straight up from a public school, simply because, poor fellows, they don't get offered them the opportunities which I absolutely *enforce* upon them. My belief is that it doesn't matter what a boy is educated upon as long as he is thoroughly taught something, and the basis of that something has been of a literary nature. I prefer a boy from the classical side of a public school to one from the modern side, which is too often used as a sink, into which the public schools empty their rubbish. The weak part of all public schools is that they rarely teach the higher mathematics, and never properly in conjunction with classics. Again. no public school ever teaches modern languages to any extent; and it will be found, by reference to the Eton calendar, that nine-tenths of those boys who have obtained the Prince Consort's prize for French and German are partly of foreign extract, or have lived much abroad. Now, I firmly believe that at a properly conducted school the literary faculty can just as well be cultivated in French and German as in Latin and Greek."

"And now as to your own method of work here Captain James?" I said. "Will you tell me something of what you do and *how* you do it?"

"Certainly I will," he replied. "In the first place, as I said before, we work in very small classes, which are divided amongst upwards of forty tutors, each one of whom is a specialist in his own line, most of whom have been with me many years.

"For military subjects I have nine officers to help me, of whom four are Staff College Graduates in Honours. Three well-known University men give lectures on English and constitutional history, English literature, and political economy, Roman and English law. French, German, and Italian are taught by six tutors, and here I may mention that I keep one man for French dictation only. Russian, Spanish, Turkish and Arabic, Hindustani, and Sanskrit, are taught by specialists. In all cases the literature as well as the language forms part of the education in each subject.

"Six wranglers teach mathematics. Five classical honour men look after the classics; an M.A. of London takes care of the moral science department. Geology, geography, physical geography, botany, chemistry, heat, light, electricity and magnetism, geometrical and freehand drawing, are all most carefully taught here by specialists. We have, as I will show you, no less than thirty-seven class rooms, so

that the education the boys receive is far more individual than you could imagine possible."

"And what branches of the army do you recommend for different classes of boys?" I asked.

"The cavalry for boys who are well off, the infantry and the Indian army for poor men's sons. There is no particular advantage from a military point of view for a boy going into the engineers or the artillery, though I grant there are often good civil appointments for clever engineer officers."

"Lord Wolseley," I remarked, "was very emphatic the other day, in talking with me, on the necessity for every officer who wanted really to rise in his profession going to the Staff College."

"And I thoroughly agree with him," replied Captain James. "I have a good many officers who come here all specially to prepare for the Staff College, besides others who come to be prepared for Promotion Examinations, and you may often see them on a Saturday afternoon going out into the country with a tutor, to learn surveying and military sketching. The education here, as I will show you, is just as practical as it is theoretical. I greatly approve of young fellows going out to India; all real soldiery is done in India."

"And of what class—mentally—are the boys you get, as a rule, Captain James?"

"Well," he replied—and coming from a man of such vast experience, his answer is well worthy of careful attention—"I don't think that boys are nowadays as earnest as they used to be"; and when I replied, in great astonishment, that I had thought the very reverse was the case, he explained himself by saying: "The fact is that a boy's social position at a public school depends upon his athletics rather than upon his educational attainments. The public school hero," he went on, truly enough, "is the cricketer, the half-back, the good oar, rather than the thoughtful scholarly boy. Again, the spirit of the age lends itself to *smatterings*, and that is what I have chiefly to contend with. Boys often come to me knowing nothing really of Latin and Greek. They remind me of the king and Walpole talking Latin together, which the statesman had half forgotten, and the king never perfectly learned."

After Captain James had told me of his large preparatory school at Stony Stratford, where boys are taught in small numbers, and where they are divided into preparatory classes for the professions they are likely to enter in after-life, he asked me to go round some of his houses, of which he has some three entirely devoted to studies in the district of South Kensington, and see for myself the very practical nature of the training which is here given. The first room I entered was the "Military Model Room." Here the young fellows see by means of models what things really are, while at the cricket ground they see actual constructions thrown up by the volunteer engineers.

"We teach the war game here," Captain James informed me; "as the best means of imparting tactical instruction."

In another room curious and interesting military maps hung upon the walls. One bore the inscription: "The 1870 Campaign up to Sedan, September 1st." Another represented the 1814 Campaign in Champagne.



THE PRINCIPALS.

"The fellows see these things every day," observed Captain James, "and so they get into their very flesh and blood. We ourselves turn out a lot of maps in our lithographic department, which are used for Staff College and Military History Examinations."

Captain James then took me into the geological rooms, chemistry laboratories, physical laboratories, and the like. The whole system appeared to me not only to be established upon a very thorough basis, but also upon a very interesting and a very attractive one. It is one which appeals pre-eminently to the ingenuity and skill and to the imagination of a young fellow, as well as to his merely mental capacity. He is thereby taught to be interested in, and to be fond of, the profession into which he is about to enter.

The whole establishment is conducted on a military basis. The heads of houses are under orders to send in daily a report to the chief.

"No nonsense is allowed here, I can assure you," said Captain James. "All my success is due to strict discipline. I allow no slackness in dress. A fellow here cannot loaf about outside the house in his slippers. Every young fellow under my charge is required to attend church on Sunday. A tutor who cannot keep order gets his *congé* at once; a boy of bad character is immediately expelled.

"We have a capital cricket and football club, and an admirable ground only a short distance from here, for I am a great believer in athletics *in moderation*. I have been rather severe on the public schools in this respect; at the same time, I gladly admit that they invariably send me my finest fellows. All I say is this: I pass many who would fail if they went up straight from the public school, and if I get a boy early enough I will ensure his getting into the army; but I don't pretend to work miracles, and it is useless for parents to ask me to do in two or three months what previous places of education have failed to do in double as many years. Lots of good—really good boys can pass straight in from the public schools, but the ordinary boy—and most boys are ordinary," added my host, with a smile—"have a fifty times better chance with me."

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

WITH HINTS TO HOME DRESS-MAKERS. JANUARY.

TO the whimsical dame, Fashion, we will accord the praise that is justly her due, for although she has elected to choose as her favourite of the season the colour brown, yet she insists upon our outdoor garments being relieved by a brilliant beam of colour—vying with the gorgeous plumage of the humming-bird—in either headgear, muff, cravat, or bow. And when the cruel east wind raises a corner of the sombre brown coat we catch a glimpse of a bright coloured silk lining, truly cheerful to the beholder in this grey month of January.

The Blouse.

The oft-praised blouse shall occupy our first attention. For evening at home, or concert wear, it is both charming and appropriate, brightening up and utilising many a simple skirt, which otherwise would be consigned to oblivion; for instance, a black crépon skirt, either accordion-pleated or simply finished at the hem with a gathered frill, is raised to the importance of an evening gown by the addition of one or other of the following blouses.

The colour of the blouse we have illustrated is a becoming shade of pink relieved with lines of jet in which the favourite "paillette" is introduced at intervals. A key-note of novelty is struck in the design with peculiarly happy effect, by the tasteful arrangement of the black Chantilly lace veiling the full-frilled basque, thus in a subtle manner breaking the sudden transition from the black skirt to the pale pink silk.

The absence of a belt round the waist has a smart effect, and comfort in wearing is ensured by having the lining close-fitting to the figure. The sleeves are fully pleated at the shoulder and form a puff to the first row of jet, thence to the wrist they fit exactly to the arm.



AN EVENING BLOUSE.
By Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.
(Photographed from life by Walery & Co., Regent Street, W.)



AN ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A WALKING-DRESS.

For another a beautifully-shaded silk was used, the lovely "green of the tender leaves but newly born," and palest mauve with a shimmer of silvery white, successfully effected a fascination of colour which was increased by the handsome insertion of Nottingham lace—a good example of the charming way of utilising one of the "home industries" which now deservedly holds its own in the competition with foreign manufacture—see sample.

One row of this lace crossed the figure back and front, forming a square; a second was placed three inches below, following the same line but passing beneath the arms. The silk was drawn into fulness, at the waist and neck, and finished with a high collar-band encircled with lace. The sleeves, arranged in a large puff at the shoulder, trimmed at intervals with insertion put on horizontally, fitted tightly from a little above the elbow to the wrist. A plain silk waistband confined the waist.

For very young girls nothing could be prettier than the simple Surah silk blouse, in bright colours—yellow, heliotrope, green or red, becomingly made "gigot" sleeves, and large square collar edged with a narrow frill, finished at the neck with a folded tie and rosette.

New Year's Gifts.

In the 16th century there was a quaint custom prevalent, which is not altogether extinct in our own times, of giving gloves as New Year's gifts; "but being more expensive than all could afford to purchase, money was given instead, which was called glove money."

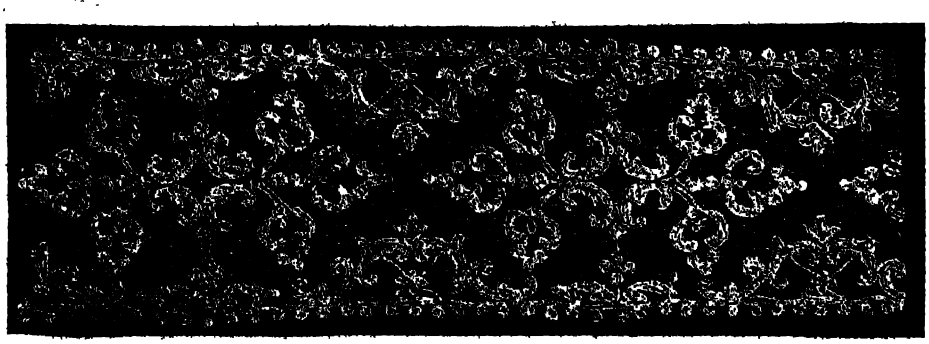
This latter clause, however, does not apply in this 19th century, as no considerable outlay is required to ensure a charming present, whether it takes the form of glove of Suède, kid, or chevrette, or hosiery with its delicate colouring, following in every instance for evening wear the same tone of colour as the gloves and ribbons or ornamentation of the dress. The fan, too, is almost as necessary an adjunct to the evening dress of young ladies as that of the Spanish beauty. A favourite design in them is a group of miniatures; another, large flowers hand-painted in natural colourings, and in many instances the irrepressible "paillette" appears.

The hair, although dressed simply in a high coil, and waved in front and brushed upwards from the forehead—which in the case of high foreheads is softened by a few stray ringlets—is always graced with an ornamental comb or pin, or tiny coronet of twisted velvet worn across the upper part of the coil of hair, with a dainty butterfly bow of lace, in the centre of which nestles a scintillating ornament, the whole design minute and graceful, befitting the youth of the wearer.

Another pretty gift is the lace cravat, which adds a charm to the plain collar of either blouse or bodice, and is often an accompaniment to a cape of velvet and fur. The lace is folded to the width of two or three inches around the neck, and finished in flat-pleated ends drawn through a paste or oriental buckle worn under the chin, the ends standing straight out to right and left in a novel manner.

Costumes of To-day.

The varying climate of our country is proverbial. To-day Boreas challenges us to a brisk walk wrapped in our warmest garments and furs; to-morrow brings a west wind and rain showers, or an east wind with accompanying fog. A costume to suit all weathers has long exercised the brain of the ingenious, with what success the following original costume will illustrate. It is designed by the tailor of a West End firm noted for his excellent "cut." The material employed, of warm woollen texture, is reversible, on the one side



NOTTINGHAM LACE.
(From a photograph.)



AN HISTORICAL COSTUME FOR A BAZAAR DRESS.

plain blue, and the reverse showing lines of red at intervals. The skirt is gored into the waist in front where it sets quite plainly, and fully pleated into the back. The long coat reaching to the knee is cut at the back without a centre seam, and finished with a box pleat—a style much worn at present — with ample sleeves cut "gigot" shape. In front the coat is turned back with long revers, opening over a waistcoat bodice made in warm fancy cloth of a contrasting colour and cut double-breasted. This waistcoat is seamed under the arms into a plain, tight-fitting silk back; the sleeves of silk are finished at the wrist with deep cuffs of cloth, in shape like a gentleman's shirt cuff, lined with fine wool lining, and is complete as described. The skirt and jacket are so exquisitely finished at the seams that the whole costume—herein lies the novelty—is capable of being wholly reversed and worn with red lines revealed, thus adding a warmth and cheerfulness to the costume if worn on a dull grey day.

I will describe one or two costumes for young ladies commencing with the design illustrated. Seven yards of material forty-six inches wide will be required, and six and a half yards of narrow mink fur. The skirt is gored into the waist in front and put into fulness at the back, forming two flute-shaped pleats; this will necessitate a lining in the centrepiece of material either of book-muslin or even horsehair. The width of the skirt at the hem should measure three and a quarter yards, made to clear the ground by two or three inches. The fur trimming is sewn one inch from the edge and headed with a line of jet.

The coat is cut tight-fitting to a little below the waist line and made slightly double-breasted, opening out with large revers; a double basque cut on the curve is sewn on to the bodice with a tiny piping and the edges ornamented with jet. The back of the jacket is cut without a seam in the centre; thus, the lining is made with a seam, and after being well pressed with an iron the crease seen in the material is tacked to the lining exactly on the seam, then damped and ironed to shrink it to the line of the figure at the waist, from whence it continues to the edge of basque as a single box-pleat, underneath which the basque can be neatened.

A deep collar, opening at the shoulders where it meets the front revers, is cut slightly drooping to the centre of the back, and an edging of fur and jet is carried around both, as in the plate.

For the under-bodice, the blouse illustrated on p. 150 would be a pretty design made in the material, but finished at the waist with a belt in lieu of the frill. A becoming addition would be a line of fur around the yoke, which might be of velvet.

The hat is of beaver trimmed jet pins, jetted quill feathers and watered silk ribbon.

Another graceful gown in shades of brown, with the skirt cut as described above, has each seam ornamented with a scroll design in narrow ribbon, sewn on with jet beads in groups of three. At the hem the design is seven inches wide, tapering to a point as it nears the waist. The bodice has a yoke of material of which also the pointed sleeve epaulettes are made with the design in jet and ribbon repeated. The bodice from this yoke to the waist is made in moiré silk, turned into three box-pleats back and front with a shaped belt finished at the left side with a rosette of bows.

An original skating costume design will be published in our February Magazine.

Fifteenth Century Design for a Bazaar Dress.

Describing the costume of the fifteenth century an authority states that "the bodice of this date - 1465 was worn longer waisted than previously, and the corsage opened down to it, and displayed the stomacher, above which again was seen the gorget or chemisette."* The sleeves were made close-fitting to the arm and terminated at the wrist in a deep hoof-shaped cuff of velvet to correspond with the revers or braces on the bodice. A broad belt encircled the waist, in some instances ornamented with jewels. The skirt was cut to fit plainly around the hips and made with ample fulness at the back, bordered at the hem with a deep band of velvet, or in some instances miniver, which also appeared on the bodice and composed the cuff. The skirt was trained to an absurd length and caught up at one side, thus revealing a short under-skirt of rich material in some shade of contrasting colour to the over-dress. The shoes appear with little or no heel, and were broad at the instep, where they fastened with a strap, and terminated at the toe in a long point.

The "Hennin," or conical head-dress, a fashion imported from Flanders, was an erection of either silk, brocade, or lawn, with velvet coronet across the forehead, fastened with jewels at either side. A voluminous veil of delicate and transparent texture hung suspended from the head-dress at the back. The hair,

* Planché—Dict. Cost.

to be historically correct, should be entirely concealed beneath the head-dress, and only a tiny plaited tress appear in the centre of the forehead.

I will suggest the colours for the accompanying illustration (p. 152): bodice and over-skirt in yellow-green cashmere, bordered with shot black and dark grey velvet, repeated in the revers and cuffs; a stomacher of black velvet; lawn chemisette; the belt and under-skirt of deep red or shot red and yellow velvet; black shoes.

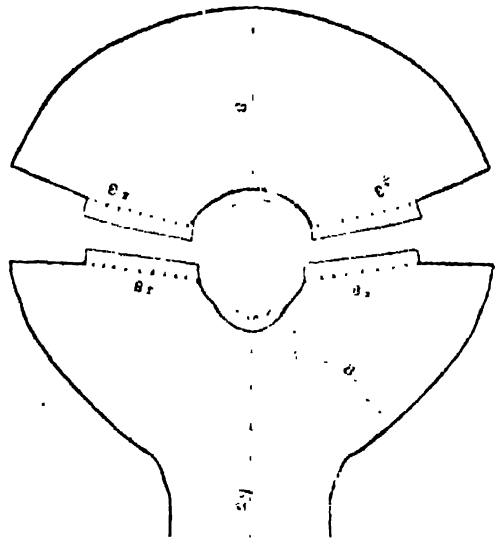
This costume could be worn at a Mediæval-Costume Bazaar.

Children's Coats.

The simplicity of the styles now prevalent for out-door wear for the little ones enables a clever mother to arrange a charming and often quaint little coat and hood with her own deft fingers.

The coats pleated into a yoke and worn with double shoulder capes are still first favourites, made in to-day's colourings- viz., watercress-green or beetroot-red cloth, and trimmed with either mink or beaver fur; also red-violet velvet and ermine for wee children of three years.

A pretty sleeve is full from the shoulder to the wrist, with a narrow wrist-band and the fulness drawn into the arm-hole with several runnings. The coat is double-breasted and turned back with small revers. An epaulette frill completes the sleeve, and forms a stylish collar; at the back the coat hangs down in a loose sacque. A three-cornered hat ornamented with rosettes is worn with this coat, which would be a very becoming style for a child of seven.



DETAILS OF CHILD'S COAT.



CHILD'S COAT.

We illustrate a coat for a child of six years. White lamb's wool cloth, trimmed with beaver fur and beaver-coloured velvet rosettes are the materials chosen, the same being used for the little hood. Stockings, shoes, and gloves to match the velvet in colour.

The coat is simply cut full to a V-shaped yoke, the back formed into a double box-pleat. The overcape is lined with sarcenet and sewn in with the coat to the neck-band, also fixed in places down the centre of the front, but *invisibly*; it then crosses to the left shoulder, where it is fastened underneath the rosettes, thus forming a double-breasted garment.

Children's hosiery, in a beautiful gradation of colouring, notably tan colours, adds to the charm of their outfits, and the high boots, laced well up the legs, are worn in shades to match the gloves. A. L. G.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the child's coat). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

WHOSE were the books that Shakespeare read? Who were the popular authors of his day, and to what extent did their work influence his? A full and complete answer to these questions were worth a king's ransom, and to essay it were far beyond the scope of this column. But in the tenth volume of Professor Henry Morley's "English Writers" (Cassell), he deals with the first part of Shakespeare's life under the title of "Shakespeare and his Time: Under Elizabeth." And what a time that was! Spenser and Greene, Kit Marlowe and Ben Jonson were all the contemporaries of Shakespeare in this period, that was in some respects, perhaps, the most important in the shaping of our language. And how surprised those writers would have been could they have forecast posterity's judgment, and learned that probably what even students most prize in Greene is that satirical reference, in his deathbed writing, to Shakespeare! With most of them all that we chiefly esteem in them is the accident that they lived and wrote in Shakespeare's day. We search their papers, and study the—often petty—stories of their lives for a chance reference to the greatest of their contemporaries, and now it will be possible for even the least learned among us to do so under the guidance of Professor Morley.



KING KHAMA AND HIS SON.

(From a photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Mis reproduced in "The Story of Africa.")

Someone called Miss Olive Schreiner's "Dreams" "lyrical prose," and no other term would so fitly describe her "Dream Life and Real Life," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has added to his "Pseudonym Library." The three little sketches which make up this briefest volume of the series all stand apart from one another. Even Miss Schreiner rarely drew a more weirdly pathetic picture than that of the little South African wanderer, in the first story, dreaming her pretty dream again and again, and waking to the hard facts of her present plight. The tragic ending of the little tale is powerful, but this one touch is more so. "The Woman's Rose" and "The Policy in Favour of Protection," which make up the volume with "Dream Life and Real Life," are strong sketches too, but by its side they are slight and less real. From South Africa to Tonquin would be a long journey under any other conditions than those which rule the "Pseudonym Library"; but there it is quite a matter of ordinary sequence, so one is hardly surprised to find that the next volume to Miss Schreiner's is "The Home of the Dragon," a Tonquinese Idyll, by Anna Catharina, which is both picturesque and vivid.

The "posthumous works" of a great writer must always partake to a greater or less extent of the nature of *obiter dicta*. And of an *obiter dictum* it may be said that while it "whether it be wise or foolish, right or wrong, bindeth none—not even the lips that utter it," it very probably represents and expresses the proverbial "first thought" on the subject under review. A thousand and one considerations of policy and expediency may weigh with the author against the publication of these thoughts *at the time*. But when, after the writer's death, these more or less complete fragments of good work fall into the hands of a judicious

editor, there is much to be said for their publication, and little against it, provided the reader always clearly understands that the work is but what its author regarded as the beginning of more finished writing. Here before us, for instance, is another volume of "De Quincey's Posthumous Works," edited by Dr. A. H. Japp and published by Mr. William Heinemann. The chief ornament and pride of the volume is undoubtedly the essay on "Conversation and Coleridge," which gives its title to the work. The picture with which it concludes of the effects on the sensitive little lad of his father's sudden death and his own transplanting to Christ's Hospital is a wonderful piece of writing. "Pope and Didactic Poetry" is another essay one would not have willingly let die, and the whole work is one to be commended to all students not of De Quincey alone but of English literature.

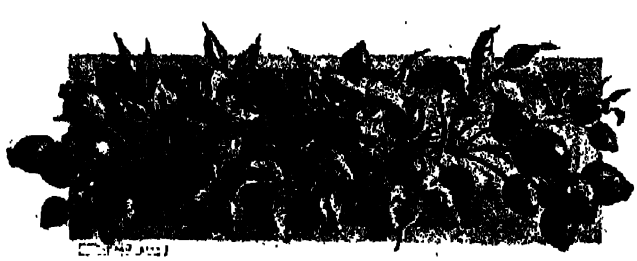
Appropriately dressed in a heliotrope cover there comes from Mr. Fisher Unwin "Princess Heliotrope: or Peter Stummel and the Magic Cherries," the latest, but not the least, of this season's contributions to fairy literature. The author is Pynx Graph, and his story is illustrated by Gertrude Trotter. Both story and illustrations are so full of quaintness and originality that this unambitious little book is sure to please. And when we quote from the ending of the tale that "Peter married the Princess, and in time, when the King and Queen died, Peter and the Princess Heliotrope reigned in their stead; and in their day there was nothing but peace, and honour, and happiness in their kingdom," we have shown enough to prove that here is a fairy tale of the good old kind that was popular when the world was young—and that will make the old world young again.

Africa has been so much to the fore in our newspapers and thoughts of late, that a special interest attaches to the second volume of "The Story of Africa" (Cassell), edited by Dr. Robert Brown. In the chapter on "The Crossers of Africa" particular reference is made in this volume to that portion of the Continent which has the greatest interest for British readers just now, and from that chapter we have borrowed a portrait of King Khama, about whom and his "friendlies" so much has been heard of late. The work, as a whole, is full of incident, and the tale of the gradual opening up of the continent is well told and admirably illustrated, largely from photographs.

The great World's Fair at Chicago is hardly likely to be soon forgotten. If it were, there is a memorial of it now being published in serial form by the Bancroft Co. of Chicago, under the title of "The Book of the Fair," which makes a memento of it such as we have never seen of any similar exhibition. Everything that good paper and printing, and the most exhaustive description and perfect illustrations can do have been done to make this work a complete and worthy souvenir. To those readers who visited the Fair the work will serve as a fund of recollection, while to those who were disappointed of the trip, its pages show the glories of the great gathering on a truly comprehensive scale.

An amusing little work of peculiar interest to gentlemen is published by Mr. L. Upcott Gill, under the title of "The Mysteries, Secrets and Whole Art of an Easy Shave." It is professedly designed "to alleviate the sufferings of mankind," and some of its hints are so practical and full of common-sense that the little book seems well calculated to achieve its purpose.

On the threshold of a new year diaries have a special and commanding interest for everybody. And the wants of all classes are surely met in Letts's Diaries for 1894, published by Messrs. Cassell. The varied sizes and forms of the commercial and office diaries commend them to men of business. Special diaries are prepared to meet the peculiar wants of the clergy, of doctors, and of housekeepers. Other special diaries are "the ladies'" and "the gentlemen's," both very compact and excellently turned out. —"The Professional Pocket-Book" (Rudall, Carte & Co.) is a daily and hourly engagement diary for the year in three handy parts. The plan followed in its arrangement is that adopted by the late Sir Julius Benedict.



THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A New Cash Recorder.

The "Champion" cash register which we illustrate is intended to replace the ordinary till where money is



paid for goods sold, and to record the purchase, thus preventing overcharges on the part of the salesman. The machine is only nine inches square at the base and stands on the counter. In a central oval space the amount of the purchase is written in figures, which can be seen by the customer at a glance. Each assistant has his own register, and it is therefore possible to fix any error on the proper person.

Buildings of Steel.

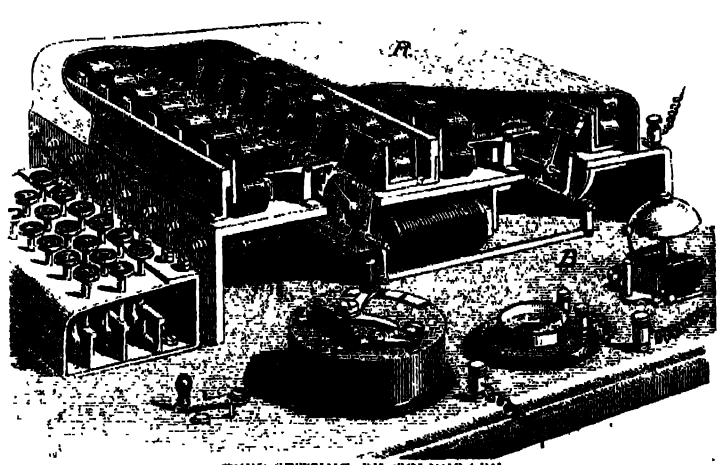
Large buildings such as churches, schools, and colleges are now constructed of iron and steel, and they can be made of handsome appearance. Strength is obtained by making the walls double, and the air of the hollow interior acts as a non-conductor of heat. Such buildings are easily put up and taken down, and they are well adapted for an earthquake country. Moreover, the hollow walls admit of electric wires and pipes being run to any part of the house.

Type-Setting by Telegraph.

The type-printing telegraphs hitherto in use have corresponded to the "single-handed" type-writers; but Mr. Donald Murray, of Sydney, New South Wales, has introduced a new apparatus, which corresponds to the "double-handed" typewriter, and admits of about double the speed of transmission, that is to say, some eighty words a minute. Moreover, the same instrument serves as a long-distance typewriter, a type-setting machine, and an electrical piano. The apparatus is illustrated in the accompanying figure, and without entering into details we may state that when one of the transmitting keys, T, seen on the left is depressed by the operator, a particular combination of electric currents, positive and negative, is sent into the telegraph wire. In passing through the receiving apparatus at the other end of the line (a duplicate of which, R, is attached to the transmitter and forms the body of the figure) these currents excite an electro-magnet corresponding to the key and actuate the proper printing type. There are thirty-two transmitting keys and thirty-two receiving types, as well as a call-bell, B, and other auxiliary devices which we need not specify. The message is printed in ink on a travelling strip of paper, as in the ordinary Hughes typewriter, so largely used on the Continent and at home. Obviously such an apparatus can also be used as a typewriter at a distance, and, indeed, to work any keyboard instrument such as a piano or type-setter. It is, therefore, within the bounds of possibility that a reporter, say in Parliament, will be able to discard his shorthand notes and set up a speech in type as he listens to it.

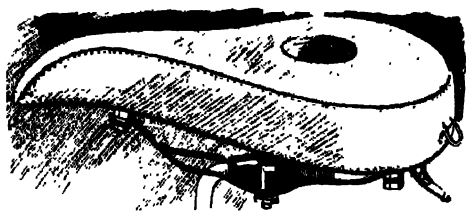
A Pneumatic Cycle Saddle.

For the greater comfort of the cyclist a pneumatic saddle has been introduced, which we illustrate herewith. The saddle is composed of indiarubber membrane, covered with leather, and inflated by the tube



TYPE-SETTING BY TELEGRAPH.

and valve shown under the seat. It weighs only 1¼ lbs., which is less than the ordinary saddle, and it affords a soft, steady, and secure seat. While upon this subject, we may add that Mr. William Doig



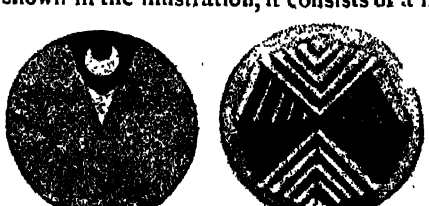
has endeavoured to obviate the drawbacks of the pneumatic tyre in cycles by introducing a pneumatic hub instead. His idea is that the pneumatic principle is more correctly applied at the hub; in short, that the axle of the wheel, not the flange, should be cushioned in air. By the pneumatic hub he expects to get an equal speed and comfort from the machine, and to treble its duration.

The Phonograph in Schools.

The Edison phonograph, which has been used with good effect in preserving aboriginal languages now dying out, and, according to Dr. Garner, in registering the speech of the lower animals, particularly of monkeys and gorillas, has now been adopted in some American schools to assist in teaching languages. A number of pupils may record their lessons on the cylinders one after another. These can be examined by the teacher at his leisure. Similarly the teacher may record a lesson on the phonograph, which the pupils can hear and study while he is otherwise engaged; and in the same way he can verify the recorded speech. It is easy to see how foreign languages can be self-taught in this way, by using a proper series of graduated exercises. By means of the flexible tubes as many as thirty pupils can be instructed from the same phonograph. Apparently there is a future before this method of tuition.

A Reflecting Kaleidoscope.

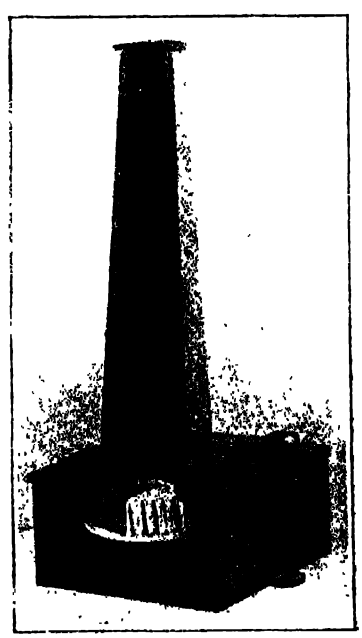
A great improvement has been made in the kaleidoscope, that interesting device for pleasing the eye with changing patterns of divers colours. Mr. John Gorham, M.R.C.S., has invented a reflecting form of the instrument, which gives a surprising number of the most beautiful combinations with simple arrangements of coloured paper or the petals of flowers. As shown in the illustration, it consists of a mahogany box containing a disc having coloured objects of angular or other forms placed upon it. A kind of funnel half open and lined with two mirrors, rises from the box, and the observer looks down the funnel through the eyehole at the objects while he slowly rotates them by turning the peg. The eye sees the objects and also five reflections of them, forming an intricate and beautiful figure which keeps changing while the peg is turned. Further varieties of tint and form are given by inserting a second disc in the line of sight at the base of the funnel.



DISCS.
(A REFLECTING KALEIDOSCOPE.)

Hot Disinfectants.

MM. Chamberland and Fernbach, two well known French *savants*, have recently found that disinfecting solutions of hypochloride of soda, chloride of lime, and peroxide of oxygen are much more effective when applied at temperatures of 40° to 50° Cent. (104° to 122° Fah.). This agrees with a prior observation of Heider for disinfectants in general. The Frenchmen, however, have also discovered that microbes are more easily destroyed by disinfectants when they are in a moist condition, and they suggest that the walls of a room should be sprayed with water before applying the disinfectant. A cheap practical disinfectant recommended by them is made by "drawing" one part by weight of chloride of lime with ten parts of water and diluting the clear extract with ten times its volume of water.



A REFLECTING KALEIDO

Intelligence and Weight in Children.

It appears, from measurements made in the public schools of St. Louis, U.S.A., that on an average the clever children are also the heaviest and tallest, besides having the widest chests and largest heads. In short, a good physique and a good mind generally go together; but not always. Moreover, the difference in point of body between the clever and the dull children increases as they grow older. It follows that if a child is below the average weight for its age it should only be moved into a higher standard at school after it has undergone a physical examination, to see if its strength will be equal to the increased strain.

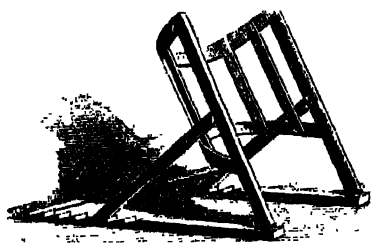
A Telautograph Exchange.

In a former GATHERER we explained the principle of the telautograph, or far-writer, of Mr. Elisha Gray,

the well known American inventor. The apparatus has now been perfected, and a telautograph exchange, on the model of a telephone exchange, has been opened in Chicago, by which the subscribers will be able to correspond with one another by letters sent through the wire instead of through the post. The sender simply writes, in pencil, on a desk transmitter, and an autograph copy, or fac-simile, is at the same time written in ink at the other end of the wire by the receiver.

A New Bed-Rest.

A bed-rest for invalids, especially the convalescent in cases of heart disease and dropsy, is shown in the



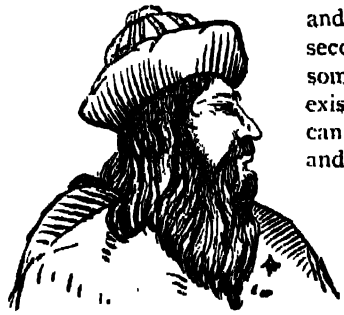
figure, and will explain itself. It is constructed of light wood, the back is curved, and can be inclined to any angle to suit the patient by shifting the hinged props along the rack. There are brass buttons round the back to secure the pillows if need be by strong tapes provided for the purpose, and the wood can be carbolised to keep it wholesome.

The Malay Fire Syringe.

Mr. F. W. Rudler, of the Museum of Geology, has drawn attention to a "fire syringe" for producing fire by the sudden compression of air which Mr. H. Louis, a mining engineer, found a young Malay using in the district of the River Teluban, at the south-eastern end of the Malay Peninsula. The syringe is made of hard wood, strengthened by a jacket of plaited rattan cane, and about two and a half inches long. The tube tapers a little towards the closed end; and a piston of hard wood, packed round with string, is suddenly driven into it. A small piece of tinder with which the disked bottom of the piston is primed thereby catches fire, and on being withdrawn is blown to brightness. The tinder is kept in a pouch, made from the skin of a large bean, ready for use.

The Real "Wandering Jew."

The "Wandering Jew" of mediæval folk-lore had different names in different countries; for example, Cartaphilus, Ahasuerus, and Isaac Laquedem. According to one account the Wanderer had been doorkeeper in the house of Pilate, and had struck out Saviour when He entered it, at the same time ordering Him to hurry. According to another account he was a shoemaker, who had been present at the Crucifixion. In either version, however, he had been commanded to wander



THE REAL WANDERING JEW.—FIG. 1.

and live on until the second Advent. That some real foundation existed for the legend can scarcely be doubted, and several old pictures of the Wanderer are extant. Fig. 1 is a copy of a seventeenth century portrait of him, the oldest known, and now in the Munich Library. Fig. 2 represents a sketch now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, which was made at Avignon where the original was seen on April 22nd, 1784. A clue to the mystery has apparently been discovered by Dr. Henry Miege, of Paris, in a peculiar nervous affection which exists among certain Jews from a district on the frontiers of Germany, Poland, and Austria. Several cases of this disorder, or "neuropath voyageurs," have been treated of recent years at the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, to which the fame of the late Dr. Charcot had attracted them. They were all young men, but looked nearly double their age, and were afflicted with a nervous craving for travel which was found to be incurable. Figs. 3 and 4 are portraits of two subjects: one, Moses B——, a Polish Jew of Warsaw, 38 years old. He was educated in a Russian school by the military authorities, and on being pressed to abjure his religion, fled the country. He was then only sixteen years of age, and ever since he wandered from one country to another. At Buda-Pesth he married and tried to settle down, but the impulse to travel led him and his family of three children to Jerusalem, where he left them and resumed his solitary wanderings over Europe, visiting England among other countries and trying to find a remedy for his disease, but all in vain. In 1892 he arrived at the Salpêtrière and was unsuccessfully treated with electricity. The other is, Gottlieb M——, a Jew, of Wilna, 42 years old, who has also travelled over the Continent seeking a cure for his malady. These wanderers speak several languages, are shabbily dressed, with long unkempt locks, wrinkled faces, and a sad expression. In fact, they exhibit the traditional traits of the "Wandering Jew," and Dr. Miege infers that the old legend has arisen



THE REAL WANDERING JEW.—FIG.

from similar cases in the past, which have probably been confounded with one another.

Railway Progress.

We have already mentioned in the GATHERER that steps have been taken to build an electric railway between St. Louis and Chicago, on which the trains shall attain a speed of 120 miles an hour. It has recently been proposed to emulate this project by the mono-rail system of Lartigue, the carriages being supported from a single rail elevated above the ground on trestles. Probably this will be a form of express travelling in the future, whether by steam or electricity. In connection with this subject we may refer to the new "man-catcher," which has been tried successfully on the street cars and electric railway in Brooklyn, New York. The device, which is intended to prevent persons being run over, is a modification of the American "cow-catcher," and consists of an iron frame fitted with wire netting, and air-cushions on spiral springs, which hangs in front of the car to within a couple of inches of the rails. A pedestrian overtaken unawares by the car is simply thrown backwards into the net, and suffers no injury but a slight shock.

Where is the Moon's Atmosphere?

It is a well-ascertained fact that the moon has little or no atmosphere, and as it probably had one, like other planetary bodies, at some former time, the question is: What has become of it? Quite recently Sir Robert Ball suggested that the particles of gas forming the moon's atmosphere have gradually bounded off into space, or stolen away until comparatively few or none are left. This ingenious theory offers the best explanation yet advanced, and it also leads us to surmise that our own atmosphere has been losing particles in the same way from time immemorial. In fact, there is a prospect that millions of years hence the earth will have no atmosphere to speak about, if by that time it has not fallen into the sun or been annihilated by a comet! We should add that Sir Robert Ball's ideas on the moon's atmosphere are not quite novel, as they were set forth by Mr. S. Tolver Preston fifteen years ago: but they have recently borne fruit in other minds, and the hypothesis is now well established.



THE REAL WANDERING JEW.—FIG. 3.



THE REAL WANDERING JEW.—FIG. 4.

The Algonkin Park.

The Canadians, following the good example of their neighbours south of the line, have set apart for ever a tract of primeval forest as a natural park and preserve for wild animals, plants, and trees. The Algonkin Park, as it is called, is forty miles square, and situated in the north-west of Ontario, at the "height of land" where a large number of rivers take their rise from lakes and ponds among the hills. The scenery is very picturesque, and the climate is dry and healthy; there are fragrant forests of pine and cedar, mineral springs, and opportunities of exercise, so that when hotels have been built and a railway opened to it, the park is likely to become a valuable sanatorium. The naturalist will there have an opportunity of studying primeval forms of vegetation, which are fast disappearing in the settled parts of Canada.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

IN continuation of the new series of competitions, open to all readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, commenced last month, we announce three further competitions, subject to the General Regulations, published on page 80 of our December number.

HOLIDAY PROGRAMME COMPETITION.—We offer two prizes, of Two Guineas and a Guinea respectively, for the best and second-best programme for a Summer or Autumn Holiday Tour of not less than ten days or more than a fortnight in duration, starting from any place in the United Kingdom. The programme must not be more than 500 words in length, and the cost (details of which must be given) of the proposed tour must not exceed Ten Pounds for each person. Special value will attach to the originality and economy of the suggested tour. Each MS. must be legibly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be signed by the author, and countersigned in accordance with No. 4 of the General Regulations. March 1st, 1894, is the latest date for receiving MSS., each of which must have inscribed on the wrapper enclosing it the words "Holiday Programme Competition."

DETECTIVE STORY COMPETITION.—Three Prizes, of Five Guineas, Four Guineas, and Three Guineas respectively, are offered for the best, second, and third-best DETECTIVE STORIES, suitable for publication in this Magazine. Each MS. must be legibly written, on one side of the paper only, must be not less than 3,000 or more than 5,000 words in length, and must comply in every respect with the requirements of the General Regulations, published in our December number. Attached to each MS. must be, in addition to the declaration required by the General Regulations, a short outline of the plot of the story, not to exceed 400 words in length. May 1st, 1894, is the latest date for receiving MSS. The words, "Detective Story Competition," must be inscribed on the wrapper enclosing each MS.

AMATEUR GARDENING COMPETITION.—Two Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively, are offered for the best and second best Six Rose Blooms grown by the sender. Each competitor must send three Tea-roses and three Hybrids, each set of three to be of the same name (for instance, three blooms of Gloire de Dijon, and three of John Hopper), and attached to each set must be a declaration signed by the competitor, and countersigned in accordance with No. 4 of the General Regulations, to the effect that the roses sent were grown entirely by the sender, without professional assistance (professional gardeners not being eligible to compete). The six blooms must in each case be packed in a box (preferably of tin), and reach the Editor by the first postal delivery on June 23rd, 1894.

COOKERY RECIPE COMPETITION: AWARD.

THE result of this competition is somewhat disappointing, only twenty-one of our readers having sent in papers; and out of this small number four were disqualified, as they bore no declaration of originality. Of the rest, some were verbatim copies of published recipes of well-known writers, a fact which we much regret; in two cases, had we inadvertently awarded the prizes to the senders, the consequences would have been very unpleasant for all concerned. In some instances, the descriptions of the dishes were too vague to be of the least use to a reader, and but few recipes combined originality with economy. We beg our readers in future to read more carefully, and carry out fully, the rules of the competition. After most careful consideration, we have awarded the

FIRST PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA to
MARY ROEBUCK,
2, Burlington Gardens,
Acton, W.

and the SECOND PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA to
Mrs. MARY F. HOWELL,
51, Frederick Road,
Edgbaston,
Birmingham.

Honourable Mention:—
MAY MILLAR,
6, Peel Street,
Partick,
Glasgow.

Commended:—
Mrs. BROADBENT,
Easington,
Castle Eden;
L. CROSS,
Asylum Vicarage,
Caterham Hill,
Surrey;
Mrs. HARTLEY,
The Echo,
Ilkley;
and DOROTHY HARDWICKE,
Mellefont,
Portishead.

THREE-PART STORY COMPETITION.

WE hoped to have published this month the Award in the above Competition; but, as it is not yet completed, we are unable to do so.

A MOVING STORY.

BY J. HALL RICHARDSON.



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST VAN.



"UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."

"WHAT is the matter?"

My friend sat with his head buried in his hands, a look of grim despair upon his face, and his attitude generally suggestive of ill-fortune.

"Matter!" he echoed, "matter enough! I am in the middle of a move. It is the busy time, and at eight o'clock to-night the first van had still to arrive. Goodness knows when we shall be straight."

I smiled sympathetically but complacently. The truth was my own move was a week ahead, and I foolishly imagined that our arrangements were so complete that the prospect was quite rosy—a mere change of occupation and of scene. I know much better now.

Let me look back calmly.

When did the idea of a move first disturb our small but, until then, contented household? With wh did it originate? You must ask my wife. I sl say she would perhaps admit that the first propo change our address was made when a certain clean revealed the alleged shortcomings of o I have myself a distinct recollection of cont suggestion, of putting it off, of treating i mare. But it was not to be shirked. with my wife, saying—

"A move is a serious business, said, are as bad as a fire. We may not be able to afford it. Let us wait, say, for a couple of years."

"On one condition," said she promptly—she had evidently thought over the question quietly—"and that is, at the end of the time we go into a larger house."

"I make no such bargain."

"Well, it isn't much use to move into a house of the same size. I would rather stop where I am," she exclaimed petulantly.

"Quite so, my dear."

But there! it was of no use to argue. My wife had made up her mind—not only to move, but to have a larger house, and she has not been disappointed.

We went house-hunting y eighteen months before the expiration of the tw antics' truce; but I sternly refused to allow that details, for shortened. On the other hand, at time out in theories—vain, alas!—that we should before we moved, and we were.



(p. 166).

was so es of London in correctness ll the necessary that I felt discovering it. miserate, in until you go spirit, the marit insignifi- moved, or was of moving, at a termined I had personally d. Of experience of that olders,

It was only after have move I found that, well as regards estimated co quantities, etc., and indis pensable furniture, the

However, we did find a landlord ultimately who was not unreasonable, and the house hunt ended in our fixing upon a villa. I pass over the point that my wife prevailed upon me to sign an agreement for its tenancy three months before we actually required it—just to secure it, as she said.

For the guidance of persons about to move, I would just hint that the tenant who has signed an agreement is not of such consequence in the eyes of landlords, agents, decorators, and the rest as the tenant who has not signed one.

It is the old story of the tailor paying most attention to the customer who does not pay his bill, and of treating disdainfully the man who gives cash without pressure.

I soon realised that a larger house entailed not only larger rates, taxes, etc., and incidental expenses based upon the amount of the rent, but at the outset it meant more furniture. My wife broke it to me gently. I have a very faint idea of how and when a certain sum was mentioned as being well within our means to be spent in "new things."

joys and sorrows. I suppose by this time I had been infected with the moving fever to such a degree that I had reached the same stage as my wife in the insane desire to anticipate matters. I am not sure that I would not have bundled the outgoing tenants neck and crop into the gutter fully a couple of months before quarter day, to make room for me and mine, if the law had permitted such an outrage. But I had to content myself while "beating time" with the drawing up of an elaborate estimate of everything we should be likely to want in the new house.

May I commend this plan to persons about to marry, as well as to those about to move? Take a book, give a page to each room, write down the name of each article, and estimate the cost. Then total up the whole, and if the gross figure does not deter you at once from either marrying or moving, there is no hope for you; nothing can dissuade you from taking that fatal step.

Of course, you can paint your picture in bright but deceptive colours, and under-estimate the prices; but before you accept the total as correct, verify the items separately, as I did, by comparing the figures with the price lists and catalogues which furniture dealers supply.

Here is another wrinkle. The cheapest goods, no matter what they are, are the dearest. In London they are got up to sell.



"WHEN A MAN SEES HIS HOUSE DISMANTLED" (p. 166).

were plain and inexpensive they would not
a bad bargain, but they are frequently flashy
imitations of a superior article. It is
no wear. As a dealer in the West-End
above Co
pleted, we are unhings one can afford to be careless about
textiles. Smoke and dirt will make

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THREE

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Birmingham.

silk no better than jute, and it is often economy to buy the latter; but tables and chairs, which are to last, ought to be good."

There was heart-burning, I am sure, when I compelled my wife to revise her prices by adding fifty per cent. She imagined that I wished to make the move impossible by putting the purchase of new furniture out of the question; but the result was satisfactory in the end, for economies were effected, after long and earnest consultations as to the articles which might be struck off the list, or placed in reserve to be bought when a favourable opportunity in the dim and distant future should arise.

It was curious how the relative attractions of a coal scuttle and a new picture were pitted one against the other. The coal scuttle came out the winner in the competition. There was something of enjoyment, too, in the realisation that "Necessity is the mother of invention;" for we hit upon a variety of ways of securing the desired effect at one half the cost, and it is a pleasure to recall the discoveries which were made in this direction by my helpmate.

I would instance one. We had a couch—a good, sound, substantial but Philistine article—a relic of the period when our forefathers had apparently lost all love of beauty of design but not their appreciation of solid wood and workmanship. The couch was too good to sell, in these days, but it would not harmonise with the style of furniture we had selected for our dining-room, which was to be rather Oriental. The problem was what was to be done with the couch, or sofa, as its first owners called it.

My wife solved the difficulty by throwing a Kelim over it, which cost us 16s., and enabled us to strike out of our estimate the item "New couch, £7 10s."—net gain £6 14s.



"MOST OF IT SEEMS OLD LUMBER" (*p.* 166).

I welcomed such expedients, for they were truly economical; but I shut my ears to the suggestive hint—

"But it is so reasonable."

If the article in question duly appeared in our list at a lower price than that quoted to us, it was in my view decidedly not reasonable; and if the article had been omitted from the list in the first instance as being a luxury, it would not do for my wife to plead its reasonable cost as an excuse for buying it.

"No," I had said, "if we don't want it, it is dear at any price."

To be sure, the argument that such and such an item was reasonable was often applied to articles which were necessaries, but which had been, through ignorance or inadvertence, not been put down in the list. In that event they were bought in due course, but something else which was not so immediately essential had to suffer.



"STILL WE ARE NOT STRAIGHT" (*p.* 166).

I am not anticipating by entering into these details, for all these points were worked out in theory and on paper long before we moved, and it was because I was so certain as to the correctness of our plans that I felt I could commiserate, in a patronising spirit, the man who had moved, or was in process of moving, at a time when I had personally had no experience of that ordeal.

It was only after the move I found that, even as regards estimated cost, quantities, etc., and indispensable furniture, the

original estimate, although it was a guiding star to us, had to be considerably revised and fully ten per cent. added to the total for unforeseen contingencies.

May I enumerate some of them? I pass over the helpless feeling which comes over one when a man sees his house dismantled by pantechnicon men. His household goods appear to be so awfully worn out that it is not surprising to him as he stands at his garden gate, watching the vans being filled, to receive offers from rag and bottle men to buy old lumber. Old lumber! Why, most of it seems old lumber, not worth the cost of removal.

By-and-by it is discovered that these furniture men have done their best to convert most of your property into old lumber. Why else did they blacken your mattresses with their boots? Why did they secretly hide all the keys of your clocks in places which up to this moment are undiscoverable? and why did they forget to remove a score or so of unconsidered trifles, which in themselves are small but in the aggregate require a nice little sum to replace?

I did not trust wholly to the removers. I prided myself on the care with which I went through the empty house to note that nothing of mine was left in it. But such is the difficulty in seeing familiar objects, that I confess I stared at the hat rail in the hall, the tools in the garden, the scraper, the letter-box, etc., etc., without realising that they required to be moved; and, as they were left behind, I have had to buy others since.

Then, carefully mapped out as our plans were in respect to the redecoration of the new house, the refurnishing of a portion of it, and other matters, I frankly avow that none of them went quite right, mainly because, I suppose, we vainly imagined that all the world would busy itself to carry out our behests. Put not your trust in painters, neither in decorators, nor in house furnishers. They all want time. To give them time I kept my old house on for a fortnight, but a fortnight was not enough, and still we are not straight.

My wife has slaved as no member of the working classes will, to put things ship-shape. Order has been evolved out of chaos. I give her all credit. She must have lived on sandwiches and tea for a fortnight. I am afraid to say how many carpets she has laid, how much painting, staining, curtain-hanging, and even upholstering she has got through.

We are of that class who know that "If you want a thing done you must do it yourself," unless you have the money to pay for it. We might have employed a complete house furnisher, but where then would have been that terrible estimate, which up to the present has been our best friend—a species of brake upon the fast coach of extravagance.

Understand me, I do not say that when our labours shall have been completed that the result will not be worth the effort and expenditure, but this I will say, that moving is a frightful trial of one's temper, principle, and pocket. It is not to be lightly embarked upon. A man ought to sit down and count the cost in all respects; and then at the end of it all, you must expect to hear from your best friend the consoling remark—

"Halloa, old fellow, don't you think you have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire? I hear that your new neighbourhood is nothing but a fever trap!"

GARDENING IN FEBRUARY.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.



WINTER is slowly departing, the days are lengthening, and the sun sheds warmer beams on quickening vegetation. We seem to scent the flowers of spring and summer afar off, and make preparations to get them in our gardens. Everyone who has a garden of any pretensions wants a grass lawn for tennis, croquet, or to walk upon—a velvet-pile carpet of Nature's own handiwork.

The Making of a Tennis-Lawn.

This is the month to form either a tennis-court or an ordinary grass lawn, and my remarks apply in both instances. A tennis-court must be of ample dimensions. A little cramped-up lawn, too small to wield a racket in—an apology for a "court"—is a very sorry affair. To play on it is uncomfortable, and the grass quickly wears away, through the feet constantly treading upon the same spot. A tennis-court should be about one hundred feet long and fifty wide: not less; and in its formation the work must not be scamped. Select a level position, and if the surface does not in any place vary more than six inches, it may be simply forked and raked over, drawing a tight line from corner to corner, to correct irregularities. A level spot is not, however, always at hand, and rough places must be made smooth for the game. First find the centre of the plot, and drive in a very stout stump of wood, the top of the peg to be on a level with the ground. Pegs must also be driven in at the corners of the lower end, with the top of each peg, of course, on the same level

as the central stump. This accomplished, dig out a drift from the centre to each of the higher corners of the embryo lawn. At a distance of every six feet drive in pegs, and studiously maintain the same level. Wheel the spare soil to the lower level, spreading it over the ground to the tops of the pegs. This soil must be well trodden down; then proceed to lightly fork up the ground on what was the higher level, and smooth with a straight-edge. The whole business is very simple if carefully done, and an ill-made lawn is a perennial vexation.

I am asked dozens of questions each year about lawns, and the most anxious inquiries are made as to the merit of those formed of turves or seed. Seed is, of course, cheaper; but a lawn formed in this way requires many months to establish before ready to play upon. During the following summer a lawn sown with seed has to contend with drought, birds, and in towns, cats and dogs, marauders that seem to delight in scratching and rolling about on the tender green blades of grass. The use of good turves is strongly advised; and don't spoil the affair for the sake of a few pence. Get decent turves, and well roll and beat them when they have taken root: not before. It is folly to commence "hammering" them down when they are just laid.



HARPALIUM RIGIDUM.

As to cost, one can only deal with the matter generally. Much depends upon the weather and the soil. To form a lawn last year would have cost more than usual, as turves were difficult to either get or lift. If the soil is moderately light, the cost would be about three-halfpence per superficial foot, but it would be twice as much on heavy ground.

Then comes the question of drains, which in nine cases out of ten need not be thought of, but in a stiff clay are essential. Put them six inches deep—not more—and over them place gorse or heather, filling up to the level of the ground with light soil, which should be well rammed down. The subject of weedy lawns will be considered in a future article.

How to Make a Rockery.

It is a happy idea to make a rockery when at work upon the lawn. People will persist in having rockeries. This is a good time to commence, and it is supposed that quite a small affair is to be made. The golden rule is to think more of the plants than the stones, or whatever is used; but eschew bricks coated with cement to make them look like natural stones. The effect is most objectionable to the eye trained to anything approaching artistic perception.

A small rockery should be the home of many pretty Alpine and other plants—flowers that gem high Alpine slopes with colour, masses of gentian like a cloud of blue on the mountain pasture. One may get such things in miniature. Mr. Robinson, in his well-known and delightful work, "The English Flower Garden," says: "The mistake generally made is that of not providing a feeding-place for the roots of the plants. On ordinary rockwork even the coarsest British weeds cannot find a resting-place, because there is no body of soil into which the roots can penetrate and find nourishment sufficient to keep the plant fresh in all weathers." This sums up the whole matter. Lay down the stones in a natural way, and give every plant ample soil. The so-called rockeries in suburban gardens are dreadful affairs—a receptacle for the family

china, while the humble oyster contributes its shell to the general effect. There should be a law against such abominations. The wonder is that even the vigorous little Creeping-Jenny deigns to spread its growth over the surface. Keep the rockery away from trees and damp corners, and let it form part of the garden proper, not a formation for hiding unsightly spots.

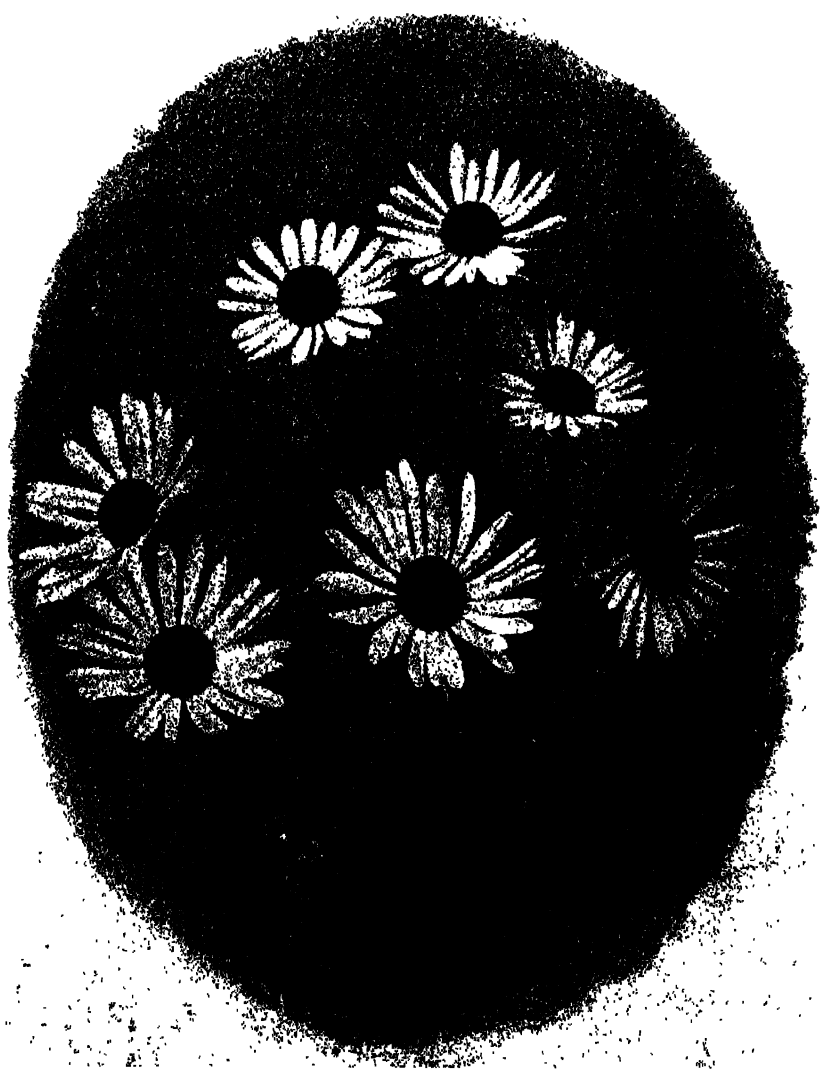
The selection of plants will contain things very easily grown, suitable for a small rockery, and nothing will cost more than about one shilling each. These monthly chats are for those who cannot boast of broad parks or acres of garden to indulge their love for flowers. The Prophet Flower (*Arnebia echioides*) may be grown in light soil and on the warmest part of the rockery. Mentioning this plant reminds me of a legendary tale, which, curiously, is not published. Most legends are repeated in books until worn threadbare. This legend was told to a friend by an Indian general. In the Trans-Indus country of our Indian possessions a flower grows wild in great profusion, both in the Peshawur and Eusoofzaie districts. It reminds one of the English cowslip. The natives, who are for the most part Mussulman, call it the "Mohammedic Phwl," signifying "Prophet Flower." The name arose from the great prophet Mahomet, or Mohammed, in his earlier life being compelled to fly to the desert, followed by a band of faithful disciples. Murmurs of discontent arose at the barrenness of their place of refuge. Neither grass grew nor water trickled in that desert spot—cursed by God and forsaken by man. The prophet heard the words of despair and unfaithfulness, and roused himself from his fit of abstraction. He struck his open palm on the parched and burning sand, and there sprang up a plant bearing pleasant-scented flowers, each flower with a dark-coloured spot on each of the five petals. Mahomet then rebuked his murmuring followers.

"See!" said he, "the power of Allah, even in this barren spot, can produce this flower; and cannot he again restore our fortunes and rescue us from our present state of misery?"

The flower is therefore called the Mohammedic Phwl, and the five brown spots, Mussulmans say, are the marks of the thumb and fingers of the prophet's hand.

This is a bright, strong, and free-blooming plant, the spots of dark colour fading with age, leaving a pure golden-yellow petal. The beautiful Milfoils—the double white *Achillea ptarmica* in particular, the yellow-flowered spring Adonis, and the Rock Madwort, that scatters its golden flowers about in early spring, are a charming trio. Then on the rockery, nestling in the more sheltered half-shady corners, one may have the Windflowers—fairy-like flowers that love to haunt the waysides, tinting them with azure blue. *Anemone blanda* has deep blue flowers, which appear in February; the Hepaticas of various colour shine forth in March; and the Japanese species, the pure white and rose, bloom in August, continuing until the season of frosts.

The free-growing white Rock Cress (*Arabis albida*) spreads with great rapidity, making a mass of purest white; and, if possible, get the little *Arenaria balearica*,



WHITE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

the Balearic Sandwort of Corsica, to creep over the facings of the stones. It is like a charming little moss: a perfect mat of green, spangled with white flowers through the summer. Moisture it appreciates, and shade, but grows respectably in exposed spots. In our selection must also enter the various kinds of Thrift—*Aubrietias*, the deep blue and the rosy-coloured *A. Leichtlini*—and Bellflowers of many kinds. The Campanulas are a host in themselves. Nothing is daintier than the deep purple *C. pulla*, nor so pure as the white *C. pumila*, which will thrive even on a poor rockery. *C. carpatica*, *C. fragilis*, *C. muralis*, and *C. turbinata*, are all worth growing, cheap, and require no special treatment. The hardy Cyclamens make bright little clumps of bloom in autumn and early spring, and the Alpine Pinks may be tried against stone, or on a sunny ledge, for instance, where the roots can get plenty of soil; but the plants can bask in the sunlight. They are troublesome, but worth a little coaxing to get the lovely flowers. The Gentianella in a light moist limestone soil is of remarkable beauty. No blue is finer; but the plant is rather eccentric in its behaviour, sometimes flourishing as a weed, sometimes, alas! positively refusing to grow. The white and purple Michaelmas daisies, and the yellow-flowered *Harpalium rigidum* on the higher parts of the rockery will create a glow of colour, and the Ivy give pleasure by trailing over the shadier corners where flowers refuse to thrive.

Do not forget, also, the perennial Candytufts, Irises, the Blue Gromwell (*Lithospermum*), Forget-me-nots, Evening Primroses, Alpine Primroses, Rockfoils (*Saxifrage*) in great variety, Stonecrop (*Sedum*), Houseleeks (*Sempervivum*), Catchfly (*Silene*), Thymes *Veronica saxatilis*, Pansies, and *Zauschneria californica*, in a hot and dry spot, besides the more hardy things, as Wallflowers, Daffodils, Squills, and other hardy bulbs.

General Hints for the Month.

The garden provides work and recreation. Many men are of the same mind as Luther, who declared that "instead of being forced to carry on tedious and other fruitless business, he would much rather, as an old and worn-out man, be delighting himself in his garden with the wonders of God—trees, plants, flowers, and birds."

It is a pleasure even to prepare for their annual manifestation of colour and fragrance. In February plant shrubs, hardy perennials; sow seeds under glass of tender annuals. Start tuberous Begonias, Dahlias, and Fuchsias on a hot-bed, and get seeds ready for sowing. Prepare the ground ready for them, as the majority may be sown in March. Sow Early Peas, as Exonian; and one may plant Potatoes for an early crop on warm borders. Finish pruning; but remember, a tree has life, and to remove precious limbs and shoots does not increase vitality or ensure a harvest of ruddy fruit. Give more air in the greenhouse, repot Fuchsias, strike cuttings of various soft-wooded things, and make up a hot-bed of stable manure and leaf-mould for seeds. Turn over the manure several times before it is used, and wet it, if dry; otherwise, the heat will prove too violent.

THE SLEEVE OF CARE.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," etc. etc. etc.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.



MISS RACHEL ENDERBY was one of the many Society young ladies who thought Lord Chesney a most desirable "parti."

She was in the habit of constantly asking herself down to Woodlands when she knew that Lord Chesney was at home; and, on the strength of her relationship to his mother, they called one another by their Christian names, and she tried to make herself indispensable to him by interesting herself in all his pursuits, and by sitting with him in the smoking-room whenever he was alone.

She had almost begun to fancy that she had made an impression upon him, and that his grave politeness was changing into something rather warmer, when Tessie arrived on the scene.

Lady Chesney had hardly mentioned her existence to her guests, save by stating that a young friend of hers was coming on a long visit. And neither Miss Enderby nor Holden felt interested enough to inquire any further.

So that the advent of this new personality had been something of a disagreeable shock to Rachel, and to Holden it had been something more, for he, being bound in honour to Tessie, had fallen in love as deeply as his butterfly nature was capable of doing with Miss Enderby.

Of course, he had said nothing in actual words to the lady of his admiration, but she, being quite ready to encourage any admiration of a possible sort, enjoyed his quiet homage.

Seldom, indeed, had a more disconcerted party assembled round a dinner-table than that which

gathered in the dining-room at Woodlands that night.

Miss Enderby was devoured with jealousy, and Holden spasmodically cheerful when he glanced at Tessie, and gloomy when his eyes met Rachel's sparkling black ones.

Lord Chesney had a very worm of misery gnawing at his heart, and his mother was sorrowing for him in his disappointment.

Even Tessie was not as serene as usual, for Raymond Holden had been a distinct disappointment to her, and it gave her something like a decided pang of dismay as she tried to look upon him as her future husband.

Perhaps her taste had become more fastidious in maturity. Anyhow Holden, with his fair hair parted in the middle, his light moustache, and his rather insipid blue eyes, was not the Adonis she had once imagined him.

His manner, too, was to her mind vapid, and his slight lisp was even repelling.

But she tried her very best to smile at him as affectionately as ever, and to answer his eager question as to her doings since last they had met, while her eyes would unconsciously wander to the bottom of the table, where her host sat, stiff and stern, answering in grave monosyllables Miss Enderby's playful sallies of wit.

Lady Chesney was heartily thankful when dinner was over at last, and when the ladies departed to the drawing-room; though she could not help pitying the two men left together, and commiserating her son for having asked Holden down to Woodlands on a visit of some length—for the young man was one of those useful members of society who can sing a good song and wield an excellent bat in a cricket match.

The concert was over, but there was still the cricket match to come, and Lady Chesney shivered as she thought of her son's misery, with another week of Holden's society to contemplate.

"Are you engaged to Mr. Holden?" said Rachel eagerly as she came up, trailing her rose-coloured draperies behind her, to where Tessie was sitting, stitching fitfully at a scrap of point lace.

The girl looked up into the expectant face above her.

She was angry with herself that the question irritated her, and therefore she took all the greater pains to answer gently.

"Not exactly engaged, but bound to him in this way," she said; and Lady Chesney leaned forward anxiously to catch her answer.

"He asked me to marry him three years ago, and my father insisted on our waiting to be engaged till he was five-and-twenty. He has not yet reached that age, so the matter still rests in abeyance."

"Are you very much in love with him?" said the red, imperious lips, as Rachel reached out her hands to the window, and pulled down a creamy rose-bud.

"That," said Tessie gravely, "is a question that no one but himself has the right to ask."

Lady Chesney in the background heaved a faint sigh of relief, and clasped her trembling fingers over her heart.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed Rachel carelessly, "you lovers are such odd people, that really we poor outsiders may be pardoned for our interest in you. And yet you consider yourself bound to this young man?"

"I do," said Tessie; and with a gesture of weariness she rose, and went over to the sofa on which her hostess was sitting, looking more fragile than ever under the shaded lamps.

They both looked across at the brilliant figure in the window, and then Lady Chesney said softly—

"Dear, pray forgive her idle curiosity. And pardon me, my child, but may I give you my best wishes for your happiness?"

Her voice was instinct with pathos, for had not her plan failed? Was not this girl, for whose sake she had given up her cherished solitude, about to bring the grief of a great disappointment to her beloved son?

Her sadness touched Tessie with a half-unconscious shade of answering passion.

"No, no," she answered hastily, "not happiness, only—oh! dear Lady Chesney, forgive me—I think I am tired to-night: of course I shall be happy when the time comes. May I not help you with your embroidery? I have just been studying the old Flemish tapestry stitches."

And Lady Chesney, who some years ago had embarked on a series that she intended to rival the famous Bayeux hangings, was happily diverted from Raymond Holden.

When the door opened to admit the two men, they both wore so profound an air of gloom that Rachel laughed maliciously to herself from the shelter of the oriel window.

Holden, after a moment's hesitation, drifted towards Tessie, with his eyes still lingering on the rose-coloured gown.

He had been schooling himself during the after-dinner pauses to renew his old feelings of affection for his first love, and though his manner was a little constrained his voice grew warmer as he spoke.

Of course Tessie was still as much in love with him as ever, and it behoved him as a gentleman to allow her to perceive none of his change of feelings towards her.

"Tessie—dear," he said, with a little gasp, "would you—will you, I mean, like a little walk in the garden?"

Tessie rose obediently, and laid aside her embroidery.

"Yes, Raymond," she said quietly; and they passed out, she wrapping a white, soft shawl over her head and shoulders as they went through the hall.

It made her look like a fair spirit in the moonlight, and Lord Chesney moved abruptly to the window to see them pass.

Raymond was whistling a soft air to himself, with his hands in his pockets, but Chesney only saw that his

arm touched Tessie's as they moved, and he started away with an exclamation, and took up a book in a far corner of the room.

Raymond was thinking, in unloverlike fashion, of past evenings that he had spent with Rachel in that same garden.

The very perfume which she liberally used clung round him, and he tried to shake off the influence of the heavy Eastern scent, which was so intoxicating to his weak nerves.

When they had drifted aimlessly down the walk into the rose-garden, Rachel turned round with a laugh into the room.

"Oh, those lovers, what geese they are!" she cried shrilly. "Roger, will you come into the smoking-room with me?"

And Lord Chesney obediently departed in her train.

When Lady Chesney was left alone she wiped away two bitter tears of disappointment, and then applied herself diligently to the fashioning of a fearful and wonderful mediæval beast.

When Chesney was comfortably settled in his favourite lounge chair, and Rachel, knowing that she looked her best against the background of Moorish carving and gold embroidery, had settled herself opposite to him, she began, in womanly fashion, to torture her victim delicately.

"I really think," she said ecstatically, "that Miss Humphreys is one of the loveliest creatures I have ever seen. A little too tall and too slender, perhaps, and inclined to be a trifle angular, but still, perfectly sweet."

A grunt from the depths of the armchair encouraged her, and she went on evenly—

"And her love story too—so romantic. Betrothed to that young man from her childhood almost. And *so* devotedly attached to him! Dear me, how lucky some people are to have such a blessing given them."

She clasped her hands and looked upwards through her long lashes, then gave a sidelong glance to see if her becoming attitude had been appreciated.

But Chesney's eyes were fixed gloomily upon the ground, and the cigar between his lips was still unlighted.



"HOLDEN STARED AT HER IN BLANK AMAZEMENT" (*p.* 172).

He was a very dull admirer, said Rachel peevishly to herself. Why Raymond would have been on his knees long before if she had given him half the encouragement she had bestowed upon her cousin.

"Do you think that Miss Humphreys really cares for that vapid young fellow?" said Chesney at last, with an assumption of carelessness that did not at all deceive the astute young woman opposite.

"Cares for him? I should rather think so! She positively *adores* him," she answered emphatically. "And, I believe—only don't repeat this, or people would think me too imaginatively romantic—I believe she wears her engagement ring round her neck, for I saw the ribbon. Poor little thing! Though I don't suppose for an instant that she is as young as she *looks*."

Chesney moved impatiently.

"Well, after all, it does not much matter," he said. "Do you mind handing me that book at your elbow, Rachel? I've got rather a headache to-night; too much tennis this morning, I suppose."

This was such an evident dismissal that Miss Enderby could do nothing but accept it, which she did with as good a grace as possible.

"Well, then, I will return to your mother. Those lovers will probably stay out till midnight," she said, as she glided gracefully from the room.

And Lord Chesney uttered a devout thanksgiving as the door closed behind her.

He wished to be alone, alone with his own difficulty and sorrow.

He had never even suspected that Tessie might have a lover; and that that lover should be a guest of his made the matter doubly hard.

But he was so unselfish that his only prayer that night was that Tessie might be happy in her own way with the husband of her choice.

It might not be himself, but he adored her so passionately and truly that he felt that he could see her wedded to Raymond Holden with a thankful heart, if he might know that she would be happy.

Perhaps the most uncomfortable couple that evening was the pair of lovers in the moonlit garden.

When they had sedately crossed the strip of terrace and were walking among the sleeping roses and the nodding columbines, Raymond felt himself called upon to make an effort.

And before Tessie had any suspicion of what he was about to do, he had put his arm round her waist and kissed her cheek.

"Dear Tessie, I am so glad to see you again," he murmured with faint enthusiasm.

Tessie started away from him, and covered her blushing face with her hands.

"Oh, Raymond!" she cried in agitation, "never do that again—I cannot bear it. Oh! Raymond, how could you?"

She was so much upset that Holden stared at her in blank amazement.

It had been so easy for him to kiss her. It was so pleasant a fashion of showing his affection, that he had not calculated upon the effect that it might have on the girl from whom he had been separated for nearly three years.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said ruefully. "It seemed the natural thing, you know, for a fellow to do to the girl whom he was going to marry. But of course if you don't like it, Tessie——"

"No, I don't; but please say no more about it," said the girl, with a little shiver; and they walked on, with a somewhat awkward silence upon them, which Tessie was the first to break.

"How lovely these 'Maréchal Niel' buds are, with the moonlight upon them. Do you remember when we walked to Barnley together, and came back in the evening, and how sweet the dog roses were?" she said, anxious to revive her dead feelings, and to forget everything but the past.

"Oh, ah, yes," he answered hurriedly. "Let me see, of course—I bought you a whole bunch of them in a shop, didn't I?"

"No, that was another time in Tapperton," she said, a little ruefully. "There were no shops in Barnley."

He was doubly confused, and paused to pick a dewy fresh-scented pink bud, which he arranged in her gown.

"Pink always suited you, Tessie. Do you remember that pink gown you used to wear?" he went on, with a sudden happy inspiration.

She remembered nothing about it, but smiled brightly in answer.

"And," he continued, "that reminds me, Tessie. I shall soon be twenty-five now. When shall our wedding-day be? Will you let me fix it soon, Tessie dear?"

Her heart seemed to stop its beating, and she said faintly—

"Wait a little—wait till your birthday, Raymond. You see, I am bound in a way to Lady Chesney. I could not leave her just yet."

"What's the use of putting it off?" he said gloomily. "You were bound to me before you were bound to Lady Chesney."

"Yes, I know, dear," she said gently. "I will do just what you like."

He thought, in his dense, manly fashion, that she was sweetly yielding in her love for him, and that really after all she was very pretty, and he would have been a cad to have given her up when she was so evidently devoted to him.

"Very well, dear, we will say November—an early day in November," he went on, wondering, with a vague pang, whether Rachel would be there, with her brilliant, mocking smile, and her sharp, clever tongue.

This quiet little girl was all very well, with her glorious eyes and her tender mouth; but as for style and smartness, she could not hold a candle to Rachel Enderby, who was the favourite of half of London society, and the enemy of the other half.

When Tessie went up to bed that night, she had to pass the smoking room door, and as she did so, it opened suddenly, and Chesney, white and haggard, came out.

He started violently when he saw her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with faint bitterness. "I hope that you have had a pleasant walk. Good-night."

And he turned back, his lips tightening as he caught sight of the rosebud in her bosom.

He never saw the mute pathos of her eyes, as she stood with one hand clasping the heavy oak of the banisters.

And he never saw the pink rose petals which, at a sudden touch from her, fell in a rosy snow at her feet upon the dark staircase.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

LADY CHESNEY watched Tessie with anxious eyes for the next few days.

There seemed to be a strange weight on the girl's spirits, and she moved about the house listlessly, avoiding everyone save Raymond, whose society she seemed to seek with an almost feverish anxiety.

He, for his part, was quite ready to make up for any coldness on his side, partly because Miss

Enderby, now that her rival was safely removed, was giving him the cold shoulder, and flying at higher game.

There were no more lingering looks and desultory conversations in the twilight.

not, in spite of all her heart searchings, make out the reason.

One morning Tessie was arranging the flowers in the big drawing-room, with her lover hovering near her.

Lady Chesney was sitting in her tiny boudoir that



"WHAT SHE HAD UNCONSCIOUSLY DREADED HAD COME UPON HER" (*p.* 175).

No more faint pressures of the hand, at which Rachel was such a skilled adept, no honeyed, hesitating words, with clever lifting of the thick lashes and suggestion of a petulant lip.

No, for all the attention that Rachel Enderby paid Raymond, he might have been a mummy.

And this naturally piqued him, for no man cares to see himself slighted for another.

Therefore he doubled his devoted attentions to Tessie, and the girl, bewildered by his change of manner, felt that it behoved her to strive with all her power to return his unaltered love.

To the eyes of the bystanders they appeared a very devoted couple, and it was only Lady Chesney who saw the hunted despair in Tessie's eyes, and the growing pallor of her flower-like face.

She could see that the girl was unhappy, but could

opened from the room, and her son and Rachel Enderby were walking together on the terrace outside.

Rachel looked very handsome, with a lace mantilla carelessly fastened round her hair, and Chesney the personification of a good-looking English squire, with his dogs round him.

Holden's eyes were studiously averted from the window, but he felt, though he did not see, that Rachel's bright eyes were darting bewitching glances at her cousin, and he could hear her merry laugh as she chaffed him gaily for some breach of manners, and tried to rouse him from his reserve.

He looked down at Tessie's white fingers, deftly arranging the rosebuds and maidenhair fern in the tall Venetian glasses, and he drew a shade nearer to her, as Lady Chesney's watchful eyes observed through the half-open door.

"Tessie, dear, there is going to be a tea picnic at Lovers' Leap this afternoon. I heard Chesney say that we were to drive in the wagonette, and that we might have the dog cart as well if we liked. May I drive you, Tessie?"

A momentary flash of fun leaped into the girl's eyes, and she answered demurely—

"If you can assure me of one thing, Raymond; and that is that you are a better John than you were when you drove 'Flying Peggy' in the T-cart at dear old Brantford. Do you remember how she bolted down the hill, and how frightened you were when you thought I was killed?"

She laughed a little, and Holden answered crossly—

"If you imagine that the accident had anything to do with my driving, you are completely mistaken, Teresa. 'Flying Peggy' was a mare that would have bolted with—with——"

"Alexander himself," put in Tessie. "I was only teasing you, Raymond, and I will go with you of course, only I think that Lady Chesney wants me to go with her, and perhaps you had better drive Miss Enderby. You know that I am rather a coward where horses are concerned."

Holden heaved a sudden sigh of relief.

"Well, if you really don't mind my driving Miss Enderby," he said calmly. "I know that she would like to go in the dog-cart, and Lord Chesney wants to drive his mother, so that otherwise Miss Enderby would have to go alone."

"Oh, I assure you that I do not mind in the very least," said Tessie fervently; and after a moment or two of desultory conversation, Holden strolled off to find Rachel.

How delightful it would be to secure her for himself for a moment or two, without that other fellow to interfere; and he was overpowered with joy when he found Rachel alone, and graciously willing to accede to his request.

When he had left the room Tessie bent her head diligently over her flowers, and presently Lady Chesney in the further room was much distressed at the sound of a strangled sob.

"Tessie, dear child," she called; and the girl went swiftly through the archway into the boudoir, with a forced smile on her shaking lips.

"Do you want me, Lady Chesney?" she said, with a piteous attempt at gaiety. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You can do one thing," said the old lady, stretching out her tender and sympathetic arms, "you can tell me why you are unhappy, and allow me to help you."

Tessie flung herself on her knees, and buried her face in her friend's lap, and there for a few instants allowed herself the luxury of a hearty fit of weeping.

It was only for a few instants, however, for she lifted up her head almost immediately and forced back her tears.

"I cannot tell you why I am so silly," she said, "for I really do not know myself. Only I think that I am not good enough for Raymond Holden. He loves me so truly, and——"

"And you do not love him," said Lady Chesney gravely. "Dearest Tessie, consider what you are doing in marrying a man whom you do not love."

"Lady Chesney," said the girl, with an effort, a look of determination coming into her white face, "we must never speak of this subject again. Do you think that I should be worthy of anyone's respect if I cruelly jilted a man who loved me just because my affection was not as deep as his? No, dear Lady Chesney, so long as Raymond Holden wishes to keep me to my promise I shall be true to him."

Lady Chesney said nothing in reply.

How could she comfort her, when she did not know the whole extent of her grief?

It was patent to all eyes that Raymond was a devoted lover, and she could never be the one to advise Tessie to break faith with him so long as she cared for no one else.

"Well, well, child, do nothing rashly," she said sadly, as she looked up into the noble, pathetic face, and felt with a thrill of grief that this was a girl who was worthy of her son's great love.

And being worthy, how sad it was that she should be divided from him by the abyss of a promise which were better broken than kept.

"And now put on your hat, my child, for we have a long drive before us."

When Tessie came downstairs she found that the dog-cart was just starting, with Raymond and Rachel as its occupants.

For Miss Enderby had discovered that Lord Chesney was to drive the wagonette and pair, and that she would have to talk to his mother all the way were she to accompany them.

So with a light nod and a smile to Chesney, who handed her in, she whirled away, a vision of a smart, tailor-made gown and a jaunty sailor hat.

Raymond cast one effective backward glance at Tessie, which expressed both regret and longing in a clever fashion, and which Chesney, catching sight of, made him wild with jealousy.

Tessie's spirits rose like quicksilver when the dog-cart was out of sight, and she smiled and chattered to Lady Chesney as her host covered them carefully up with rugs and dust cloaks, lingering a little clumsily over Tessie's wrap, his hand trembling strangely as he touched the little hand under the cloak.

Chesney was an excellent whip, and the pair of chestnuts dashed along at a smart pace.

Every now and then he looked back to explain some point of interest on the road to Tessie, and the sight of her bright face filled him with despairing realisation of what might have been if she had been free.

When at last they arrived at the little seaside inn where they were to put up, they found that Holden and Rachel had arrived some little time before, and had gone on along the cliffs, leaving word that they were to follow them to Lovers' Leap.

Lady Chesney, with mistaken ingenuity, immediately invented a headache on the spur of the moment, and pleaded to be left alone to rest until later in the afternoon.

So they tucked her up carefully on the hard horsehair sofa, and with elaborate indifference started together for their walk, poor Lady Chesney sending her hopes and prayers after them.

It was a grey, early September afternoon, and the grey mist that had risen out of the sea seemed to increase rather than disguise the soft beauty of the scenery, and the deep red of the Devon cliffs, against which the green waters of the southern sea sighed and tossed.

Raymond and Miss Enderby were to be seen nowhere, and Tessie walked along at a desperately rapid pace, eagerly scanning the horizon for a sight of the couple she deeply longed to see.

"You are in a great hurry, Miss Humphreys," said Chesney ruefully, as she hastened along over boulder and tufty clump with a rapidity that threatened her downfall every moment. "I think perhaps that if we went at a slower rate you might enjoy the scenery more. And, after all, Mr. Holden and Miss Enderby are, no doubt, quite safe."

He ended with an accent of bitterness, which did not escape her quick ear, and she answered with some embarrassment—

"I am not in the least anxious about them—oh! no. I—I only thought that perhaps Lady Chesney might expect us back before long."

"No, that was not your reason!" said Chesney savagely. "You are afraid of a *tête-à-tête* with me. You are afraid that I shall tell you that I love you and try to win your heart from that fellow who has won it."

Tessie turned white to the lips.

What she had unconsciously dreaded had come upon her, and in her anguish she gave vent to a low moan, and turned to hurry away from the man who had addressed her so suddenly and so passionately.

What was she to do? How could she escape from him?

And above all, what did this tremulous beating of her own heart mean—this signal that betrayed her so basely?

As she turned her foot caught in a tuft of yellow samphire, and she stumbled and would have fallen had not Chesney sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

He too was deadly white, but he had mastered his feelings, and already repented the wild passion of his words. For he had terrified the tender child who had confided in his truth and honour.

"I did not mean to frighten you; forgive me!" he articulated hoarsely.

But in another moment their eyes had met, and in that one long look he knew that she loved him. For one moment of rapture she lay in his arms, his lips on hers, her heart throbbing wildly in answer to his own.

The waves at their feet and the calling sea birds above their heads were the only witnesses to their joy and their bitter sorrow.

She regained her self-control in an instant, and pushing him from her with her weak strength, faced him, white and despairing, her wide eyes full of grief beyond all words.

"You must go away," she moaned, "go far away from me. What have I done? I have forgotten that I owe Raymond my faith."

Her self-reproach was so keen that it cut him to the heart, and he stood looking mutely at her.

Then he said wildly—

"Can it never be, Tessie? Leave that man who is not worthy of you, and come to me, for I love you with all the power of my life."

"I cannot," she said gently; "you must know that it is impossible. Until Raymond Holden gives me up of his own free will, I will never let him know by deed or word that I love him no longer. God knows that I am wicked, but I will try and do my duty, and not break Raymond's heart."

He looked at her lovely face in mute resignation. He knew it was hopeless to persuade her that Raymond had very little heart to break, and he knew that his pleadings would be useless against her determination.

"I will go away to-morrow," he said humbly. "You are a good woman—God knows how much better you are than I am. Do you think that—that Mr. Holden will make you happy?"

"I know that he loves me," answered Tessie.

"I could not bear to see you married to another man. I could not endure to be in England and know that the same country holds us both, and that you can never be my wife," he went on. "I will tell my mother everything to-morrow, and then I will go round the world."

"Oh, what have I done? I have cruelly injured my best friend!" wailed the girl, wringing her hands. "It will break Lady Chesney's heart to lose you. Let me go. Let me leave Woodlands, and you remain with her."

"That will be only depriving her of both of us in a single hour," he said, with a bitter smile. "For I have determined to leave England, and my mother would break her heart if she were to be left alone!"

"Hulloa, you two! Good gracious, what a time you have been, and we have been all down the Lovers' Leap, and up again the other side!" cried Rachel and Raymond, suddenly appearing from behind a cliff.

Miss Enderby's sharp eyes glanced from one to the other, but even she did not guess from the quiet faces of the couple before her that a tragedy had been enacted within a few yards of them.

"Dearest Tessie," said Raymond softly, "you are tired; take my arm."

There was a deeper accent of affection in his voice, inasmuch as five minutes before Miss Enderby had told him sharply that he was "a vapid

idiot," and that she did not care for second-hand attention.

And if Tessie was too gentle for his taste, Rachel had been too much the reverse of tender to suit him that afternoon.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"MOTHER, can I have five words with you?" said Chesney that evening, as he knocked at his mother's dressing-room door.

Lady Chesney motioned him to a seat, with a smile that strove vainly to disguise the traces that tears had left upon her cheeks.

She had guessed the events of that afternoon from the faces of the principal actors in the tragedy, and she wept bitterly over the failure of her plans. The ghastliness of that tea-party at the stuffy little hotel overlooking the sea was a thing never to be forgotten. For each member of it seemed to know that something had gone wrong beyond the power of human nature to rectify.

Miss Enderby had been rendered so petulant by the utter want of attention she received that, although the others strove to be spasmodically cheerful, she acted as an absolute wet blanket.

The carriages were ordered earlier than had been at first intended, and Tessie gave way quietly to Raymond's entreaties and took her place at his side in the dogcart, while Rachel, in a shocking temper, climbed into the wagonette.

Tessie never forgot that homeward drive.

Raymond was at first so gushing, so enthusiastic about everything, and so full of affectionate protestations.

"Darling Tessie, don't you think that we are so exactly suited to one another?" he had ended by saying.

But the girl's quiet "I hope so, Raymond," spoken with a pathos of which she herself was hardly aware acted as a damper on his spirits; and he began to reflect sombrely, as they drove along, upon the sparkling wit that had made his drive with Miss Enderby a roaring farce.

It was evening now, and the mist was a little chilly, and Raymond shivered as he drew up the collar of his coat, and mentally compared Tessie to the serenity of a summer's evening, and Rachel to the flash and sparkle of the sunlight.

They were a subdued couple when they arrived at Woodlands, and Tessie had gone straight up to her room, and had not appeared again that day.

"What is it, my son?" said Lady Chesney, as she surveyed his fine, well-proportioned figure, and the turn of his aristocratic, close-cropped head with melancholy pride.

He went over to the fireplace and stood there, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bent down.

"Mother, I think that if you have no objection to the plan, I will take Aspern's offer of companionship, and go off round the world for a bit. I'm getting a bit rusty, and after all, travel does one an immense amount of good. Should you very much mind if I started off in a day or two?"

The colour on Lady Chesney's delicate face flickered out, and she stretched her hand to him.

"My dear, dear son! my poor boy!" she faltered tremulously. "Is it because of Tessie?"

"Yes," he answered, setting his teeth sharply, and flinging back his head with a gesture of impatience. "I have got to get



"PLEASE LET ME PASS" (*p.* 178).

over it, mother, somehow, for she will have nothing to say to me."

"Roger," said Lady Chesney suddenly, "will you promise me one thing? Wait for one fortnight before you start on your tour, and if nothing happens before then I promise you that I will put no hindrance in your way. Go up to London to-morrow, and I will give out that you have left home for a time. But wait there, for I have a presentiment that before the fortnight is out something will happen."

Chesney gave a reluctant consent.

"It is no use, mother. I feel sure that such a course will only be a prolonging of the agony that has to be endured. But as you wish it, I will do as you advise."

"Thank you, dearest boy," said his mother fondly, as he leaned over her and kissed her cheek.

How could anyone reject the love of her son? she reflected as she sat there in the twilight after he had left her.

She wondered at Tessie's strength of mind in remaining faithful to a man for whom she felt no real love. But at the same time she admired the girl, and it made her very tender to Tessie as they sat together in the drawing-room after dinner.

When Lady Chesney announced her son's departure from England, Rachel cast one furious glance at Tessie's white face.

She guessed what had happened, and she knew with desperate certainty that Chesney would never turn to her now.

It was a satisfaction to her to think that Tessie had lost her matrimonial prize, and that after all no one had gained it. But that did not in the least soften her anger against the rival who looked so little to be envied, and Rachel meditated a delicate revenge as she sat nibbling at her buttered toast which would at one blow deprive the girl of both her lovers.

If Lord Chesney was blind to her fascination Raymond Holden was not, and with the least encouragement she could bring him to her feet, and make him utterly ignore the chains of honour and loyalty by which he was bound to Tessie.

It was such a pleasant reflection, and afforded so much scope for amusement and skilful planning, that Rachel could not resist a little laugh as she glanced across at Miss Humphreys.

For, after all, with her four hundred pounds a year, and Raymond's income, they would be beyond the reach of want.

And at seven and twenty any eligible offer is not to be despised.

So Rachel laid her plans, and Tessie tried to weave her tender fancies round the man who was so absolutely unworthy of any true affection.

Chesney said good-bye to the girl he loved in the presence of the whole party, for he dared not trust himself to a private interview, and he would not endanger her self-control.

Tessie, who had been weeping and reproaching herself through the long watches of the night for her one instant of disloyalty to Raymond, looked straight into his face with her sad eyes, and bade him the farewell that she hoped was for ever.

She felt sure that if she were left alone with Holden she would love him as she ought to do, and by her patient affection reward him for his years of faithfulness.

She was amazed at Lady Chesney's cheerfulness, for she had feared that her kind friend would hold her responsible for her son's sorrow, and would be inclined to blame her for what she could not help.

Therefore she was much surprised when the old lady turned to her after the dogcart had rattled out of sight, and bade her, with a more tender accent than usual, come up to her room to read aloud while she worked.

"I have asked Miss Home and Lalla Magniac to come to-morrow for a few days to cheer us up, and Miss Home has just telegraphed to me to say that they will be pleased to come."

"How delightful!" cried Tessie; then lowering her voice she said sadly: "I was so afraid that you would be angry with me, Lady Chesney, for what I could not help. And that would have nearly broken my heart."

"My dear child," said Lady Chesney brightly, "I have come to the age when one realises the truth of the proverb that there is no use in crying over spilt milk. So long as you are happy that is what principally matters. We must leave time, the all-healer, to deal with my dear son."

"Yes," whispered Tessie, turning resolutely away from the contemplation of the past, and burying herself with complete success in an animated discussion as to the correct colouring of a hyena's leg.

Raymond was so devoted in his attention to her for the rest of the day, and so utterly callous of Miss Enderby, who had donned her most becoming gown in vain, that Lady Chesney felt absolutely unwilling to do what her son had urged her to do, and beg him to extend his visit for as long a time as he cared to remain at Woodlands.

So it was settled that he was to depart on the day following Miss Home's arrival, and that Tessie was to go home in two or three months' time to prepare for her wedding.

She listened to the plans that Raymond made for their future with quiet interest, but with such an absolute want of the rapture that usually characterises a young bride that Holden grew impatient.

"How quiet you are, Tessie," he said pettishly. "I should have thought that the prospect of a honeymoon spent in Rome and Venice would have moved even you. But you are just as quiet about it as though I had proposed that we should spend our wedding-tour on the top of the Monument."

"Or rolling down Hampstead Hill!" said a lively voice from the door, as Rachel lifted the portière and showed herself in a dainty azure gown touched with silver here and there, and a hat which glittered with silver nodding thistles.

"Raymond—Raymond Holden, why don't you come out? I am going to the kennels and then on the river

for an hour. Oh! I *beg* your pardon. I had no idea that you were so deeply engaged."

And she executed a mocking pirouette as he rose clumsily to his feet, and Tessie turned away with a vivid blush.

"Of course I cannot ask you to accompany me now,"



SHE LOOKED UP WITH A SUDDEN SENSE OF ALARM" (*p.* 180).

pursued Rachel, half turning away with an accent of regret, and pretending to occupy herself with her long glove. "'Pepper' and 'Mustard' will have to be my companions. Au revoir!"

"Stop," cried Raymond, as he turned from Tessie in her dark gown to the brilliant figure at the door. "Tessie has quite done talking to me now, and I think that, after all, a pull up the river would be refreshing. Shall you mind very much if I go, Tessie?"

Rachel glanced ironically from one to the other.

"I am not looking," she said with a laugh. "You need not spare my blushes, for I know that lovers are terribly affectionate before a short parting."

Tessie walked proudly to the door.

"Please let me pass," she said imperiously to Rachel. "Lady Chesney wants me upstairs."

"What a charming and *affectionate* wife you will have, my *dear* Raymond," said Miss Enderby with a shrug, as she watched the stately figure passing up the oak staircase. "Of course I am an excitable, silly little thing, but my idea of a lover's parting is—very different," she ended coquettishly, with a downward sweep of her eyes; and Raymond felt a thrill as he imagined what a parting with Rachel Enderby would be like, and whether she would—he could hardly even imagine the word—allow him to *kiss* her.

"I don't think, you know, that Tessie is very demonstrative," he said lamely. "But I know that she is very fond of me."

"Is she?" said Rachel drily. "Dear me, how oddly some people do show their affection!"

He said no more at the moment, but her words rankled in his mind, and somehow loosened his sense of responsibility towards the girl who had given up so much for his love.

Miss Home and Lalla arrived later in the afternoon, and the little artist met Tessie with expressions of the keenest pleasure, and then asked to be taken up to Lady Chesney's room, where she was closeted for some time.

Lady Chesney was not feeling very well that day, and was absent from the dinner-table, at which Raymond and Miss Enderby arrived when the soup was finished, with somewhat guilty faces, and eager explanations of the awkward nature of the tide.

Miss Home scrutinised them both through her eye-glasses with a whimsical expression of amusement, which culminated in a broad smile as her glance wandered to Tessie's pale face.

After dinner she drew the girl into the little boudoir leaving the other couple on the terrace in the moonlight, and despatching Lalla upstairs to talk to Lady Chesney.

"Now, my dear child, I want to have a good talk to you. Is that the man you are going to marry? That young whipper-snapper with a face like one of the young men in 'Patience?'"

She turned Tessie's averted face round to her own, and putting her arms affectionately round her waist, drew her down on to the sofa.

"Please don't say that about Raymond," pleaded Tessie hurriedly. "He is really a very good young man, and he is so devoted to me, and we shall be such a happy couple. Fancy—he told me yesterday that he had never felt his feelings towards me change since the day that he told me of his love. And it makes no difference to him my being penniless now, though of course when he first spoke to me I was by way of being an heiress."

"Do you know, Tessie, my dear, that I am reluctantly compelled to admit to myself that you are a fool," said Miss Home slowly.

Then, with a quick gesture, she laid her hand upon the girl's lips. She had caught a sound from the adjoining room to which, in her agitation, Tessie had been deaf.

The portière that divided the two rooms was unlooped, and fell in soft thin folds across the archway, and through it came to the two who were now unsuspected listeners the distinct sound of voices.

"My darling, how beautiful you are! How I love you! You are so clever, so brilliant; so different to me—so far above me! How can you condescend to love me?"

It was Raymond's voice in passionate pleading, and on Tessie's horrified ears fell the unmistakable sound of a kiss.

"For shame! for shame!" said Rachel Enderby in her clear, ringing tones. "Raymond, you are engaged to Tessie Humphreys. Do you forget that?"

"Engaged to her? No; rather forced to marry her against my will—my inclination," protested Holden, his words hurrying after one another with an absolute oblivion of facts or circumstances. "Do you think that I care for her by the side of you, darling Rachel? Promise me that you will be my wife—promise me——"

Miss Home, with a malicious triumph in her face, dragged Tessie to her feet and supported her, white and trembling, to the portière, which she suddenly lifted and dropped behind them.

"Now, Tessie," she whispered, "if you have an atom of pride in your composition, you cannot hesitate to exert it now."

Raymond was on his knees at Rachel's feet, with her hand pressed against his lips.

Miss Enderby turned her triumphant face and her satin-covered figure, sparkling with diamonds, towards them.

She realised her success as she looked into Tessie's reproachful eyes.

Their entrance was so unexpected to Holden that he sprang confusedly to his feet. But Miss Home, with an imperious gesture, checked the words upon his lips.

"Many thanks, Mr. Holden, we have heard quite enough," she said ironically. "Will you allow me to inform you—as you ought to have seen for yourself before this—that Miss Humphreys never felt any real love for you, and what affection she did feel died long before yours did."

Then, with a grand bow, she passed Tessie's hand through her arm and left the room, utterly ignoring Miss Enderby.

When Tessie reached the quiet shelter of her room, and was alone, she laid down her head on her pillow and burst into tears.

"Thank God! thank God!" she sobbed. "I am so glad that is at an end. For I never loved him. But oh! I have lost——"

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"*Woodlands.*

"*Sept. 20th.*

"DARLING PHYLLIS;

"I must come home to you and mother before many days are over.

"Do you know what it is to have missed your happiness in life: to have marred what promised to be a fair flower of joy?

"No, I know that you cannot understand what I mean, for I hardly do myself; only Raymond Holden has cared nothing for me all this long time, and is now engaged to a Miss Rachel Enderby, who is staying in this house.

"You must not think that I cared for him at all, for I know now that I never loved him in the true sense of the word. Only his love seemed to promise me a refuge from the storms of the world, and I feel now as if I was cast adrift.

"Heigho! what a melancholy letter.

"It is, perhaps, a little mortifying to my self-pride to see Raymond adoring someone else when he vowed he adored me alone.

"Anyhow, good-bye for the present. How I long to see you again!

"Your loving, incoherent, sorrowing

"TESSIE."

This letter drove Phyllis Humphreys to the verge of distraction and mystification.

She did not show it to her mother, for Mrs. Humphreys would probably have had a fit of nerves on the spot, and have been incapacitated for several days.

But she merely informed her that Tessie would probably return in a few days, and sat down and waited for the outcome of events, which were at present unsatisfactory.

Tessie had, perhaps, hinted at more of her sorrow than she knew; or perhaps Phyllis, with a sister's quick intuition, guessed the truth by the mere avoidance of the mention of Chesney's name.

At Woodlands an unsatisfactory air of mystery pervaded the place.

Lady Chesney was, to Tessie's surprise, not in the least sympathetic when she had been informed of the rupture of her engagement.

She merely remarked that it was just as well that they had found out their real feelings before it was too late, and begged Tessie to postpone her departure for the space of a week.

Raymond and Rachel were, perhaps, the most unblushing pair of lovers that ever took a house by storm.

They were so absolutely devoted to one another, in outward appearance, at least, that the occupants of the house seemed to spend their time in trying to avoid them.

Tessie, from feeling relieved and thankful at being no longer bound to a man for whom she felt no particle of affection whatever, grew, as the days sped on,

sensible of a feeling of loneliness and of longing to be appropriated by someone.

She seemed to be not actually needed in the house, for Lady Chesney and Miss Home were hourly companions now, and she was left with Lalla, whose mute devotion was very touching, if not satisfying.

Rachel Enderby seemed to rejoice in showing-off her lover before Tessie, and in displaying his devotion, and demanding his unwearied attention at every turn.

It was, therefore, a relief when Raymond felt it expedient to depart, after an extended visit of two days. And when next day Rachel packed up her possessions and took an exultant leave of Woodlands, proclaiming loudly that she was going to be introduced to her new relations, no one felt inclined to shed a tear.

Lady Chesney had laid her own plans, and had been seconded in them by Miss Home, who had advised a little discretion and delay in summoning home Lord Chesney.

It was not that they were not convinced that Tessie cared for him, but that they could not feel quite certain that she would not refuse him if he came at once, out of uncertainty as to the real nature of his feelings and her own.

She had had a great shock in Raymond's disloyalty, and a shock is apt to unsettle body and mind, till calm reason asserts its sway once more in every-day life.

And so it was that Miss Home shook her head sagely, and laid a restraining hand on Lady Chesney's impulsive inclinations.

"No, no," she said, "wait a few days before you summon him home again. Tessie is not certain of her own mind yet, and your son is not a man who can afford to be trifled with. His disposition is scarcely one to bear a second rebuff."

When Woodlands was empty Tessie tried to exert herself to act her old part in the household.

But she found that the light-heartedness which had once been so natural to her, refused to return at her will, and she fancied that her old friends looked at her with changed faces.

One afternoon, the day before her proposed return to Helmdale, Lady Chesney suggested a drive, and begged Miss Home to accompany her.

Lalla had arranged some other amusement in the village, and Tessie, left alone, took her book down to a favourite seat of hers by the river.

It was a perfect afternoon of golden September weather.

The oak coppice sloped down to the river bank on the Woodlands side, and opposite the russet hues of autumn were beginning to soften the fern-carpeted dales, and the empurpled moors that rose and faded away into the misty blue of the sky.

Tessie's Browning fell unheeded to her feet as she sat above the swift stream, watching the swirl and eddy of the river as it splashed against its brown boulders.

She was so still that a little bird darted out of a green hollow and settled opposite to her on a twig, and beginning to call shrilly, presently woke the whole coppice into song.

Tessie was thinking of the long railway journey before her on the morrow, and of the story she would have to tell her mother and sister when they met.

There would be no triumphant return for her, for she had tasted of the bitter waters of failure, and she would have to confess that nothing she had taken in hand had succeeded. She was one of the great army of the unsuccessful who swell the paths of the world.

As she thought out her dreary imaginings, and tried to check the tears of disappointment that would overflow her heavy eyes, there came a sound of movement in the tangled undergrowth above her, as of a heavy body forcing its way through bent twigs and clinging briers.

She looked up with a sudden sense of alarm, and there, among the thick leaves and sprays of honeysuckle, she saw the outline of a dark, lowering face, the eyes of which were fixed upon her with unutterable malevolence.

She started to her feet in terror, her tongue cleaving to her dry mouth; unable to cry out—unable to do anything but hold up her trembling arms in mute entreaty.

For it was the face of St. John Baker, and in his hands he held uplifted a huge fragment of rock, poised in malevolent suspense above her head, ready to crush her in its fall.

How long they stood thus facing one another Tessie never knew; but presently, his rigid muscles relaxing with a grim smile, Baker flung the boulder, which caught the girl on the shoulder as she sprang aside from it, and with a mighty crash splashed into the sounding river.

The blow overbalanced her, as he had intended, and with a shrill scream for help, which sent its echoes ringing up into the very vault of heaven, she flung up her arms, and slipped backwards down—down into the cold, peaceful water. And at the same instant Baker's face disappeared.

The current was so strong that it seemed to bear her away down stream in spite of her cold fingers clinging to the fern roots and the water-plants on the bank; and she had given herself up for lost when she felt a pair of strong young arms round her, and a cheery voice in her ear.

"Tessie, dear Tessie, it is I—Lalla! Hold tightly to me—there is help coming; only a little longer."

Lalla had been coming to join her friend, and had seen the whole affair when she was too far off to do more than scream to one of the gardeners, and then speed like an arrow down the bank to the spot where Tessie had disappeared for the first time.

She was not a moment too soon, for Tessie was utterly exhausted, and when Chesney, who had that moment arrived from London, appeared upon the scene, followed by two of the gardeners, they were only just in time to rescue the two girls from a certain death.

Tessie was quite unconscious, and Chesney, with

a growing horror at his heart as he felt the dead weight in his arms, carried her into the house and laid her on the sofa in his mother's room.

Then kneeling down at her side he began to chafe her hands despairingly, and to call frantically upon her name.

"Tessie, my darling—my sweetheart! God help me if you are dead! Have they brought me home too late—only for this?" he cried. "Mother, is she dead? Look at her white, still face——"

Miss Home, with vigorous energy, took him by the shoulders and turned him out of the room.

"Get along with you, you great stupid man!" she said, trying to disguise a suspicious huskiness in her voice. "She is no more dead than you are. And if you don't go away and behave yourself till she comes to herself, I'll—I'll tell her what I think of you."

With which mysterious threat she shut the door in his face, and left him to wander, like a caged animal, up and down the corridor, wondering, hoping, trembling at every sound.

When Tessie opened her eyes upon the world again the first words that she said were—

"Lalla; is she hurt? Oh! Lady Chesney, she saved my life."

And a rush of quiet, thankful tears relieved the tension upon her brain and heart.

"Lalla is perfectly well, dear. She was not so long in the water as you were, and you shall see her as soon as possible. Meanwhile, she is in bed, with a roaring fire and some hot negus. But is there no one in the world you can think of that you would like to see at once?"

There was a mischievous smile playing about the corners of Lady Chesney's mouth, and a merry gleam in her eyes; and as Tessie looked at her a warm flush crept up into the girl's cheeks, and without speaking she turned aside her head and covered her face with her hands.

"My dear daughter," whispered the old lady, as she bent down and kissed the blushing face; then opened the door and drew Miss Home away.

There was a firm step upon the polished floor, a strong hand drew down Tessie's trembling fingers, and she was folded to her lover's heart.

There she lay quiet and calm, in all the beauty of her fulfilled hopes.

Of what use were mere words when her lover's lips were on hers, his kisses warm upon her glowing cheek?

And in the next room Lady Chesney and Miss Home lived over their love stories again, as they waited, hand in hand, rejoicing over their dear one's happiness.

"Why were you so obstinate, Tessie?" said Chesney fondly, as he drew away for an instant to take a long look at the white-gowned figure on the sofa, whose happy eyes were drooping so resolutely before his own. "Look at me, my darling, and tell me how you dared fancy that you could ever marry a man whom you did not love? I call it positively wicked, Tessie," he concluded in severe accents, thinking how perfect the outline of her oval face was, and how well the Chesney diamonds and sapphires would look in her bright hair and on her fresh, dimpled throat.

"It—it must have been a mistake," murmured Tessie, playing with the hand that held hers in such a close grip.

"It is a mistake that must never occur again," he said lightly. "For if it ever happened again you would break my heart."

"I thought that mine was broken already," said the girl, lifting her eyes to his for one short instant. "But somehow, it must have been imagination."

"Tessie, I will *not* wait more than six weeks to claim you as my wife," he answered seriously. "And if you cannot get your gowns ready in that time—why, we must spend our honeymoon in Paris, and buy them at Worth's."

* * * * *

When Phyllis received a telegram and a letter in quick succession next day she performed a *pas seul* round the little drawing-room, much to her mother's astonishment.

"Mummie darling," she cried, "we are to go to Woodlands by the next train. It's a place somewhere in Devonshire, and Tessie, our little Tessie, is going to be a viscountess."

And for once in her life Mrs. Humphreys did not have an attack of nerves on the spot.

After Tessie's wedding old Lady Chesney insisted on carrying off Lalla on a long visit to the Dower House within a stone's throw of the gates of Woodlands.

And as Mrs. Magniac made no objection to the arrangement, and even went so far as to send a diamond bangle to Tessie as a wedding-present, the end of Lalla's life bade fair to be brighter than its beginning.

When Tessie reached Woodlands after her honeymoon was over the first face that greeted her with a pleasant smile of welcome was Ada's, the *ci-devant* lady's-maid at Mervyn Court.

And when the new Lady Chesney found that her husband's loving care had extended so far as to provide her with an old friend as her special maid, she almost wept with delight and thankfulness.

"Oh, miss—my lady, I mean," said Ada tremulously, as she furtively wiped away a tear, "I never thought that I should be so happy in all my life. Oh dear! oh dear! But I mustn't cry over your beautiful silk. It'll maybe be unlucky, and I should like to keep every care away from your sweet face, if I may make so bold as to say so, my lady."

St. John Baker was never seen again, and with him vanished the last shadow that had darkened Tessie's happy life.

THE END.

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it in susceptible to injurious influences

TODDLES.

(With Illustrations from photographs by Mr J. H. Hild.)



ONLY two little baby eyes
Waking at dawn I see;
But sweeter than all the brightest skies,
Are those baby eyes to me.



Only a baby child at play,
Toddling about in glee,
Little enough to the world, you say.
But all in the world to me.



Only a baby voice that rings
Merrily all the day;
But it drowns the discord of worldly things,
And helps me along my way.



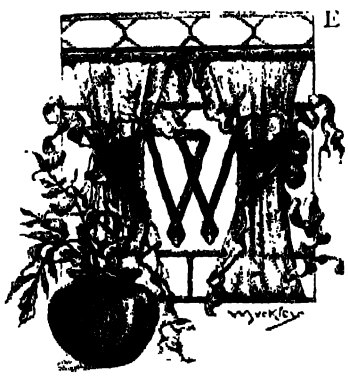
Only a baby soft and mild,
Only a baby's mirth;
But it speaks of Him who was once a child,
And leads me away from earth.

F. E. WEATHERLY.



DISAPPOINTMENTS AS A CAUSE OF ILL-HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



E are always very ready if we are in an unhappy frame of mind to attribute our despondency to some derangement of a bodily function. We generally blame the liver, which is stimulated to increased activity by a thousand and one popular remedies. We are too apt to forget that the mind reacts on the body just in the same way as the body reacts on the mind, so that the old proverb, "A healthy mind in a healthy body," well expresses their mutual relation.

I propose in this paper to call attention to some common instances in which bodily health and well-being are influenced by the state of the mind.

The light-heartedness, and joy, and good health which follow the receipt of welcome news, the "broad-paunched content" that accompanies a successful career, are examples of such influence, and many more will occur to my readers.

Just as the body is thus affected for good, a baneful influence may be exerted on it by a reverse state of mind, and this is rather the side of the question I shall consider. The highest of man's faculties is the faculty of judgment and self-control. He acquires it last, for it is developed by his experience of life; and it is most easily lost.

When a man becomes excited—whether as a consequence of ill-health (in the delirium of fever), or of profound emotion (excessive joy or fear), or of poisons (the action of alcohol and other drugs), it is well known that he becomes beside himself, and often commits acts or says words which in his calmer moments would have remained undone or unspoken. In these cases cause and effect are easily recognised, but very frequently the effect does not follow the cause so directly: it is less intense, but more lasting, and more far-reaching in its results.

In the instances I have mentioned bodily health is rarely affected permanently by the excitement, for it soon passes away; occasionally, however, a terror may induce long-continued nervousness. Many cases of St. Vitus's dance—a disease chiefly affecting children—are attributable to fright. When the emotion is less intense and more prolonged, the faculty of self-control is weakened, profound mental disturbance results, and an unhealthy state of mind is induced, which reacts in turn, causing bodily ill-health (loss of appetite and sleeplessness, with the long train of their attendant consequences). The chief causes of such disturbance are (1) Disappointment in love—chiefly affecting young women. (2) Failure in business or want of success in the competition of life—chiefly affecting men. (3) Loss of friends by death. Men and women are very differently affected. Men become cynical and morose, or give way to excesses; comparatively rarely does a direct influence on their health result.

Women, on the other hand, are more prone to suffer physically. This difference seems to depend upon the greater activity and the more busy occupation of men, which prevents them to a certain extent from dwelling unduly on any emotion. The influence of emotion is first a nervous exaltation, followed afterwards by nervous depression—best instanced by religious fervour and despair.

In the every-day things of life similar influences are experienced. Let us take an extreme case of the state of being in love. In the earlier stages the poetical and sentimental predominate. Life is viewed through rose-coloured spectacles, and the lovers breathe an unreal atmosphere and live in an unreal world. This is the stage of exaltation, and it has little effect on bodily health other than tending to induce neuralgia. But too frequently it is followed by the stage of depression.

Mutual disappointment may occur—the disillusion may occur before marriage, and the engagement is terminated. The lady's disposition becomes warped and soured; her health declines, and she develops into a moody, irritable, nervous invalid. At first there is little organic disease, and if she be of well-balanced mind she soon throws aside her lassitude, and emerges a better, kinder, more sympathetic woman on account of her suffering.

But if she dwells on her disappointment and fails to occupy herself, she becomes permanently nervous and hysterical, and as a necessary consequence her bodily vigour is affected. She is no longer capable of useful work, for she can take no interest in anything. A life may be similarly spoilt by excessive indulgence in grief. The hopeless longing for the dead (for this feeling there is no sufficient word in the English language—it is best expressed by the Latin word *desiderium*) causes the life to be centred in retrospection and remorse, with consequent ill-health.

Lastly, want of success in life constitutes a disappointment which reacts on bodily health. Any prolonged worry or even a sudden shock experienced by adult persons—particularly after the beginning of the down-grade period of life—result in profound disturbance. The relation of intemperance to ill-health has even yet not been fully recognised. I have no doubt that in my own mind that much of the excessive drinking during the later years of life to which my heart owes an unhealthy state of the brain, and I said to the man [illegible] disappointments—[illegible] gun more [illegible] various organs, which are, [illegible] nce, susceptible to injurious influences.

How are these conditions best remedied? Change of scene is to be recommended and active occupation to be provided. But, as in so many other conditions, much depends upon the individual. A determined effort must be made to overcome weakness—a continual endeavour to cease from morbid brooding; attention must be directed from self and concentrated on others, and as time elapses less and less difficulty will be experienced in realising that, after all, there still exists an interest in life. When this stage is reached complete recovery is not far distant.

I have directed attention to what may be termed the major disappointments of life, but it must not be forgotten that little disappointments, especially if they are frequently repeated, exercise far-reaching influence. Those of us who take interest in children and their little ways know well how bitterly they feel the non-fulfilment of a promise too often lightly made and soon forgotten.

Apart from the possible influence on character, there is no doubt that sensitive children suffer in health by such neglect. They grieve and brood over what they consider a serious slight, and lie awake, unable to sleep, and rise in the morning unrefreshed to begin a new day. It ought to be a matter of conscience to perform every promise made to a child.

A NIGHT ON A LIGHTSHIP.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.



IN THE GLEAM OF THE FLASH LIGHT.



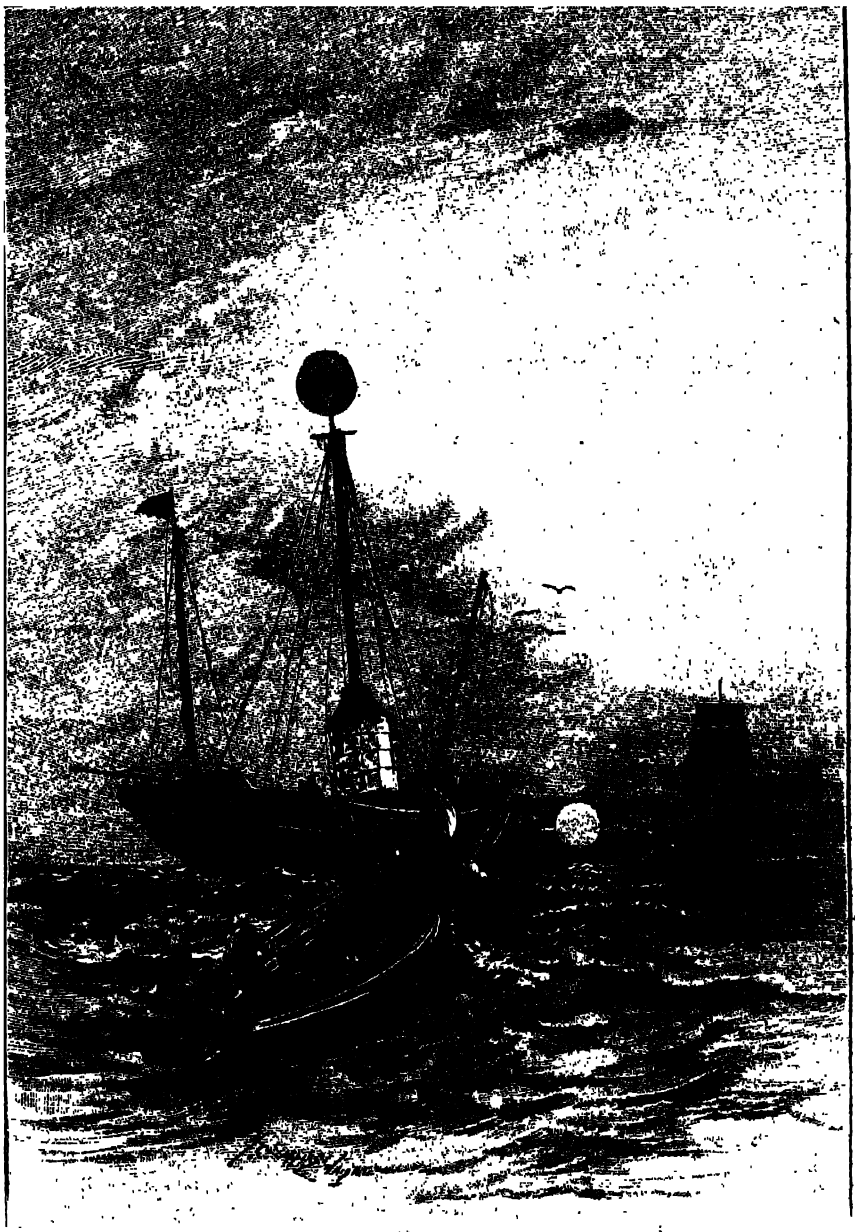
THE sight of the tiny bright spark, regularly waxing and waning far out upon the windy blackness which shrouded the stormy ocean, put it into my head to wonder what manner of life it was on board a lightship; and the thought brought [illegible] to impress me who [illegible]—the

I was spending a short holiday at the quaint, breezy old town of Deal, abreast of which stretches that most perilous of all shoals, the Goodwin Sands. It chanced that during the morning following the night on which I had stood watching the winking spark dancing out upon the deep, as I strolled along the shingle slope of the beach, I came to where several longshoremen were making ready to launch one of those famous boats locally termed a galley-punt.

They were bound away on a cruise to look out for ships requiring assistance, and invited me to accompany them. I sprang over the gunwale, the others followed, and away sped the little craft, souse into the surf that was making the pebbly shore resonant as mountain-crags in a thunder-storm. We sailed the bleak Channel till nightfall, but the foaming waters were as destitute of ships as though we had been out in mid-Atlantic.

I had been seated for upwards of an hour upon the floor of the boat, to get some shelter from the

keen wind piping up out of the east, but shortly before it fell dusk I raised my head above the level of the gunwale to take a look around, and found that we



"OOD WATCHING US AS WE APPROACHED" (*p.* 186).

were within biscuit-toss of the *Gull* lightship. In the west, through a rift in the lead-coloured sky, showed the sun, hanging blood-red and rayless close down to the hard green rim of the sea that way, and tinging the atmosphere with an angry crimson flush, which came shaking in a dull trembling glow across the foaming heads of the waves.

The red-hulled vessel, with her name painted in huge glaring white letters upon her side, rode heavily over the surges, dipping her bluff bows with wild headlong plunges into the billows, and crushing them into a short rolling surface of snow, which washed seething past her ruddy bends. The light of the setting sun found a dull reflection in her wet sides, and the water all about her was full of lambent fires flung by the gleaming red planks.

An idea came into my head whilst I wa[s] the [te]ssular fabric, and I said to the man st[e]more [a]mentepunt— [i]. [bu]s organs, which are, [in] [s]ceptible to injurious influences. [up]

"I should like to spend the night on her. You can take me off again to-morrow."

"Why, it's against rules to allow visitors aboard after sunset," he said. "But one of her crew is an uncle of mine, and maybe they'll take you. Leastways, we'll ask them."

He slightly shifted the tiller, and under the impulse of her powerful lugsail the long slender boat went surging towards the lightship. A man came to her bulwarks, and stood watching us as we approached. Recognising the Deal-men, he waved his hand.

"That's my uncle," said the boatman.

He then shouted—

"Jim, here's a gent as wants to spend the night out along with ye. Let him come aboard, mate. We'll fetch him again in the morning."

"I must ask the mate," replied the other, and vanished.

But in a moment he reappeared at the side, accompanied by a man clad in pilot cloth and brass buttons, who, after staring at me for a moment, shouted to the men to bring the boat alongside. With wonderful dexterity they steered the galley-punt close to the wallowing hull. Watching my chance, I sprang, and in a moment gained the deck.

My first impression on stepping over the side of the lightship was that of the massiveness and strength of every object upon which my eye rested. The decks were broad, and looked the roomier for the absence of the familiar details of shipboard furniture. Everything was painted the same bright colour of red, from the short stump of bumkin forking out over the bows, to the long arched tiller twitching at the ropes which lashed it amidships as the sea eddied round the rudder.

A couple of men, dressed in a costume very similar to that of men-of-war's-men, with the word *Gull* embroidered in red letters across the breasts of their jerseys, sat together forward upon the barrel of the great windlass. By my side stood the man in brass buttons, and the fellow whom the boatman had hailed.

I said to the former—

"Are you the captain?"

"No," he answered. "I am the mate, but I am in charge of the vessel."

"But you carry a captain, I believe?" said I.

"Our crew," he replied, "consists of ten hands, not including the skipper nor myself. These are divided in this manner: nine of the men forward are told off into three reliefs, one of which is always ashore for a month at a spell, so that we never have more than six of them in the forecastle, with one extra hand, in the shape of the carpenter. In this way the men get two months of shipboard life and one month of Trinity House work ashore. The skipper and myself take it in turns each alternate month to command here."

"I understand. And how many men do you keep on deck looking out at a time?"

"The six forward hands are divided into three watches, and each watch takes its turn of four hours on deck and eight below. For myself, I am free to come and go as I please. Of course, I am always called when anything happens demanding our attention."

I crossed the deck and looked over the bulwarks, which came breast-high, towards the Sands. The tide was about half-flood, so that the shoal was completely covered, but the pale flicker of the breakers against the deepening gloom of the evening plainly showed their whereabouts. I asked the mate how far off the edge of the Goodwins the *Gull* lightship was moored.

"A little over a mile," he answered. "Not a bit too far, sir, I can assure you, when a heavy northerly or north-easterly gale is blowing, and we are making bad weather of it, with all our chain—two hundred fathoms—paid out."

"Suppose you were to break adrift, with such a lee-shore as that: what would you do?"

"Well, we should set the sail, a great lug, and try to reach clear of the shoal. But the odds are ninety-nine in a hundred that we should take the ground and go to pieces; although I have heard of a lightship parting her moorings and washing clean across a bank, eventually driving right out to sea. We always have a spare anchor and cable ready for letting go. But you may take it that when one chain has parted the other isn't going to hold you for very long."

Just at this moment the hour of sunset, as shown by the nautical almanack, arrived, and the mate, after glancing at his watch, called for the men to light and hoist the lamp. It was a magnificent lantern, built round the base of the mast, full of silver reflectors, which flashed prismatically as the rolling of the vessel caught the western gleams.

The wicks were ignited, the rope by which the beacon was hoisted to its proper altitude taken to a winch, and four men, laying hold of the handspikes, rattled it up the mast. As soon as the lamp was in its place it began slowly to revolve. Although it was still broad twilight, the radiance beamed out brilliant almost as the noontide sun. It was difficult to tell the full intensity of the flashing from the deck: one needed to be half-a-mile away to judge the effect of those long shafts of light sweeping round like the spokes of a wheel upon the gleam. But I could see the glancing of the crystal squares in the sheen, and where the lantern was screened off to give the flashing appearance to its revolutions was to be known by the long black shadow that always followed the slow gliding beams of radiance.

I said to my companion—

"That is a splendid signal."

"Ay, sir, it's a good light. Hoisted to a height of thirty-eight feet above the level of the sea, it's visible for ten miles in clear weather."

My eye fell upon a little cannon trained through the bulwarks aft. I inquired if the piece was used for firing distress signals. The mate replied that it was.

"When we see a vessel standing in dangerously near to the Sands," said he, "we fire a warning gun. If she goes ashore, we begin firing guns in quick

succession; and if it be night-time, send up powerful magnesium rockets. But the present system of signalling is capable of much improvement. Should the wind be off-shore, our guns cannot be heard on the land; and if the weather is thick, our rockets are not seen. My belief is that it will ultimately come to telegraphic communication with the coast."

"Tell me," said I, gazing out into the fast deepening gloom, "what you would number as the risks of a lightsman's life?"

"Why," he answered reflectively: "first, there's the ceaseless danger of being anchored close to a deadly shoal. Then there are the chances of collision. You would be surprised how frequently lightships are run foul of by vessels. It seems rather hard that we, who are stationed for the safeguard of ships, shouldn't be free from the dangers attending careless navigation. But apart from the conditions I have named, I do not know that we run any particular risks."

"Are the men liberally treated by the Trinity House?" I asked.

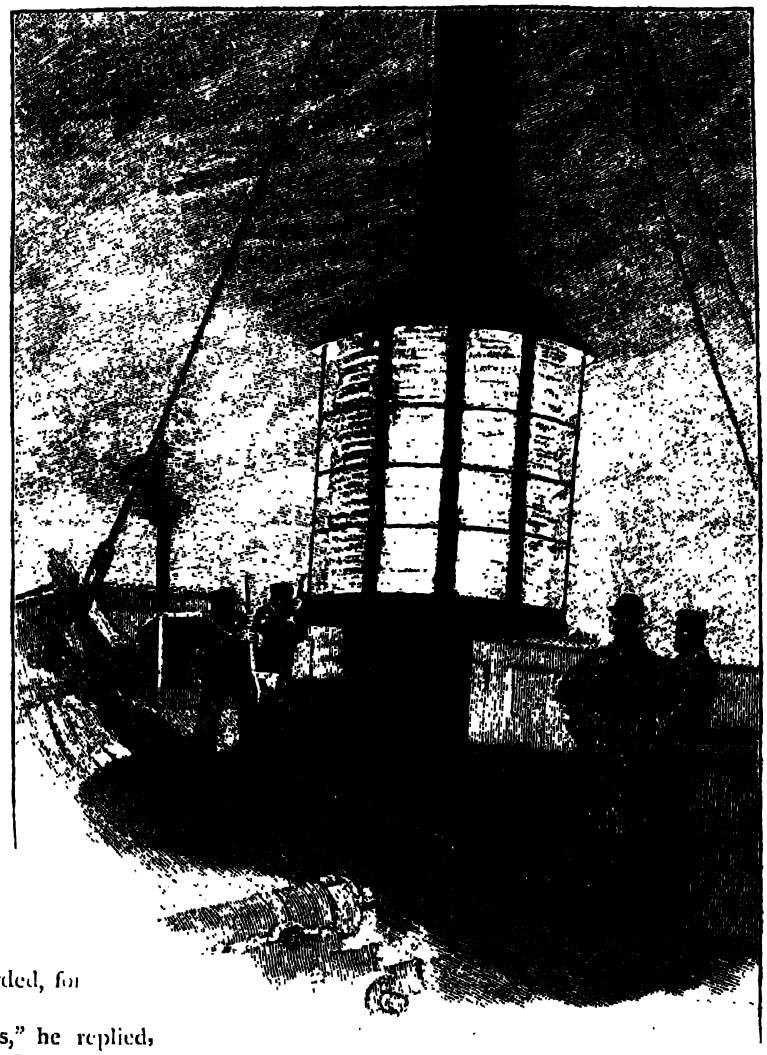
"On the whole, I may say they are, sir. The wages are good: better than those of sailors of corresponding grades."

"The lightsman should be well rewarded, for surely his life is intolerably dull," said I.

"It grows a bit monotonous at times," he replied, looking up at the rhythmically turning lamp. "But aboard this ship we're better off than the crews of most vessels in the service, for we're tolerably close in with the coast; and there's some comfort in being able to spy your home through a telescope. In the more outlying lightships—the *Middle Swin*, for instance—it must be terribly lonely work. Would you like to step below, sir?"

I followed him to the companion hatch, and we descended the ladder. The cabin was a small, plain, but comfortable interior, with several sleeping berths opening off it. Passing through a short passage, we entered the oil-room, whose odour I had noticed directly on coming below. Four tanks stood ranged against the bulkhead, each capable of holding a hundred and fifty gallons of oil. From the beams above hung rows of spare lamps and reflectors. Passing out of this compartment, we came to the 'tween decks, where stood the powerful clock-work machinery which revolves the lantern. Beyond lay the forecastle, which I also visited, and found it a commonplace sailors' living room, furnished with hammocks, lockers, and a table cleated to the deck.

Four men sat below here, one of them building a little model by the light of a bright swinging lamp



"'THAT IS A SPLENDID SIGNAL.'" (*p.* 186).

and the others puffing at their pipes and watching him. I took notice of their smart and seamanlike aspect.

"Tell me," said I, addressing the man who was building the model, "how you mainly occupy your time on board this vessel?"

"Why, sir," he answered, "those amongst us that have got any skill amuse ourselves by making mats, work-boxes, little articles of furniture, and toys such as this. Then there's a tidy library aboard. In summer-time pleasure-boats frequently come alongside, and throw us parcels of newspapers, which are very welcome, to be sure."

"What sort of food do you get?"

"Ordinary shipboard fare, but the best of its sort. The Trinity House biscuit is famous, I believe, for its excellence."

We returned to the deck again. It was quite dark now: a stormy night, with a shrill blustering of wind on high and a roaring of waters over the side. The effect of the great mist of light shed by the lamp upon the gloom was remarkable. For ever the long

spokes of luminous silver continued to sweep round the orbit of the shadowy mast, lighting up a broad patch of pale waters upon the inky surface of the deep wherever the labouring of the hull flung the shafts of radiance like great moonbeams over the foaming billows.

The tempestuous noise going on around took a new significance when I glanced in the direction of the fitful glare made by the breakers raging upon the Goodwins away out abeam. I cannot express the sense of deep loneliness that came to me as I strained my sight in the direction of the reef, and thought of the little ribbed islets which would now be showing their heads above the creaming race of the ebbing tide.

Those sands on such a night would be the very embodiment of the spirit of solitude. The desolation of a silent ice-island, floating pale under the straggling moonbeams down in the far reaches of the Antarctic Ocean, could not be profounder than the weird loneliness of yonder reef, whose yellow grains conceal greater treasure than the coffers of a hundred Oriental princes, and bury the bones of more sailors than manned the combined fleets at Trafalgar.

I inquired of the mate what depth of water the *Gull* was moored in, and he replied, About eight fathoms. The vessel at that moment giving an unusually heavy lurch, that sent me staggering against the bulwarks, I said—

"You must occasionally get some wild tumbling about?"

"It grows terrific at times. You see, we're but a small ship—I can't tell you our burthen off-hand, but it's a trifle under two hundred tons—and being very light, there's nothing to stop the little hooker from cutting capers when a really heavy sea is set running."

"I suppose," said I, "that lightsmen must see a great deal of shipwreck in the course of their professional career?"

"Ah, sir! that's one of the greatest hardships of our calling. It's a bitter, bad job for a man to have to stand idle, watching a vessel go to pieces, near enough to hear the cries of drowning sailors. I've seen some weird and awful sights in that way on tempestuous nights, when the gleam of our flash-light has regularly thrown out the shadowy shape of some vessel hard and fast ashore yonder, her canvas streaming in tatters from the yards, and the spray bursting over her in clouds. Yet one of our most particular rules is that we must not leave our vessel on any pretext whatever. A ship's company may be perishing within easy reach of us, but we can do no more than fire guns, send up rockets, and pray that the lifeboat may not be long in coming. On the whole, it's a wise and proper regulation. The desire to save life is very strong, particularly amongst seafaring men; but what could we do with a cockle-shell like that in such seas as run out here?"

And he pointed to a little double-ended boat hanging at the davits.

At the mast-head, above the lantern, was hoisted a large, red-painted ball. I inquired the purpose of it.

"It is a distinguishing mark," responded my companion. "For example, the *Gull* is known by her one red ball, the *East Goodwin* by a diamond with a triangle over it, and the *North Sand Head* by three red balls. The Trinity House vary the designs of these signals as much as possible. The *Calshot* shows two red triangles, one on each mast; the *Tongue* and the *Nore* both carry black balls; the *Long Sand* a large red diamond; the *Knock* a large red ball surmounted by a small one; the *Duke of Edinburgh* half a red ball; and so forth. There's utility in the plan, for a shipmaster spying a lightship too far off to read the letters of her name can tell by her masthead signals, which show clear against the sky, what vessel she is."

We continued chatting in this fashion till it grew late, and the mate asked me whether I would like to go below and turn in.

"There's a berth at your service," said he. "You'll not care to keep the deck all night long, I suppose?"

I answered that I should be glad to go and lie down; on which he conducted me to a mere box of a sea bedroom. Stretching myself along in the bunk or sleeping-shelf, I lay for a great while, listening to the strange groaning and creaking sounds arising from the wooden walls, and thinking of the inexpressible service to navigation rendered by the gallant fabric tossing under me, and her little crew of brave hearts, with eyes always peering out into the darkness around in search of any ship which should mistake the significance of the noble beacon that flashed forth its warning across the tumbling waters.
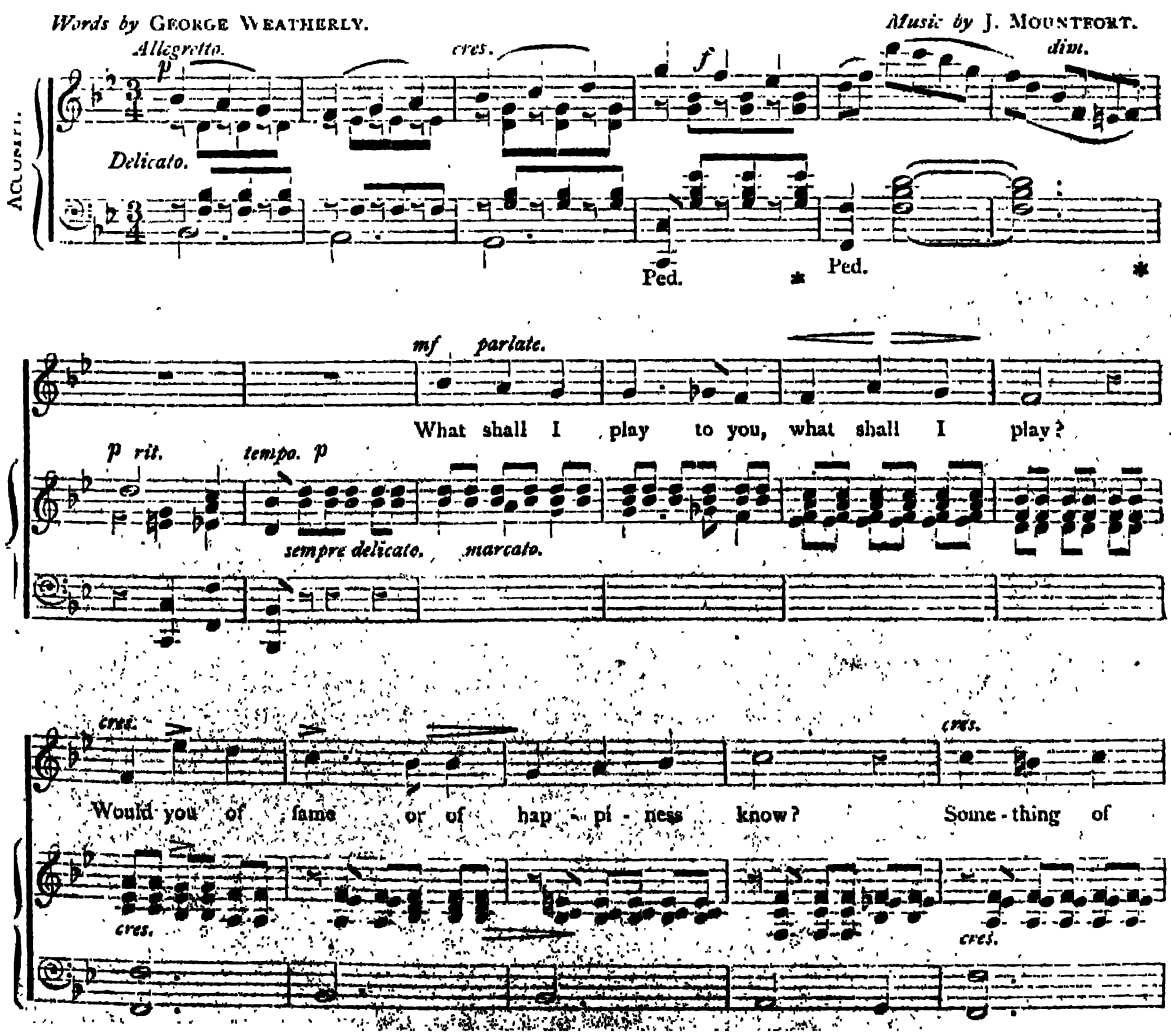
My experience had not, indeed, proved a very eventful one; there had been no wrecks, no occasion to fire guns and send up rockets and blue lights. Yet I would not have missed spending those few hours on board the *Gull* for a great deal. I had gained an insight into a phase of the longshore life of our coasts concerning which but very little is known. To most dwellers by the seashore the lightship is an object as familiar as the coast she guards; yet how many, as they gaze forth at the tiny spark, burning bright and clear on a breathless summer night, or fitfully flickering in the howling blackness of a winter tempest, let their thoughts go out to the men who form the crew of the brave old craft?
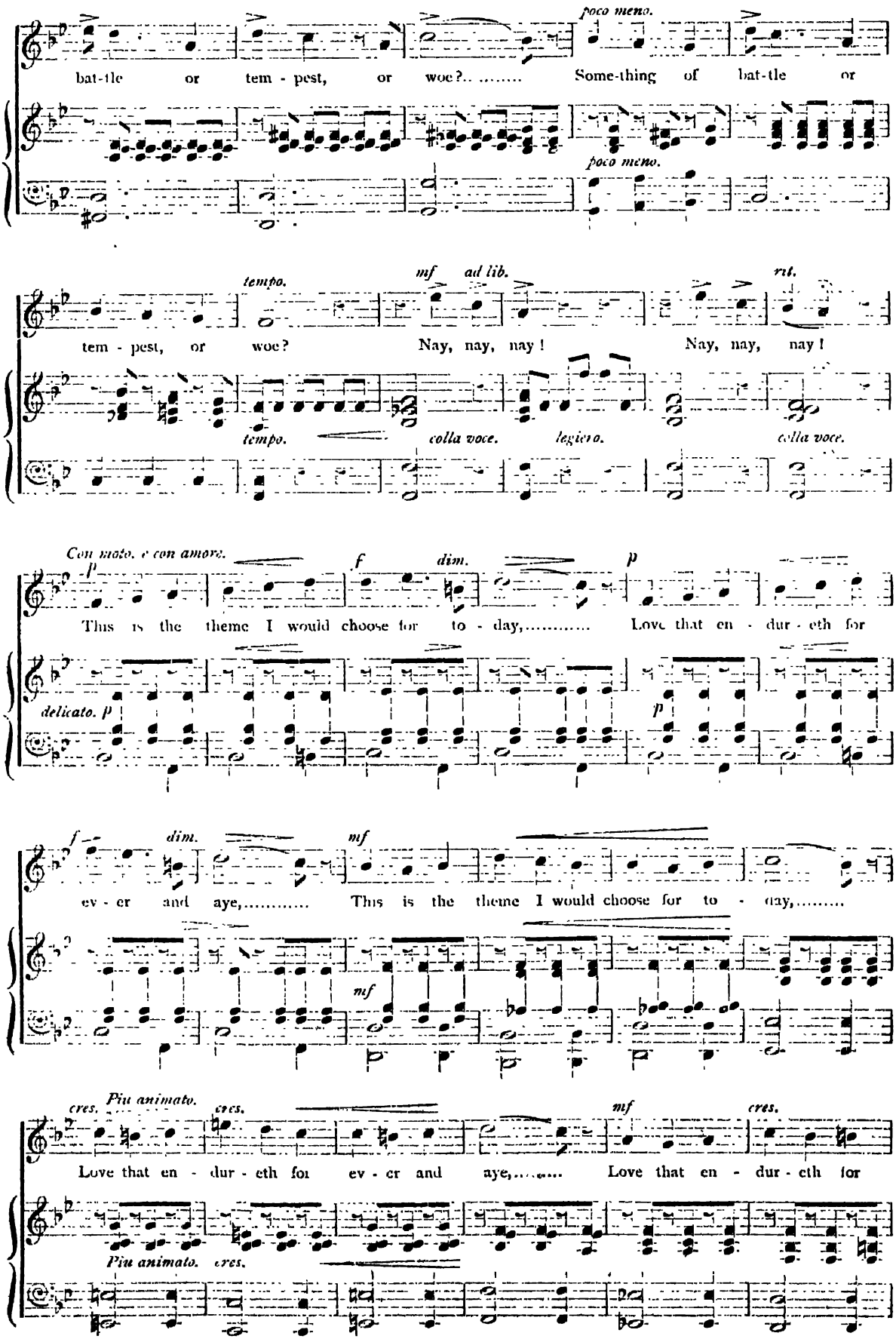
It needs that sympathy which can only come from understanding the sort of perils that beset him to be able to appreciate what a devoted and heroic calling that of the lightsman really is.
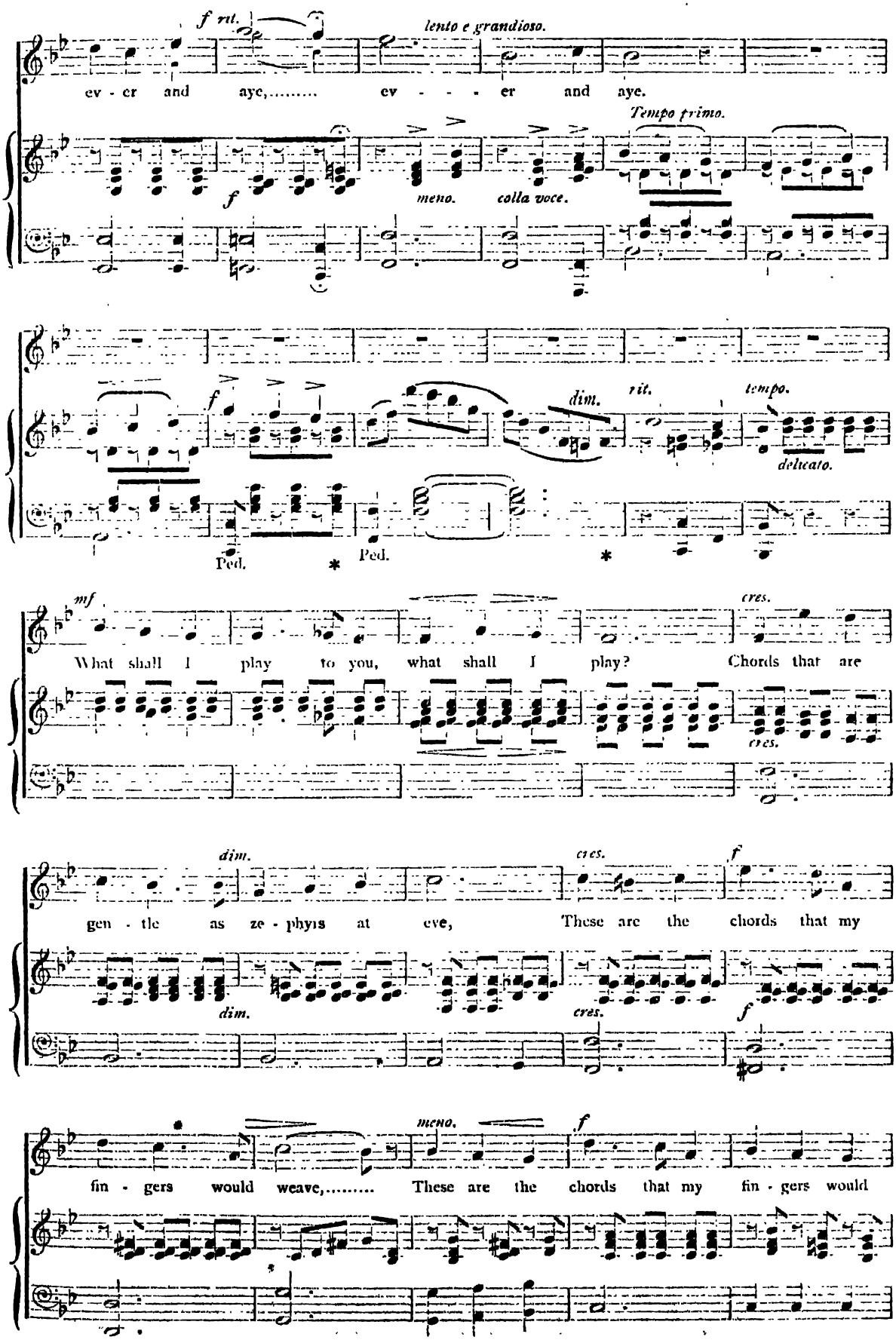
Thus musing, I presently fell asleep. When next I opened my eyes it was broad daylight, and the mate was standing in the cabin with his hand upon my shoulder, telling me that the Deal galley-punt was again alongside, and waiting to convey me ashore.
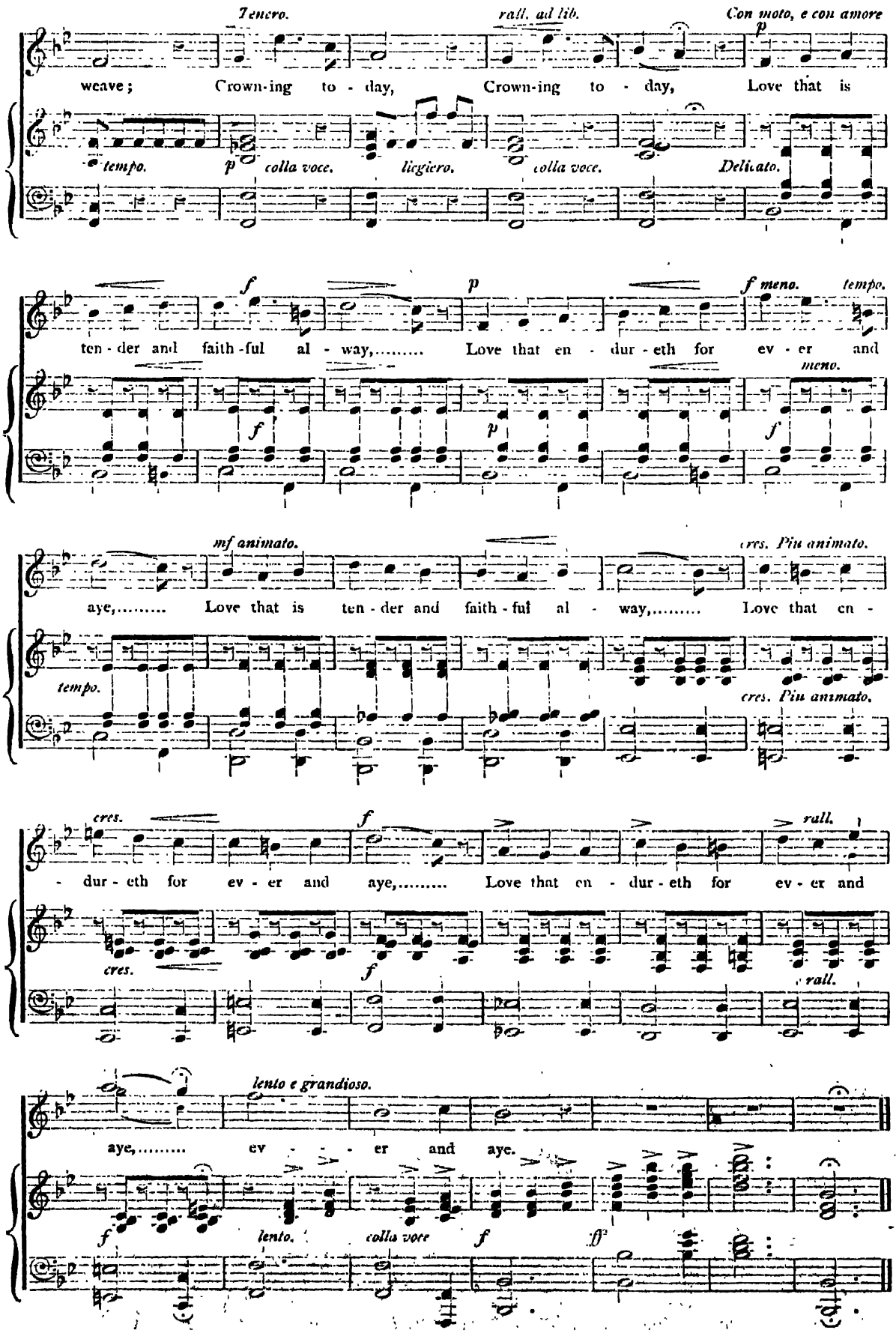
What shall I Play.

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* J. MOUNTFORT.




poco meno.
bat-tle or tem - pest, or woe?.. ..... Some-thing of bat-tle or
poco meno.
tempo.
mf ad lib.
rit.
tem - pest, or woe? Nay, nay, nay! Nay, nay, nay!
tempo.
colla voce.
legiero.
colla voce.
Con moto, e con amore.
p
f
dim.
p
This is the theme I would choose for to - day,..... Love that en - dur - eth for
delicato. p
p
f
dim.
mf
ev - er and aye,..... This is the theme I would choose for to - day,.....
mf
cres.
Piu animato.
cres.
mf
cres.
Love that en - dur - eth for ev - er and aye,..... Love that en - dur - eth for
Piu animato.
cres.


f rit.
lento e grandioso.
ev - er and aye,..... ev - - - er and aye.
Tempo primo.
f
meno. colla voce.
f
dim. rit. tempo.
delicato.
Ped. * Ped. *
mf
cres.
What shall I play to you, what shall I play? Chords that are
cres.
dim.
cres. f
gen - tle as ze - phyrs at eve, These are the chords that my
dim.
cres. f
meno. f
fin - gers would weave,..... These are the chords that my fin - gers would


Tenero.
rall. ad lib.
Con moto, e con amore
p
weave; Crown-ing to - day, Crown-ing to - day, Love that is
tempo.
p colla voce.
legiero.
colla voce.
Delicato.
f
p
f meno.
tempo.
ten - der and faith - ful al - way,..... Love that en - dur - eth for ev - er and
meno.
mf animato.
cres. Più animato.
aye,..... Love that is ten - der and faith - ful al - way,..... Love that en -
tempo.
cres. Più animato.
cres.
f
rall.
- dur - eth for ev - er and aye,..... Love that en - dur - eth for ev - er and
cres.
f
rall.
lento e grandioso.
aye,..... ev - - - er and aye.
f
lento.
colla voce
f
ff

IN A FOG.

BY EDITH E. CUTHELL, AUTHOR OF "ONLY A GUARDROOM DOG," "THE STORY OF A GLAMOUR," "LADY LORRIMER'S SCHEME," ETC. ETC.



'THEN HE DREW ME DOWN TO HIM" (*p.* 195).

I WAS very miserable. Not that I even allowed to myself that I was; but I *was* miserable, all the same. Yet I had had a most delightful summer, even for the age of twenty-one, when all summers are delightful. We had taken a villa at Dinard. You know that sweet little Monaco of the North, perched upon its pretty dark cliffs, on one side the rock-studded sea, on the other the beautiful winding Rance, the Dart of France, with its snug coves and wooded heights, and inland, behind it, the chestnut woods and apple orchards of Brittany.

We had great fun at Dinard. Mamma, indeed, said it was a great waste of money to have taken us abroad at all. For we are all perfectly content if we can only get a tennis-ground and other girls and men to play with on it, and that we had in the Square garden without leaving London. But though we got up a tremendous tournament, to the somewhat bewildered admiration of the French contingent, we did many other things too at Dinard. We bathed, at least once a day, in great parties on the smooth sandy *plage* of the little cove, to which rocky steps led down from our villa, arraying ourselves in wonderfully gay costumes, though we did not wear hats in the water, like the French ladies. We made up shrimping parties about the rocks at low tide, tucking up our skirts and paddling like children. I do not remember that we caught very much, but it was great fun. We sailed and rowed about the Rance, and made expeditions and got up picnics at all the old ruins for miles round.

The Hallams had the next villa to ours, and they were a large party, too. We did not actually know them in London to call upon, but we met the young Hallams about at the houses of mutual acquaintances. Especially did I seem to meet very often Harry, the soldier, who was always running up from Aldershot. At Dinard, we and the Hallams soon became great friends, and made many expeditions and did many things together. Harry came over on leave.

At first he was just as nice as ever, and Harry, when he likes, can be *very* nice. But then, gradually he altered, and became silly and sulky—so unlike himself. He said it was I who had altered, which was quite false. The girls said it was all Monsieur le Comte de Courcy, Lieutenant in the 4th Dragoons, quartered at Dinan. Now, I quite failed to see why it should be the Comte de Courcy. I saw no reason why I should not talk to him, and try to teach him to play tennis (in full uniform) without Harry Hallam having anything to say to it, if it amused me to do so. And it did amuse me. We had first met Lieutenant de Courcy when we went up to Dinan to see the Thorneys, who had taken a house there, and went with them to the races.

The officers of the 4th Dragoons, a very fine regiment in pale blue and silver, with long hats and tails of horse-hair hanging from the troopers' brass helmets, performed prodigies of valour over the steeplechase course—in full uniform, of course. M. de Courcy really could ride, though Harry Hallam was so scornful and sniffy over his horsemanship. He had charming French manners, too, and I had never met a Frenchman in society before, my only acquaintances of the nationality being our French master at school and the young men at Truefitt's. M. de Courcy was very small, and neat, and dapper, in his sweetly pretty uniform, which fitted him so exquisitely, and gave him such a waist that Harry declared he wore stays! He could play the piano charmingly, and sing little French half-talking songs, which we did not much understand, but which annoyed Harry exceedingly. But I am sure he understood them even less; for I am persuaded it was his poor acquaintance with French that was at the bottom of Harry's appreciating M. de Courcy less than we did.

However he, Harry, sneaked through his examination in French I can't understand at all. Then M. de Courcy spoke no English, and so Harry lost all our jokes with him. So it made Harry very cross and sulky when M. de Courcy came over to Dinard as he did very often, especially from Saturday to Monday; and we all went to the *concert de gala* at the Casino on Saturday nights. Mamma was so pleased with him because, instead of going to the Casino on Sunday night to the concert, which always took place that day there, according to foreign custom, he would come over to us and dine, and sit with us quietly in the garden all the evening after church. Mamma said she thought we had a "very good influence over the young Frenchman." If so, we must have had a very bad one over poor Harry; for when M. de Courcy turned up, the former promptly trotted off in high dudgeon, and was not to be seen at the evening service.

Then Miss Annabel A. Cawson, of New York (*vide* the hotel list), appeared on the scene. How I disliked that girl from the very beginning! She was one of your typical travelling Americans, disgustingly noisy, and well dressed and rich, with a thin yellow aunt and several huge Saratoga trunks in tow. It appeared she knew an officer friend of Harry's, who had married an American, and was going to stay with them at Aldershot. On the strength of this, she began making a complete fool of Harry. He is so easily managed by a pretty girl, and, to do her justice, Miss Cawson was undeniably attractive, though I couldn't stand her ways with men, and could never, never have imagined that Harry, of all people, could possibly admire *that* sort of girl! But he did, as anyone could see with half an eye; and said so, moreover. So then, just to show him that I could be proud too, and that if he had been annoyed over a nice Frenchman like M. de Courcy, I could be annoyed over such a glaring bare-faced flirtation with a horrid American girl—why, I became just as chilly to him as I knew how. But it was very hard sometimes, especially when Miss Cawson wasn't by!

All this completely spoilt Dinard for me. M. le Comte went off with his brass helmets to the manœuvres; Harry departed back to Aldershot, saying *au revoir* to Miss Cawson, who was to pay her visit there shortly, but with hardly a good-bye to me! I can't tell you how miserable I became, or how I hated the place, and the life, and the people now, and how delighted I was when we went back to England.

But it was my turn to go and stay with old Aunt Caroline. She lives all alone at Brighton, and we have to pay her periodical visits, which we hate. Brighton in September is dreadfully dull; Aunt Caroline is never anything else. I became quite moped, and got into the way of crying about nothing at all. Mamma professed herself quite shocked at my looks when I returned to town, and said she was thankful when, about the end of October, an invitation came from Ethel Leigh for me to go and stay down in Loamshire. Ethel and I were school friends, and I always enjoyed staying at Leigh Court, if—if it had not been for Ethel's brother, Lionel. He was all very well as far as he went, but he wanted to go a great deal too far for me. Ethel was always praising him up, and telling me how good he was, and how devoted to me, and hoping I'd try and like him just a little, at first, etc. All this had, of course, the opposite effect on me, and I felt that, upset as I was over the Dinard business, I was in no mood to stand Master Lionel's attentions, and did not accept Ethel's invitation till I heard he was safe away from home.

Loamshire is a great hunting country—all the Leighs great riders. The season was just beginning, and no one thought or talked of anything else but horses, and foxes, and chances of sport. It was a refreshing change, and cheered me up. The first Monday in November, the opening day of the season, the hounds met at Crosby Toll-bar, a famous fixture,

and all the country-side turned out. The Leighs insisted on mounting me on an old cob, which knew far more about hunting than I did, and, clad in Ethel's second habit (she had at least two), I rode up with the others. We were a little late, and the hounds had already moved on with the mass of horsemen and women to Crosby Gorse, which lies under the Down. It was a dull, misty November morning, the woods sere and damp, and the odour of moisture pervading alike the newly-turned plough and the rank pastures. The horizon was vapoury, and great cotton-wool like clouds rested on the Down above. But everyone agreed it was a good scenting morning.

They found almost directly in Crosby Gorse; they always have been, from time immemorial; and almost before I knew what they were up to, the two or three hundred riders had scrambled and jostled off through a gate, across a fallow, and over some fences, while I, or rather the cob, followed as best we might. I had always loved riding, though I had never ridden across country in my life. The novelty and the excitement intoxicated me, and I urged the cob along to the top of his bent. Ethel had vanished. She was well mounted, and invariably rode in the first flight. All the other Leighs had likewise disappeared, but I kept my eye fixed firmly on the broad back of a burly farmer, whom Ethel had recommended as a safe pilot, knowing every inch of the country—and every gate, too, she had added, with a sneer. He led me through several, over some fences which the old cob negotiated to our mutual satisfaction, and at last I found myself following him up the steep slope of the Down. But the farmer was a heavy weight and careful of his mount. I, light as a feather, and wild to get on, did not find it in me to wait for him, and pushed on alone up the hill as fast as the cob would go.

But on the top of the Down I found myself in a sea of mist, cut off by a white wall from the world below. Guided by a shout here, a blast on the horn there, I made my way in the direction I fancied the hounds were running in. But sound is delusive in a fog, and ere long I was forced to confess to myself that I was quite lost. How long I galloped up and down steep slopes of short crisp grass which seemed each to resemble the last, I do not know. I believe I really kept going round in a circle, as people do when they are lost. But I soon got quite frightened, and began to wonder what on earth I should do, longing for the white veil to lift, for some sound or sign of living creature in this uncanny, weird, cloud-cuckoo land.

Suddenly I fancied I heard, in the far distance, the ring of a horse's hoofs. Once more I began galloping in the direction whence the sound came. But the cob, who was old, and whose wind was not so good as it had been, began to show signs of having had enough. We were tearing down a steep slope into the fog, impenetrable at but a short distance, when quite suddenly he bore away to the right, and no endeavours on my part would induce him to keep straight on. So engrossed was I with trying to coerce him that I did not notice a horse galloping up behind me, till there came a warning shout:

"Hi, there! Look out in front! Chalk-pit!"

The voice sounded strangely familiar. I turned my head. A young man in a pink coat, on a bay horse, reined up abruptly, as if he had been shot. It was Harry Hallam!

Then a little whiff of breeze stole up and lifted the white wall of fog in front, disclosing, almost at my very feet, an unprotected sheer drop of sixty feet into a chalk-pit below!

Whether it was the fright, or the fatigue, or the sudden shock of seeing Harry, I don't know; but I behaved like a goose. I turned quite white and queer, and felt myself falling off the old cob's back.

The next thing I knew was that Harry was standing by me, his bridle over one arm, and the other round my waist holding me on, and looking up at me with a sort of anxious look in his eyes, such as I had never seen there before.

"Thank God!" he muttered, under his breath. "To think that it should have been *you* I stopped!"

I had never heard him speak in such a tone before, so grave and tender. It *was* so nice to hear his voice—that voice which had haunted me for weeks, and which I thought I should, in all probability, never hear again, that, though I looked down upon him with a smile and began—

"Oh, Harry!" I couldn't go on, for I burst into hysterical tears.

"Oh, Evie! Evie! Don't!" (He had never called me Evie before.)

And then he drew me down to him—the cob was low, and Harry is very tall—and kissed me; and I let him.

"Don't, Harry! I'm all right now!"

"Are you quite sure?" He hesitated to let me go.

"Quite," I replied, straightening myself in my saddle, and wiping my eyes. "I'm an idiot, but—but I've been *so* miserable!"

"So have I!" and he looked up at me imploringly, and got hold of my hand. "Will you forgive me about—about that Miss—what's-her-name?"

"And you me about Monsieur de Thing-me-bob?" I added, looking down upon him, half smiles, half tears.

Harry gave me his answer. It was not verbal. Then he mounted, and we rode home together.

The fog had lifted a little, showing brown and russet patches of the grassy and woodland world below. But we had lost the hounds irretrievably, and I felt so tired out with my unaccustomed exertions that Harry insisted on taking me back to Leigh Court at once, though he thereby gave up any chance himself of what turned out to be the best run of the season. It was a long ride back, but oh! so pleasant, and we did not hurry; and Harry, who was staying with a friend near, it appeared, put up his horse and stopped to dinner, and wrote to papa that evening. So that was the end of our both being in a fog in every sense of the word.

WASHABLE GOLD EMBROIDERY.

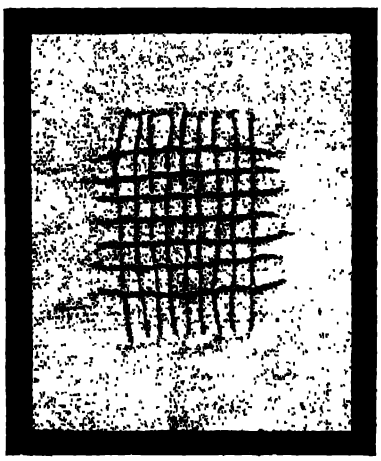


FIG. 1.—DARNING WITH GOLD THREAD.

ONCE the prejudice against the use of tinsel upon linen and cotton materials is removed, there are many effective and handsome embroideries to be executed with the new washable gold thread, but the best advice I can give those who are proposing to employ this thread is, "See that you get it," as the advertisements say. It is not every shop that supplies this particular make of gold thread, and in many places, owing more to the ignorance of the shop assistants themselves than to a desire to impose, the purchaser is put off merely with a finer make than usual of the Japanese or Chinese threads. By the exercise of a very small amount of intelligence it will be seen that these threads cannot possibly bear any rough wear, much less washing, for many of them are made simply of gilded paper twisted over a core which is cotton in the commoner sorts, silken in the better. Of course the first time this is wetted, the paper becomes reduced to pulp. The washable gold thread, when closely examined and unravelled at the end, will be found to consist generally of three strands, which, when they are untwisted in their turn, will be seen to be composed of a very slender metal wire wound round a silken or cotton core. The Comptoir Alsacien de Broderie, of 15, Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, and late of New Bond Street, supplies a specially good make of these washable threads, which generally costs about twopence or threepence a yard, according to the number, there being three sizes. The postage of sample skeins costs but little. It is very pure, and so can be depended upon never to tarnish unless brought into contact with sulphur. For this reason it is better to employ it upon linen that is unbleached rather than upon such as is dead-white in tint, as the chemicals used in the bleaching are very apt to disturb the brightness of the metal. To use with this, the same firm provides spangles which are also guaranteed to wash, and, as everyone appreciates a certain amount of brilliancy in fancy work, they are likely to become very popular on embroidered tea-cloths, table-cloths, dainty serviettes, pillow shams, and sideboard slips.

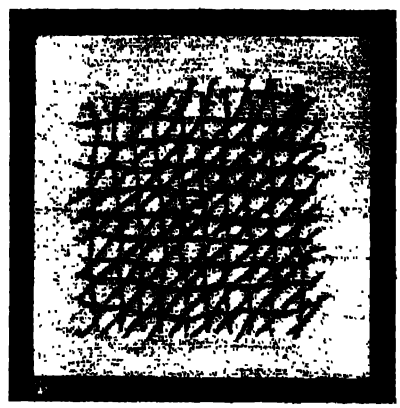


FIG. 3.—LACE DARNING.

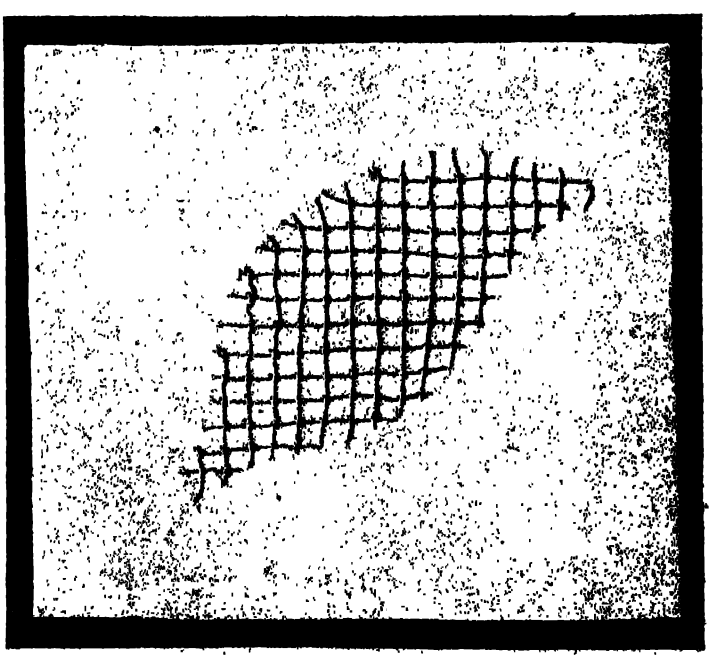


FIG. 2.—SIMPLE LATTICE STITCH.

Turning now to the use of the tinsel threads, I will give first a few details of the stitches for which they are most suited. There is the ordinary lattice-work darning (Fig. 1), which serves as a filling for almost any size and shape of design. The strands may be put nearer together or further apart, as desired, according to the size of the pattern, the lattice being sometimes large enough to admit of a small spangle being sewn in the middle of each square. Then there is the lattice given in Fig. 2, where an agreeable touch of colour is added by the stitches which secure the strands and in the French knots which may be placed, if space permits, in the middle of each open space. In Fig. 3 is given yet another form of darning, in which three sets of threads are interlaced instead of two. The two sets of horizontal and vertical threads are here laid first,

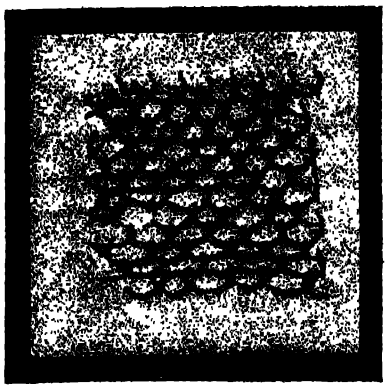


FIG. 4.—POINT DE BRUXELLES.

and are crossed with lines taken across them diagonally. All these varieties of a simple stitch lend themselves as well to the filling of a ribbon-like design as to that of any particular leaf, scroll, or flower, and, when evenly executed, an uncommon appearance is given to the work, as of a gold gauze ribbon among the more solid portions of the

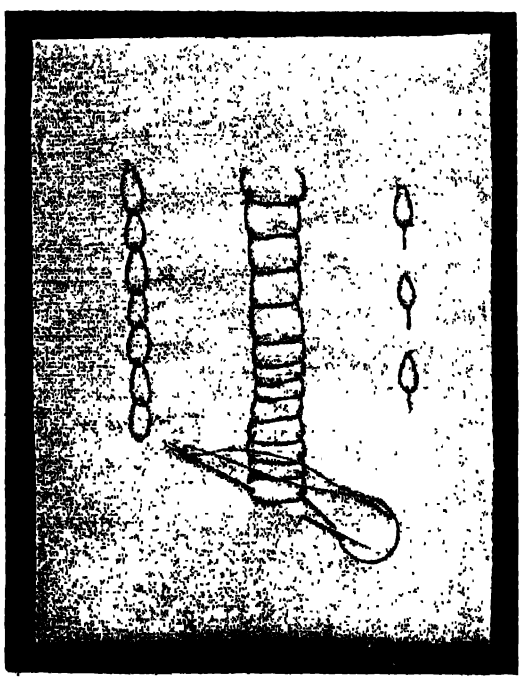


FIG. 5.—CHAIN, OPEN STEM, AND PICOT STITCHES.

embroidery. It is a pretty idea also to use one gold strand only in the darning, and to alternate this with a thread of colour.

Few fancy stitches are more effective than the simple lace filling, point de Bruxelles, given in Fig. 4. Most workers know how to work this, but when gold thread is employed, it must be left even looser than when silk or cotton is used. Instead, too, of taking each buttonhole stitch through the linen, it is better only to catch it through those in the preceding row, securing, of course, the end loops in the usual way. Should the work seem at all likely to slip out of place when thus executed, it is easy to catch the gold down here and there with an invisible stitch of gold-coloured horse-tail silk. Chain-stitch loosely worked answers well in gold thread, because the wiry nature of the tinsel allows the stitches to set well open, like miniature rings upon the work. A few chain-stitches are worked towards the left of the detail in Fig. 5, and picot stitches, which are executed in the same way, are given at the right. Open stem-stitch, as in the middle of Fig. 5, is similar to chain-stitch and more effective in certain positions. It is worked somewhat in the same fashion, but, as shown in the example, the needle is put into the loop, and brought across diagonally at the back of the work. Some little practice is needed to get the stitches all of the right degree of tightness, but they may be placed quite close together, as shown in the lower end of the detail, or far apart, as at the top. They may also be worked of almost any width. Hence the stitch may be employed for broad stems, for narrow leaves and petals of flowers. In leaves that are wide

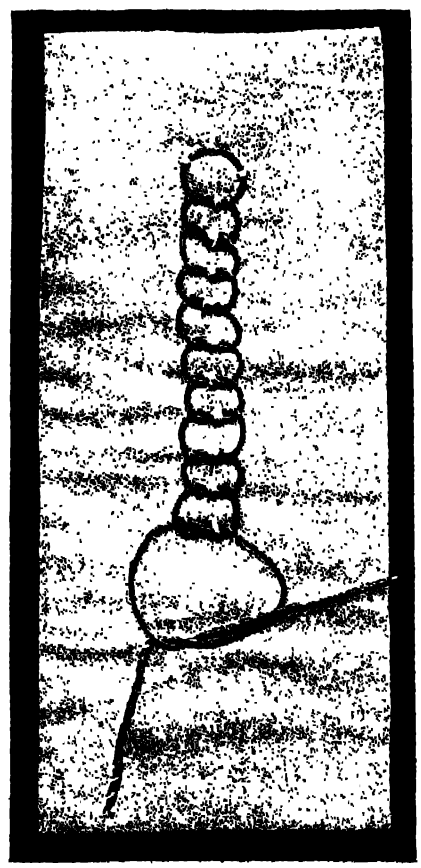


FIG. 6.—THE LINK STITCH.

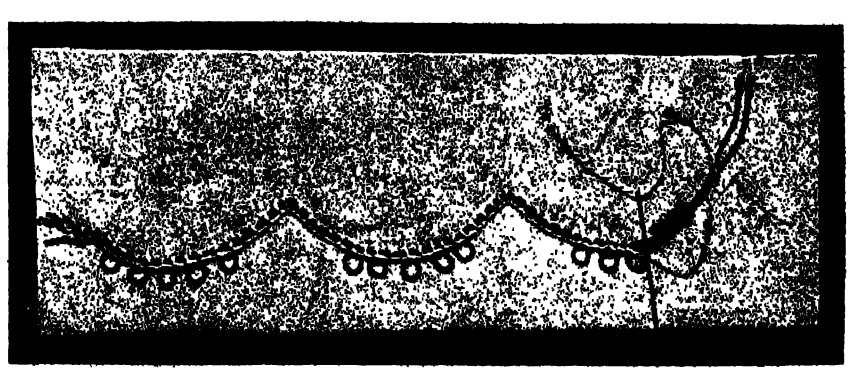


FIG. 7.—SCALLOPS EDGED WITH PICOTS.

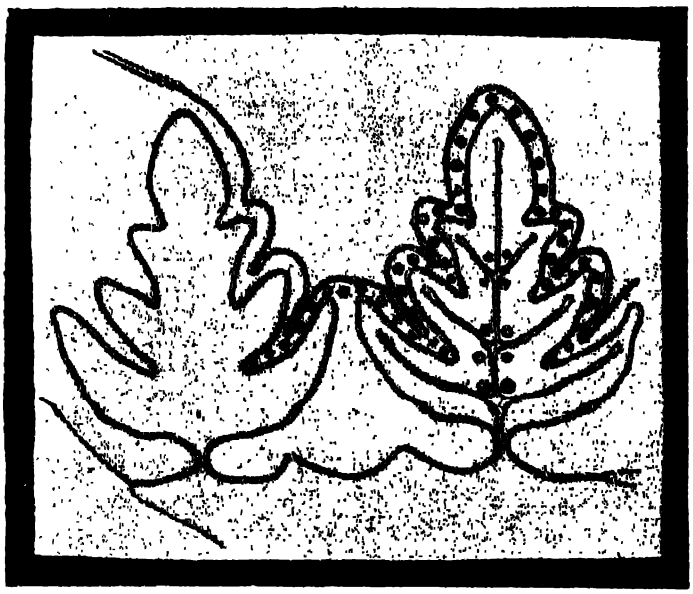


FIG. 8.—BRAIDING DESIGN EXECUTED WITH SPANGLES AND GOLD THREAD.

enough to allow of it, a great improvement may be made by running three lines of darning down the middle by way of veining, and if the stem stitches are rather wide, these will help to keep them in place.

A very pretty and simple stitch, for covering narrow stems and straight bands along the edge of a piece of work, is that in Fig. 6. To work it, it is advisable to pin out the material taut to a heavy cushion or to execute it in a frame. Use two strands of gold, and sew down the ends about a quarter of an inch apart, but side by side. Then take a thread in each hand, and tie them once as if an ordinary knot were to be made. Draw up the tie till it is about a quarter of an inch from the beginning of the work, and, after seeing that it is even on each side, catch it down with a stitch worked with gold-coloured horse-tail silk. Then make a second tie a quarter of an inch from the last; sew this down, and continue till sufficient are made. Some care is needed to get the links exactly even and all the same size, and twisted in the same direction, but otherwise there is little difficulty in the matter. A variation may be made by leaving larger spaces between the rings, and sewing a spangle in the middle of each.

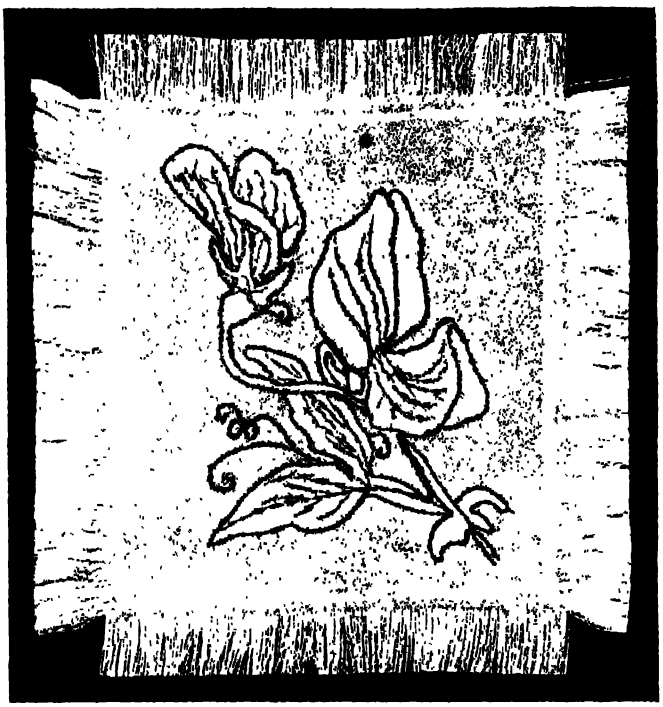
A pretty way of finishing off the edges of a tea-cloth, or almost any other piece of work, is given in Fig. 7. A series of scallops is traced on the material, and these are followed with a double line of gold caught down with button-hole stitches which are worked from left to right. In the middle of the scallop the outermost strand of gold thread is twisted into five loops. To do this, after making a button-hole stitch, give the strand a turn to make the loop of the size required and support it under the thumb of the left hand while a button-hole stitch is made close to the loop and on the right hand side of it. This holds it down firmly to the linen. Make another button-hole stitch in the ordinary way, and then another picot, or loop. In the example there are only five picots for the sake of clearness, but they may, if desired, be placed along the whole curve of the scallops, the two which set in the angles between two scallops being interlaced. The button-hole stitches, if worked tolerably close together, give a sufficiently firm edge to the embroidery to enable the linen to be cut away beyond it, when the picots have a very pretty lace-like effect.

Many of these stitches have to be worked by drawing the thread through the material instead of couching it down upon the surface, as is the case with the coarser makes of gold. A large round eyed needle is required, and not too great a length of tinsel at the time. Also, as it does not very readily slip, only a very short piece of thread need be drawn through the eye of the needle; then if this becomes chafed, and breaks in its passage through the linen, merely a small piece need be cut off when the needle is re-threaded. Economy, even in such a minor way as this, tells in the long run when a large piece of work has to be executed. The ease with which the thread can be drawn through the material enables it to be used for a great variety of the fancy stitches generally worked with silk or flax.



FIG. TRAY-CLOTH WORKED WITH WASHABLE GOLD THREAD AND INGRAIN FILOSELLE.

A particularly easy way of getting a good effect by the use only of gold thread and spangles is shown in Fig. 8. Here a double strand of tinsel is simply couched down to the material, a design somewhat similar to many used in braiding being selected, and having sufficient space between the outlines, to allow of sprinkling the ground with spangles. A good selection of fancy articles traced for working in this way is always to be had from the Compton, and the worker may judge whether she prefers such as are carried out merely with gold to such as are mixed with coloured embroidery of the usual kind. Sometimes the metal is itself sewn down with a colour, the stitches being only large enough to cover the two strands exactly. The spangles are generally caught down with three stitches carried over the edge, and through the hole in the middle. The largest spangles require four of these stitches, or they will be apt to curl up at the edges when they have been in use for some little time.



DAMASK OUTLINED WITH THREAD.

An example of the use of the washing gold thread with ingrain filoselle is given in Fig. 9. The tray-cloth shown here is one of those to be had at any fancy shop - in this case of Messrs. Vicars and Poirson's design - and has a pattern traced on it that was specially well adapted to the work now under consideration. All the longer stems are followed with a double row of gold, and the little stars that are dotted about the sprays have each a spangle by way of centre. The design requires that these should be graduated in size, and where they near the tip of the spray the smallest of all are used by themselves without any encircling stitches of silk.

Another pretty embroidery that may be done with these threads is the outlining of the designs on damask. This is a style of work that has been very popular when carried out with silk or flax threads, but a set of fine satin damask doyleys is by no means to be despised when ornamented with a delicate outlining of gold thread interspersed with the glittering spangles. The finer portions of the design need but one row of thread, especially when the damask is of a good and fine make. In the little doyley shown here (Fig. 10) there is no convenient place for spangles, so the gold thread is used by itself. For the more slender veinings and markings of leaves and flowers the gold thread is untwisted and each strand, used separately, is worked in outline stitch in the customary fashion. The gold, from its very nature, can scarcely be expected to set as flat against the material as do silk or flaxen threads, but the work will not be injured by being pressed on the wrong side with an iron.

Yet another washing fabric for gold embroidery is single-thread canvas; and beautiful and artistic handkerchief sachets, book-covers, and other things can be made to look very "old world" and quaint if the gold is mingled with good and subdued colours of silk. The task of drawing the tinsel through the canvas is a very pleasant one.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

HOW welcome that voice sounded in her ears. She could not but be friendly to this friend in need. Indeed, she no longer felt at enmity with Geoffrey Fenham now that she had escaped from his offers to give her money; she felt that she had conquered - she could afford to be generous.

He appeared at a lucky moment. She was helpless amid the turmoil and bustle of the station. She

delivered all responsibility about her luggage and herself into his hands.

He drew her to one side out of the way of passengers while he found her many boxes.

"There is half an hour to wait. Come and have some tea," he said when he came back.

She meekly assented. Her head was aching, partly from crying, partly from the heat of the day; the noise of trains and pushing of passengers confused her still more. She clung to his arm, and allowed him to find a quiet corner where they could have tea in comparative peace.

"How does Independence feel?" he asked, with a twist of his mouth.

Margaret tried to sit upright and to regain some of her old alertness and vigour, but her wan face and reddened eyes belied her efforts.

"Confess you were glad that I turned up to meet you," he continued, with a teasing smile.

"How did you know that I should come by this train?"

"I had a telegram from Cole that you had left by the twelve train, and, as I was passing through Cheltenham, I thought I would wait and see you in your new character: the independent young woman."

It did not occur to Margaret to ask whether he had been visiting Birmingham.

"Finished your tea? Then we had better be moving. Your train must be nearly due. Or will you come back with me to Fen Court? Think of Mrs. Jones, and how delighted she will be to see you back!"

For a moment it seemed to Geoffrey that she hesitated. Then she smiled and shook her head.

"That is likely," she said.

"Too much wisdom to expect from you, eh?"

His beaming, honest boyish smile claimed an answering one from her.

"If you like to put it that way," she said.

The Birmingham train steamed in, and people took their seats.

"Mrs. Jones made me travel first-class. I wanted to travel third"

"Wise Mrs. Jones! Here is a comfortable carriage. The guard will look after your luggage. You are sure you will not come back with me to Fen Court? There is a return train leaves in ten minutes. Come, Margaret, get out of this carriage and return with me to home."

But Margaret shook her head. She would not trust her voice to speak.

"You will not like these people to whom you are going; you will find things very different to Fen Court. Be wise in time."

Again Margaret shook her head.

Geoffrey's kind face looked a long way off, as through a mist. His firm, smooth hand clasping hers, and his voice pleading in her ears, were the only real things amid the hurrying to and fro of passengers and the shouts of porters.

"The house at Bridge End will be your own; you can have your friends to stay with you—Miss Seymour and anyone else you like. Your horse and ponies shall be sent there for you, and you shall be your own mistress. Come, Margaret, be a sensible girl! I hate to think of you out in the world, roughing it, when you ought to be at Fen Court; when you would have had everything but for a childish bit of temper."

Those four words spoilt the preceding ones.

Margaret drew her hand from his.

"I will take nothing from you."

Those words were her sheet anchor. They were beginning to beat into her brain.

"I will take nothing from you! I will take nothing from you."

"Nonsense! We have all to give and take in this world. You even have taken tea from me," he said, with that comical twist of his upper lip—a twist which always made a network of fine lines about the corners of his eyes, "and you are going to take a good deal from this Mrs. Lester, are you not?"

"Only for a time"

"Why not take it from me for a time? You have no answer. Well, it is your foolish obstinacy. You have said you will take nothing, and you think it grand, independent, standing on your dignity, to stick to your words. Is that not so?"

Margaret was searching for her pocket-handkerchief.

"Do not cry, child. Get out and wait for the train to take you back. You will not? Very well then, we will part friends. Take my handkerchief—women never can find their pockets—and wipe your eyes. You will be a pretty object before you meet your cousins, and I told them—. Here is the guard for your ticket. Shake hands, and we are friends, are we not?"

"Yes," between her sobs.

"I may find myself in Birmingham shortly. If so, I shall call upon you to find out how you are getting on, and how you like your new quarters. Your train is moving."

It was with Geoffrey's handkerchief to her eyes that Margaret passed out of Cheltenham station.

A forlorn, crushed little figure in the corner of the railway carriage, her fair head pressed against the window pane, her shoulders heaving with sobs, her face working like a child's, were the last sight Geoffrey had of her. Truly an independent, working woman!

Birmingham was reached too soon for Margaret; she had not yet recovered her composure. But she pulled herself together, gave one last fierce wipe to her poor eyes, and stepped upon the platform of New Street station.

Trains puffing and whistling, trains coming in, trains going out, trains in front, behind, on either side of her, Margaret, deafened by the din, stupefied by the bustle, stood stock-still and looked up and down the platform. Among the hurrying, busy crowd of persons hailing porters and looking for their luggage she saw no one who might be looking for her. She could not stand at the door of the carriage waiting, and she made a step forward and tried to stop a porter. He muttered something and passed on.



"'COME, MARGARET, GET OUT OF THIS CARRIAGE AND RETURN WITH ME'" (*p.* 200).

"By your leave, ma'am!" was shouted behind her, and moving out of the way of one hand truck of luggage she found herself stepping against another.

She retreated towards her carriage, when, to her dismay, the train began to move. Her travelling bag, small portmanteau, and hat box were in the train. She had not thought of lifting them down herself, and now they were gone. She stood and looked about in a dazed fashion.

At last an unemployed porter asked if he could find her luggage, and Margaret gratefully accepted his help.

"Lester, the name on the boxes? Right, miss. There's a young lady looking for someone of the name of Lester, miss. Perhaps it's you she's looking for. There she is over there."

Margaret looked. She had seen the girl at whom the porter pointed walking up and down the platform as though searching for someone; but no suspicion crossed her mind that it might be she who was the person sought. This could not be a cousin—this girl with the hat with many feathers, the startling red silk blouse and the plaid skirt; neither could she be a servant—servants always wore black. The porter must have made a mistake; she must be looking for some other person of the name of Lester. Margaret turned away and followed the man to where he said her luggage was lying.

"Five boxes? Here they are, miss. You must go to the lost property office for the ones you have left in the carriage. Go upstairs, cross the bridge, down number two platform——"

A mass of directions poured upon Margaret's confused ear.

"I shall never find it," she said at last; "you must come with me to show me the way."

"Is your name Lester? It is! Then you are my cousin. I'm Mary Lester. Glad to see you. Lost some of your luggage? I'll go to the lost property office and telegraph for you."

The girl in the red silk blouse, plaid skirt, and rakish hat warmly shook Margaret's hand. An honest pair of eyes beamed into Margaret's, a wide mouth smiled a warm greeting.

"I should have seen you before but that I had quite another idea of you in my mind. I thought you were older and more--more—"

Mary Lester coloured, and broke off in the midst of a sentence.

"I'll run off and see about your lost luggage," she continued quickly to hide her embarrassment; "you stay here. I'll be back directly."

After a time that seemed an hour, but was, in fact five minutes, Mary Lester returned. Margaret saw her coming down the stairs and along the platform towards her, her cousin chatting to the porter.

"It was fun, my going off without knowing what you had lost, and, to crown the joke, I lost my way. This station always bothers me, often as I've been in it. Luckily I met your porter, and he and I went together and gave a full description of your things. They'll be delivered at our house to-morrow, the man said. We'll have a cab. It's cheaper to go by 'bus, but with all this luggage we must cab it. I guess you're tired after your journey; you look pretty well done up."

"I- I have no money," said Margaret, with a blush. "Could--could you lend me half-a crown? But I do not know when I can repay you," she added.

"I'll lend it you with pleasure, but what do you want it for? We're to pay for everything, you know."

"That is very good of you," said Margaret gratefully; "but I want the half-a-crown to give the porter."

"Give the porter half-a-crown? I say! Why, two or three coppers are quite enough. I'll give him fourpence, and he'll be quite pleased. But half-a-crown!"

Mary laughed until the plume of feathers in her hat nodded.

Margaret, blushing, partly at the loudness of Mary's hearty laugh, partly at her own generosity, silently followed her cousin to the cab. The porter was given the few pence instead of half-a-crown, nor did he seem surprised at the smallness of the sum. Margaret, watching the transaction, wondered how a grown man could be offered such a paltry sum, or how a lady could offer it.

The cab rattled and rumbled through the streets to the accompaniment of Mary's chatter.

"This is New Street. Good shops, ain't they? but not as good as in Corporation Street. We'll come down to-morrow and look at them."

"I have no money," said Margaret wearily.

"I haven't either, but we don't come to buy. We walk up and down and look at the shops and meet people. Everybody does. I come down nearly every day it's so bright and lively. I'm glad you've come to stay with us; you and I will be companions for one another, and go out together. Ma never has time to come out with me, and Nell cannot walk."

"Cannot walk?

"No, she's a cripple. Something the matter with her spine. Always been the same. Poor Nell!"

Mary's face clouded over: her bright eyes filled.

"Nell's peculiar, but you mustn't take any notice of what she says. She's often in pain, and it must be dreadful for her always lying in the same room. But there! it's no use worrying over what can't be mended."

Her face cleared. She pointed to the shops they were passing.

"You get awfully cheap things there--stylish, too. I bought this skirt at that shop. It was a remnant, and I got it cheap at the summer sale. It goes well with the red blouse, don't you think?"

Margaret "did not think." She knew that Mary's dress outraged every canon of good taste; but politeness and Mary's delight in her dress prevented her saying so.

"Ma does not like it; ma likes such quiet, dowdy old things, but I couldn't afford to buy another dress, and so I had to wear this. I wasn't really sorry either."

She laughed her honest, hearty laugh, and gave Margaret a little wink.

"There! I see you're worn out with your journey and with crying. I can see how you've cried, poor child! I'll give you something that's a fine thing for a headache brought on by crying when we get home. I always use it when I've been upset by ma or Nell, or when---"

She bit her lips and turned her head away.

Margaret proudly denied her want of a cure for a headache brought on by crying.

"Your eyes look as though you'd a headache," said kind-hearted Mary; "but I won't bother you if you don't want any remedies. We're getting near our house now."

The cab had turned into a side street, where the shops were scattered among rows of houses, where the passers-by were few.

There was an air of respectable poverty about this street of small houses, all built alike. Another turn, another street! The respectability heightened; bow windows appeared on either side of each front door.

"They cannot live in a street like this," thought Margaret to herself; "the houses touch one another."

But the cab stopped before the door of No. 10.

"Here we are!" said Mary. "I must ask the cabman to help Jemima up with our boxes. I am afraid you won't have much room; but you won't mind, will you? I've brought her, ma."

A tall, stout figure filled the narrow passage.

"At last! Are you very tired, darling? It's a

dreadful journey! Come into the drawing-room and let me give you a cup of tea. You will like a cup of tea before supper, will you not?"

Mrs. Lester, her arm round Margaret's waist, led her into the smallest room Margaret had ever seen.

"And this is the fair-haired baby I held once in my arms! How delightful it is to meet again. If only my dear husband were alive! Excuse me for a moment, dearest. I must see that that extravagant child of mine does not overpay the cabman."

Mrs. Lester left the room. A second later Margaret heard the voice that had been dulcet in addressing her raised in a shrill altercation.

"I've brought you a cup of tea," said Mary, entering the room, "and I've unstrapped your boxes. There's very little room, I'm afraid, but, if you can manage to-night, I'll see what can be done to-morrow. Be sure and lock your boxes, or Jemima will be trying on all your things, and Jemima isn't too clean."

The front door closed with a bang; the cabman, worsted in the fight, drove away. Mrs. Lester returned, a flush of victory on her sallow cheeks.

"Dearest, supper will be ready in half an hour," she said, seating herself on the small sofa by Margaret's side. "My poor Nell wishes to see you——"

"Let her have supper first, ma. She looks so tired.

"Very well then, dear, have supper first. You must try and put up with our simple ways after your grandeur at Fen Court. My dear husband left me very poorly off."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"SUPPER'S ready, if you are," shouted Mary's voice up the narrow stairs.

"Ask our lodger to come in to see me," Margaret heard sharp, sneering tones say in the next room.

"After supper," Mrs. Lester answered.

Something more was said in the bitter, disagreeable voice of the first speaker. Margaret hurried downstairs.

Mary, still wearing her hat, did the honours of the supper table.

"Ma will be down directly; she's with Nell now. I've poached an egg for you. How do you like it—hard or soft? I hope this is all right. Jemima spoils everything she touches, so I do most of the cooking."

"Mary! Mary!"

"Yes, ma."

"Are the sweetbreads for Nell's supper cooked?"

"In a moment. I must run into the kitchen; I shan't be long."

Mary left Margaret to a supper of poached eggs, toasted cheese, and watercress.

Margaret dropped the knife and fork. Mary gone, she might end the pretence of eating without hurting the feelings of that kind-hearted girl.

The long summer evening was turning dusk; the scraps of sky to be seen between the housetops were covered with feathery clouds, flushed with the reflection of the setting sun. Margaret looked round the small room, at the ugly, dingy green, cheap paper on the walls, at the horsehair-covered chairs, at the black marks on the ceiling above the gaseliers, at the supper table without flowers or silver to relieve the commonness of the glass, and the coarseness of the napery. Her soul sickened within her.

The memory of another dining-room filled her mind, a long room with windows facing the sunset, pictures covering the walls, a table laid with finest linen, sparkling glass, shining silver, Jones the Silent at the great carved sideboard.

A lump came into Margaret's throat, but she choked it back. Tears rose to her eyes, but she winked them away.

"I will not think of Fen Court; that part of my life is done with. I have given up the loaves and fishes of this life and taken to toasted cheese," with an attempt at a laugh as the odour of that mousey tit-bit rose to her nostrils.

"Shall I help you carry up your sister's supper?" she asked when Mary, with a laden tray, entered the room.

"No, thank you; I can carry it easily. Will you pour me out a glass of claret? Thanks. There! I have spilt a drop. Does it show? Nell is so particular about her meals being nicely served. She cannot eat anything if there is a mark on the napkin or the china."

Margaret thought that the small drop of claret would not hurt.

"Mary! Mary!" Mrs. Lester's voice called.

"Coming, ma. The sweetbreads will be cold if I change the napkin. I must leave it."

Mary toiled, with heavily-laden tray, up the stairs. She returned flushed and tearful, but with a smile already beginning to widen her mouth.

"Nell saw the spot of claret, after all. She was very angry. What is the best thing for claret stains?"

"I do not know. Did you upset it down your dress?"

Mary was rubbing the front of her plaid skirt with salt and water.

"No; Nell did it. Poor Nell! I am so sorry that I spilt that drop on her napkin. She cannot eat any supper now, and ma is finishing the sweetbreads. Dear! dear! this is dreadfully stained, and it is the only skirt I have fit to wear. I shall have to go out in my petticoat."

"I have heaps of dresses; you can have one of mine. We are nearly the same height. I am in mourning, you see, and coloured dresses are of no use to me. If you will accept one——"

Mary's arms were round Margaret's neck before the sentence ended.

"You darling! you'll give me one of your dresses? It is good of you! I can see they are the best cut, and I can easily make it fit me by letting out a little."

Margaret was abashed by Mary's gratitude for her small offering.

"You have had no supper," she said, to stop Mary's thanks, "and the eggs and toast are getting cold."

"I must make Nell a little bread and milk; she might eat that. Bread and butter are enough for me."

She cut herself a chunk of bread and butter, and took a bite which reminded Margaret of the hatter's tea-party.

"Mary! Mary, ask your cousin to step upstairs. Nell would like to see her."

"Come along, Margaret. Mind the stairs; it is getting so dusk you can scarcely see, but ma doesn't like the gas being lighted until it's quite dark. Gas runs up to such a lot of money!"

Stumbling up the stairs in the darkness, Margaret was dazzled by the light in the room which they entered.

She shaded her eyes with her hands.

"So this is our lodger?" said the sharp, biting voice Margaret had heard speaking before supper. "Well, I am disappointed."

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Lester, with a nervous laugh.

She came towards the couch by which Margaret stood, and laid her hand upon her daughter's shoulder.

"Hush! hush! Our Nell has had a bad attack of pain this afternoon, dear Margaret; you must not mind what she says."



"A LUMP CAME INTO MARGARET'S THROAT, BUT SHE CHOKED IT BACK" (*p.* 203).

Nell, a wizened, twisted creature, lay upon the sofa. A lamp with a pink shade stood on a table by her side, but no shade could make Helen Lester anything but ugly. Her expression was repulsive. Malignant, elfish, spiteful, her dark eyes looked out under beetling brows from her sallow face.

"Take off the shade, Mary. Let me see her face. No, I call her a disappointment. Do you call yourself pretty?"

Margaret flushed.

"I—I—do not know. People have said that I am."

"Ah! but then you were rich. I call you plain; I never like light women—they are always plain. Women should be dark. Give me my glass, mother."

Mrs. Lester took a hand-glass from the nearest table and gave it to the deformed creature.

Margaret stared at the way she examined every feature of her withered, old woman's face in the glass.

Nell twitched into place the embroidery of the pink garment she was wearing, and arranged the black hair hanging over her shoulders.

"Yes, women should always be dark," she repeated, laying down the glass. "Put on the lamp-shade, mother. So you've given up a good income and mean to earn your own living? What a fool you must be!"

"Who told you that?"

"A little bird whispered it," said Mrs. Lester archly.

"Did Geoff—did he—

"Now, now, dearest girl, do not worry. We have heard of your noble refusal to take money from him."

"Noble! I call it foolish," sneered Nell.

Mary brought a basin of bread and milk for the invalid.

"I hope this is decent," said Nell. "Be careful, mother; you are dragging my hair back. What a careless woman you are! You know how trying it is to even a perfect face to have the hair strained back in that unbecoming fashion."

In tying an elaborately-embroidered napkin round the deformed girl's neck, Mrs. Lester had inadvertently pulled back from her shoulders her long black hair. The veil of hair removed, the deformity of the left shoulder and upper part of her body was painfully revealed.

Mrs. Lester hurriedly pulled the coarse black strands over her daughter's shoulders. A coloured silk pillow was brought by Mary and placed under Nell's head; the basin of bread and milk was put on a low table and drawn to the side of the couch. During the preparations for her supper Nell kept up a running fire of sarcastic remarks on her mother's and sister's awkwardness.

"What a frightful figure you have, Mary! Why do you wear a dress that calls attention to it? How awkward and clumsy you are! What coarse, thick hands you have! No wonder they break or upset everything you touch. Cannot you get something to make them look more like a lady's hands?"

She spread out her own thin, clawlike fingers upon the sofa blanket to draw attention to their white slenderness.

"A slight difference, is there not?" she said, looking at Margaret.

Margaret turned away. She could not pander to the poor creature's abominable vanity. Mary's red, work-roughened hands were a thousand times more beautiful than the white, attenuated, cruel-looking claws of the invalid.

A low cackle from the couch made her start.

"I know what you are thinking, sweet cousin. That Mary's temper is better than mine. But wait, wait! you will soon find her out. How jealous she is—how envious! Even of me lying here."

Mary did not speak.

"Eat your supper," said her mother soothingly. "Margaret would like to go to bed now. She is tired after her long journey."

"How can she be tired? She has only been seated in the train. Do you play chess, dear cousin Margaret?"

"Yes; Mr. Fenham and I played it every evening."

"We will have a game now. Fetch the chessmen, Mary."

"I am tired; I——" began Margaret.

"I am sure Margaret will have just one game with you, will you not, Margaret?" interrupted Mrs. Lester before Margaret could end her sentence. "One short game. Nell is a very good player, and she beats us so easily that there is no pleasure for her in playing against us."

"My head is aching, and I feel very stupid; but if Nell really wants to play——"

"Ma, Margaret is dreadfully tired!" said Mary.

"There is Mary interfering again. She is afraid that you will get too fond of me—like me better than her. I *will* play chess, if I please. I *will*. Do you hear me, you Mary, with your red cheeks and raw-beef hands!"

Nell snarled like a savage cur, her thick eyebrows pulled together, her thin, livid lip caught up from her yellow teeth.

"Margaret will have a game of chess with you. Fetch the board and men, Mary. Do not irritate your sister by standing still and looking at her."

The chessmen were fetched and placed in position. A low chair was put for Margaret by the couch. The invalid was propped up with many silk cushions, and the lamps were placed where the most becoming light fell upon her face and hands.

Mary was sent away to make beef-tea.

"You must make it. I know I shall want something in the night. What are you whispering to Margaret?"

Mary had whispered in Margaret's ear—

"Lose the game."

"You shall not whisper. Leave the room and make my beef-tea, and make it good."

The game of chess quickly ended. It was lost by Margaret in the most barefaced manner.

"I know what Mary whispered to you now. She told you to lose the game. I saw you tried to lose it. Well, now you shall play another."

"My head is aching. I am so tired. To-morrow morning I will play as long as you wish."

"You will play to-night."

This roused Margaret's spirit.

"I am afraid you must excuse me," she said, gathering the chessmen together to place in their box.

"Mother! mother!" screamed the deformed woman, "make her play another game with me."

Mrs. Lester started from the nap she was enjoying.

"What is it? What! the game finished already! Margaret dearest, you won't mind playing another game, will you? It is quite early yet——"

"You have asked us to give you a home out of charity," said Nell, with a sneering laugh; "you must do something for your living."

"Margaret knows how glad I am to have her with us. There is no talk of charity, dearest girl; but, if you are not too tired, another game with Nell——"

Margaret had silently taken her seat again. She was placing the men on their squares.

A cunning smile played over Nell's withered face. She glanced from under her eyebrows at Margaret and smiled again to herself. What a slave she might make of this pampered, aristocratic cousin, merely by playing upon her feelings! Nell chuckled to herself.

It would be a piece of false mischief such as her soul loved.

Chess was a game in which Margaret excelled. Mr. Fenham had been a famous player, and he had taught Margaret to become a worthy opponent.

To beat Nell would have been child's play at any other time; but to-night, racked with headache, stupid and heavy with sleep, she could not concentrate her attention. The game was a long one, but it ended in Margaret's victory.

At last she might go to bed. She stumbled into her bedroom, threw off her clothes, and lay down upon the hard mattress, too tired to think. The window glimmered faintly in the first pale light of dawn as she turned out the gas. Nell's voice, scolding and sneering, came shrilly through the thin walls.

Once there was a crash of broken china, and Mary's voice raised in expostulation. Margaret buried her head in the bed-clothes to stifle the sounds. She felt dislike, dread, a shrinking horror, towards the deformed creature with her ludicrous vanity and hateful selfishness.

"Am I like that? Am I as bad as that? Do I never think of others? Do I spare others as little as she spares Mary? Poor Mary! She has not gone to bed yet. She must be tired. I wonder how many times she has been up and down stairs this evening. Does the servant do nothing? If I were Mary, I should be cross and bad-tempered; but she smiles and laughs, and does not seem to mind that Nell. I do like Mary, but I wished she dressed differently and did not speak with that horrid twang. I like Mary. She must be good. I wonder what Geoffrey would think of her. He liked Enid, and she is quite different from Enid. I wish Enid had not said such things to me. If they were true, she need not have said them"

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

NELL was several years older than Mary. She could remember the time of her father's prosperity, when they had lived in a large house with horses, carriages, and servants at their command. That time was long past—Mary could not even remember it; ruin and her father's death had happened when she was scarcely more than three years old.

Little difference was made to Nell by the ruin of their fortunes. In the smaller room, Mary and her mother instead of servants to wait upon her, a few of her most expensive whims denied her, those were the changes that the smash brought to Nell. Mrs. Lester sacrificed the household to the deformed, evil-tempered woman.

Nell must have her delicate stuffs wherewith to clothe that twisted body, Nell must have rich, luxurious food, if Mary and the maid-of-all-work starved. From the day she could walk alone, Mary had been her sister's slave.

So long had the slavery lasted that neither to Mrs. Lester nor Mary herself did another order of things seem possible.

No breakfast was laid when Margaret descended the following morning. An untidy, dirty maid, whom she supposed to be Jemima, was pretending to dust the dining room. She stopped the dusting to stare at Margaret.

"They won't be down for another hour yet, miss," she said in answer to Margaret's inquiry what time breakfast would be.

Margaret was healthily, heartily hungry, and the hour seemed a very long one. The two rooms, dining-room and drawing-room were destitute of anything to interest or amuse.

No books or papers were to be found. No piano was in the drawing-room, no ornaments or knick-knacks. An effort at decoration had been made by draping the white marble mantelpiece with cheap art muslin.

At last, when Margaret had looked a weary time at the windows on the opposite side of the street—when she had noted the names on the butcher's, baker's, and milkman's carts which stopped at the houses (none stopped at Mrs. Lester's door), Mary, yawning, in a dirty blue serge skirt and a print blouse covered with stains, entered the room.

"Poor thing, you must be dying of hunger," she exclaimed on hearing the length of time Margaret had been down. "I'll have breakfast ready in a moment."

She scolded Jemima in a good tempered, friendly fashion for not having given Margaret something to eat, and laughed at Margaret's attempts to help her lay the breakfast things.

"I've made the tea and toast and boiled you an egg. Sit down and begin. I must take up ma's breakfast, and see what Nell would like. Don't wait for me."

It was well for Margaret that she did not wait, seeing that Mary did not sit down to breakfast that morning. She was in the kitchen cooking Nell's breakfast while Margaret was eating hers. Several

times she poked her head into the dining-room to see how Margaret was faring, and once she came in and snatched a piece of dry toast from the table.

"Must take my meals when I can," she said, laughing; "pour me out a cup of tea, there's a good girl. I want to take you into Birmingham to-day, and show you some of the sights."

"Can I help you with your work?"

"Oh! will you? There's a heap of things to do. If you would, we could get off earlier."

Margaret washed the breakfast things, dusted the drawing room, and helped Mary make the beds. The sight of the boxes reminded Mary that they were not yet unpacked.

"I will help you when I have dressed Nell. I shall enjoy seeing your pretty things - and so would Nell," she added. "We'll go down to New Street this afternoon. I expect someone will meet us there."

Mary's fresh colour deepened.

"I'm engaged, you know. His name's Ben Waller. Ma doesn't like it; she and Ben don't hit it off somehow, but still she hasn't said downright we shan't be engaged, and he comes here."

Margaret's experience of engaged persons was small. She looked at Mary with awe.

"Are you to be married soon?"

"Oh! no, he's not making enough for us to get married, but Ben is pushing he means to get on. If only we had a little interest. Uncle Robins could easily give him a berth in his firm if he liked, but he won't. There, it's no use troubling, and we are very happy as we are. That's Nell's bell. I expect she is ready to get up. I'll be as quick as I can, and then we'll unpack your boxes."

Mary's bright face was downcast when she came back after an hour's interval.

"Would you mind showing Nell your dresses? She would like to see them ever so much, and Jemima and I could easily drag the boxes into her room, and you could unpack them there as well as here."

"It is such a trouble ——" began Margaret doubtfully.

A shrill voice interrupted the sentence.

"Mary and Jemima are to bring them here. I wish to see your dresses."

The two girls looked at one another. Mary silently motioned with her lips that Nell's orders should be obeyed.

"What is Mary saying?" continued the harsh voice. "I know she is whispering something. What is it? Why does not Margaret speak? I insist upon your boxes being unpacked in my room."

"It is too much trouble to drag them across the landing. Mary and I will unpack them here, and we will show you what dresses are worth seeing."

"I will have them unpacked in my room. I will! I will! I will!"

The last "I will!" was a hoarse yell. It brought Mrs. Lester from her bedroom in her dressing-gown.

"Mary! Mary! Tormenting your poor sister again! Nell, dearest, what is it? Mary won't allow the boxes to be unpacked in your room!"

"It was not Mary. It was I," said Margaret.

"My darling girl, I am sure you will give in to the wishes of our dear invalid. To see your trunks unpacked would give her a morning's pleasure. Jemima and Mary can easily drag them in. I am sure your heart is too soft to deprive my sweet girl of a little pleasure."

What could Margaret do but give in? She saw her boxes taken into Nell's room to be unpacked. Unwillingly she followed them, keys in hand.

"How do you look by daylight, cousin Margaret? M--m--m! Your eyes are larger than I thought, and your skin is not bad for a fair woman. I don't call you a beauty, though; but I dare say you think yourself one. You can begin to unpack; I am quite ready."

The room was shaded by pink blinds from the hot sunlight. Nell, in her pink gown, lay upon a couch covered with a pretty pink cretonne. Wall paper, curtains, carpet, all were of a delicate shade of pink, or had the shade repeated in their pattern.

"Take out your evening dresses first. Mary, stand out of the way. You need not touch the things—Margaret can do it alone. That is not a bad dress. Yellow! Yellow does not suit fair people. It would be exactly the thing for me. Hold it against my face. The very thing! You do not want coloured dresses, cousin Margaret; could you not give this one to me?"

The dress was one of Margaret's favourites; she was deaf to the cool request.

Jemima, broom in hand, peered from the doorway at the silks and muslins. Mrs. Lester and Mary carried the frocks to Nell. She clawed them with her skeleton fingers and sneered at material or make, though her eyes glittered with a hungry greediness and her hands could not leave hold of velvet and satin.

"Ten evening dresses!" sighed Mary.

"You mean to try to make her give you one. I know your ways," said her sister.

Mary coloured, and tears came into her honest eyes.

"Don't let us have any crocodile tears here. She is only trying to cry for your benefit, Margaret. None of these dresses would suit her or you either. They would be the exact thing for a dark person. That yellow brocade and the pink silk, they might be cut exactly to do for me."

But Margaret began to replace the dresses in the box. She had no intention of giving anything to Nell. An evil expression crossed the deformed woman's face; she gave a malevolent chuckle.

The boxes were unpacked; the last dainty or luxurious trifle had been held by Nell's greedy fingers. There was nothing more to show.

"Two o'clock, and no dinner cooked!"

Mary rushed downstairs, followed by Jemima. Mrs. Lester departed to finish her dressing; she had watched the display of Margaret's goods in her dressing-gown. Margaret was left alone with Nell.

"Shut the door, I want to speak to you," she said. "Come closer to me."

She caught Margaret by the wrist and held her.

"Do you know that you are living on charity? Charity! You are eating our bread, and you see that we have little to spare?"

Margaret nodded her head.

"We have not enough to feed ourselves, much more to feed paupers."

"I do not want to stay with you long. I am answering all the advertisements I see in the papers. I would take anything, but no one will have me."

"You will never find a situation. People will not have chits like you. Besides, you could stay here as long as you liked if you paid."

"How can I pay? I have not a penny in the world."

"You have all these dresses, these ivory brushes, this lace and embroidery. If you gave me something every week it would be paying."

"I will give them to Mrs. Lester and Mary."

With an angry snarl Nell thrust her cousin backwards.

"You know they will not take your things. You think to save your dresses that way, beggar!"

"Mary wants dresses more than you."

Nell threw her hands out and beat them against the sides of the couch.

"How can you? How can you be so cruel? How can you laugh at me for not wanting dresses?"

"I did not mean—I was not laughing at you. But Mary has such shabby dresses, and she works hard, and——"

"Would I not work hard if I could?"

Nell burst into tears; Margaret was doubtful whether they were real or pretended.

"My sweetest! crying? What is it?"

Mrs. Lester had entered the room.

"Margaret has been laughing at me because I cannot walk or work hard like Mary. She means to give Mary some of her dresses, and she will give me nothing."

"I was not laughing. But I said that if——"

"Mother, mother! is it not cruel of her? Laughing at me!"

"Dearest, no one could laugh at you. You have mistaken Margaret; and I am sure, if she is so kind as to give away any of her pretty things, you are the person whom they will most delight. Mary's tastes are not refined like yours; she would not care for those delicate shades."

"Nell said that by giving you my dresses I might pay you."

"Pay! My dearest girl, there must be no talk of paying between us. You must have misunderstood Nell. She knows as well as I that we are delighted



"EACH A PRESENT IN THE SHAPE OF JEWELLERY." (p. 209).

to have you with us for any length of time. Our home is small and humble, but we give you what we can."

She put her hand with a caressing gesture on Margaret's shoulder.

Nell met a warning look from her mother. She turned her head sullenly away.

"Let me hear nothing more of paying, dearest girl. If you give my sweet Nell a present she will be grateful and I am sure prize it highly."

"Tell Mary that I should like a sole for my dinner," interrupted Nell, "and while I am waiting Margaret and I will have a game of chess."

"Very well, my dearest. Here are the chessmen, and you will let Margaret go when our dinner is ready; will you not?"

"I will see," said Nell indifferently.

Before the game was fairly begun a message was brought by Jemima that dinner was ready.

"The game must be finished afterwards," said Margaret.

She rose and walked to the door.

"Come back!" shrieked the deformed woman.

"After dinner," said Margaret.

"The game shall be finished now!"

"After dinner," repeated Margaret.

She opened the door, closed it behind her, and walked downstairs.

Wildly Nell's handbell tinkled, loudly she shrieked, but Margaret walked downstairs with a firm step, if beating heart.

"What is it?" asked Mary, leaving the sole she was frying for Nell's dinner.

"She must be ill," gasped Mrs. Lester, hurrying upstairs.

"I said that I would have my dinner before finishing the game of chess," Margaret explained.

Shriek followed shriek. Mrs. Lester's voice praying, beseeching her darling to be quiet, mingled with the noise.

"You must finish the game now. You can eat a piece of bread and butter if you are hungry."

Mary's rosy cheeks were white; her voice trembled.

"I am not hungry, but it is nonsense always giving in to Nell. You should be firm with her—she wants a firm hand," said Margaret, repeating one of Mrs. Jones's maxims regarding herself.

"That she do, miss," from Jemima.

"She will not stop until you go upstairs and finish the game. We shall have a policeman here shortly inquiring what is the matter, and the people opposite are already at their windows staring across."

Mary was right. The shrieks continued, a crowd began to collect before the house.

"You must come upstairs, Margaret," sobbed Mrs. Lester; "I can do nothing."

Margaret gave way.

Nell's shrieks stopped on her appearance.

"I knew you would have to come," she said in a triumphant voice.

Her hands did not tremble when she moved a chessman—no excitement was in her face. She had deliberately set herself to scream until her wish was obeyed.

"I think you must be mad," said Margaret.

She felt a positive loathing for the woman.

"Not so mad but that I can get my own way," retorted Nell.

She chuckled, a hoarse sound in her throat, and looked at Margaret with bright, snakish eyes.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

FROM morning to night the household was at the beck and call of the cripple. Her bell brought Mrs. Lester, Mary, or Jemima to her room, no matter what their occupation, no matter how their work suffered. For Mary there was no rest. Cooking, dusting, fetching, and carrying were her portion.

Her only recreation was a shopping expedition into Birmingham, a walk down the fashionable street, New Street.

She never complained. Nor as far as Margaret could see did she feel that there was any reason for complaint. Though expecting to meet her lover that afternoon, she cheerfully gave way to Nell's command that she and Margaret should stay at home.

"He may come up to see me this evening," she said.

No Mr. Waller appeared; but Mary's good temper did not desert her, nor her patience lessen with Nell's troublesome whims.

"Perhaps it's a good thing he did not come," she said when they were assembled in Nell's room for the evening.

Her busy fingers were altering the dress Margaret had given her.

"I should not have had time to rip this dress, and I really do want some other skirt than the plaid—it is quite spoilt;" with a sigh to the memory of the plaid. "Ben never likes to see me working."

"Ben is a selfish brute," snapped Nell.

Nell was as near to good temper as she ever became. Margaret, on the arrival of the luggage she had left in the train, had given to Mrs. Lester and her cousins each a present in the shape of jewellery. Nell (Margaret was ignorant of the value of her offering) received Benjamin's portion. Consequently she permitted Mary to alter the dress with fewer sneers than might have been expected and the household to enjoy a short peace.

"To-morrow, ma, I'll take Margaret down New Street. You'll see everyone if it's a fine day, as it's sure to be. People will be going to Scarborough or Llandudno in another day or two. I wish we could have gone. Ben says they have such fun at Scarborough, rides and excursions."

"I hope I have not kept you at home," said Margaret.

"Oh! no, my dear, we shall go away for our change of air in the autumn. My brother has a moor in Scotland, and we shall probably pay him a visit."

Mary's honest face grew crimson at her mother's words; she bent her head over her work.

"The drawback is that we have no invitation," Nell said wickedly; "and, if we had, we could not go. I cannot be moved. You need not believe mother's fine stories about our invitations and the places we have visited. Neither she nor Mary have slept a night out of this house since they came into it."

An awkward silence followed this remark. The deformed creature enjoyed the confusion written on the three faces.

"You need not look away, Margaret. We think nothing of a few lies in this house."

"My sweet!"

"Do we, mother! Then your thoughts must quarrel with your words. Now, Margaret, I want to hear about Fen Court: what servants you had, what you did, what you spent."

To describe Fen Court with a lump in her throat, was a difficult matter; but Margaret was rapidly learning her lesson. One day with Nell was a liberal education in obedience. Better hear Fen Court derided, laughed at, scorned, than enter into a fight of wills with a woman who cared nothing for what she said, who was absolutely without self-control.

Tired, exhausted, Margaret described the house, the grounds, horses, carriages, servants with a trembling voice and shaking lips. In her heart she echoed Nell's closing words at the end.

"I think you a fool to give all that up for this."

Certainly she had not given it up, it had been taken from her; but she had refused a liberal allowance which would have given her compensation for what she lost. Pride said that she was right to refuse that offer of Geoffrey's. Kind Geoffrey, good Geoffrey! How he had begged her to return to Fen Court! Yesterday! was it only yesterday that she had seen him? The time seemed a hundred years. He was one of her own people.

She belonged to the Fenhams, not to the Lesters. Honest, cheerful Mary; soft-voiced Mrs. Lester, sneering, violent Nell belonged to another world—a world that Margaret saw for the first time and did not like.

That second night she sobbed herself to sleep.

"Now we can get away," said Mary dressed in the frock—Margaret's present—"Nell is asleep. She did not sleep at all last night, and ma says she will look after her when she wakes. I must get some fish and flowers at the market. Ben always comes to dinner on a Sunday, and I like to get a few flowers. They take off a bit from the shabbiness of the furniture. Put on your best dress and hat, and hurry, or we'll have no time for the shops."

"You have been quick," she said when Margaret reappeared. "I wonder if I've got the same look of style about me that you have? Ben thinks so much of style. I suppose it's in the cut of the dress. All the 'buses will be full for certain. Don't let them push in front of you, whatever you do, or you'll never get a place. See that woman in the lace mantle? she'll get a seat, you'll see. She doesn't care how she pushes."

They were at a place where five roads met. A group of persons, principally women, waited at the edge of the pavement for an omnibus.

"Can we not walk? It will be so hot in an omnibus," said Margaret.

"We shall go on the top."

"On the top!"

"Everyone goes on the top now. Ben grumbles that the men have to ride inside to let the ladies go out. Do you mean to say you've never been outside of a 'bus?"

"Never."

Margaret smiled to think of Mr. Fenham's face if he had seen or heard of her on the top of an omnibus.

"Here's one coming down Hagley Road; the one with three horses. We'll get on that."

Other persons decided to do likewise. The group surged over the kerbstone, the lady in the lace mantle well to the front of the crowd. Up the narrow stairway maid and matron pushed, regardless of manners.

"This is nothing," said Mary; "wait until you see the crowd in New Street waiting for the 'buses. It's awfully hot. Phew!"

She fanned herself with her pocket-handkerchief.

"You must not mind pushing, Margaret. We should have got seats on the top if you'd been a little quicker. But there! we escape the dust inside, if it is hot. The shops aren't bad, are they? But wait until you get down further. The best of this way is that we haven't to go through any slums. Here's the Free Library. I go there sometimes to see the ladies' papers. That's the Town Hall, isn't it fine? Here are some good shops. We'll walk up and look at them. We get out now. I wonder if Ben is anywhere about?"

No Ben was to be seen.

"We'll go to the market first, and then come back and see the shops."

Margaret shrank from the fish stalls in the market. The smells, the noise, the sights, were scarcely compensated for by the fact, proudly mentioned by Mary, that this was the best fish-market in England. Two men bawling praise of their wares one against another fascinated her.

Their voices never ceased. No one paid any attention, no one was attracted to their stalls by the shouts, but they were shouting when she entered, they were shouting when she left; perhaps they are shouting still.

"Now we must find Ben," said Mary, when she had haggled over the prices of fish and flowers; "he will be somewhere in New Street. He always expects me on a Saturday morning, and waits about for me."

"Is there anything going on?" asked Margaret.

The number of people doing nothing in New Street astonished the country girl. Margaret's experience of a town was London, where men and women only walk for a definite object.

"Nothing. Everyone comes in on a Saturday morning. We stroll up and down, and meet our friends and talk."

And block the pavement for those individuals who

were unfortunate enough to have business, she might have added.

Loudly-dressed girls, often accompanied by youths, stopped Mary to have a chat or to be introduced to her cousin. Everyone knew Margaret's name. If they stared curiously, they shook hands warmly. Their loud welcomes, their "did yer's" and "don't yer's" came pleasantly to Margaret's ear for the sake of the warmth of their greeting.

Who could be stiff with the genial, laughing crew? Not a girl of nineteen. Their feathers might wag several inches higher from their bright hats than was necessary, their gowns might be glaring in colour and detestable in make; but the faces underneath the wonderful hats were cheerful and sunny, the hearts in the tightly-fitting bodices beat with much the same feelings as Margaret's own.

They walked up and down looking for Mr. Waller. A suggestion from Margaret that the pavement on the other side was less crowded, and that there they would find walking easier, was scouted by the rest of the party.

"Nobody walked that side! They would not see a soul! This was *the* side."

Turnings of heads, remarks from Mary and a friend in front to Margaret and a younger girl behind, pauses before shop windows, were the accompaniments of the stroll through New Street.

"Hullo! you girls. Blocking up the gangway as usual? How are yer, Mary? How smart we are! Quite the toff! Where's the cousin? I tried to get up last night to have a squint——"

He was interrupted by a laughing chorus from the girls. Margaret was brought forward by Mary.

"This is Miss Margaret Lester, Mr. Benjamin Waller. How do you like my dress, Ben? Margaret gave it to me: wasn't it kind of her?"

"Ripping! both dress and kindness. How do you do, Miss Margaret? Glad to make your acquaintance. Where are you girls off to? How long are you off duty, Mary?"

"We must be going back soon. Nell will——"

"Oh, hang Nell! We'll have another stroll up New Street. 'Tisn't often I have the chance of escorting four such fine young women."

Mr. Ben Waller was a smart young man. His hat sat jauntily upon his head, his well-brushed coat was made in the latest fashion, his trousers were neatly



"A MAN'S VOICE IN THE PASSAGE MADE MARGARET SPRING FROM HER SEAT" (*p.* 213).

turned up from his polished boots, a cane and one glove were held in one hand; on the little finger of the other hand he wore a large ring.

"Hang it all, Mary, a fellow must look a gentleman," he said, when confiding to her a piece of extravagance connected with his dress.

"Isn't Mary a jolly girl?" said Mary's friend, joining her younger sister and Margaret.

Mr. Waller and Mary walked before the three girls.

"Did you ever know anyone like that Nell? Mary's foolish to put up with her. I'm always telling her so, but she won't listen. Don't you think Mr. Waller good-looking?"

"No. Is he supposed to be?"

"Rather! He is so gentlemanly, too." Mary stopped. "You must go back to that beast of a Nell, I suppose. You'll have some difficulty in getting a bus. Everybody will be rushing for seats at this time. Good-bye, Mary. We shan't go for another hour. I want to meet Jemmy Parret to arrange about Monday."

"You may be sure we shan't go till we've seen Jemmy," laughed her sister.

Mary and Mr. Waller joined in the laughter.

They parted at the foot of Corporation Street, the sisters turning up that fine way with many nods and knowing looks from Mary and her lover.

"There is a 'bus just going," said Mary; "but it will be full before we can cross."

"Are all these people waiting for omnibuses?" said Margaret, looking at the crowd.

"Yes, and there'll be more yet. I believe there's a thunder shower coming," as a drop of rain fell on the pavement. "We shall have to fight for places."

"Hold on to Mary. She's a rare hand at getting into an omnibus; she'll pull you through."

"Look, Margaret; that's the Grammar School behind us."

"Where your humble servant went to school as well as other great men. It has a mint of money, has that old place. You'll see something now, Miss Margaret, when the ladies rush for their seats. You won't see many men among the crowd. They know better! There's no quarter given in this fight. Shall I hold your parcels, Mary, until you're in? The rain is coming! A football scrummage is nothing to what it will be getting into that 'bus. There's Pilkington hoping to get a seat. He won't have a chance among the ladies."

"Take my arm, Margaret, and push. There's that woman in the lace mantle! she shan't get a seat before me. Take my parcels, Ben. Have you a firm hold of my arm?"

Drops of rain were beginning to fall. Umbrellas had not been thought of, starting from home on a cloudless, hot August day. To open dainty lace or chiffon parasols was to have them spoilt, but it was a choice of two evils—hats or parasols. How everyone pressed for foremost places on the edge of the pavement! What a rush there was when an omnibus drew up beside the kerbstone! The lady in the lace mantle was foremost in the fray, but Mary was not far behind.

Arms and shoulders working, she gallantly hurled herself into the mass of gaily-coloured prints and muslins. A parasol used as a battering ram by a stout lady did much execution, and worked the way to a seat for the happy possessor. The gathers of Margaret's dress went with a loud rip, Mary's hat was knocked over one eye.

On the step of the omnibus Margaret was nearly pushed backwards by the vigorous arm of the lady in the lace mantle. Meanwhile the conductor leant against the side of his omnibus, his hands in his pockets, his face stonily indifferent to the crowd pushing past him. "They're worse to-day than usual," said the conductor of another omnibus from the pavement.

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"We've just managed to get the two last seats inside. It's beginning to pelt with rain. Is my hat straight? Pilkington did not get a seat. I thought he wouldn't. He won't in the next, either; they're all waiting for that. They won't go outside in the rain."

Mr. Waller threw Mary's parcels into her lap.

"Shall be up this evening. Good-bye. Must get into a shop and wait for the shower."

He and Pilkington, who had given up the hope of a seat, hurried away together, heads down, coat collars turned up.

The women straightened their hats and bonnets, smoothed out their creased skirts, fanned their flushed faces. Good humour prevailed among the victors. They could even look out and smile, as they drove away, at the struggle taking place on the steps of the next omnibus.

"What did you think of Ben? Isn't he handsome?" Mary asked.

They were walking along the side street which led to Mrs. Lester's house, when this question was asked.

"He's got such fine eyes, I think. Did you notice how his hair curled? Nell calls it red, but it isn't really. It's a gold auburn. Ben is awfully particular how he dresses and what colour he wears."

Margaret listened in silence to the tale of Ben's perfections. Happily for truth, time was not allowed her to answer Mary's remarks on his perfections.

Margaret passed the afternoon playing chess with Nell. She was tired with the morning's excitement, but knowing that such a plea was useless with the invalid, or that to resist would be more fatiguing than to submit, she resigned herself to the long, long games.

A peculiarity of the Lester household was the indefiniteness of their meals. There was no fixed time for dinner, tea, or supper. Until Margaret had come, a white tablecloth had covered the dining-table only on Sundays.

Mrs. Lester, Mary, and the servant had snatched their meals in the pauses of their servitude on Nell.

Since Margaret's arrival an effort had been made to alter this state of things. The tablecloth was laid at the beginning of the day; it remained on the table until the evening. But the irregularity of the meals continued.

Nine, ten, eleven for breakfast; one, two, three for dinner; five, six, seven for tea; what did an hour matter? After the orderly, regular meals at Fen Court, Margaret's health was likely to suffer from the change.

The rain came down in sheets; the room was close; Nell was biting in her remarks.

A loud ring at the door, a man's voice in the passage made Margaret spring from her seat.

"Geoffrey!" she said.

CHAPTER THE

THE PARLIAMENTS OF THE WORLD.

BY ALFRED P. ROBBINS.

I.—OF PARLIAMENTS IN GENERAL.



THE CLOCK TOWER.
(From a photograph by J. Valentine & Sons, Dundee.)

FROM a time to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, large communities, as soon as they have approached a high degree of organisation, have felt it necessary to delegate a portion of their governing duties to an assembly of presumably their wisest. Such assemblies have assumed a wide variety of forms: they have sometimes worked, while they have always talked; and the very name of Parliament, which we now regard as most appropriately theirs, indicates that the latter function is the one with which they have always been most associated in the popular mind. The word, derived from the French *parler*, which signifies "to speak," came itself from France some seven centuries since. It was the invention of the reign of the Seventh Louis, a monarch who seems to have done nothing in particular to distinguish himself beyond convening a general assembly of "states" under the now familiar name. Not yet did it reach England, for in our Statutes its earliest use is to be found in 1275; but that earliest use was of singular significance, for it was in the preamble to the First Statute of Westminster.

Although the name is thus comparatively modern, the institution, in its essence, is of remotest age. It is of world-wide spread: even in Russia there are the elements from which Parliaments in more civilised nations have developed: and its growth and expansion alike demand study and supply instruction. Far in the mists of antiquity is hidden the origin of legislative assemblies. A constant succession of such was certainly not demanded in the case of the Medes and the Persians, whose boast it was that their laws altered not; but this condition of immobility was scarcely more remote from our present Parliamentary ideas than the extremely fluid practice of the Athenian Senate, which changed its president every day. Yet it is interesting to recall this latter body, because Socrates once held the chair, and showed as brave a front against a clamorous assembly as Speaker Peel would be sure to do in this present age. It is a far cry from Socrates to Speaker Peel: to make the chain complete, we ought to have as Speaker for a single sitting Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the Athenian Senate, like the Roman Senate of a later day, had special glories of its own. The scholastic idea of these assemblies, roughly speaking, is that they were composed of venerable men who wore long beards, which were occasionally plucked by the Goths. It is as incomplete a generalisation as the vague belief of the casual visitor to Westminster that the House of Commons is a body of bald-heads, who sleep in the intervals of exclaiming "Hear, hear!" But in these days of impressionism it is just that kind of hasty view which is apt to be permanent.

England has so often been described as "the mother of free Parliaments," that it has come almost to be generally believed that all similar assemblies the world over are modelled upon the Westminster pattern, and that that pattern has been fixed and immovable. Our old friend "the intelligent schoolboy," if he were asked to define the commencement and the composition of Parliament, would doubtless reply that it was called into existence in the thirteenth century by Simon de Montfort, and that it has always consisted of two Houses, with the Sovereign at the head. That is a widespread but curiously inaccurate

impression, for Parliaments existed in this country long before De Montfort, and originally were composed of a single Chamber. "At the first," Speaker Coke—known to legal fame as "Coke upon Littleton"—told the House of Commons exactly four centuries since, "we were all one House, and sat together, by a precedent which I have of a Parliament before the Conquest by Edward the Son of Etheldred, for there were



SIR JOHN ELIOT, KNT.

Parliaments before the Conquest. . . . But the Commons, sitting in presence of the King and amongst the Nobles, disliked it, and found fault that they had not free liberty to speak. And upon this reason that they might speak more freely, being out of the Royal sight of the King, and not amongst the great Lords so far their betters, the House was divided, and came to sit asunder. A bold and worthy Knight at the time when this was sought (the King desiring a reason of this their request, and why they would remove themselves from their betters) answered the King, 'That his Majesty and the Nobles being every one a great person, represented but themselves; but his Commons, though they were but inferior men, yet every one of them represented a thousand of men.' And this answer was well allowed of." How far this story has substantial basis is a question for the constitutional historian, but it is a charming legend, worth remembering.

There is this to be said for the English Parliament—that at a time when every other free assembly of the kind had been destroyed it vigorously upheld its manifold rights. "Strangers," once wrote that illustrious confessor of liberty, Sir John Eliot, "have observed the felicities of England by her Parliaments." And well they might, for this country kept the lamp of representative government alight when it was extinguished in all parts, elsewhere. Constitutional historians boast that the pedigree of our Parliament can be traced straight back to the Britons, who, even before Julius Cæsar faced the chalk cliffs of Kent, had a "Commune Concilium" of their own—a title which, though now restricted to a portion of the governing body of the City of London, was, as lately as the reign of Elizabeth, applied to the House of Commons itself, the Speaker admonishing the members that they ought not to talk outside of the debates in which they had been engaged, and "showing unto them that they are the Common Council of the Realm." From the British "Commune Concilium," which is supposed to have given sovereign authority to Cassivelaunus, the historian passes to the Saxon Witenagemot, or Meeting of the Wise—for our forefathers occasionally proved their skill in the framing of complimentary epithet; thence to the Great Council of the Norman Kings; and onwards to the English Parliament. The pedigree is better attested than some of those which figure in Bernard Burke and strut through the pages of Debrett; but it has its gaps. From the days of De Montfort, however, every gap is to be explained; but it is not to be imagined that the assembly the great baron was the most potent agent in summoning was precisely like that which sedately sits at Westminster to-day. It was still, and it remained for long, mainly the Great Council of the King, and it moved with the Court. It wandered at the Sovereign will from Westminster to Winchester, from Oxford to Northampton, from Bristol to Gloucester, from Coventry to Cambridge, and from York to Carlisle. Only a little over two centuries since it moved out of London, though then for the last time, and lived one whole famous but stormy week at Oxford. Yet, so identified has Parliament become with its most accustomed site, that when the Palace of Westminster was destroyed by fire in the autumn of 1834, the then Prime Minister wrote to William IV., who had offered to place Buckingham Palace at the disposal of the Legislature: "Viscount Melbourne cannot conceal from your Majesty that he would be unwilling to be the Minister who should advise your Majesty, upon his responsibility, to remove the Houses of Parliament from their ancient and established place of assembly at Westminster."

The idea that a Parliament should assemble wherever the monarch kept his Court was not confined to England, for it accounted for the holding at Versailles of the fateful gathering of the States-General, which formed the prelude to the French Revolution. The pages of Carlyle, with their whirl of epithet, and those of Taine, with their embarrassing wealth of fact, have familiarised the reading world with the tumultuous proceedings of that epoch-making conclave—a conclave that developed into a Constituent Assembly, which, in its turn, passed into a National Convention, and which placed representative government in France upon a basis not to be destroyed even by Terrors, Red or

Where, by *coup d'état* or Communist insurrection. In these times Parliaments sit not at the temporary resting place of the Court, but in the national capital; and the framers of the United States Constitution, recognising the jealousies that this modern conception might arouse if it singled out any existing town for the meeting of Congress, created for the purpose that "city of magnificent distances," Washington, and placed it in a territorial District of its own, apart from the original Thirteen States, so that New York, Boston, and Philadelphia alike would have no occasion of envying or crowing over the other. When the Southern States seceded, some thirty years ago, the fact that the Confederate Congress assembled at Richmond made the Virginian city the capital of the Confederacy, though a more politic choice might have been Charleston, in "the Palmetto State," known to books of geography as South Carolina. "Where Parliament sits, there is the capital" is to-day the rule; and the fact that for a few weeks in 1871, because the German troops still surrounded Paris, the French Assembly sat at Bordeaux, and for another eight years, owing to the troubled state of Paris, met at Versailles, simply indicates the extreme state of duress which is needed to create an exception.

This is one of the practical sides of Parliaments, but the picturesqueness of the older assemblies has gone for ever. The time, of course, may again come when ladies shall sit as ladies once sat in Britain's Meeting of the Wise. Abbesses are recorded to have deliberated in Saxon times in company with bishops and nobles; and, even when the presence of a feminine element in debate was found by the presumably chivalrous Norman to be embarrassing, they were for awhile permitted to send their deputies to Parliament. But even after the picturesque element of the presence of ladies was eliminated from our greatest Common Council, the attendance of a number of mitred abbots gave colour to the gatherings at Westminster. When abbots had gone, the armed men remained: but although their appearance may have been striking, their accoutrements were to their neighbours a nuisance. "Monition was this day given by Mr. Speaker unto the Members of this House," wrote an Elizabethan chronicler, "that they would forbear from henceforth to come into this House with their Spurs on, in regard it is very offensive to many others of the residue of them. Others also (although nothing was done therein) moved to have Boots and Rapiers taken away." But those were the days when the House of Commons was not simply composed, as it now is commonly considered to be, of mere "Members of Parliament," but of four orders: Knights of Shires, Citizens of Cities, Burgesses of Boroughs, and Barons of Ports, these last being the Cinque Ports. Happily for the Constitution, such distinctions, which were at first very real, never broke the House into sections, and gradually died away. Sir John Eliot left it on record that in the House of Commons "the meanest burgess has as much favour as the best knight or councillor; all sitting in one capacity of commoners, and in the like relation to their countries." And so, although a member might occasionally feel it necessary to plead for indulgence for being "but a Rural and a Countryman," the nominal difference between Knight, Citizen, Burgess, and Baron faded steadily out.

The wearing away of these distinctions has lessened the picturesqueness of Parliaments, while increasing their effectiveness. Because, however, we have no longer senators in curule chairs, it is not necessary to consider that these assemblies of the people's representatives are as unromantic as the loves of the triangles. They are, of course, intensely practical bodies—though, perhaps, not quite so commercially-minded as Beaumont and Fletcher imagined, when they made one of their characters exclaim—

> ... going to Parliament;
> You understand this bag, if you have any business depending there, be short, and let me hear it—
> And pay your fees."

They exist for a very definite purpose; and, as Francis Bacon once told the House of Commons, "The Cause of Assembling all Parliaments hath been hitherto over Laws or Moneys: the one being the Sinews of Peace, the other of War." There, in a nutshell, lies the reason why Parliaments are worth the study. Little more than a century ago there was only one true specimen of such in the world, and that sat at Westminster. The second in these modern times assembled at Washington: and now they are spread the wide world through. To-day, whether as French Assemblée Nationale or German Reichstag, Swedish Diet or Spanish Cortes, Bulgarian Sobranje or Servian Skupshtina, Volksraad of the South African Republic or Congress of the United States, Parliaments are to be met at every turn. Time was when those who thought themselves philosophers could airily dismiss such assemblies with a recommendation to some fortunate soldier to lock the door of St. Stephen's, and put the key in his pocket. But, apart from recollection of the historic warning that none have gone about to break Parliaments, but Parliaments have broken them, Westminster is now far from the only Parliament to be considered. There is to-day, indeed, not one of the five continents which has not a representative legislative body in active work.

IN THE COURSE OF ONE EVENING.

A DELICATE flush overspread Netta's face that was not entirely due to the fire-light, as she knelt on the rug, and there was a soft half-laughing gleam in her eyes.



'GOOD-BYE, MY UNKNOWN CAVALIER'" (*p.* 217).

"He is certainly the ugliest man I have ever seen," she said to herself, and laughed into the fire; "but I love ugly men."

And then the glow deepened and suffused her whole neck and face as she sprang up.

"What am I saying or thinking? When I have not even spoken a word, and he has only acted as a gentleman is bound to do! I *will* not think of him." And then Netta fell to scrawling heads of ugly men upon a scrap of paper that lay to hand—such scraps always did place themselves under Netta's fingers. "They are types, all types," she told herself; but one type predominated so strongly that she suddenly, in her impulsive fashion, thrust the whole sheet into the heart of the fire and sprang to her feet.

She went to the window and looked out. It was still foggy—denser even than when she had come in more than half-an-hour since, after that adventure which still brought a smile into her eyes and the colour to her cheeks as she dwelt upon it. The fog had come on early, and it was bitterly cold, so Netta had left the Art School, and, sketch-book in hand—had turned homewards, rather out of temper with the weather.

"Don't lose yourself," had been the last laughing remark of a fellow-student as she stepped out into the gloom; and Netta had scoffed at the idea. Still, she had felt some little alarm when she once left the

well-lighted thoroughfare, and turned into the dark quiet streets in which her direction lay. This was her first experience of a real unmistakable London fog, and she felt terribly afraid of the crossing in which the horses loomed suddenly into sight, and in which one could hear the heavy crunch of cart-wheels which were perfectly invisible.

She made a sudden rush across a road which seemed to her clear for the moment, and felt a violent shock and recoil, and discovered that she had thrown herself almost straight into the arms of a gentleman, who appeared for a moment taken aback. He, however, caught her arm and steadied her, while Netta, with a disturbed face, murmured some apology, and then ventured to ask her way.

"Not in this direction at all," was the cheering answer. "You must cross the street, keep straight on as far as Morton Road, then turn——"

"Then I really am lost!" ejaculated Netta. She had not meant to say it, but in her dismay she gave utterance to her thought. The names of the streets were strange to her, and she could not distinguish names or be sure of turnings in the fog.

There was a moment's pause, during which Netta stole a timid glance at the gentleman, and met his eyes fixed intently on her face. Pleasant eyes they were, too, frank and kindly, and not altogether strange. Every day for the last few weeks had Netta encountered their passing glance on her way to the Art School. She felt conscious that they expressed admiration, and she knew also that their owner had stood and noted the direction when she turned the corner and disappeared under the quaint doorway.

Then lately strange bunches of beautiful flowers had been left mysteriously for her at the Art School, not distinguishing her by name, but by some obvious personal indication, which left it in no doubt that Netta was the favoured lady. The other students had teased her about it, but Netta had taken home the flowers and laughed over her unknown admirer, at whom she never even glanced when they encountered each other, but who she felt sure had sent the flowers. Here they were at last then, face to face—the plain man with the kind pleasant eyes, and the girl who, with her freshness and beauty, was a pleasure to look upon. Netta was usually remarkably self-possessed, and she soon regained her usual good sense.

"If you will be so kind as to explain very clearly, I shall be able to find my way, I should think," she said.

He hesitated a moment, a sudden eager light leaping into his eyes.

"If you would allow me, I would show you the way myself; I should know the way blindfold. If you will trust to me——" and he stopped questioningly.

Netta had always been told by her country relations never to trust herself to the guidance of strangers in the streets, and she had hitherto held herself as a model of propriety. Yet after one look at his face she decided.

"Thank you," she said, and he crossed the road with her.

It was strange how safe she felt, and yet he hardly spoke beyond a short sentence or two; yet now and again he looked down at the striking, beautiful face, with its crown of golden brown hair, and the soft, laughing brown eyes, trying now to look very staid and sober. If he was ugly, he was the pattern of chivalry, thought Netta—poetic, perhaps artistic, in his tastes, as she noticed a volume of Dante in his hand. In a shorter time than seemed possible, Netta found that they were passing the familiar houses, and her guide stopped.

"This is your road; you cannot mistake your house," he said, with a smile—Netta noticed how it transformed his plain face. "I am very happy to have been of any service to you."

He lifted his hat, and his eyes just glanced at some violets that Netta had held all the time in her hand, and he turned away.

"How nice of him not to come quite to the house," thought Netta. "Good-bye, my unknown cavalier; you are a true gentleman. And I wonder if it was you who sent me these sweet violets?" And the colour surged into her face as she looked at them.

This had all happened nearly an hour ago, and now Netta was waiting for her sister to return, and eager to tell her adventure.

Rat-tat! Netta ran to the door, and took in a very thick, business-like looking letter, addressed to "Miss Freda Brooks," and taking it to the fire-light, she scrutinised it curiously.

"For Freda; who can it be from?—such an important looking document, and in a man's handwriting, too! What can be inside it? Oh, I wish it were a cheque from some charitable person to two poor struggling girls, or a fortune!"

Netta's dreams of possibilities were cut short by another call to the door: a vigorous peal this time.

"Freda at last, poor dear! Now we will solve the mystery. How did you make your way home through the fog, Freda? Come in and have a nice rest, and you shall have an extra early cup of tea to make you warm. So give me your things, and take this chair." And Netta pulled forward the shoes which had been warming upon the fender, and flew out with hat and jacket, and then turned her attention to the strange big letter which Freda had discovered, addressed in an unknown hand to herself.

"Be quick and open it," Netta cried laughingly. "I have hardly been able to keep my hands off it, I was so devoured by curiosity. Have you an unknown admirer too, Freda? Read it aloud, there's a good soul, and put an end to my agony."

Freda was provoking, for, after the usual fashion of foolish mortals, she began by examining the post-mark, and studying the outside of the letter before she cut the envelope and satisfied Netta. There was a strong likeness between the two sisters, though Freda was the smaller, slighter, and darker, with more quickness in her movements, a keen bright glance, an intellectual face, and a humorous mouth. The room in which they sat was impressed with the individuality of its occupants and of their respective occupations, and leaning towards science and art. Hard times



"NETTA WAS THE FIRST TO STRETCH OUT HER HAND" (*p.* 219).

had these two known, but were happy in each other, and they struggled on with high aims before them, and a moderate amount of success, thankful for every gleam of sunshine and every step onward, rarely grumbling, though often wishing for things they had not, but, on the whole, content to be among the world's workers.

Freda uttered a startled exclamation. "Oh, Netta!" she cried: and her sister, catching the excitement, came and looked over her shoulder at the letter, which they read together. What she read sent Netta waltzing round the room, and Freda, with a radiant face, gasped "Oh, Netta!" a second time, with deeper meaning still.

"And," cried Netta, "if you had only known the guesses I made about it. I never dreamed I was so very near the truth. It is like a fairy tale. I feel like a princess, Freda. A real fortune left to us! Is it true? or—or—is it only a dreadful mistake?"

Freda seized the letter, and read through the business-like communication again—not much like a message from "Fairy-land" in its dry, pointed phrases.

"Come," said Freda presently, "we must steady ourselves a little, and look matters calmly in the face. The facts are these. This is a lawyer's letter, telling us that some far-off distant cousin in Philadelphia has died. We did discover that from the paper, didn't we, Netta? But Cousin George has remembered, late in the day, how much he owed to father, and hence this £10,000 between us. I can hardly take it in yet. I am sure I am a rich woman, however. To-morrow, Netta, I shall go and buy that large new dictionary I want so badly—oh! and heaps of books."

"And I," said Netta, "shall go and buy all the paints and canvases, and the hundred and one things I have been short of. Won't I lay in a stock!"

Netta seized her sister round the neck, and kissed her impulsively.

"Oh, Freda, this is a wonderful day! This grand news has almost sent my special piece of news out of my head. I have been so lucky. I have had an order for a picture to-day: so good, it means that others will follow, and I do begin to feel an artist indeed. My picture is to be after the style of this"; and she brought from an easel in the corner an exquisite head.

Netta was a born artist, sensitive to the beauty of form and colour in every fibre of her nature, with an entire devotion to her art. Though the sisters lived alone in London lodgings, they were not quite alone in the world; but these are times in which women take their share of the work, and, with the approval of their near relations, these two had come to London

to earn independence and win their way: not an easy matter, but they had already gained a fair footing by dint of much study, great self-denial, and persevering effort. As Netta was artistic, so was Freda scientific to the core, and the work of the two blended into and harmonised with each other.

Freda taught in a High School of note, and was an enthusiastic teacher, who put her whole soul into her work, and, conscious of the vastness of her special subject, gave much time and study to it. Attractive in looks and manners, with deep zeal and a firm will, Freda was popular, and sure to succeed. Before her mind in the dim future rose visions of a future headmistress ship, as Netta dreamed of success and large sums for her pictures. The girls had certainly prospered, and now could even afford—as they could not at first—to make friends and ask them home.

To exceptional abilities helping hands are always sooner or later held out, and the two had plenty of courage. They each had their own friends, and formed part of a pleasant, social, intellectual little circle. There are many girls so situated in this busy London of ours who have to fight their own battles, to hold their own in the great struggle: bright, clever girls such as these, happy in their work, with high aims and healthy aspirations: good, true, and earnest, in all their hard struggles keeping a bright face to the world.

Netta and Freda lived among evidences of their work. Sketches and paintings were pinned here and there upon the wall, and an easel in one corner held several others. Books were everywhere on the tables and on the walls—works on education; poets: Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, and others; Ruskin, with well-worn covers: for Netta and Freda regarded him as only less than inspired, and had placed his framed likeness in an honoured place in their room; novels in bright bindings, volumes of essays, books of travel and research: all that bespoke a wide reading.

"It seems like night already," said Netta, looking out into the fog. "Let us have tea, and then I will tell you of an adventure I have had;" and a vivid blush made Netta look radiantly lovely.

Freda moved her microscope from the window and began adjusting it on a side table, and took down some bulky volumes.

"Not work, surely, to-night," said Netta, turning her bright face; whereupon Freda laughed, for Netta held a pencil in her hand, and had taken up her never-failing sketch-book.

"What do you call that?" she asked. "But I must do some work, for I have still to teach my girls to-morrow, and even fortunes cannot put off that. But I shall not do much after; we will make plans instead."

A knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a neat maid.

"Please, Miss Freda, a gentleman wants to see you. This is his card; and a letter has just come for you, too, miss. Shall I show him up?"

Freda and Netta looked at the card, which bore the name of "Carolus Westlake."

"What a name!" cried Netta, in merry scorn. "The same name as our London cousins, who ignore our existence. Perhaps it is one. I am prepared for anything to happen this evening."

"No doubt this is someone in connection with the lawyer's letter. Yes," to the maid, "show him up."

As the door closed Netta put on a mock grave face.

"Freda, does it occur to you that it may not be quite the correct thing for two such very young people to receive a gentleman in their private sitting-room?"

"Now, Netta, lawyers are always old and grey—most proper people——"

The door flew open, and a gentleman, hat in hand, stood on the threshold—not old or grey, with a slightly surprised expression upon his face as he took in the cosy little room, with the bright fire, the lamp, microscope, books, and pictures, the litter of finished and unfinished paintings, and, above all, the two occupants.

But the look suddenly changed into one of real unmistakable pleasure. Freda still held the letter in her hand unopened. She bowed sedately and motioned him to a chair; but Netta caught his glance, and coloured, with a shy look in her sweet brown eyes as the corners of her flexible mouth curved into a smile. Freda looked slightly mystified at these signs, but she said quietly—

"You come, I suppose, from Mr. Forest, about the will?"

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Westlake, looking surprised. "I know the firm, but I came, as I told you in my letter——"

Involuntarily Freda glanced at the note she had placed upon the table.

"Ah! some delay, I am afraid; that is the letter I sent. Of course you do not know me if you have not read it; but my name, I hope, is not quite strange. I am your cousin, Carolus Westlake. Won't you shake hands, cousins? Or must I bring credentials to prove my identity?" and a bright smile illumined the dark and somewhat rugged features of the young man.

He had a pleasant, kindly face, homely in features, but with a strong look that inspired confidence. Netta was the first to stretch out her hand.

"I did not guess I had to thank a new cousin for coming to my help this afternoon," she said.

And then Freda had to learn of the accidental meeting; but neither Netta nor Carolus alluded to the daily passing or the gifts of flowers, even though his eyes had wandered to a small vase upon the table which held some violets, the sweet scent from which filled the room with fragrance.

But Freda, after the first surprise, with her usual habit of getting to the root of things, wanted explanations.

"We certainly knew we had London cousins, but how did you find us out? and why did you come? Tell us all about it, please, and satisfy our curiosity."

"Cousin George of Philadelphia is at the bottom of it," said Carolus. "You little know how I have been surprised. Of course you know about his will; your

first words told me that, and it also concerns me. He has left you each a certain sum, and the remainder to me, coupled with certain conditions. Do you know of these?" somewhat anxiously.

"No; nothing but the bare fact. Mr. Forest said he should call."

"My letter explains the rest. No," as Freda took it up; "may I ask you not to open it now? But according to my mother's wish, I called on you to say how very glad she would be if you would come and talk matters over with her."

"We do not even know where you live, Mr. Westlake," said Freda reservedly.

"Here is the address," and he wrote it in a firm hand upon a page in his pocket-book and tore it out. "Believe me, now we have found new cousins we shall not lightly let them go again."

"How charming to find new cousins!" said Netta to Freda, when they were alone again. "And do you not like him, Freda? What does he remind you of?"

"Of a Prince Charming in a bear-skin," laughed Freda, which Netta secretly thought was an unkind judgment passed upon her courteous knight. But Freda was bent upon reading his letter.

"Listen to the conditions, Netta."

"Stay; let me guess them. The proper thing would be that Cousin George insisted that one of us must marry Carolus, or all our fortune would go to him. I do hope it is not that;" with a sudden gleam of anxiety.

"Listen; it is not quite so bad. Cousin George's condition is that we must take his name unless we wish to forfeit the money. In that case our £10,000 goes to Carolus."

"Oh! I couldn't give it up now," said Netta. "I don't so much mind about the name. Brooks—Westlake. One is quite as pretty as the other, I think. Carolus Westlake sounds especially well."

Netta's voice said the name a little softly, as if it were precious.

"Now let us have tea."

But not yet; for downstairs was a shutting of doors and the sound of voices and steps upon the stairs. In another minute Carolus entered again, accompanied by a lady, like to him, but with all the plain outlines softened by a beautiful motherly expression that was greatly attractive. Carolus was smiling.

"This is my mother," he began; but she looked at each girl through her glasses, then went straight up to them and kissed them.

"My dears, you are surprised to see me—you must be; but I met Carolus, and made him bring me here. It has been such a funny mistake all through."

Netta drew up an easy-chair by the fire, while Carolus, declining to sit, stood near.

"It was all through Mr. Forest. When he wrote to my son about the will, he quite gave us to understand that our two cousins who shared the money with him were maiden ladies, about my age. He called to see Carolus this afternoon, but, of course, he was here, and then I heard more about you—as much as Mr. Forest knew; so when he went I left a message for Carolus, and put on my bonnet and came straight off to see you. But I met him; so here we both are."

Freda smiled, and Mrs. Westlake turned to her son.

"I shall not keep him here now I have seen you, so you may go, Carolus; but remember, I shall want you at home this evening. I shall follow you very soon with these young people."

When Carolus had departed for the second time, his mother began to talk over matters. First she insisted that they should return and spend the remainder of the evening with her, in order that they might become better acquainted with each other, and talk over the terms of the will.

Freda was inclined to hang back at first, because, as she afterwards said to Netta, it seemed as if everyone could find you out when you had money, but when you were poor no one cared about you. But the thought was only a passing one, and she felt it unworthy when she saw Mrs. Westlake's kind, motherly face, and understood the mistaken idea that had been formed of them.

Besides, Netta looked so very much as if she wished to go that Freda gave way, and without more ado the girls went to wrap up before going into the cold night air. The fog had quite disappeared by this time, and the stars of the dark November night were sparkling frostily.

"I have been admiring your pretty room," Mrs. Westlake said, when they returned, "and I have been wondering how you came to be all alone here in London. You must tell me all about yourselves. Carolus thought he had a surprise for me when he began to tell me about his pretty young cousins, but I knew before, at least, that they were young."

Outside the door stood a neat little brougham, which whirled them away to a more fashionable part of London. They were speedily before a handsome house, and here for a few minutes Freda and Netta were left alone together.

"Freda, this is a wonderful evening," said Netta, with a beautiful colour in her fair face, and her brown eyes shining; "it seems like a piece out of a fairy tale. I can hardly believe it is I at all, and only yesterday—only this morning, even—we were going on so contentedly in our old humdrum way."

"I can't grasp the situation at all," confessed Freda. "It is too much at once. I can only think at this minute that I have not even glanced at my work for to-morrow, and I have not put away my microscope."

"Never mind your work; you can throw it up now if you like; or, better still——"

But the entrance of Mrs. Westlake put an end to their confidences.

That evening was for ever a red-letter day in their minds. For the first part of it only the three ladies were together, and they put off "business," as Mrs. Westlake termed it, until Carolus should be present. Mrs. Westlake was wrapped up in her only son, and Carolus formed a large part of her conversation with Netta and Freda. She loved to talk of him and his goodness to those she liked; and Netta, at least, loved to hear, with heart responsive.

"And to think that but for poor George's death we might never have seen each other; but now that I have found you, I shall not let you two dear girls out of my sight."

She could not conceive how Netta and Freda could be happy in their independence. The very idea of their living in lodgings was dreadful to her, and she was a little shocked at the fact that both were quite

men who are appointed to be the bread-winners, and sometimes women grow hard when they struggle for themselves. It is against Nature."

"I can't agree with you," said Freda, in answer to the gently-spoken prejudice: "though sometimes it is small wonder if one does grow hard. But surely independence is a good thing, and it is not every woman who has a man to fight for her. It is nobler to work



'WE HAVE BEEN LIVING IN A FAIRY TALE TO-DAY'" (*p.* 222).

content to earn their own living—nay, actually gloried in it, and even announced their intention of pursuing what they each looked upon as their life work.

"Only now I shall give myself wholly to Art," said Netta; "and Freda has always longed to go to Cambridge, and really study. She will turn out a shining light, and be famous, I know. You have no idea how clever and scientific Freda really is."

But these modern ideas did not quite commend themselves to Mrs. Westlake's old-fashioned notions as to what was befitting young ladies with money of their own.

"Such independence does not seem right in a woman, dear," she said, gently, to Freda. "It is the

for one's self than to drag on others. And besides there is interest and happiness in work. How I should miss my teaching and my girls! I hope that Netta and I are not hard and unwomanly—I know we are not."

Mrs. Westlake, who had no daughter, and knew in reality very little of the part taken in the intellectual and labour world by women, could not quite enter into the feelings of the two girls, but she had conceived a thorough liking for them, and made them promise to spend at least one day in every week with her. She even proposed that they should both come and live with her, but the girls refused decidedly, though gratefully.

Carolus returned, and the business was discussed. It was lightly settled, and Netta and Freda agreed to appear before the world henceforward as the Misses Westlake. It was wonderful how quickly an intimacy sprang up in the course of a few hours, but then, in two hearts at least the seeds had been sown weeks before. And Carolus behaved quite like an old friend, and they even discussed their future plans.

Carolus Westlake, they soon discovered, was a man of many friends. Thomas Hughes has said in one of his books—

"Happy is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is a blessed gift."

Carolus never thought of himself at all, and there was a strange charm even in his plain face, but his clear deep eyes were so honest and humorous, and held such a happy smile, that they drew hearts to him like magnets. He met everyone, too, in such a friendly, cordial spirit, as if they could have no possible unfriendly feeling towards himself, so that he seemed to possess a key that unlocked all hearts. Yet he was a man of few words, and spoke little.

And yet, though some people—as Netta did—called him even ugly upon a first and casual glance, they never remembered it or repeated it when once he had flung the magic of his strange attraction over them. They sought to enrol themselves among the number of his friends

Netta found that his sympathies were wide, and she was soon talking to him quite comfortably of Art, and of her hopes and aspirations, and sung the praises of her artist friends. And he drew Freda out upon the subject of her work and her difficulties, and she discovered that he too was a devotee of Science, and he communicated some of his own theories to her, and the results of some observations of his own, and Freda found that, almost unconsciously, she began to lean towards his opinions.

Altogether, Cousin Carolus and his mother were friends worth gaining.

Freda discussed her idea of going to Girton to devote herself to hard study, and spoke feelingly of resigning the post she held in the High School, which she felt ought now to go to someone who stood in more need of it than she did herself.

"But do nothing in a hurry," counselled Cousin Carolus; "you must look at things all round."

"We have been living in a fairy tale to-day," said Netta, turning her happy face from the piano, where she had just been playing some of Mendelssohn's "Lieder."

"And I too," Carolus replied, letting his clear eyes rest upon her glowing face—"I, too, have been in a fairy tale," and under the gaze he bent upon her, her eyes fell and the colour rose again.

The time came for the girls to go, and Carolus accompanied them. The night was clear, though cold; the moon had risen, and the tall dark trees of the square stood like black-robed sentinels against the silver light. At the door, Netta turned and gazed upward.

"Is it not lovely?" she said impulsively. "All Nature is lovely. Henceforth I live for Art: the highest and best thing there is."

"But there is one thing even higher and lovelier than Art," said Carolus, with a tender glance at her enthusiastic face.

She glanced up shyly, half frightened at the depth and earnestness of his tone.

"And that is—" she said, and stopped.

"Love," he replied.

The end tells itself. It was that rare and beautiful thing—love at first sight. Netta discovered that Love was not incompatible with Art. As Freda afterwards said, Cousin George little guessed when he left his money to be divided among the cousins what events he was bringing about.

Freda had her heart's desire and went to Cambridge, and, as Netta foretold, won herself a name by her ability, and became the pride of her college.

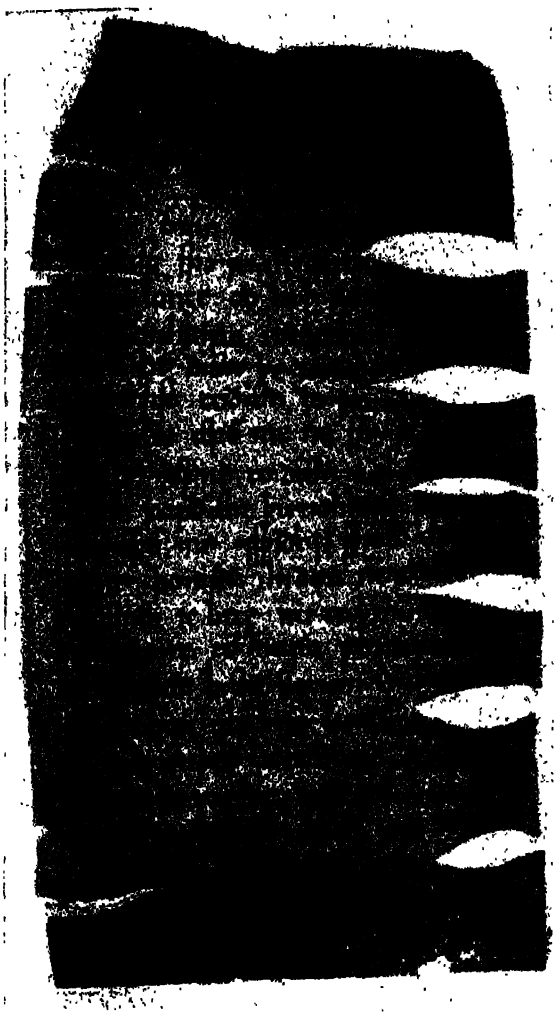
But, as Netta said, all the changes and their happiness dated from one eventful evening.

ENGLISH MONARCHS AS AUTHORS.

I.—ALFRED THE GREAT.

PRINCIPALITIES and Powers pass away, and the surest immortality that man can gain on this earth is by means of books. Truly, *litera scripta manet*. In the Republic of Letters there are master minds, but no monarchs. Kings and queens when they enter the arena of literature must fight as fairly and fiercely as their humblest subjects, and the fittest survive in the struggle for existence. But without further introduction, which savours of truism, let me begin to review the literary works of the monarchs who have occupied the English throne. I shall not, of course, attempt to touch such writings as pertain to a monarch's position—such as State proclamations and laws, interesting though these may be to the student of history. I am here concerned with literature alone.

Alfred the Great is our first Royal author, and none of his successors has surpassed him. He was himself no great scholar, perhaps, but he was pre-eminently wise. His services to literature and education cannot be well over-estimated. Learning was rapidly decaying in this country when Alfred ascended the throne. He did everything that he could to spread the light, and in the peaceful intervals of his reign translated numerous Latin works into Anglo-Saxon, or English,



KING ALFRED'S TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS
(*folio* 104, *Cotton MS.*).

as I prefer to call it, so that the books could be readily "understanded of the people."

The monarch's first work was a translation of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy." Alfred had the Latin re-written and then explained to him, and he afterwards turned the book into English. The king's translation of this, as of all other works, was singularly free. *Traduttori-traditori*, say the Italians —and Alfred left out and added just what he pleased, transposing the order of his author's chapters, and dividing them as the fancy took him. The result is a great deal more interesting than if the translations had been literal, for we are enabled by these paraphrases to understand what manner of man the king was.

Boethius, according to Gibbon, was "the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for their countrymen." After having obtained the highest honours and seeing two of his sons consuls, Boethius was imprisoned at Pavia for opposing Theodoric. In prison this noble Roman wrote his "Consolations," in the form of dialogues between Wisdom and himself. Boethius has been sainted since his martyrdom in 525.

The king tells us in his preface that "Sometimes he set word by word, sometimes meaning by meaning, as he the most plainly and most clearly could explain it, for the various and manifold worldly occupations which often buried him both in mind and body." He then quaintly appeals to his critics :—"And he now prays, and for God's name implores everyone of those who list to read this book that he would pray for him, and not blame him, if he more rightly understand it than he could."

Extreme modesty, it may be said, is a characteristic of Royal authors.

In the Cottonian MS. of this work is a metrical version of Boethius's metres. I know that critics are not agreed that these verses are by Alfred at all, but his preface to his prose translation runs : "When he had learned this book and turned it from Latin into the English language, he afterwards composed it in verse." Martin Tupper has put King Alfred's verse into modern English, preserving short metres and "apt alliteration's artful aid," which is the chief characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry. This is how the poems begin :—

Thus Ælfred us
Bald-spell reahte ;
Cyning West-Seaxna
Craft meldode.

Literally translated, with the addition of particles, this reads :—

Thus Alfred to us
An ancient story related ;
The King of the West-Saxons
Displayed *his* art.

Tupper's version is worth giving for the sake of comparison :—

Thus to us did Alfred sing
A spell of old ;
Song-craft the West-Saxon King
Did thus unfold.

Long and much he longed to teach
His people then,
These mint-sayings of sweet speech,
The joys of men.

That no weariness forsooth—
As well it may
Drive away delight from truth,
But make it stay.

So he can but little seek
For his own pride :
A fytte of song I fitly speak,
And nought beside.

A folk-beknown and world-read thing
I have to say :
To all the best of men I sing
List, ye that may.

This poem seems to be by Alfred, and also the next, which tells the history of Rome and of Boethius in prison :—

Much mourning there he lay,
Nor thought to break his chains,
But to the Lord by night and day
Sang thus in sighing strains.

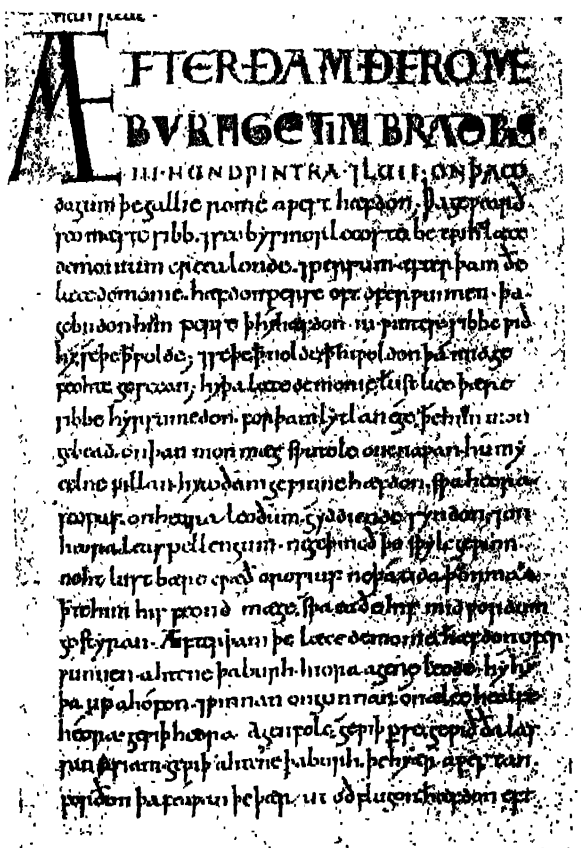
These strains are admirably rendered, and some, especially Alfred's Psalm to God (only suggested by a

line or so of Boethius), beginning, "O Thou Creator of the bright stars," may be well known. Alfred himself had suffered the pains of exile, and could sympathise with the sadness of Boethius. Before I pass from this work, let me give two verses (rendered by Tupper, who, as becomes the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," accompanies his versions with highly moral comments) from "The Uses of Adversity":—

Whoso wills to till a field
Well to bear a fruitful yield,
Let him first pluck up and burn
Thorns and thistles, furze and fern,
Which are wont clean wheat to hurt,
Lying lifeless in the dirt.

And this other likeness, too,
Well behoves us all to view,
Namely, that to those who eat
Honeycomb, it seems more sweet
If a man, before the tear
Of honey, taste of bitter cheer.

Alfred's next "translation" was of Bede's well-known "Ecclesiastical History," and it is characteristic



KING ALFRED'S TRANSLATION OF THE "COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD" (*folio* 42, *Cotton MS*.).

of the king that as he is writing for southerners he omits the venerable author's references to Northumbria.

While Boethius tells us more of the monarch's personality than his other works, his version of Orosius's "Compendious History of the World, from the Creation to A.D. 416," is the most valuable of any of his "remains." For Alfred brought the book up to date, and the geography of Europe added by him is the only one of that time written by a contemporary. He also included an account of the voyages of two early navigators, Ohthere and Wulfstan. The king seems to have written just what he heard from the voyagers themselves. "Ohthere told his lord, King Alfred, that he dwelt north-most of all the northerners," and he navigated the North Cape and the White Sea as well as the Baltic, where Wulfstan went also. We are told that the Norwegian Ohthere "was a very wealthy man in those possessions in which their wealth consists: that is, in the wilder animals. He had, moreover, when he came to the king, six hundred tame deer of his own breeding. They call these reindeer; of these, six were decoy-deer, which are very valuable among Finns, because with them they take the wild deer. He was amongst the first men in the land, though he had not more than twenty horned cattle, twenty sheep, and twenty swine, and that little he ploughed with horses. But their revenue is chiefly in the tribute that the Finns pay them, which tribute is in skins of animals, feathers of birds, in whale-bone and ship-ropes, which are made from the whale's hide and from the seal's. Everyone pays according to his means; the richest must pay fifteen skins of the marten and five of the reindeer, and one bear's skin, and forty bushels of feathers, and a bear or otter skin, kirtle, and two ship-ropes, each sixty ells long (an ell equals twenty-four inches), one made from the whale's hide, and the other from the seal's."

Ohthere travelled with a two-fold purpose. "In addition to seeing the country, on account of the horse-whales (walruses), because they have some very good bone in their teeth; of these teeth they brought some to the king; and their hides are very good for ship-ropes. This whale is much less than other whales: it is not longer than seven ells; but, in his own country is the best whale-hunting; there they are eight-and-forty ells long, and the largest fifty ells long; of these, he said, that he was one of six who killed sixty in two days."

Orosius, of course, was the great Spanish theologian-historian, born towards the end of the fourth century, and was the friend of St. Augustine and of St. Jerome.

In the interval of peace between 897 and his death, Alfred translated the pastoral of St. Gregory—a long sermon, as it were, with sixty-five heads. Here is a specimen (Sweet's translation for the invaluable Early English Text Society) of the admonition to the gluttonous and the abstinent:—

"Let the gluttonous hear what St. Paul said. He said that it were good for a man to abstain from meat and wine, as an example to his brothers. Let the abstinent also hear what he said again. He said that ye may drink wine moderately for the weakness of your stomachs. He said so, because he wished the greedy to learn not to desire flesh-meats immoderately, and, again, the abstinent not to despise the eaters because they avail themselves of the gifts from which the others abstain."

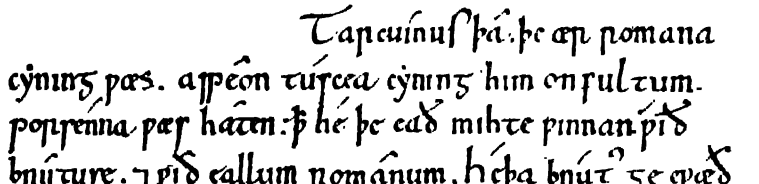
But the most interesting part of this book is the King's well-known preface: -

"So general was the decay of learning in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their rituals in English, or translate a letter from Latin into English; and I believe that there were not many beyond the Humber. There were so few of them that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. . . . . Then I remembered how the Law was first found in the Hebrew tongue, and again, when the Greeks learnt it then they turned the whole of it into their own language. And again, the Latins also. . . . . Wherefore I think it better, if it also appear so to you, that we, too, should translate some books, which are the most necessary for all men to understand—that we should turn these into the tongue which we all can know, and so bring it about, as we very easily may, with God's help, if we have rest, that all the youth that now is among the English race, of free men that have property, so that they can apply themselves to these things, may be committed to others for the sake of instruction, so long as they have no power for any other employments, until the time that they may know well how to read English writing. . . . . When I remembered how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin 'Pastoralis,' and in English 'Shepherd's Book.' . . . . and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom; and on each there is a clasp worth fifty mancus. And I command in God's name that no man take the clasp from the book, or the book from the minster."

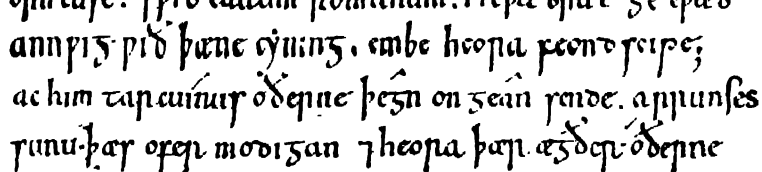
Three of these copies have been preserved to the present day. A mancus is stated in the laws of Henry I. to be then worth twenty pennies.

King Alfred's "Handbook," a commonplace book, in which he made notes of his tutors' teaching, has been lost, but several fragments have descended to us through William of Malmesbury.

"Blossom Gatherings," from St. Augustine's Soliloquies, is most probably a translation by King Alfred. The preface begins abruptly, and is a laboured conceit. Whoever the writer may have been, he evidently was a great admirer of those whom Voltaire would have called "valets," for he alludes to—"The everlasting home which He has promised us through St. Augustine, and St. Gregory, and St. Jerome, and through many holy fathers; as I believe also that for the merits of all those He will both make this way more convenient than it was ere this."



OROSIUS *Cotton MS., folio* 30*b*. 8-15.



OROSIUS *Lauderdale MS., page* 45. 9, 16.

Sometimes the king is alluded to as the translator of "Æsop's Fables," but the MS., if it ever existed, has been lost. Alfred's "Proverbs" are the production of the thirteenth century. One doubtful fragment is entitled, "The Parliament at Shiffard."

But, according to Professor Freeman, Alfred's most abiding monument is the encouragement which the king gave whereby the English Chronicles grew into their present shape out of the local annals of the Church of Winchester. Forty years ago an almost complete edition of Alfred's works was published by a National Committee, formed to honour the thousandth anniversary of the birthday of one of the greatest monarchs of all time.

Other kings that afterwards ruled this country were liberal patrons of literature; notably, Canute, who is stated to have beheaded a minstrel-poet that did not please him. Most readers will remember that as this king was rowing near the Minster of Ely, he heard the monks chanting, and composed a ballad, of which the following is the only stanza now known, although the verses were long popular among the common people of England:—

> "Merrily sung the monks in Ely
> When Cuut, King, rode thereby;
> Row, my knights, row near the land,
> And let us hear these monkes' song."

Henry I. was known as "Beauclerc," or "The Scholar," but he has left no literary works to testify to his scholarship. Richard I. is our next Royal author, and his contributions to literature are songs of the troubadour kind.

R. MAYNARD LEONARD.

IN FEAR OF THE SERVANTS.

(MRS. RUDDERBUFF'S CONFESSIONS.)



COLONEL RUDDERBUFF likes to think that his wife is beyond mistakes, though I tell him it would be very wonderful if I was. You have often heard him say that he married a wife straight out of the school-room. For some inexplicable reason, he is proud of the fact; he ought rather, if he is proud of anything, to congratulate himself upon the heroic manner in which for one long year he bore my failures and mismanagement.

Naturally, I had had no experience whatever, but I felt very grand in being the mistress of a large house. The Colonel had only settled in England upon his marriage, so I took to no old-established servants, but, unlike the heroine of a novel, I had to get and keep my own.

This was mistake number one. I did not set the proper way about it. I went to a registry-office, of the character of which I knew nothing, and engaged servants upon the recommendation of the proprietor, without even taking up their references—one or two produced written documents, which I just glanced through; but as I did not insist upon a personal interview with their late employers, I had no means of finding if they were forgeries.

The result of my neglect was that we were ill-served, insulted, robbed; our house was filled with a set of desperate characters. I used often to shudder at my cook, and I afterwards had good reason for my impression that she was hiding from justice. Further details I will spare you, for I strive to avoid one of the most common errors of English women—constant talk about servants.

At last I got respectable people, and we settled down to safety, but I fear not to comfort. I was a wretched housekeeper; some days I forgot all about dinner, while on others I would fuss about it for hours.

Often when friends stayed with us we would drive to a concert, and sometimes on the way back my husband would ask me what I had arranged for supper. I must say, to my shame, that nine times out of ten I had forgotten all about it, and before our guests the order had to be given to stop to buy oysters or a lobster, while my kind husband would try to turn my neglect off with a joke.

At other times he, who was most careful about the accounts, and never owed a penny, would give me the money for the weekly books, and I, with my head full of other things, would put them aside, and forget all about them till I had run up arrears which I had not money to meet.

I was terribly afraid of my servants, and would put up with badly-cooked meals and late, untidy ways rather than speak. I used to hide a duster in that lovely drawing-room you have seen pictures of, because I was ashamed visitors should see the dreadful way in which it was kept. This was a mistake. I ought not to have done the work for which I paid a servant, and which she had ample time to perform.

My ignorance of all domestic details stood very much in my way. I let our beautiful polished brass stove be black-leaded, because the maid thought it would save trouble! And I implicitly believed that cook required a bottle of best brandy for each plum pudding!

I spent a great deal upon dress, and yet never looked nice. I was always trying experiments.

I bought heaps of cheap things at sales which I did not really want, and had the dress-lengths made up by cheap dressmakers. The result was that I had a numberless quantity of dresses, and not one *decent one*. I called myself economical, and wasted half my dress allowance.

Then our baby came; and on looking back, I wonder that the Colonel did not drown us both! His life must have been unbearable. From the moment that I felt that baby hand in mine I had no other thought, and for the first three months of my child's life I had no other subject of conversation.

I gave up housekeeping entirely, and my dear husband, believing me to be weak and languid instead of lazy, undertook it himself, and got bothered to death: for he is a busy man, a magistrate, with all sorts of duties outside his own home.

I refused to have a proper nurse, as I wanted to have the management of the infant entirely in my own hands; so I engaged a young girl, and between us we played all sorts of experiments upon that poor dear child. That the young life was not sacrificed was due neither to her mother nor her nurse, for we kept her up at night, awakened her suddenly any hour of the day, left her for hours without food, to be over-fed in proportion at other times; we actually did not always wash and dress her!

I refused to part with her at night, when my husband often spent hours walking up and down with the wailing child in his arms. I shall never forget those nights, neither, I fear, will he, nor the long lonely evenings when he sat alone while I was occupied in my nursery.

We saw no society. It was little wonder that our house lost its popularity; even our dearest friends got weary of the repetition of my baby's charms.

At last my mad career was very mercifully stopped. The Colonel fell ill—so very ill that the doctor thought it more than probable that he would not recover. I knew then that he was dearer to me than twenty babies! And I heard then something else. Sitting by his side one night, when he was far down in the valley of death, I heard him whisper; he was talking not to me, but to the angel of that other great first love of his, who seemed to be at his side; he did not go into any ecstasy at her presence—I suppose it was too natural—but he just looked up with a kind of gasp of content, and said, "Oh, Mary! it has been so uncomfortable."

That was my husband! The only complaint he ever made was in the delirium of fever to a dream woman, but his patience worked my cure. He was given back to me, thanks be to God, and he came back into a different world from that he had so nearly quitted. It is difficult to put the wrong right, but never, while life lasts, impossible; and through much disappointment and many failures I have at last made our home as comfortable and cheery a place as it is beautiful.



"BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD."

SHALL OUR SONS EMIGRATE? YES, THEY SHALL.

BY ARNOLD WHITE, AUTHOR OF "PROBLEMS OF A GREAT CITY," "TRIES AT TRUTH."

The New Lands.

SITTING at my study window on the northern heights of London, and looking at the broad province of houses in the Thames valley canopied with smoke, the earth paved away with granite, asphalte, and wooden blocks: rain falling and wind sighing: the thought of the blue sky unappreciated in many distant lands assists me in the pleasant task laid upon me by the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE. Decidedly it is good in the abstract for some of our sons to get away from this fierce struggle that year by year increases in severity. If the son contemplated be

> "Tall and handsome, and twenty-two,
> Ten thousand a year and nothing to do,"

then, perhaps, there is something to be said in favour of settling down at home, in spite of the general want of employment, the muggy air, and the depressing environment incident to "merry England" in the end of the century.

Or if he be an Admirable Crichton, or even an Asquith, and owns a "brain and cerebellum too" that give him a pedestal above his chums, a banker's balance, with healthy, lucrative, and interesting occupation, then it is equally clear that the mealie pap of the Transvaal, the salt pork of Manitoba, or the tea and damper peculiar to the Darling Downs, are delicacies that may be left to others. The sons who shall emigrate, to my mind, however, are the scions of those middle-class families who are the strength of our country.

These lads are not very brilliant, but they are numerous. They are no fools, but they have good appetites, plenty of pluck, healthy instincts, strong home affections, prefer cricket to Cato, football to Photius—Macaulay used to read him as a relaxation from study—and not seldom have fallen in love with the dearest girl in the world. From their youth up they have read Marryat and Kingston, Rider Haggard and Kipling. In their British blood there is the microbe of travel.

They have vague longings to get on in life, to travel, see the world, seek adventure, and, like Balbus, marry the girl. Their souls abhor the minute sub-divisions and restrictions of our intricate civilisation so far as they themselves are affected. Clerking is a miserable trade, and sucks the life out of tens of thousands of the finest fellows in the country. The sons who shall emigrate north, south, east, and west, if they have the right stuff in them, suffer from restless, unsatisfied longing.

The ostriches at the Cape, bred from a single pair of wild birds captured on the free and breezy plains

of the sunny north, retain in their silly heads an unquenchable desire to return to the boundless plains they have never seen. Along the northern fence of an ostrich camp the big birds gather, craning their long necks towards the Zambesi they shall never see. They never lose the longing for the unknown north. So with our sons, if they are of the Blood. Adventure is in their veins, even though they stand idle in the market-place, no man hiring them, because they have no saleable knowledge or faculty, and no special equipment or capacity exchangeable for gold.

My first point is, then, that those sons shall emigrate who want to succeed. Lord Beaconsfield used to say that we could all obtain anything we wanted, but we must want it enough. Wanting it enough means willingness to suffer and to do far more than the average man is willing to do or to bear.



The emigrant sons may make up their minds that a young good man—a very different creature from a good young man—cannot be kept down in the colonies. But he must start with definite ideas as to how to succeed.

Bearing in mind that the colonies are for the most part composed and built up of second-rate men, he has a chance not offered him at home. First-rate men do not, as a rule, need to emigrate. Third-rate men are not wanted across the sea. The first thing to do is to acquire some faculty or craft that shall in the worst of times procure a livelihood. The emigrant son should be taught three things—to shave himself, to cook his own food, and to milk a cow; and he must learn to do the three well.

He will find them uncommonly useful. It will be all the better for him in the "roustabout" work he will have to undertake if he can get a good rough working knowledge of carpentry, wheelwright work, shoeing horses and rough building, bricklaying and masonry. He must make up his mind to begin at the bottom of the ladder. There is many and many a good man who will never rise high because he will not begin low.

If the emigrant son will make up his mind to abstain from "forty rod" whisky, "Cape smoke," and new brandy, he will be worth more in the market than if he indulges in those aids to reflection.

Insobriety is so prevalent across the water, and the liquor is so consistently and uncommonly atrocious, that a man addicted to habits of abstinence from alcohol soon acquires a cash value that is pleasant enough to anyone determined to get on. Loneliness, homesickness, *ennui*, and heat all combine to drive a man to get some change of thought out of the sulphuric acid and box of matches of which much colonial liquor seems to be composed.

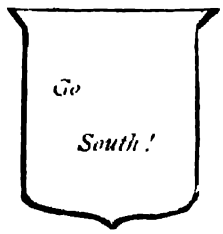
The stuff is so incredibly dangerous that anarchical compounds are little worse. Middle-class emigrants without capital will find no better investment than rigid avoidance of the more ardent liquors provided by refreshment caterers—of sorts.

As to destination. Horace Greeley was wont to say—

"Go west, young man."

On the same grounds, and for the same reasons, I would say—

"Go south, young man."



There is more future in the Dark Continent than in any other part of the planet. It is half-way to Australia, and enjoys permanent protection of the six thousand miles of salt water that lie between Cape Point and Leewin. A pot of jam made in Africa sells as well and costs less to bring to England than Australian or Tasmanian preserves.

Health is a matter very much more under control than is generally supposed. The teeth of the emigrant son should be thoroughly repaired; for the sinews of a trek ox, that has wandered through sand and veldt for ten years with a four-ton waggon attached to him requires all the consumption and mastication available. If the grinders of the man are few, the time is not long before he goes to his long home.

Another point which is generally neglected is the obvious fact that in hot climates—and all emigrant climates are very hot for a part of the year—cold, and not heat, is the perfidious foe to be confronted. Chills are most dangerous at night, as any sixpenny book on hygiene will tell you. To my emigrant son, therefore, I strongly urge the invariable use of a cholera belt.

To keep the equatorial regions of the human body warm and at an even temperature is the easiest and most effective insurance against dysentery and its large family circle of diseases. If tea, coffee, or cinchona planting be the form of occupation chosen by our sons, the climatic conditions are such that the invariable companionship of a cholera belt is as necessary as the lightning conductor to a church spire.

There is no possible shadow of a doubt that until the emigrant finds his feet he will be much more uncomfortable physically than he would be at home as a postman or a cowkeeper.

On the other hand, he loses no status. If the question of emigration is to be decided by a comparison between the physical comfort and mental enjoyments during the earlier period of colonial residence, and the amenities available to the average day labourer in England, the verdict must be against emigration.

But it is not fair to judge of a half-painted picture or an incomplete statuette. The reasonable probabilities must be taken into account. If a man is really determined to get on, scorned delights and laborious days are more surely rewarded with the wild olive of success in the England across the sea than in lingering by the side of the old folks at home.

To bear the brunt of the early years with courage, and without too great a strain on the nervous system, incessant and unbroken correspondence must be

The Prospect.

maintained with the home circle. If you do not love some other fellow's sister, at all events cling to the love of your own. Tell all you have to say, and in a short while the weekly mail will be an intensely bright spot in a weary week.

Newspapers acquire a pathetic interest. Advertisements ignored at home are read in the prairie, veldt, or bush, with an eager and greedy eye. It is impossible to over-rate the value of the home tie. Many a hard and gallant life has been helped over the dangerous and difficult tract that intervenes between the early effort and the final achievement by simple home letters. Very likely, nothing particular was in any of them.

To the recipient they were rays of light, grateful in his exile as mare's milk to the thirsty Tartar or opium water to the Rajpoot. When a little success comes, it is good that the emigrants' sisters should join them; and when more success at last arrives, they cannot do better than change sisters under the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities on the spot. The "dearest girl" has probably made other arrangements.

On the whole, our sons *shall* emigrate; but there is much that might be done to make emigration ventures more of a certainty than has hitherto proved to be the case.

SHALL OUR SONS EMIGRATE? NO

BY A STAY-AT-HOME.

The Mother Country's Claims.

WHEN Mr. Punch was asked whether life was worth living his reply was that "It depends on the liver," and similarly in the consideration of this present question a good deal is involved in who and what are the sons. Square pegs will not fit round holes—save, perhaps, at the expense of a ruthless paring down that renders them weak—and the sons who must live an open-air life, under conditions impossible in a land more than half-civilised, are certainly not such as we want to keep at home.

But, after all, these untamed Britons are in a small minority, and of their brothers we have the right to claim at least the pick for the mother country.

Have we no lands at home that are lying uncultivated, that we should send the best of our sons across the seas to break and till foreign soil? From every quarter of the compass comes the same cry of farms being given up, of land once cultivated being tilled no more. And while this is the case we are asked to send across the seas the very men who might make use of these waste spots in our own islands.

I grant you that the agricultural life in Great Britain must differ in many respects from that of newer lands. The men who are to succeed in it will not be hunting farmers, driving big-wheeled dog-carts and attended by liveried grooms. You would not get that sort of thing if you took to hoeing and weeding a prairie or ploughing the forest primeval. And you must not expect it if you are going to try to make the best of the old country.

If only half the men who have made competencies as "settlers" across the seas had shown the same indifference to appearances at home that they have been obliged to do elsewhere, and had exhibited an equal willingness to put their hands to work early and late, a good deal of recent economic history would not have had to be written, and the face of the homeland would have been much more pleasant to look upon. And the pity of it is that for years we have been encouraging the very men who might have done this work for the Mother Country to leave her in the lurch and to use their energies towards the raising and rearing of fresh competitors with her.

I am far from saying that all our middle class boys should stay at home. But I do say that, even for those who possess the healthy craving for an outdoor life, there is room and work in England, and that trained heads and willing hands may find profitable occupation within the four seas. Let us have our science applied freely to the questions of the soil, and reason brought to bear upon the selection and rotation of crops; in short, let our sons do for the old country what they are so often urged to do for the new—give her the benefit of an educated common-sense—and it will be not only to her advantage but their own.

An Obvious Opening.

But it is not every young man who wants to live his life or do his work in the open air. Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. He would have been nearer the mark if he had called us a nation of merchants, for it is as the producers and carriers of the world's merchandise that we have made and keep our reputation.

And how are we to meet the oft-heard lament that we are being beaten out of this market and so on, if we encourage the best of our sons to leave us? Merely to hold our own we require the best we can give of invention and skill, as well as of material. As time goes on the tendency is to insist upon education being carried further, as well as being made compulsory.

We not only insist that every child shall be educated but that to a further point and a later age. So a larger and larger number of teachers in proportion to the population will be called for. And while this incidentally calls for more recruits for the home-army of peace, it offers an example of the many new fields for employment, and extensions of old fields, which are being opened every year for the sons of the middle-class.

It is a mistake to suppose that there is no mean between the open-air life of the agriculturist and "clerking." It would not be too much to say that in the mean which undoubtedly exists lies the strength of Britain's position in the commercial world. To say nothing of the learned professions, or of the world of art and letters, to call the chemist, the engineer, and the mechanician "clerks" is about as impudent as the classical division of the world into Hellenes and "Barbarians."

We have still a good deal to learn from other countries, and we must learn and apply our lessons if we are to hold our own. For instance, even our great cities are, as a rule, far behind second-rate townships of America, and even Scandinavia, in facilities for telephonic communication; and in the use of natural forces for the supply of electrical power we are really little better situated.

We shall have to swallow all our insular prejudices against "new-fangled ideas," and we can employ hundreds and thousands of our educated sons in applying science to our commercial and industrial life, no less than to agriculture.

And we must get rid of that middle-class fetish—the "black-coat" idea—and let our sons work with their hands in the old country as freely as we do in the colonies and the clearings. Why should Mrs. Grundy hold up her hands in pious horror when her sons and nephews take to honest manual work here, while she thinks it so "brave" of them to do it on the fringe of the backwoods and the bush?

It is no cant phrase to say that what is responsible for two-thirds of middle-class "failures" is the lack of good technical education. We are too apt to look upon technical education as a thing desirable only for "artisans," and to conclude that the son of the proprietor of a large industrial business is fully qualified to share his father's responsibilities (and step into his shoes by-and-by) when he has been given a good general education, and has been passed direct from the class-room to the counting-house. It was not by men trained (or rather left untrained) on these lines that our commercial supremacy was won, and we shall hardly maintain it by their aid. Our sons must be educated to understand the sources and character of the raw material for our manufactures, and the conditions under which they are produced. They should learn the practical side of the processes through which they have to pass, and the value of the machinery by which the changes are wrought. And they should, finally, understand the markets for which they are working.

What do We Lack?

We are a good deal nearer this Utopian state of things than we were twenty years ago, it is true, and I venture to think that a steady perseverance along the same path would lead to such an appreciation of British manufactures as would provide an untold number of openings for sons yet unborn.

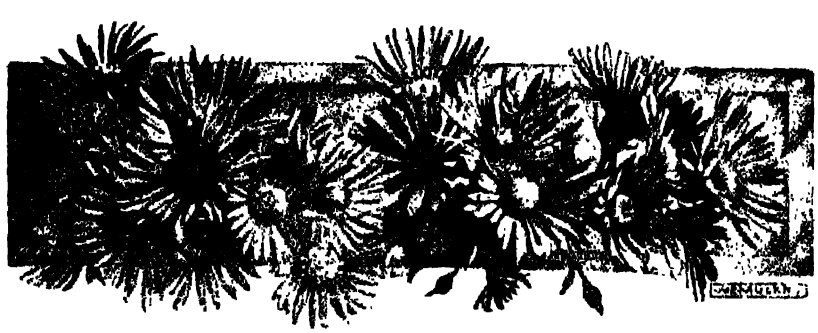
There is another reason that will surely not be without weight among the readers of this MAGAZINE. What the clan was to the old tribal Celt the family is to the modern Briton, and the power for good of the family circle is bound to be relaxed just at the time when it is most valuable, if our sons are to be "emigrated" at the season of life when the step will be most profitable to themselves and their adopted land.

I do not want to see every son to his mother's apron-strings—far from it. Molly-coddling is not part of that healthy family life which is our national glory and honour. But this point is one which must not be overlooked, though it need not be more than stated.

The instinct for family life is especially strong in the national character, and probably is stronger in the middle-class than in any other, and it is a factor in the situation not to be lightly ignored.

Lastly, where are our sons to emigrate to? Every mail brings fresh reports of meetings of "out of works" at the Antipodes. The new lands of Africa are hardly developed or opened out enough for practical colonisation, as yet, on any other than the ancient "pioneer" lines. And, when South America is rivalling the Antipodes in "crises" and "crashes," and Canada is only asking for labour-emigrants, where are the poor boys to go?

They had better look facts in the face, and put their backs into the work which lies to their hand, of making the best of the old country.



WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FEBRUARY.

THE month of February has brought a lull in the whirl and change of fashion, and the ceaseless strife for novelty has somewhat abated, only to burst out with fresh vigour later on in the spring and early summer novelties. The designs, colours and materials in favour last month are still to the fore, and for evening wear a becoming shade of deep yellow is much worn; this tint appears for young ladies in plain satins or brocaded silks in self colours with a simple design of buttercups, daisies, or tiny festoons of flowers, with garniture arranged in soft lace.

One very charming example was made in dainty yellow brocade, with the bodice both back and front cut in a deep basque-point, plain-fitting, the sleeve arranged in one large puff, finishing above the elbow and continued to the wrist as close-fitting as permissible with any degree of comfort. The neck, slightly low, showing a string of pearls worn around the throat, was cut round; from thence a deep frill of lace veiled bust and shoulder. The simply-cut skirt rested five inches on the ground at the back, and was relieved from severity by the small festoons of lace which trimmed the hem.

Tiny round bunches of purple violets gave a pretty touch of colour to the festoons across the front, and also appeared in the folds of the lace around the neck of the bodice and in the coils of hair, these latter bunches, being of the natural flower, gave a delightful fragrance and charm of youth to the whole.

The handsome richness of the moiré antique silks of the present day's fashion is admirably adapted to the importance requisite and so well becoming to those who hold the honoured position of grandmother in our generation, and when worn with a fichu and wrist frills of lace, and a dainty cap of the same treasured article with a couple of pink roses nestling under its soft folds, a successful completeness and picturesqueness is attained worthy the pencil of an artist.

Passing from the subject of evening musical or dinner gowns, our interest centres in the warm wraps or cloaks required wherewith to face the inclemency of the outside elements, and the one in our illustration is well worthy of our consideration. It is made in a material of the Cashmere order, presenting a silky surface broken by tiny, irregular ripples seen in no other cloth, and dyed in several reversible colours in harmonising tones: for instance, brown and amber, fawn and pale blue, thus obviating the necessity of a lining—an acknowledged advantage where warmth and lightness of weight are the essential requisites. The cloak is circular, the front hanging straight and plain, and forming two folds at the centre of the back.

A deep collar graces the shoulders, forming a point front and back and set into pleats; a border of beaver-fur edges both it and the standing-up collar, which latter is of an exceptionally beautiful shape, and may be worn either curving over, as shown in the illustration, or standing up around the ears and across the mouth in the perfection of cosiness. Two short evening mantles were made respectively in grey-blue and pale flesh-tint pink, patterned over with a large check in soft, evasive colours. One of these had a deep frill forming a shoulder-cape made in single box-pleats, with strips of fine mink fur inserted between each, and a high soft collar, bordered with the same



AN EVENING WRAP.
By Messrs. Scott Adie, Regent Street, W.
(From a photograph by Walery & Co., Regent Street.)



COSTUME IN CRAPE AND VICUNA CLOTH.

fur; the lower portion of the cape was plain, and reached a few inches below the waist.

Another three-quarter cape had two box-pleats in the centre of the back, and a double shoulder cape set into box-pleats on the shoulders, reaching to the waist in deep points. These and the high collar were alike edged with the exclusive French martin-tail fur.

A beautiful travelling coat such a one would be a delightful addition to a bride's trousseau—was made in putty-coloured cloth, cut semi fitting to the figure and reaching to the hem of the skirt, fastening double-breasted with two rows of handsome buttons, and lined throughout with fur. The deep cuffs and large collar were of beaver fur—a most successfully stylish coat.

One in a similar design, but lined with handsome sable, was lately made by this firm (Scott Adie) for H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife.

Tailor-made Costumes.

Modified 1830 costumes have their merits; artistic gowns individualise the wearer, but the gown that is most becoming to a good figure, and has the advantage of looking "in place" either at outdoor sports or morning visits, is decidedly the tailor-made gown, with its neat, trim skirt, innocent of fold or drapery, and "tailor-built" coat modelled to the figure by the tailor's skilled manipulation—that in many instances for slight figures shows no seam in the back of bodice, with basque frill sewn into the waist line almost invisibly—made in homespun or Scotch tweed.

For country walking, or the healthful game of golf, I would advocate a costume in grey plaid, the skirt made in a kilt reaching to the ankle; plain-fitting waistcoat fastened straight up the front with many small buttons, and an overjacket, tabbed and buttoned in the time-honoured Scotch fashion, with a cap of the same cloth, and a heron's quill and cairngorm stud fastening it into place.

For the latter game the coat should be cut freely and the sleeves made with ample fulness. To turn to the inevitable "Zouave" jacket, it is now seasonably made in fur. A dark green cloth costume was trimmed with a border of chinchilla fur and narrow gold galloon. The coat had a deep basque cut away in front, large sleeves, and a "Zouave" entirely composed of chinchilla. The toque was Russian in character, with green aigrette and a rouleau of green velvet resting on the hair.

Mourning.

With us, garments of sable hue are the acknowledged form of mourning; but that of other nations is variously expressed. Gold was chosen by the Egyptians, typifying scattered hopes, as fallen leaves; and the Turkish, by wearing violet or blue, express their full belief in the happiness of the departed.

In France, in the fifteenth century, white was the regal colour worn by the Queen in her widowhood.

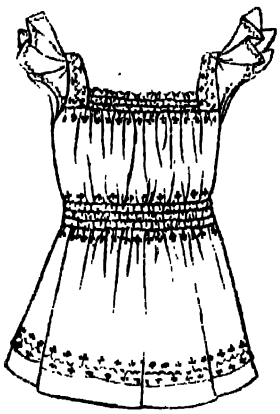
Of late years there has been an endeavour made to minimise the quantity of crape worn and diminish the duration of the period for mourning; much of the richness and dignity which crape imparts to the apparel of those the melody of whose lives has passed into the minor key of sorrow have thus been lost. It is now the indication of "good taste" for all the members of the family to wear crape both on indoor and outdoor gowns during the first twelvemonth, and after the first six months to lessen the quantity towards the end of that time. The orthodox mourning for a widow is silk, entirely veiled with crape; a small bonnet also of crape, with a tiny cap of white resting on the hair in front, and a long pendant end or veil of crape with a deep hem. The white collar and cuffs or "weepers" as they are termed complete this handsome and becoming costume. Her daughters will wear dresses of vicuna, a beautifully soft, silky-surfaced material, possessing the requisite "dulness" of black, trimmed with graduated bands of crape from hem to waist, the bodice cut to the newest shape, ornamented with deep frill or vest, and sleeve puffs of crape. For outdoor wear a tight-fitting jacket of dull cloth, with revers and cuffs of Astrachan or black fox, and pretty little crêpe bonnet with long net veil, worn over the face.

The little children of the family will also wear vicuna cloth



SKATING COSTUME.

frocks, trimmed with tiny bands of crape, which will also accentuate the outline of the square yoke or revers on bodice, and form deep cuffs on the sleeves: jackets of rough cloth with deep shoulder-cape made quite plain, and edged with stitching, and either felt or beaver hats ornamented with corded ribbon bows, or rosettes composed of bows. These latter look particularly well, confining the brims of the hats into the three-cornered shape which obtains at the present moment. Later, serge frocks trimmed with rows of braid, as the design shown with diagram, employing the braid in place of the narrow velvet ribbon.



FROCK FOR CHILD OF THREE YEARS.

Following the deeper mourning, serge gowns are worn, upon which is introduced handsome braid, put on in deep vandykes or seven rows of graduated braid sewn close down to the hem, which is edged with a border of astrachan or black fox fur. As an alternative, a costume of cloth with a raised pattern simulating the lines seen in "watered silk," relieved with dull silk and galloon edging. The accompanying design for a mourning-costume (p. 232) has a draped skirt as now worn, put into fulness at the back, and showing a little of the trimmed underskirt at either side; a simple close-fitting bodice, fastened by means of lacing at the back; a soft draped collar of crape cut on the bias and finished with a bow; beneath, a series of narrow crape bands decorate the bodice. The upper part of the sleeves is formed as a puff, and armlet in crape. This design would make well in serge and braid to take the place of crape on drapery and bodice.

Skating Costume.

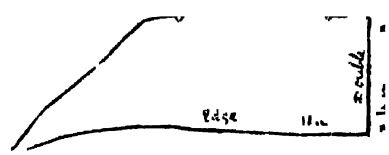
The pendent icicle, the moss-like covering of snow on bough and bramble, and the whistle of the blackbirds, all indicate to those who are "keen" on skating that pleasant hours in the enjoyment of a merry skim across the frozen lake are in store for them. Our illustration (p. 232) represents a most wearable costume for such an occasion, arranged in a combination of soft thick woollen material, warm brown in colour, and velvet the deep tint of a ripe tomato; the fur may be either mink tail, skunk, or sable. This design is adapted to the very fashionable "pelisse" now worn by arranging more fulness in the front of skirt and attaching it to the narrow basque, opening straight down the front and lined throughout with silk.

The costume under our notice is cut in a bell-shaped skirt, with deep hem or flounce reaching to the knee of velvet or velveteen, headed with a narrow line of fur which is repeated a few inches higher on the material. A shoulder-cape of stylish appearance is made in the red velvet outlined with fur, and finished at the points with small mink tails. The cuffs and collar are also composed of velvet and fur. A charming toque of the same materials is arranged with a pretty bow, and two tiny upstanding fur tips clasped with a buckle. The muff, formed as two deep frills of velvet divided with a band of fur, is sometimes worn pendent from the waist by a fine metal chain. The whole design may be carried out in red cloth bordered with black velvet, or bottle-green cloth and velvet trimmed with astrachan. We shall illustrate a "Liberty" hat in our next number.

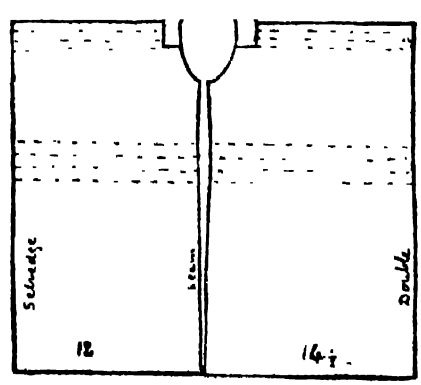
Children's Frocks.

Before proceeding to the explanation of the designs I must mention soft satin ribbons are worn as sashes, tied in a large bow and ends at one side of the front, giving a dressy appearance to an evening frock.

The design for a child of three years is made in white cashmere, embroidered in pale gold silk, a design of feather-stitch and triple dots at intervals. The front width is cut with material on the double, and the under-arm seams slightly shaped in to the waist. The back piece may either have a seam down the centre, or open seven inches to the lowest row of running threads at the waist. The dotted lines in diagram indicate the runnings, which should be mounted on to a narrow band at the neck, allowing a tiny heading. A pretty effect is attained by drawing narrow yellow gold ribbon through the "casings" at the waist, and tying in a bunch of bows at the back; the skirt has a hem with a tuck, above which is the embroidery, the latter repeated above and below



EPAULETTE.



DIAGRAMS OF FROCK FOR CHILD OF THREE YEARS.

the waist and across the square. The epaulettes are shaped into the armhole, pleated into a triple box-pleat, the edge ornamented with feather-stitch.

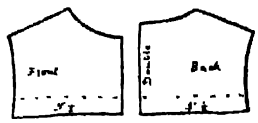
The addition of a velveteen yoke and sleeves to the wrist makes this a serviceable frock.



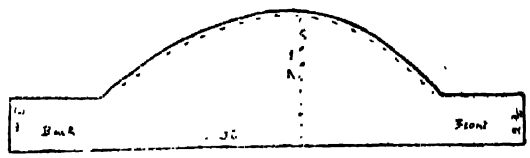
DAY FROCK FOR CHILD OF YEARS.

The day frock for child of five years is composed of two widths of material thirty-six inches wide, gored in to the waist at each seam, and put into full gathers at the yoke. A deep hem is headed with rows of tiny velvet ribbon. The lower portion of the sleeve is full, sewn into a short sleeve of lining, across which the two puffs are "mounted"; the wrist is finished with a two-inch band and rows of ribbon and a rosette of loops. The square yoke is lined with silk or sateen put into a narrow neck-band, open in front. The dots across the front- see diagram—are placed one inch up from the edge, and indicate the line that the shoulder-cape frill is sewn, thus allowing for the flat appearance of the same. On the shoulder the cape forms deep epaulettes sewn at the dotted lines into the armhole. The yoke, collar, and cuffs are trimmed with rows of ribbon, and two pretty rosettes conceal the fastenings in front; otherwise, the back is exactly similar. This design, made in woollen material, would make a pretty outdoor garment for late spring or early summer wear.

A. LL. G.



HALF OF YOKE.



HALF OF CAPE AROUND YOKE.

(DIAGRAMS OF DAY FROCK.)

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the child's frock). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, E.C.*

MIKE



MIKE.
(*From a photograph.*)

SWEET peace was ours, my Micky.
Until the day you came,
But neither home nor garden
Can ever seem the same!
O'er couch and chair and carpet
We trace your sportive feet;
The lawn with holes you garnish,
The flowers that bloom you eat.

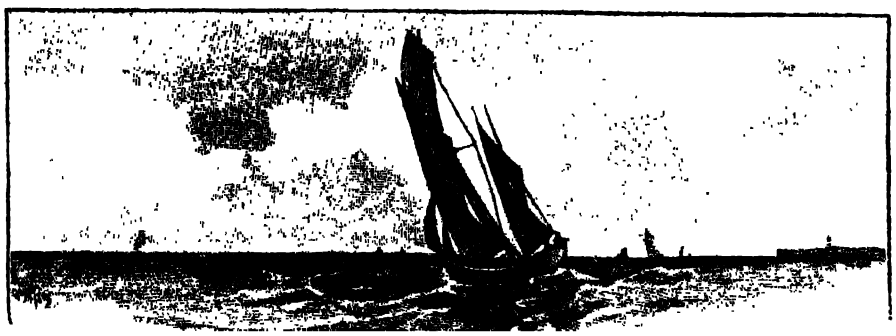
Wrath fills your heart, my Micky,
And growlings swell your breast,
When in your path comes straying
Some uninvited guest;
But rolling, rolling over,
"*Wot larks!*" you seem to say,
As both of you together
Rush headlong down the way.

What are your thoughts, my Micky,
The joys that fill your mind,
When o'er the waves victorious
You sniff the salt sea-wind?
Or Tabby's tail pursuing
Across the wall you fly,
Then pause to watch her slumber
With puzzled, doubtful eye?

Oh! bold and black-nosed Micky!
Life is not wholly free
At times from dews of trouble,
My doggie! e'en for thee.
Yet Love doth make thy sunlight,
And long may years renew
The heart-links that unite us,
My comrade tried and true!

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.





I ONCE thought I knew something about Cornwall, but that was before I had read any book of "Q.'s" except "Dead Man's Rock." Now I have been reading "The Delectable Duchy," and though I read it within the limits of Greater London, and the snow was whirling wildly outside my window all the while, the book carried me back to Cornwall, and I saw the western land again as I saw it last under the glory of an early autumn sun. But how much I had missed before! (I can assure "Q." that I *never* carved "Smith" or "Thompson" or "such names" on the tombs of any of his forefathers, though I was a latter-day tourist, afoot in the Duchy.) I was one of a class of which "Q.'s" "Journalist" (in the Prologue) is not only a servant but a type. I saw what my guide-book told me to look for, and a good deal more; but how mad I was to imagine I had seen or heard the half of what there was to be seen or to be heard and learnt before I left the Duchy for the third time! I feel I owe "Q." a deep debt of gratitude for the pictures of Cornish ways and Cornish folk in "The Delectable Duchy" (which is published by Messrs. Cassell). I defy anyone to read those "Legends of St. Piran" without laughing long and heartily, and the Registrar in "When the Sap Rose" is worth turning to again and again; but of all the stories and sketches which go to make up this volume there is not one better than "Love of Naomi." (Of course it is reminiscent of "Enoch Arden," but it is no worse for that.) Poor Mr. Geake! You must read about him for yourselves if you would know his story, and you must read every page of "The Delectable Duchy"; and then, even if you have visited Cornwall oftener than I have, and tramped more miles along its roads and cliff-paths, you will know why I feel—as you will also—that I had hitherto only been toying with the alphabet of the Cornish character.

"The Children's Library," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has for its latest volume "The Little Glass Man," a collection of short fairy-stories from the German of Wilhelm Hauff. I am not quite sure whether children will appreciate the introductory chapter, but they cannot fail to enjoy the stories which follow it. The "Glass Man" is delightful reading, as most of the folk-tales and fairy-tales of the Black Forest are. I have always been attracted by the pretty dress and handy size of the "Children's Library," which are as fascinating in one way as "The Pseudonym Library" is in another. For my own part, I can never dissociate the idea of "proof slips" from this latter series, and constantly find myself wondering how I am to make marks which will be intelligible in the narrow margin allowed me! But this is an objection that very few readers would take, and one that does not mar my own pleasure in handling the volumes. The latest addition to the number is "Mimi's Marriage: A Sketch" from the Russian, and is a powerful study of St. Petersburg society and its ways, not in all points pleasing; and in the course of translation one or two curious pieces of English have slipped in. For instance, I noticed "lays" for "lies" in one place, and "dirt" as a verb in another.

What perennial interest there is in the subject of employment for ladies. In this one month I have received two books from different publishers on this topic, evidence at once cogent and pathetic of the

need there is for guidance in this direction. First from Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. comes "Ladies at Work," a series of "Papers on Paid Employments for Ladies," with an introduction by Lady Jeune, and each separate branch of work for ladies dealt with by an expert. A few years ago a paper on "Journalism" as an employment for ladies would have sounded sadly out of place and certainly out of keeping with all one's preconceived ideas of the fitness of things feminine. But now there are not only lady writers, as there always have been, but lady-reporters and special correspondents. And the paper on "Journalism" in this volume by Miss Fanny L. Green is among the most useful in the series. Two on "Teaching" (by M. T. Wallas) and "Elementary School Teaching" (by F. Harrison) are also practical and up-to-date. Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's paper on "Authorship" is a little disappointing, but the concluding paper by Miss C. R. Coleridge, on "The Lady of all Work," is, in many respects, the best in a good book. Including Lady Jeune's "Introduction," there are only fifteen chapters in the book, but in Mrs. H. Coleman Davidson's "What our Daughters can do for Themselves" (Smith, Elder & Co.) there are upwards of fifty. I am not going to attempt to set one book against the other, for Mrs. Davidson necessarily goes over much of the same ground as Lady Jeune and her friends, though with not quite the same fulness. I should say that a lady with a bent for one particular occupation would do well to see what one of the experts, under Lady Jeune's guidance, says; whereas a lady who wanted to know if there was not something she could do had better turn to Mrs. Davidson's pages.

I take a kindly interest in any story of military life—not that I ever wielded a lethal weapon or am any other than a man of peace—because a good many years ago I was sent to one of the London barracks by an enterprising editor to "interview" all the privates I could induce to talk to me, and then write up "Life in the Ranks." And as that was my first newspaper article, I gave so much time and thought to its preparation that I have regarded myself as more or less of an authority on matters military ever since. So I followed the story of Troop Sergeant-Major Mole in "A King's Hussar" (Cassell & Co.) with a lively interest as a good picture of life in the ranks of a good cavalry regiment, and well through them to the top rung of non-commissioned life. Things have changed for the better in regard to many of the details of a soldier's everyday life since our hero began his career, but this is, on the whole, a faithful picture.

Only a few pages earlier in this number there is a discussion on the question, "Shall our Sons Emigrate?" If they have any thought of doing so, I should advise them to read "The Art of Living in Australia" (Eyre & Spottiswoode), by Dr. P. E. Muskett, for a good deal of what he says with special reference to Australia is applicable to colonial life anywhere, and the cookery recipes and kitchen information would be found invaluable.

There is a good deal of allegory and not a little adventure in "Beyond the Blue Mountains," Mrs. L. T. Meade's splendid book for children, published by Messrs. Cassell. It would be very easy to give other names to many of the characters, but that would be to spoil the effect of the story, the very art of which lies in its life-likeness and the vivid interest with which one feels bound to follow the adventurous journey of its child-heroes. One might even call the book a sort of nineteenth-century "Pilgrim's Progress" from a children's point of view.

I wonder how many readers of the MAGAZINE remember the Poem Competition in which the prize winner was Miss Kate Thompson Sizer. Once or twice since I have seen stories from her pen, and now Messrs. Jarrold & Sons send us a new one, "The Wooing of Osyth," a Story of the Eastern Counties in Saxon Times. A stirring story, well told, I would dub it, and I would add that it is well illustrated by M. M. Blake.

"The Little Squire: A Story of Three" (Cassell & Co.), by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, is the next story I take up, and I find it a story in which children play an almost equal part with grown-up characters. It is surprising to note how the old hard-and-fast line of demarcation has been broken down of late, and the change is, on the whole, one for the better. There is a good, strong "mystery" in this story, the secret of which is well kept to the end.

BOOK-MARK.

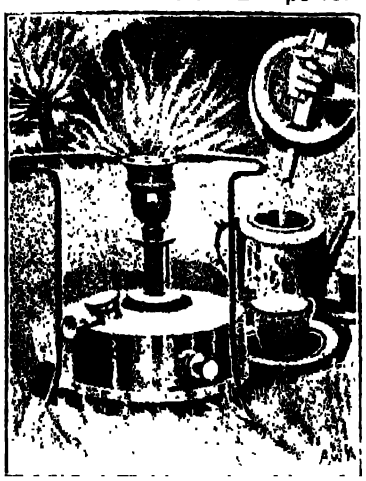


THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

"New Lamps for Old."



CELESTE LAMP.

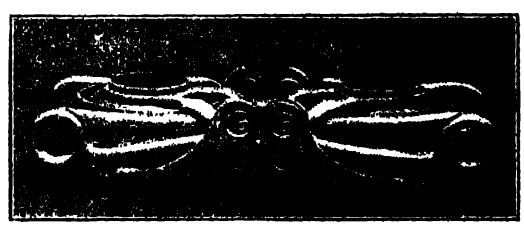
The Swedish stove which we illustrate herewith burns the gas from petroleum oil contained in the reservoir below and requires no wick. Once lighted, the burner vapourises the oil, and there is neither smoke, smell, nor disagreeable heat. The stove is inexplosible, and will be found useful both in summer and winter for cooking and boiling purposes. It is stated to boil a quart of water in three or four minutes, and cook a rump steak in five minutes. When the flame is at its maximum the consumption of oil is one-third of a pint per hour. While upon this subject we may also mention the "Beehive" wick, intended for burning the heavy oil used in bicycle lamps. The wick has been introduced by a Manchester firm, and is chemically treated, so as to last much longer than the ordinary wicks. We may also refer to the method of enriching oil gas by the hydro-oxy process, now in practical operation at Huddersfield. The oil is converted into gas in retorts, and oxygen gas, made by the Brin process, is commingled with it before it is cooled. The oxy-oil gas thus produced is ultimately mixed with the ordinary coal-gas, and serves to enrich it. Moreover, with the cheap oil of the United States, the oxy-gas alone can be used for illuminating purposes.

Transporting Liquid Air.

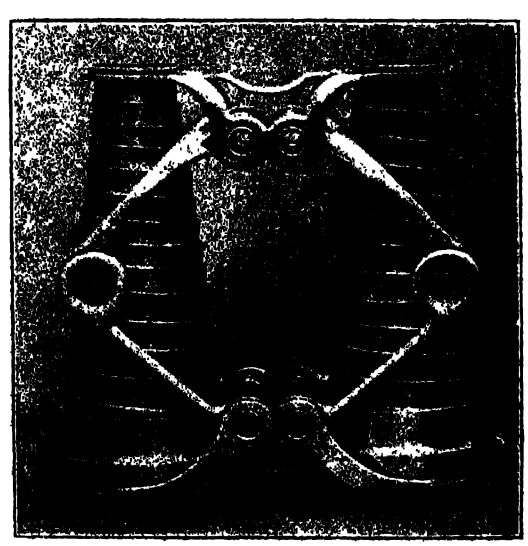
Professor Dewar has recently forwarded a considerable quantity of liquid air from the Royal Institution, London, to Cambridge, by taking special precautions to keep out heat. The precious liquid was carried in a glass flask with double walls. The air between the walls was pumped out and a small quantity of mercury put in its place. Under the extreme cold of the liquid air a film of solid mercury condensed on the outer surface of the inner wall, and formed a reflecting surface highly impervious to heat. This done, the whole flask was packed in solid carbonic acid, which froze the mercury and produced an almost perfect vacuum between the two walls. The protecting envelope of the liquid air had a temperature of 80° C. below zero; but it must be borne in mind that the temperature of the liquid air was nearly 180° C. below zero, so that the difference between the air and its protecting jacket was nearly that between ice and boiling water. Despite this discrepancy, and the jolting of the train, the liquid air reached its destination with only a slight loss of bulk.

A Folding Binocular.

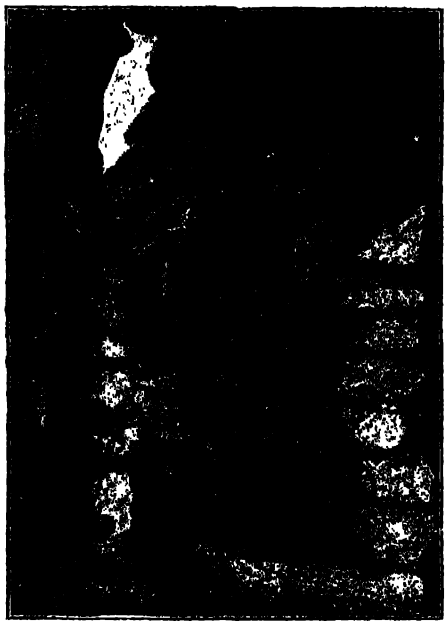
The folding binocular which we illustrate is the invention of a London optician, Mr. Aitchison, and supplies an instrument which is available for use either as an opera or field glass. As will be seen from our



illustrations, the opening and closing of the glass are effected by side-pieces of aluminium, which act as levers, and secure, by means of toothed ends, a perfect parallel movement between the lenses. When closed, the instrument is barely an inch in thickness, so its compactness and portability are assured. The tubes



are formed of volute coils of aluminium, wound on a taper mandrel, the grooving of the inner edge forming



ENTRANCE TO THE NOURAGHE OF SANTA BARBARA.

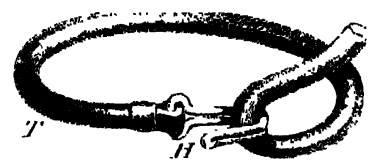
a complete series of diaphragms, that adds greatly to the definition of the lenses. Although the new glass is so strong as to be practically indestructible, it weighs, with its case, less than six ounces, and may be carried in the pocket with no greater inconvenience to the wearer than is caused by an ordinary pocket-book. The consequent gain to all sight-seers, travellers, and naval or military officers is apparent.

The Nouraghes of Sardinia.

On the plateaux of Sardinia there are many singular ruins, called "nouraghes," whose origin is something of a mystery. They have been considered as temples, and tombs, towers of silence, and watch towers. Built of large hewn stones, and enclosed by walls, they are formidable works, and there is one at Domus-Novas which is a real citadel, with sixteen chambers, and walls 500 feet in circumference and eight feet thick. It is supposed by a recent explorer that the nouraghes were really refuges for the cattle and people in times of war or plunder, and this is probably the right explanation of the mystery. They may be compared to the old Gaulish underground refuges to which we referred in a former GATHERER. The Sards who colonised Sardinia in early times came from Lybia, on the other side of the Mediterranean, and were a pastoral people. They were probably the builders of these nouraghes, which, we may add, are also found in North Africa, the Balearic Islands, Southern Italy, and the Caucasus. While upon this subject we may mention that a curious case of optical illusion has been found in a wall of a ruined Gallo-Roman temple of the third century on the summit of the Puy-de-Dôme in Auvergne, France. The wall is built of black and white stones, laid so as to produce zig-zags down the wall, black and white by turns. Standing at a distance the horizontal layers of stone appear to converge, an optical illusion known as "Zöllner's figure," and published by him about forty years ago, but which we now know to be much older. The use of the illusion in the rites of the temple is still a matter of conjecture.

A Simple Tourniquet.

A tourniquet is, of course, a ligature for arresting the flow of blood by compressing the limb above the wound, that is, between it and the heart. One of a very simple and convenient nature is illustrated herewith. It is simply a length of indiarubber tubing, T, with an open metal hook, H, fastened to one end with leather, and in a moment the rubber band can be turned round the limb once or twice as the case may require, and slipped into the hook, where it is firmly held by the expansion of the rubber through the openings of the metal, so that the more it is pulled the faster it holds. Every household and every traveller by rail or otherwise might reasonably be provided with such a tourniquet. It costs a mere trifle, and is warranted to keep sound for any time in this country, and for two years in India.

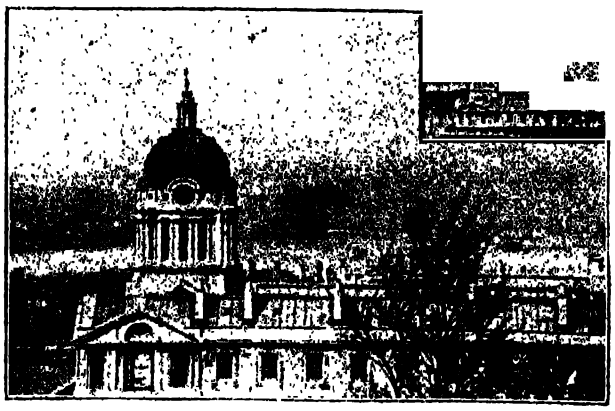


Advances in Photography.

Our illustrations show an advance in photography which we owe to Mr. Dallmeyer. In Fig. 1 (on p. 239) the small picture in the corner shows the picture resulting from the use of an ordinary lens, the large one shows the result with Mr. Dallmeyer's teleobjective

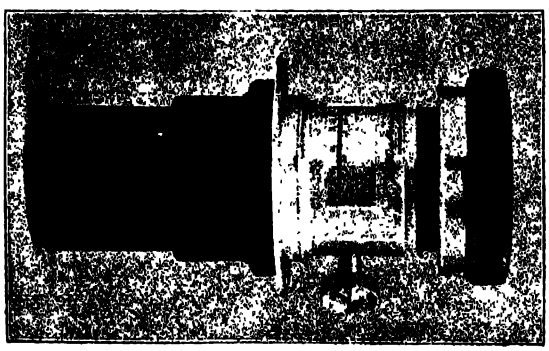


NOURAGHE AT SANTA BARBARA.



PHOTOGRAPHING FROM A DISTANCE.—FIG. 1.

from the same point. We should explain that the two pictures in Fig. 1 are cut out of large plates, but are here reproduced in their original size. In Fig. 2 the attachment by means of which the long distance photographs are secured is shown.—While upon this subject we may mention that Mr. G. W. Morgan, of Aberdeen, has brought out an ingenious method of taking photographs after dark by the magnesium light. The sitter is not exposed to the long glare of the ordinary magnesium or the electric light; but a travelling frame quickly gleams the light over him in such a way as to allow the photograph to be taken



PHOTOGRAPHING FROM A DISTANCE.—FIG. 2.

—Amateur photographers will welcome a simplified meter for calculating the necessary exposure, recently brought out under the name of the "Junior Watkins." Having only two movable rings, it is simpler than the older form, and a blue-tinted glass greatly facilitates the reading of the tints of the sensitive paper. It is so portable that it may be carried in the waistcoat pocket.

The Highest Observatory.

M. Janssen, the well-known French astronomer, has now completed his observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc, and personally made the first observations. A good idea of the structure will be gathered from the illustration we published in THE GATHERER in March of last year. M. Janssen has already confirmed his previous observation to the effect that the so-called "oxygen lines in the solar spectrum are really due to the atmosphere of the earth and not to the presence of that element in the corona or outer layer of the photosphere. The corona, in fact, is mainly composed of two light elements: hydrogen and "helium" (which is yet unknown on the earth); but occasionally iron, calcium, magnesium, and other heavy elements are projected into it from below. This envelope of hydrogen allows the solar heat to radiate freely into space. Were oxygen to mingle and combine with it forming water, the radiation would be seriously impaired.

The Electrical Wizard.

An interesting and instructive toy is the "Electrical Wizard," which has been introduced into London from abroad. It consists of a flat box containing a small electric bell, a battery to work the bell, and two metal contact makers connected by flexible wires, one with the battery and the other with the bell. A number of metal points are also joined by wires in such a way as to complete the circuit of the electric bell when corresponding pairs of them are touched by the contact makers. Each of these points projects upward through a square in a card marked with the questions and their answers. The questions may be on historical, scientific, or, indeed, any instructive subject, and further, any user of the box can make a card for himself with his own questions and answers. The questions occupy the left half of the card, the answers the right. Now, suppose the question is asked, "Who discovered America?" To find the answer, one contact maker is held against the metal point corresponding to the question, and all the points in the right half of the card are touched one after another. When the child reaches the point at the answer "Columbus," the bell will ring.

Heating Iron in Cold Water.

A curious experiment shown at the Chicago Exhibition will be understood from our illustration. It is due to MM. Lagrange and Hobo, of Brussels, and consists in heating a bar of iron white hot in cold water. The bar is plunged into a bucket of acidulated water as shown, and an electric current is sent through the water by connecting the bar to the negative (—) pole of the dynamo through the tongs, while the water is connected to the positive (+) pole by means of a leaded plate (L) about 16 inches long and 9 inches wide. When



HEATING IRON IN COLD WATER

a current of 150 ampères is used the iron immersed in the water immediately becomes red-hot. Wrought iron and steel actually melt in the water after a time, and even carbon becomes amorphous. The temperature, in fact, reaches 4,000° C., and with a current of 220 ampères it is raised to 8,000° C. A flame of burning hydrogen surrounds the metal in the water, and it is believed that as the electric current decomposes the water into its constituent gases oxygen and hydrogen the hydrogen collects round the iron and offers such a resistance to the electricity that a high temperature is produced. For the same reason an electric arc lamp burns brightly under water.

A Wooden Fireproof Door.

Fireproof doors are usually made of iron, but these are objectionable in several ways; and it is satisfactory

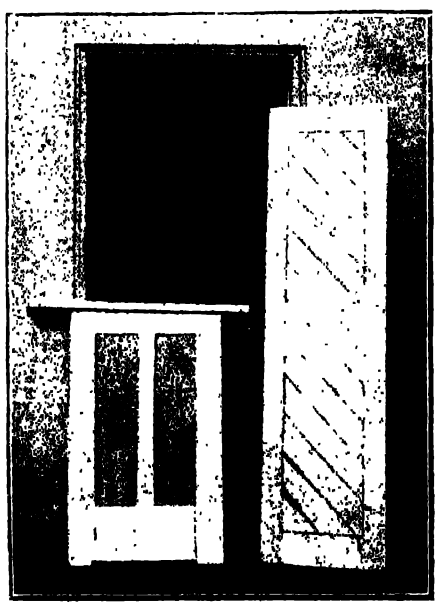
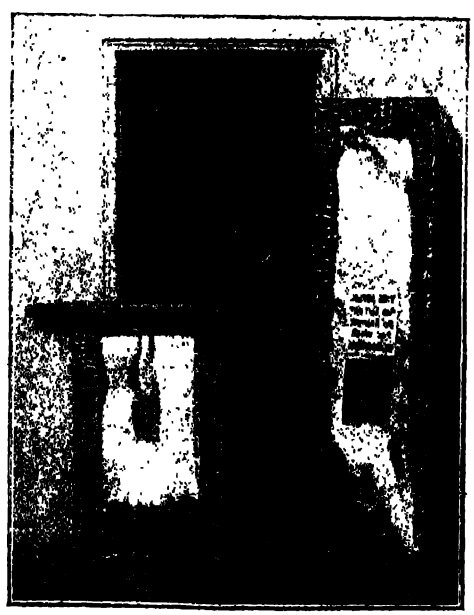


FIG. 1.—BEFORE THE FIRE.

to learn that a wooden door, resembling the ordinary kind, but fireproof, has been brought out. The door, as shown in Fig. 1, is hollow and filled with sheet asbestos. Recent trials at Nottingham have shown that, after twenty-five minutes' exposure to fire, the wooden frame is charred, but the interior or mass of the door remains sound, as will be seen from Fig. 2. For ordinary houses and public buildings these doors have some advantages over the heavy and unsightly iron ones.

Experimental Criticism.

Literary criticism has, until now, been left to the intuitive appreciation of the critic; but Dr. L. A. Sherman, an American, has taken a new departure in applying the methods of science to literary works. Great things are expected from this new science, which would investigate a poem much in the same way as a naturalist would dissect and classify a new bird. Nevertheless, we are somewhat sceptical of its future. Among other results arrived at we may mention that the length of the sentence in English prose has been contracting since the days of Elizabeth. Sir Thomas More, Sidney, Spenser, and others, employed from 40 to 60 words to the sentence, whereas Macaulay, Emerson and others only use from 20 to 30. There are exceptions: for example, Bacon who used 22, and Matthew Arnold, whose average was 37, or about the same as Addison's. Again, the English sentence has become more simple and predicative. Spenser and Sidney have only 4 to 10 per cent. of simple sentences, while Macaulay and Lowell have 20 to 40 per cent. There is also a growing tendency in poetic writers to express their ideas with fewer words, which is owing, as Dr. Sherman thinks, to the "association value," or in plain English, the suggestiveness of the words having increased. A child, in learning to speak, advances through a similar phase of development, according to Dr. Sherman. These results are interesting, and the pursuit of "experimental criticism" may lead to some valuable facts and principles as regards form and style; but, after all, this mechanical literary anatomy has very little to do with the real life and soul of prose and poetry.



A WOODEN FIRE-PROOF DOOR AFTER THE FIRE.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Intending competitors are reminded that in the Puzzle Maze Competition, February 1st, 1894, is the latest date for receiving entries, and in the Debate Competition, February 15th, is the latest day. The rules under which these and other prizes are offered are published in our December number.



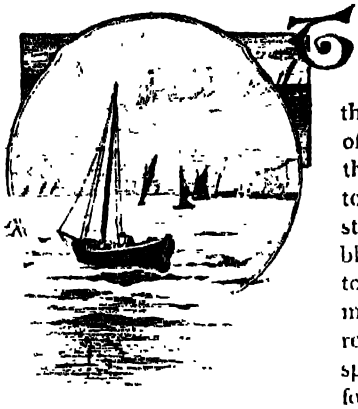
A DAINTY MAIDEN.

ON A LEE SHORE.

By CLARA E. CHEESEMAN, Author of "Had He Known," etc.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

'And lo! beneath the morning's blossoming fires,
The shining city of a hundred spires!
In mists of gold, by countless havens furled,
And glad with all the flags of all the world!"



THE wide, calm haven was full of shipping—a fleet that carried the flags of all nations. Where the shores narrowed together the sluggish stream seemed to be blocked with vessels—to be choked with masts. Side by side rose the tall, tapering spars; in the distant forests whence they had been taken the pine trees had scarcely stood closer together. Behind this barricade of hulls, this *chevaux de frise* of masts, were the wharves and warehouses of a noisy, crowded port, teeming with men and merchandise. Above the low shores and the streets full of clangour and turmoil was the hot, hazy sky of an Australian summer. The haze seemed red in the distance where the railway ran, where wound the stream.

This was the port of Williamstown, and by that narrow, muddy stream—the Yarra, which here met the waters of the bay—the tide of wealth and commerce rolled to the city of Melbourne.

However, it was the Melbourne of over thirty years ago—a great city even then, but not covering a third of its present area. It was the Melbourne which but recently had lived through the feverish days of the gold discoveries.

The ships whose sails whitened the harbour still carried gold away—gold dust, gold bars, gold coin. But the time was to come when there would be more wealth in the bales of wool with which they were packing the holds of the vessels in port than in all the gold from Victorian mines.

The *Hirondelle* was loading with wool. Bale after bale had been swung into the hold and pressed downwards, until the first mate jocosely protested that he expected the planks to start from their fastenings and the decks to bulge. In the case of his own vessel the absurdity of this idea was more apparent than it might have been in some other instances, for the *Hirondelle* was almost a new ship, and as staunchly built as any that had entered Port Philip. She was a handsome clipper barque of 1,500 tons, her lines were as fine as any yacht's, and her lofty spars carried an immense spread of canvas.

She had broken the record in her first trip to Melbourne; only they did not say so then, for the phrase had not been invented. Her captain was justified in being proud of her, and, unless he were destitute of that love of a sailor for his ship which has become proverbial, it might well be supposed he would be as careful of her safety as his own.

While amidst noise and dust and heat the men on deck toiled at the loading of the ship, and the mates superintended, the captain sat at ease in his cabin. This, of course, was as it should be. What is the use of a mate, of a subordinate of any kind, if he does not do the work?

Captain James Birkwood, though an original character in some ways, had this, in common with most persons in authority—that he never forgot the duties of his inferiors. He was an excellent disciplinarian; but he knew how to make himself popular with a crew.

He knew his trade also, for but one fault had ever been found with his seamanship—that he was daring to the verge of recklessness. There were people who called him "foreign," judging from his black hair and eyes, and his swarthy skin, which was dark even when one accounted for the sunburn which had bronzed it; but Birkwood came of English stock, and, perhaps, was not much credit to it.

Of another sort was the man who sat on the opposite side of the cabin table, and talked with the captain in low, earnest tones. He was small and slender in frame, and his thin, sharp-featured face contrasted with the dark one opposite seemed insignificant and blanched in colouring. The hand which he laid on the table, and with which he gesticulated occasionally, looked too small and white, and too finely kept for that of a merchant seaman.

There did not seem to be anything nautical about him except his dress. But he had served his apprenticeship to the sea, and had made two or three voyages with Birkwood as first mate. They were cousins, though in appearance, at least, there was no sign of the relationship.

"So you think it easy, do you, Ferrars?" said the captain.

They had been alone for about five minutes. The black steward, Victor, whose imposing figure was clad in pure white, had slid noiselessly about the table, placed wine and glasses thereon, and retired.

"Easier than most things of the sort," said Ferrars confidently.

"Well, I don't know how you can be sure of that even. It's our first attempt, isn't it? I don't know what your experiences may have been, but I'm certain of my own."

"What does it matter about our experiences?"

"Why, there are things to learn in every trade. It's

all very well going jauntily into this; but if we haven't stolen before we shall be sure to do it clumsily."

"You are the most reckless man I ever knew," Ferrars said, glancing about him apprehensively. "Someone will be hearing you to a certainty. But I believe the more danger there is in a scheme the more you like it."

Birkwood laughed.

"There's danger in this, and difficulty too. You're not much younger than I am, but I think I may say that in beating about this world I've sailed two feet to your one. If you fancy this is going to be managed without a lot of trouble, you're mistaken. It looks easy—yes; but like everything else that pays, it has got to be done by the sweat of our brows. And when it is done we shall have precious well earned our wages."

"Well," Ferrars said, "it's a big wage, remember."

"Well, you seem to think I'm fond of danger; but who told you I was fond of brain-work and this eternal plotting and contriving you put upon me? There's a hitch in your arrangements, after all. Do you know the weight of the stuff?"

"No—not exactly."

"It weighs about nine hundredweight. I reckoned that out last night. It isn't a parcel you can conveniently stuff into your pocket, my boy, or carry off in a bundle under your arm."

"Of course I knew it would be heavy," Ferrars answered; "but I didn't suppose it would weigh that."

"You can figure out the little sum for yourself. To be sure, it's not bulky—it goes into a small compass; but that's rather against us than in our favour. The men about us are too highly educated. You ask any one of them to handle a moderate-sized box that weighs nine hundredweight, and see if he doesn't have a near guess of what's inside. We can't pack it as you proposed. We can't pretend that it's a few trifling effects you forgot to take off the ship when we parted company after our last trip. It will have to be put in several packages, so as not to excite suspicion on account of the weight, and however we may divide it up, it will make more luggage than you've carried about with you in the whole course of your life, Dick Ferrars."

"I was afraid that idea wouldn't work," admitted Ferrars. "Remember, if you please, that it wasn't mine."

"I don't remember anything of the sort. But, if it isn't yours, find a better one to put in its place."

"I can't see that the weight's of any consequence," Ferrars said boldly. "What is it to anyone but ourselves how much property I have on the *Hirondelle?* If you agree to take charge of nine hundredweight, or nine tons even, what have other people to do with that? Who's going to make remarks or question about it—the crew?"

"I've a mate here, Ferrars," interposed the captain, "who's a long way sharper than ever you were."

"Very likely," said his cousin, with rather a sour smile. "He may wonder about it a little. I don't care about him exercising his mind in that way. But I should hardly think he'd venture to interfere with us. He won't ask why you're so obliging as to lumber up your decks with my property, or why I didn't have it put on board my schooner. If he does, he'll be the first mate who's taken liberties with you."

"Ay, I dare say."

Birkwood laughed.

"I don't anticipate that sort of interference. But afterwards there might be talk. The crew—the men who haul at the ropes, who go here and there just as they're ordered, never saying a word about it—they think a lot more than either you or I have any idea of. They've queer stories to tell after a voyage, and sometimes those stories are believed. You must have a reason for your property being on the ship, that's all. You and I aren't virtuous enough to be able to do things without any reason for them. Only the people who are miles and miles above suspicion can afford that. When you're on the shady side, Dick, always be careful to have a good clear motive for whatever you do, so that if anyone suddenly turns the light on, and begins to inquire into your actions you can say, 'That's how,' or 'That's why.' In this affair you've got to be as transparent as a jelly-fish."

"For one who never meddled with anything of the sort before, you seem to know a deal about it," said Ferrars sneeringly. "I will show you a reason. It's well known that I've bought a schooner—that I mean to trade about the islands—Fiji, Samoa, and so on—and I'm supposed to be getting my trade goods on board. In reality everything I do require is on the schooner now, and she might leave at once, instead of waiting, as we agreed upon, until you've sailed, and overtaking you at the Heads. I shall send her off this very day."

"And what of that? I see nothing in it."

"But I do. The schooner goes—I stay behind. You're the cause: you press me to wait another day until you're ready to sail, and have a passage with you as far as the Heads, where I can pick up my schooner again. We're cousins and old shipmates and all that; it's natural we should like to have a sort of farewell trip together."

"Oh! very natural," Birkwood assented.

"Well, suppose I discover, immediately after my schooner has gone, that something absolutely indispensable has been left behind, or forgotten, or never been ordered—something in the way of trade or provisioning or what you like, that I can't and won't do without. Such mistakes aren't so very uncommon—and I'm a careless fellow. It's a new thing I'm taking up: I've had no experience in the island trade. There are a few odd boxes or cases that I must have with me, and through your good-nature I bring them on the *Hirondelle*."

"I see," said Birkwood. "All right—bring them aboard."

"The tops will be screwed—not nailed on," Ferrars continued. "They can be moved in a few minutes without any noise. As for the gold"—his voice was hardly above a whisper—"that's divided already."

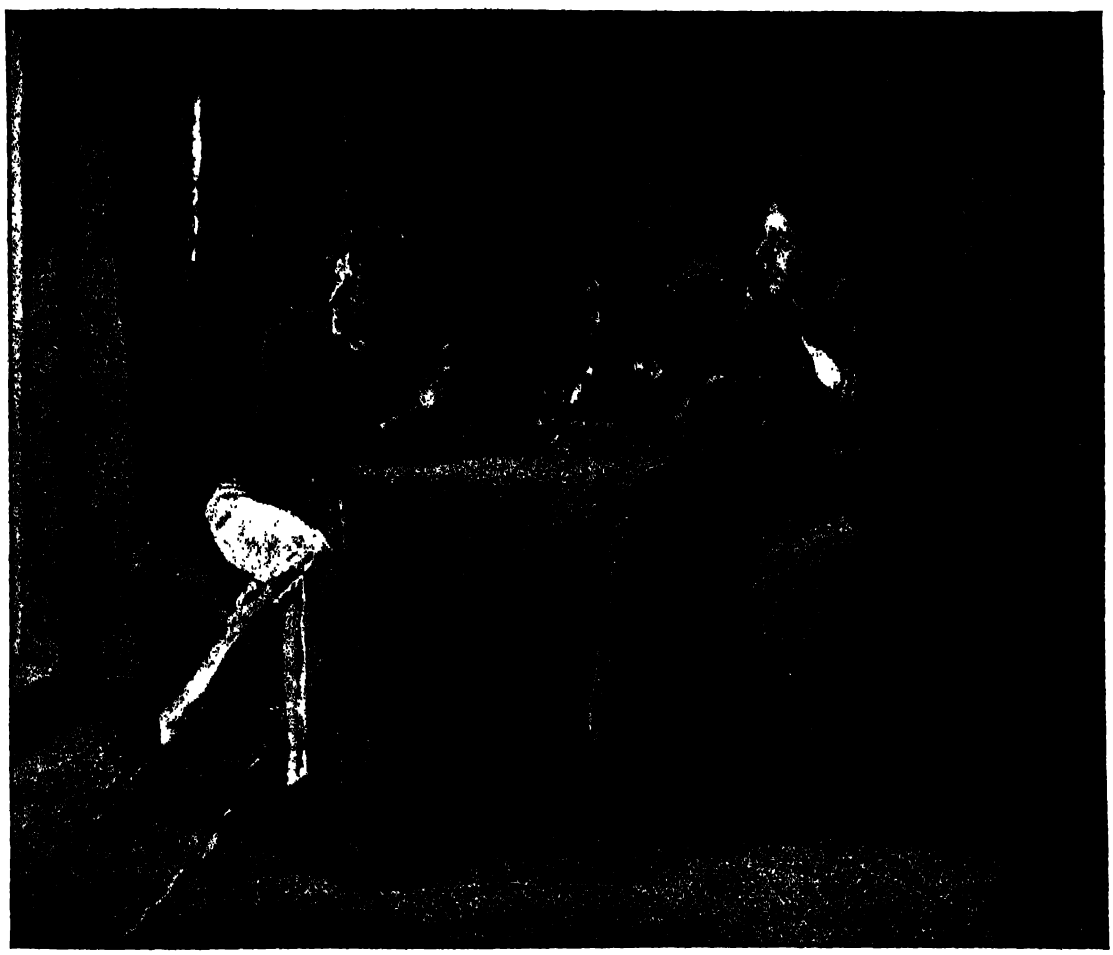
"Yes," said Birkwood, and this time he also spoke more cautiously. "They'll not send more than five thousand in a box."

"We can't reckon on much time," Ferrars went on, in his low, husky voice. "But between us we ought to be able to manage it. We can have the boxes put somewhere handy. If that uncommonly sharp mate of yours should see or hear more than he ought to, we can easily explain things. I'm opening my own boxes—not much harm in that—to stow away a few things that I've had lying about here ever since our last trip."

"We mustn't be seen to touch the boxes," Birkwood insisted. "No, no, that won't do."

"Of course, we mustn't be seen if we can help it. We'll get it done during the night you're anchored at the Heads. In the morning my schooner puts in an appearance; we say good-bye as affectionately as you please, and you send me and my boxes over the side. And then *bon voyage!* You take your share of what follows, and manage it as you like."

"As I like!" Birkwood repeated. "Do you think that such a thing can be done just as one likes? If you could satisfy me as to that, I should be easier in my mind. For I tell you, Dick, there's one part of this I like less than all the rest. Let the ship go—it's but a ship after all, though I never trod the decks of one I liked better. Ha! d'ye remember how we raced them up the Channel? The *Atalanta* was close on our heels—a good ship that; but her captain, old Furby, had no nerve. I should think his hair stood on end to see the way we cracked on. I'll allow that my heart was in my mouth. Seemed as if each squall that struck her might rip the masts out of her. But never mind that now. It's not the ship"—his voice fell lower—"but the men I think of. I don't want to have murder on my soul."



"FERRARS HELD UP HIS HAND WARNINGLY" (*p.* 240).

"Pooh! murder—who thought of it?" Ferrars answered.

"It isn't often done without loss of life," said Birkwood. "You've the easier part; you've no danger."

"But you like danger," said his cousin promptly.

"Not that sort."

"You seemed to take 'that sort' coolly enough when the *Marmion* was lost."

A sort of dusky pallor crept over Birkwood's swarthy face.

"I swear to you that was an accident!"

"So I should suppose. If it wasn't it ought to have been, for you were freed from all blame, and your certificate returned to you. The poor fellows who got away in the long boat were never heard of more, I believe. Great pity that, especially as it was found out afterwards that they'd no water with them. But I suppose no one else was harmed. Not the owners certainly. The *Marmion* was rather heavily insured."

"Have you any more ancient history to give me?" asked Birkwood.

His voice was unsteady, and his eyes gleamed with a suppressed fury.

"Not at present," said his companion cheerfully. "I ought to be leaving you now. I've to see about my schooner, if what I proposed is to be carried out. But if you have any better way to suggest- --"

"Suggest!"

Birkwood seemed to be glad of some pretext for his anger.

"Do you think I was made to throw out suggestions—to hatch schemes for you? Not I? You keep to your part of the bargain."

Ferrars held up his hand warningly. A young man, evidently one of the officers of the ship, came quickly down the companion way, and passed before the entrance to the cabin, within a few feet of where Birkwood and his cousin were seated.

"It's Norman, my new mate," said the captain, in an undertone. "Come along- it's time we were out of this."

Then, as they were going out of the cabin, he turned and added to Ferrars, who was following him closely—

"I said just now that in beating about the world I'd sailed two feet to your one. I don't think it now—no, I don't think it."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"HE travels the fastest who travels alone." If we are to accept this as a truthful saying, Captain Birkwood should have made good progress. There were so few who had any claim on him that it might be said he marched on without impediment.

He had married, but had early lost his wife. He had one child—a daughter—but he so seldom saw her, and was so little concerned with her bringing up, that she could hardly be described as an encumbrance. Certainly he had never thought of her as such, for in his way—in a distant fashion, so to speak—he was fond of his child. "Pity she hadn't been a boy," he said sometimes. He would have known what to do with a boy; he would have brought him up to the sea—would have had him as a companion in his voyagings. But a girl seemed an altogether useless and unnecessary possession. How in the world was he to know anything about girls? He had been cast adrift from home so early in life that he did not remember his own sisters.

He had never felt his incapacity so strongly as on that desolate morning—the day after his wife's death—when he sat with the child on his knee, and wondered what he should do with her. She cried, poor little thing; she missed her mother. With a rough kindliness he tried to comfort her, but soon gave up the attempt in despair, and let her cry on. He remembered long afterwards how she had struggled and screamed with passion, as he tried to put on her shoes, how her tear-stained face was pressed against his rough coat, how her hot little hands clung to him. Where should he send her? Who would take charge of her? His own people in England? no, no. His father and mother were dead; as for the rest, he never wrote to them, never heard from them. His aunt, Mrs. Ferrars, was the only relative whose help he could venture to ask. She lived near Melbourne, and whenever his wanderings had brought him to that part of the world he had found a welcome at her house. He knew beforehand that she would not refuse to take charge of Ida; he knew also that the child would be happy in her care.

In this belief he was not mistaken. Mrs. Ferrars was one of those good souls who have large reserve funds of kindness for other people's children. She had a son and daughter of her own, but they were almost grown up, and, as she told her nephew, she liked to have a child in the house. It was a wise choice he had made of a guardian. For Ida the change was a fortunate one. But who can say whether it might not have been better for Birkwood if he could have kept the child near him? For to march on without impediment is not always to march safely.

But this was a long time ago. It was seventeen years since he had left Ida with his aunt. During many of these years he had seen nothing of his daughter; but he had her letters, when she was old enough to write, and very often her portrait. So many and so various were his portraits of Ida that they might have served to illustrate a history of the rise and progress of photography. The first Ida was fading away, the last Ida was a very fine young woman, whose face struck one by the exceeding blackness of hair, and eyes, and eyebrows. Indeed, "which was blackest, none could tell."

"Why, I believe she takes after me," Birkwood said as he looked at the photograph. "I should have thought"- there was something of disappointment in his tone—"she would have grown more like her mother."

He saw his daughter oftener now. He was constantly employed in the Australian trade, making regular trips to Melbourne. Mr. and Mrs. Ferrars were both dead; but their daughter Mary still remained in the old home, and Ida lived with her. Mary was several years older than her second cousin; but their companionship had always been as close and as affectionate as that of sisters. It would soon be broken, however. Ida was to be married very shortly.

It was of this event that the captain talked with Mary Ferrars, sitting with her in the dusky summer twilight, at one end of the long verandah, while Ida and Alfred Weldrick sat at the other.

"So you'll be left alone, Mary," Bukwood observed.

"Oh, no, not alone," Miss Ferrars answered cheerfully. "Ida and I will be near each other, and I shall have someone to stay with me. One of my friends is coming to keep house with me. But what I wish is, that Dick would give up this idea of his about going to the Islands, and stay at home instead."

"Oh, Dick won't give that up," said the captain.

"But I don't think he's strong enough to go to sea. It does not suit him."

"Well, I understood that he left me on account of the poor state of his health. But you can hardly call this island trip going to sea. It's a pleasure cruise, that's all. He loiters about from one island to another, and as he can't afford to do the thing for pure love of it, he trades as he goes along. He's laying in enough trade goods to supply the whole of the Pacific. You should see the gorgeous things he's got in purple and flame-coloured calicoes."

"Purple and flame coloured calicoes? Is there a demand for those in the Pacific?"

"If there isn't, Dick will soon create one. Oh, I think his idea is a very good one. If I were free to go, I wouldn't mind having a run with him myself."

His eye wandered towards the other two sitting apart, and, laughing softly, he said, "It seemed such a piece of formality, asking my consent, didn't it, Mary? Of course, Ida knew that I should tell her to please herself. Why shouldn't she? She has made a good choice; at least, everyone tells me so. I know so little of this Mr. Weldrick, that I'm hardly in a position to judge."

"He is very highly thought of."

"So it seems. I like him well enough; but it wouldn't matter if I didn't, for we are not going to come across each other very often. It's just as well that we shouldn't."

"I'm sure Ida doesn't think so," Mary said warmly.

"But I do, and that makes all the difference. You don't quite know how I was brought up, Cousin Mary. Your mother was my father's sister; but she never knew much of our side of the family. She married well, as Ida is doing. We were a rough, poverty-stricken lot at home. Ay, and I went aboard a ship and worked as a man before the mast. I worked my way up; but I've seen a deal more of the forecastle than the cabin, and most of us will allow that's not the best school for a man's manners."

"I should hope there might be good manners in the forecastle as well as in the cabin."

"There might be, but the other sort is apt to get uppermost. I am only showing you that I come of a different stock from what my future son-in-law belongs to. We shall be all the better friends if we don't meet very often."

As Mary Ferrars was herself of this opinion she did not dispute the statement. Meanwhile, her cousin and Alfred Weldrick were discoursing after a very different fashion. He was very popular in Melbourne society, this young Mr. Weldrick. In most things the world had gone so well with him that he would have had some difficulty in finding anything to complain of. His friends regarded him as a spoilt child of fortune—one who had everything his own way, and who would be improved by a little chastisement, a few reverses or disappointments. He had come to Melbourne to take part in the management of a branch of his father's business, and it was not yet two years since he had left home.

"I heard from my father to-day," he said to Ida. "He must have answered my letter immediately."

"Oh- —." She paused; but there was eager interest in the glance of her eyes. "I have been nervous about it- wondering what they would think. Were they displeased?"

"Displeased! What an idea! You must read the letter when we go inside; it is not light enough here."

"I am such a stranger to them," Ida said. "I fancied. they might not be pleased—might not approve- ..."

"I don't see why you should fancy that when they don't say so," Weldrick said with a smile. "I've read the letter twice, and I assure you there's no word of disapproval. It's full of the kindest things—just what I knew they would say—they couldn't be unkind to anyone. When you know my father and mother- -as I hope you will some day—you'll understand that. But there's something else I have to tell you. My father wishes me to go home immediately."

"Immediately!" repeated Ida. "But how could we"—she corrected herself—"how could you go at once?"

"I could go at a few hours' notice; but it overturns all our plans. It means putting off our wedding-day for six months, and then, of course, we can't have our trip home together, for I should not be able to leave the business twice in such a short space of time."

"But if your father wishes it you must go."

"Yes. He says here: 'I would have you consider whether it would not be better to defer your marriage for six months or so. I must see you before it takes place.'"

"Then, Alfred," Ida impulsively interrupted him, "it is just as I thought. They are not pleased; they do not wish it. Oh, I don't blame them. Is it likely they will care to see me, to have me at all?"

Weldrick looked at her in grave surprise.

"Are you very much disappointed?" he asked, bending a little nearer to get a sight of the face that was studiously turned away from him. "Ida! you don't mean to say that you are crying about it?"

"It seems as if they thrust me from them," she said in a low voice.

"But that is nonsense! I'm sure they would be very much pained if they heard you say so. You have only to meet to like each other. When you read the letters, you will see that my father must have some urgent reason for sending for me. I am afraid of business troubles. Once or twice before this he has given me hints that all was not going so well as it

should. Then his health has failed lately, and I put that down to annoyance and anxiety caused by the state of his affairs. It is preposterous to talk as he does about growing old! He is scarcely sixty yet, and he looks as young as I do."

They went inside that Ida might read the letter.



"'ARE YOU VERY MUCH DISAPPOINTED?' HE ASKED" (*p.* 247).

Mary Ferrars was already in the drawing-room, with her brother and the captain, and the subject of Weldrick's sudden departure was generally discussed. But he said no more about the business troubles of which he had spoken to Ida, beyond assuring her just before they said good-bye to each other, that he was going home in the hope of being of some assistance to his father.

Birkwood had not attached any importance to what Weldrick had said about his visit to England. He had no interest in his movements or occupations, nor had he even considered the possibility of these interfering with his own plans. But on the following morning he met Weldrick in the street, and the latter at once stopped to speak to him.

"I have been on board the *Hirondelle*, Captain Birkwood," he said, "but I did not find you there. At the agent's office they told me you had just gone out, and I might possibly overtake you. I wanted to see you. I am anxious to get a passage by the *Hirondelle*."

To use his own expression, Birkwood was taken aback. He wanted no passengers on the *Hirondelle*, and least of all this man.

"But, Mr. Weldrick," he said, "we sail early to-morrow morning."

"It would suit me all the better if you sailed to-day. I am quite ready."

"But the *Hirondelle* is not a passenger ship," further expostulated the captain. "We have no room, no proper attendance for passengers. You would find your berth a very rough one."

"Oh, I'm not at all fastidious," said Weldrick, with a laugh. "Unless you've a strong objection to my company, Captain Birkwood, I have made up my mind to go with you."

"Oh- objection!" said Birkwood, in a reproachful tone. "I should be glad--very glad, indeed, to have you with me. But you'll be uncomfortable. If you're not a good sailor you'll not enjoy yourself on the *Hirondelle*. Of all the vessels for rolling and pitching"--he was proceeding to vilify his own ship, but he would go to any length rather than Weldrick should come aboard of her--"she's about the worst I've any knowledge of. What with that, and what with shipping seas ——'

"Ah, I see you are joking with me," said Weldrick, who was not to be taken in by talk of this kind. "On a long voyage we all expect a little rolling and pitching. I don't mind it. I'm never seasick."

"Well, I should have thought you'd have preferred to go by steamer. Why not wait for the *Great Britain*?"

"Because then I should not get away before next month. If your ship makes as good time as she has done twice running, she will be at London before the *Great Britain*."

"The mail steamer leaves on the 26th," suggested the captain.

"Yes; sixteen days hence, and it takes fifty to reach home. On her first trip to Melbourne your ship made only sixty, and I believe she was not quite a week longer on the homeward voyage."

"That was exceptional—very exceptional," Birkwood hastened to say. "It had never been done before and may not be again."

"Why, sir, you only exceeded it by a few hours on your next passage. I don't know that I should gain anything by waiting for the mail, and I have a great dislike to the Suez route. There would be no advantage either in going by one of the boats of the Sydney Steam Service, for this month's steamer has just left."

Birkwood felt that he could say no more. Weldrick's statements were perfectly correct. This was before the days of the great ocean liners, and there were few chances of travelling by steamer. There was no faster ship in harbour than the *Hirondelle*, and as she was leaving so early, it was natural that Weldrick should wish to take his passage by her. It would seem uncivil to oppose him any further; or—a more potent consideration for Birkwood—it might even appear suspicious.

"I should have told you at first," Weldrick said, "that I have already paid my passage money, and got an order for a berth. At the agents they promised me that I should be accommodated on the *Hirondelle*, although, as you say, she is not supposed to carry passengers."

"Oh, well, then," said the captain, "there's no more to be said about the matter. You may be sure we shall do our best for you. I only thought of your comfort. There's not much pleasure in a stiff gale of wind off Cape Horn; but perhaps you enjoy being knocked about and slopped over with salt water. I don't, though I was going to sea before you were born. However, you know your own business best."

"This has turned up at the last," Birkwood said to Ferrars, after he had related how a passenger had been forced upon him. "I'd give a good deal to get rid of him, if I only knew how."

"What does it matter whether he goes or not?" Ferrars inquired.

"Why, I rather like the young fellow," Birkwood said uneasily, "and Ida, of course, is fond of him. If anything were to happen to him I shouldn't find it easy to forgive myself. Look here, Ferrars, you're clever, or think yourself so; you've got to devise a way of keeping him off the ship. I said all I could, but he took it as a joke."

"I shall have to decline to help you in that way, captain," Ferrars answered. "If we say anything at all we shall be saying too much. Let him go and take his chance of the danger, as the rest are doing. There are other lives on the *Hirondelle*."

"Yes, you wouldn't care if he was out of the way," Birkwood said. "You're jealous of him. You think that, if he were disposed of, you might have a chance with Ida."

The little man drew himself up haughtily.

"I don't allow anyone to pry into my private affairs, Captain Birkwood. I have never said a word, either to you or to my cousin, that would give you a right to suppose such a thing."

"You never said a word because you knew it was no use," Birkwood said tauntingly.

Ferrars flushed with anger, but he controlled himself.

"If you are so fond of Mr. Weldrick," he said contemptuously, "you can look after him while he is on your ship. You had better give him the benefit of your fatherly care, for go he will."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"Down in the south by the waste without sail on it—
Far from the zone of the blossom and tree—
Lieth, with winter and whirlwind and wail on it,
Ghost of a land by the ghastliest of a sea. . . .
Wild is the cry of the sea in the caves by it—
Sea that is smitten by spears of the snow.
Desolate songs are the songs of the waves by it,
Down in the south where the ships never go.'

IN the shipping columns of the Melbourne papers it was announced that the barque *Hirondelle*, James Birkwood, master, had cleared at the Customs for London, and that in addition to a large and valuable cargo, she carried twelve boxes of gold, valued at £60,000.

"A prize for pirates, if pirates sailed these seas,"

Weldrick said to Ida. "Or, if we were at war, one of the enemy's cruisers might do well to look after the *Hirondelle*. But nowadays the ocean is as safe as any other public highway."

"Oh, not quite," Ida said, with a shake of her head that was intended to be very impressive. "But I am so glad that you are going on the *Hirondelle*."

"So am I. I have been congratulating myself ever since I knew I could get a passage."

"Now is it not funny of papa to pretend he doesn't want you with him? It is only a joke, of course. I told him so, and he was obliged to laugh, and confess that he had been trying to take us in."

"Yes. Captain Birkwood was joking with me about it. But do you know, I almost thought he was in earnest."

"Oh, that is only his way of talking. How could he be in earnest? He says that he is delighted to have you as a passenger, and that he is going to be very careful of your safety."

"My safety!"

Weldrick laughed.

"I hope you did not make him promise to keep me under hatches."

"Oh, I said—I was only talking nonsense, you know—'Now, papa, I shall hold you responsible if Alfred should fall overboard, or if anything should happen to him.' And suddenly he looked quite serious, and said, 'I tell you, Ida, I won't take more care of my own life than I will of his. If we should be in any danger—and for all we know there may be danger—I'll do all I can to help him out of it.' I am certain, Alfred, that my father must have taken a great liking to you, for I have never seen him so moved. I think that very few people understand him; that rough manner he puts on is such a disguise. But I know that no one can be better or kinder or more thoughtful of us than he is under it all."

"I am sure you have every reason to say so, dearest," Weldrick answered

He had his own opinion of Birkwood, but on no account would he have disturbed Ida's belief.

Not in the early morning, as her captain had declared, but towards afternoon, the *Hirondelle* went out of port. Her sails opened one by one to the breeze, until, white from the decks as far as her spars rose aloft, she reeled against the blue. But soon the wind died away almost to nothingness, so that at times the ship seemed to be poised motionless between sea and sky.

Still by slow degrees she drew ahead; but the pure clouds that loitered so long in the field of heaven, the white-breasted sea birds that slept as they floated with the tide had not a gentler—a dreamier passage. The west had reddened as with flame when the first course was run, and the anchorage at the Heads was reached.

That night the ship rocked to her anchor in the shelter of the land. Near her were the lights of two other vessels. One of these was inward bound—a large ship that would take her pilot on board and go up the harbour on the morrow. The other, a schooner, had already been pointed out to Weldrick by Ferrars as his own.

"You leave us in the morning, I believe," Weldrick said.

"Yes; we part company then. I should not be here now; but Captain Birkwood persuaded me to wait for him."

"Yes," the captain broke in. "It's my misfortune that I've always liked you better than you deserve. There must be a soft part about me somewhere, or I shouldn't have taken you in hand, and made a sailor of you. Well, it shows what may be done with unlikely material. But now you've gone out of my way altogether, and mean to turn yourself into a sort of nautical linen-draper, I wash my hands of you. To-morrow morning, Mr. Weldrick, I give this old shipmate of mine his blessing, and see him safe aboard his own little cock-boat. How old is that schooner of yours, Dick?"

"They say she was launched inside of the last ten years," Ferrars replied; "but her age seemed to be a delicate subject. I couldn't obtain any reliable information."

"Twice ten perhaps they meant. Or I shouldn't be surprised at it three times over. I took notice when I went on her with you. I wasn't acting as a marine surveyor, so I didn't examine the hull; but I looked aloft. Nothing new there, Dick; the owners haven't even had it in their hearts to put a new patch on the sails. Her sticks may last you to the Islands; but I should lay her up in the hurricane season."

"I fancy she will last my time," said Ferrars with a significant smile.

The captain and Ferrars were still talking to each other, when Weldrick left them and went below. He slept soundly, and morning came upon him like a flash. For a second he wondered at his unaccustomed surroundings; then he heard the gurgle of water, and through the port-hole the light gleamed green and golden—sunshine reflected from the sea. On deck there was some little bustle. Ferrars was taking his departure, and certain boxes, which Weldrick had noticed on the preceding day, were being lowered into the boat.

"Some of Dick's traps," the captain said cheerfully. "With a little forethought now, he might have had these on his own vessel at the beginning; but if he didn't forget half the things he wanted, he wouldn't be true to his own character. Oh, you're here, are you? Are these the whole of your belongings, or have you a few more tons lying about? For if so, the *Hirondelle* had better go alongside of you as tender."

"The men seem to have got them all," said Ferrars indifferently, as he watched the last of the cases swung over the side into the boat. Then he turned to Weldrick, who was standing near, shook hands with him, and wished him a safe passage home.

"And success to your Island venture!" said Weldrick in return. He had always had a lurking belief that Ferrars disliked him, and he, on his part, did not care for the man, but for this very reason, no doubt, they treated each other with elaborate civility.

"Yes, that's it," Birkwood said. "Success to you, Dick, though my opinion is that you're not born to make your fortune in trade."

Ferrars laughed. "Good-bye, Captain, you'll know the truth of that when we meet again."

For some time the schooner and barque were in sight of each other. But the wind freshened, and the *Hirondelle* ran before it like an athlete on the course. She was far outside the Heads now, the land had fallen lower and lower till it slipped beneath the wavy horizon line, and the deep-furrowed ocean stretched southwards to the white desolation of the Antarctic.

And now the voyage began—the monotonous, but restful time, whose only changes were the passage from day to night, from night to day, the caprices of the weather, the alteration of the ship's course, the making or lowering of sail. Sometimes close reefed, sometimes under short sail, sometimes with all her snowy grandeur of canvas spread aloft, the *Hirondelle* went her way. Always the same scene around her; always the wave hurrying behind, the wave racing in front; always the long mountain ranges, the deep valleys of the ocean from horizon to horizon. Astern the moving wall of water stooped forward in vain to overtake; at her bows a moving wall of water was cut through before it had time to escape. Onward she went, treading underfoot the seas that flung themselves vindictively at her, that made wild leaps at her deck, but fell harmlessly, shivering into clouds of spray, southwards—and the temperature fell day by day, the sea was coldly pale in colour, the sky no longer glowed with fervent heat. The birds that hovered aloft uttered peevish, discordant cries, as if they also had left a warmer climate, and were dissatisfied with the change. But their nesting places were nearer yet to the ice-bound south islands that know no summer, and on whose shores the thunder of the surf is never stilled.

The fresh north-westerly winds had given the *Hirondelle* an opportunity of showing her best sailing qualities. She was crossing that wide stretch of ocean where the westerly wind has rule. While it ran side by side with her, filling her sails with a fine steady breeze, which the captain entered in his log book as "moderate," it had proved itself a good and willing slave. But if it should get the chance it would act as a ruffian master, for here, where the water rounds the globe with scarcely a break, are the wildest winds, the heaviest seas, that the voyager has to fear. The sudden passion of a typhoon, the resistless sweep of the cyclone might seem preferable to the constant fury with which, year in, year out, these waters battle with the storm.

By the end of the first week, Weldrick had begun to feel at home on the ship. The days were a little wearisome, for he was not accustomed to be without occupation—and idleness, like a great many better things, requires some sort of apprenticeship. At first he had been in dismay because he had neglected to provide himself with a sufficient stock of books for the voyage. There were none in the cabin—Birkwood's sailing directories excepted, and the log book, in which he was always writing laboriously.

"I'm not much of a reader," he said to Weldrick. "I got my knowledge another way. If you must have books, ask Norman. He carries a library about with him—novels and poetry, and such like stuff. Scientific too?—oh yes! When I was learning my trade we weren't much bothered with science. Now all the young fellows are full of it. We shall have the A.B.'s at it next, and there'll be a new and scientific way of swabbing decks, and of using the tar brush. What can you expect when they've begun to reef topsails by machinery? But he's a good fellow, Norman is, for all his science."

In this opinion Weldrick concurred. He borrowed Mr. Norman's books, but he was not more interested in reading them than he was in talking with their owner. So a friendship was formed, which, considering the short time it lasted, was certainly very intense in its nature. But, as his friend often thought, it would have been difficult to avoid liking Norman. It was strange that the captain should not be able to agree with one who, with all his quickness of intelligence, was so mild in manner and so even-tempered. For Birkwood and his mate had had long arguments on some moot point of seamanship, and the captain had proved the fallacy of the proverb which tells us that it takes two to make a quarrel.

The contention was unusually sharp one day when Weldrick came upon them rather suddenly. It seemed as if Norman had been provoked beyond endurance, for he spoke in a heightened tone of voice, and his face was flushed.

"Well, Mr. Norman," said the captain, "you'll be telling me next that I don't know my right hand from my left. You're so very clever that perhaps I ought to turn out of my berth and hand it over to you. Or maybe"—he forced a laugh—"you're a little nervous, a young gentleman who gets timid when he's in a tight place. I've always liked a near shave, and any way"—he raised his voice angrily, but his anger seemed as forced and unnatural as his laugh had been—"I mean to command this ship as long as I'm on board of her. I don't need any of your science to help me to steer a straight course."

"As you speak about being timid, sir," said Norman hotly, "I may say that I don't think much of the courage that takes men needlessly into danger."

He stopped abruptly when he saw Weldrick, and walked away, leaving him with the captain.

"What is amiss?" Weldrick could not help asking.

"Oh, nothing!" said Birkwood, who seemed at once to have returned to his usual rough and blustering good-humour. "Nothing at all, except that this friend of yours is too clever. He knows too much. That's all the fault I have to find with him."

The same day had been marked by another occurrence. They had sighted land—a spectral-looking coast that was visible for a few minutes only, when the mist that wrapped it rolled upwards like a curtain, then sank again, trailing its feathered edges on the sea. Weldrick learnt that this was the western coast



OFF WITH YOUR BOOTS AND BALE HER OUT!" (/

of Auckland Island, and that homeward-bound ships, whose course was round the Horn, passed near it. The land was to eastward; the wind came in sudden squalls from west or south-west, and a heavy and confused sea tossed the ship to and fro. The next morning she was much nearer the island, and it looked as if she would have some difficulty in getting away from it. Weldrick said as much to the first mate. "We can hardly expect it when we don't take proper means," the latter answered.

Another morning dawned and found the ship still hovering about the same place. Apparently Birkwood meant to have a good look at the island, for this day he sailed the whole length. Weldrick supposed that he intended to double the north cape, but if such had been his desire it was frustrated by the wind veering to northward.

One of the many good qualities which Birkwood attributed to his ship was that of being able to sail a point or two nearer the wind than any other vessel of her class. But at this time, when there was sore need for such an achievement, the *Hirondelle* could make no headway against the squalls that beat her backwards from the point of land she ought to have weathered.

She was put about and ran before the wind in the other direction, when, with one of the sudden changes of weather that make the climate of this bleak and desolate region one long succession of storms, the wind chopped round to the opposite quarter, and blew harder than ever—blew as it only can blow on the unsheltered waste of the South Pacific. Night fell on a scene of tumult waves rolling heavily in great ridges, that at times towered above the ship as if ready to fall on her decks with all their crushing weight, at times tossed her on their crests as if she were light as an egg shell. But still she had lost none of her bravery. Her builders had been faithful, and she stood the heavy strain better than could have been hoped.

It was a night to be remembered. Often in later life, when Weldrick heard the rush of waters and the roar of wind, he was carried back to this time. He was alone in the cabin. Early in the evening he had been on deck; but the captain had peremptorily ordered him below.

When the gale lulled for an instant he heard Birkwood and his officers shouting their orders—heard the heavy tramp on deck as the men hurried to their posts. The groaning and labouring of the ship, the agony with which she struggled free of the waves, or righted herself after a fearful plunge, seemed almost human.

But there were times when all sounds were lost save one—that howl of the storm by which the very heavens were torn asunder.

After one of these furious gusts came a report as of a cannon, and the crash of falling wreckage. There was more shouting in the lull that followed, more scrambling of men on the wave-swept deck, to cut

loose the ropes that held the broken topmast that was thrashing about like a gigantic flail. Then for a while it was quieter. The lamp in the cabin swung to and fro—to and fro———

What! Surely he had not been dozing on a night like this. But yes, for Victor the steward was shaking him violently. What a livid pallor was on the man's face!

"Sir, sir! the captain wants you on deck!"

He was on his feet in an instant, though a sudden lurch of the ship almost threw him down again. But he stumbled into his cabin, seized his pocket-book all he need attempt to save—and thrust it into the inside breast-pocket of his coat, buttoning this up to the neck.

Then he made his way on deck. And now, for the first time, he knew the meaning of the sound that filled his ears—knew it for the heavy boom of the sea on the cliffs and in the caves of a rock-bound coast.

It was not so dark as he had expected. The season little as it deserved the name—was summer, and on the fiftieth parallel of latitude summer nights are short. Day was breaking behind that pall of fog and cloud, and the dim grey light showed the desperate case of the *Hirondelle*. The streaming decks, the wide breaches in the bulwarks, where sea after sea had swept through, the broken rigging, the splintered spars all this was deplorable but not the worst. That showed when the mist lifted.

There in awful precipices—rocks that loomed so huge and vast that the very sea after its wild rush to them feet seemed to shudder away again—rose the land, and the current dragged the helpless ship nearer and nearer.

As Weldrick steadied himself to look round, a hand caught him by the arm.

"The boat!" Birkwood shouted. "Quick! there's no other chance."

Weldrick ran to help the men who struggled together on the reeling, slippery deck, trying to get out the boats. He made up his mind that he would not go in the first one.

"I'll wait for you," he said resolutely, when Norman urged him to take his chance at once.

The first boat was in charge of the second mate. It was sent away safely, and in a moment seemed to pass from the ship for yards and yards. It topped the ridge of a great roller, and those on board saw the faces of their shipmates for the last time—saw them as in the darkness a flash might have shown them to each other; then the avalanche of dark green water tumbles over, and they vanish in the curve of the wave.

And only God knows whether from that depth they have returned, or whether death has won them, and their last cry was drowned in the great voice with which the tempest roared against them.

Another boat is ready and another crew. It is a desperate venture in such a sea; but for life all may be staked. Norman beckoned to his friend; the captain shouted, with passionate gesticulations. Now or never!

Somehow—he could not have told how—he flung himself into the boat, a sailor pulled him into his place, and they cast off from the ship.

On the *Hirondelle* some still remained; but they also had their boat—the last of those the storm had spared. With fewer hands, and perhaps not the ablest, there was some mischance in lowering this; it was stove in and filled immediately. Then the few men drew together in stolid, uncomplaining despair. The boat had been the frailest of chances; they knew that well. But to fight with their calamity, however helplessly, was better than standing still.

"All right, lads!" Birkwood shouted. "One place is as good as another to drown in!"

His reckless spirit upbore him even yet, and he laughed in the face of death.

No more could be done. Not for lack of means, but of time, and for the hindering fury of the waves. The ship fluttered to land, sadly as a bird with a broken wing. 'Twas the last flight of the Swallow.

But of these last moments who knows the truth? The one who lived to tell the tale spoke wildly, and men thought falsely, of that high vaulted cavern into which the lost ship drove, of the battering seas that lifted and ground her against the roof of stone, of the fall of loosened rocks, the fearful crash with which her shattered masts were driven downwards, her hull broken asunder.

It may be that he said no more than he believed. In that hour of terror, who could be certain of what he saw? Caves there were, but none so wide and lofty that a ship might enter. Only a bending forward of cliffs hundreds of feet in height. But to be dashed against that pitiless front, to be ground and crunched and torn by sea after sea—such a reality stands far beyond exaggeration.

And what of those in the boat—the last that left the ship? Instantly she had seemed to melt from them in driving mist and rain. There was no overlooking those high mountain ranges. They were alone—the whole world was blotted out. The wave bore them for a moment on a hand that for all its trembling had a cruel and relentless strength, then slid away. Ah! then the fall, the hurrying lower and lower of the helpless, water-logged boat.

"Off with your boots and bale her out!" the mate cried, and the men worked frantically at the hopeless task.
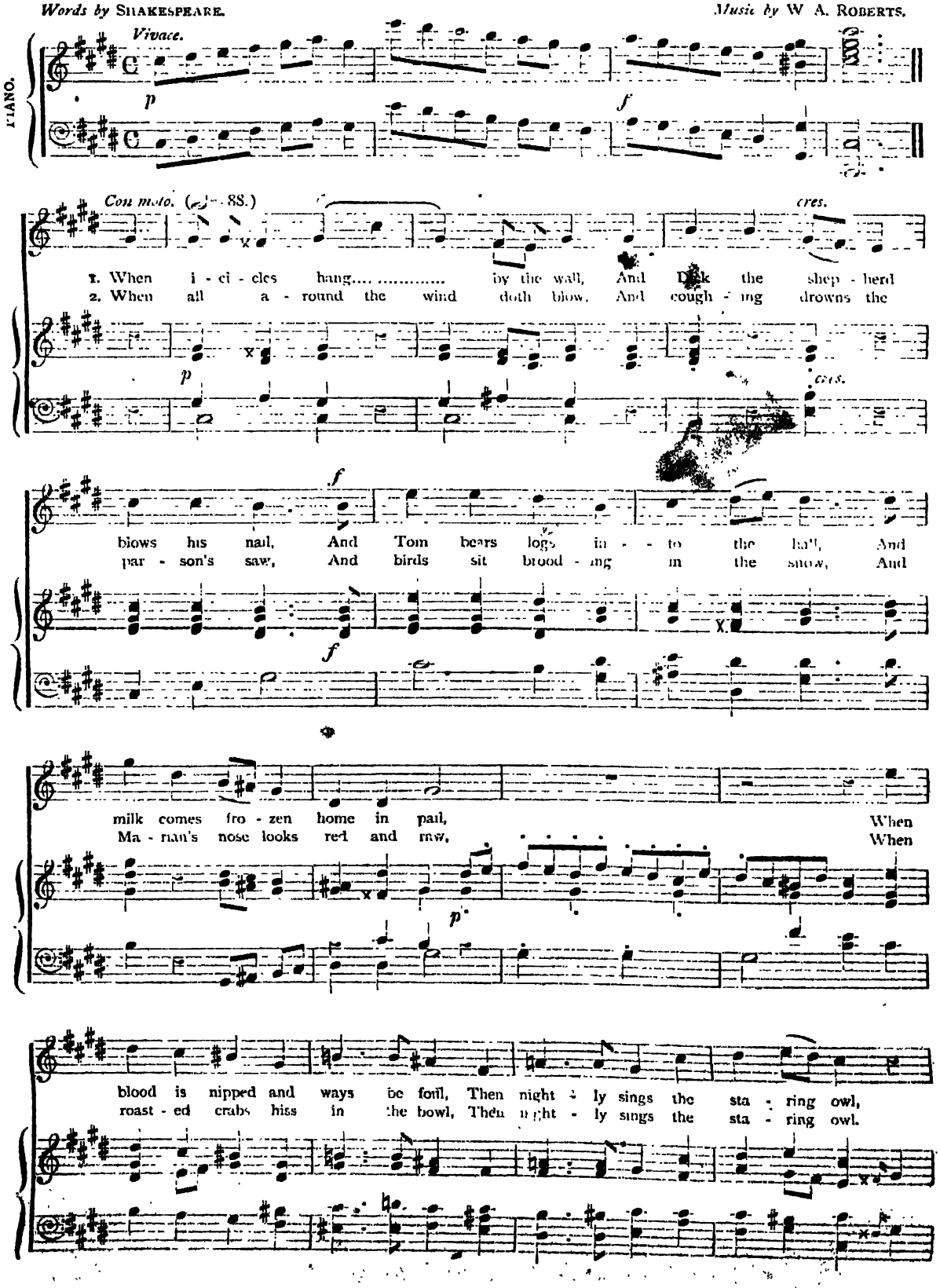
Would their poor boat ever climb the polished slope of green that reared itself so high in front—ever reach the crest?
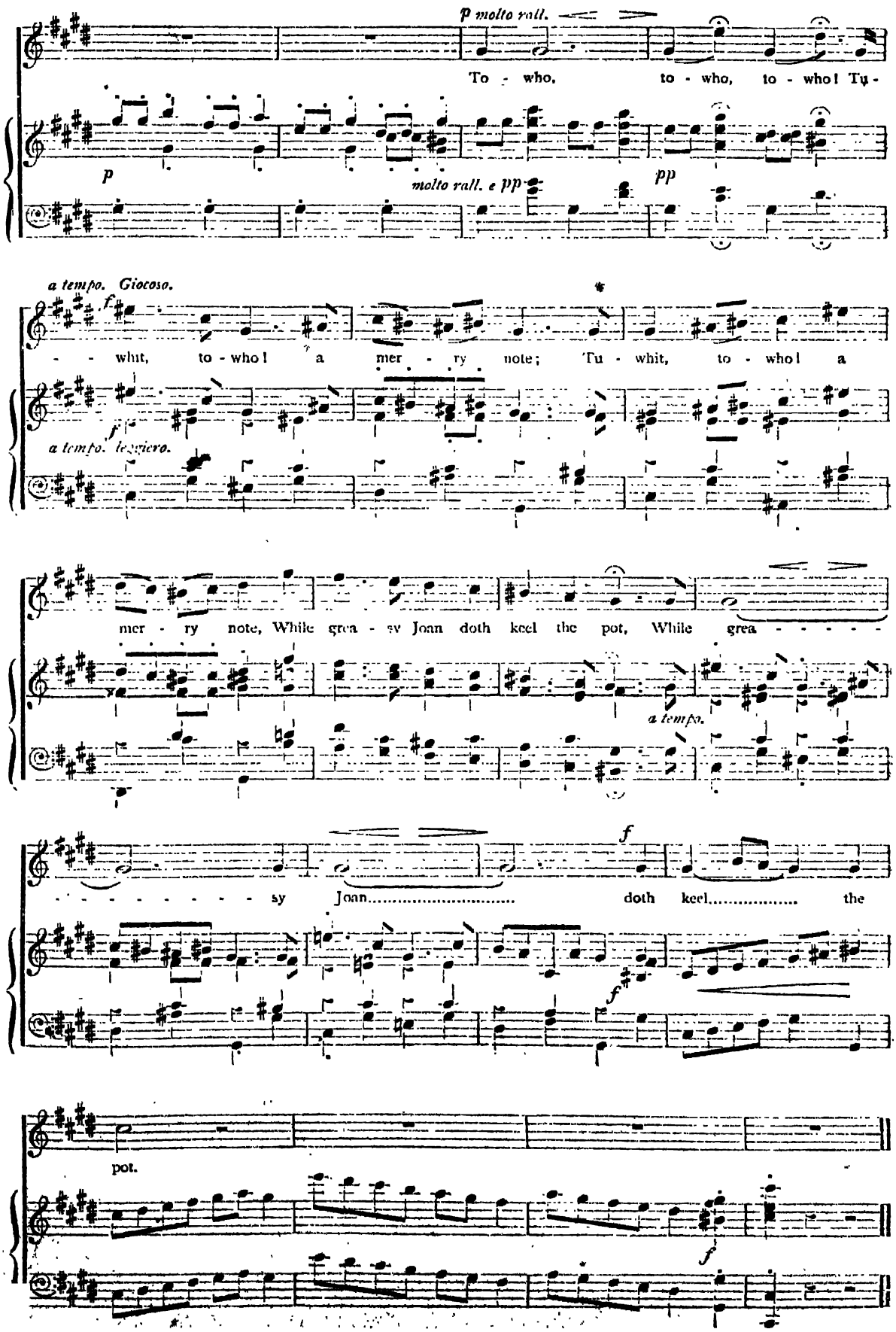
Never. For the racing wave that should have lifted and borne it onward, falls on it, fills it, presses it downwards. Down, down, where there is no light, no sound, no storm. As the flood rolls over deeper and deeper, as the dim, misty green darkens to absolute blackness, the last thought forms itself, "This, then, is Death."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

When Icicles Hang.

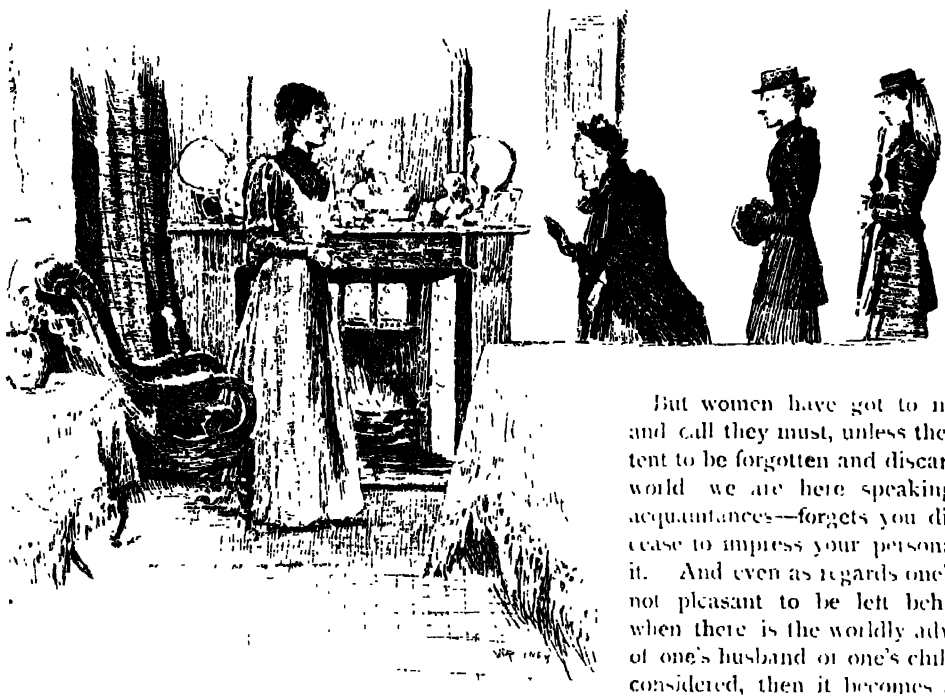
Words by SHAKESPEARE. *Music by* W. A. ROBERTS.




p molto rall.
To - who, to - who, to - who! Tu -
p
molto rall. e pp
pp
a tempo. Giocoso.
f
- - whit, to - who! a mer - ry note; Tu - whit, to - who! a
f
a tempo. leggiero.
mer - ry note, While grea - sy Joan doth keel the pot, While grea - - - - -
a tempo.
f
- - - - - - - - - sy Joan..... doth keel..... the
f
pot.
f

THE SOCIAL DUTY OF WOMEN.

I.—THE AFTERNOON CALL.



MEN HAVE GOT TO MAKE CALLS

THE principal and most laborious social duty of women is calling.

There is no doubt that the London woman who performs properly all her obligations in this respect, and who is not fortunate enough to command any other carriage than an omnibus (alas! how many of us come under this category), must sacrifice all her available spare time. Women are great victims. It may be only a silken chain that most of us wear, but it galls, all the same. Even to the sociably inclined among us, calling must often seem a great waste of time; while as to the unsociably-inclined—well, if a London woman be unfortunate enough to dislike both calling and shopping, it were indeed "better for her that she had never been born"



"THE LOVE OF CALLING IS NOT INDIGENOUS."

But women have got to make calls, and call they must, unless they are content to be forgotten and discarded. The world we are here speaking only of acquaintances—forgets you directly you cease to impress your personality upon it. And even as regards one's self, it is not pleasant to be left behind. But when there is the worldly advancement of one's husband or one's children to be considered, then it becomes a different matter. Unworldly as we may think ourselves, we cannot altogether be proof against such considerations. The social treadmill becomes more and more a duty, and acquaintances must be kept up. For from the cold outer circle of acquaintances, year by year, individuals constantly press nearer into the inner circle of friends; and how are we to know these at first sight? And then, in some professions wives can materially help their husbands by a due regard to calling; for instance, a doctor's wife or a clergyman's can do a great deal in this way.

People with liveliness and social gifts can sometimes extract a good deal of amusement from these visits; but the love of calling is not indigenous in every human breast, for I myself well remember, as a small child, how I used to pity grown-up folk for having to "make calls"—almost as much as I pitied them for being apparently condemned to read the paper every morning at breakfast—and wondering, vaguely, if I should ever have to do the same.

Every woman with social ambitions has one great aim: namely, to appear very "chic." The most fatal obstacle to their "chicness" is not to know little points of etiquette; and yet, curiously enough, these are just the things you can get nobody to tell you. They are not told: they are observed: they are the "shibboleth" of the *parvenu*. The "Etiquette Book" makes it all seem a very simple matter. Here are a few of the instructions it gives:—

(1) Cleanliness must be observed in calling. The hands should receive special attention.

(2) Hold your handkerchief freely in the hand, and do not roll it into a ball.

(3) Never appear in a drawing-room with mud on your boots.

These appear to be but rudiments in the art; they are unnecessary for us, so we would like to go farther, but farther than this the "Etiquette Book" does not take us. After all, we may console ourselves that the best substitutes for "etiquette" are tact, sympathy, intuition. Intuition will teach us that ten minutes are sufficient for a first call; tact that we are not to outstay a later arrival; sympathy that we are not to monopolise the conversation of our hostess. As to how many cards to leave, or how many corners of the said cards to turn down or up—this does not so greatly matter. I am ashamed to confess that, after years of calling, I do not yet fully understand the significance of the turned up corners. And in bygone days I have favoured certain fortunate acquaintances with whole sheaves of unnecessary pasteboard. *Apropos* of leaving cards, I remember a story of two girls who were sent by their mother to make a round of calls. They took with them a batch of their own cards and those of the people they were going to visit, for the sake of their addresses. Unfortunately, the cards got mixed up, with terrible results to the callers, and even worse complications to the called on, not to be subsequently unravelled even by an army of etiquette books.

No less important than the art of calling is the art of being called upon. That this is not always well understood, even in circles presumably cultivated, the following experiences may serve to show.

One afternoon in March I armed myself for the battle. I owed terrible arrears of calls, and hoped to get a great number cleared off. The day was well chosen; it was a Monday, and most people go out on Mondays. I seized my card-case and sallied forth. Some of the calls had been owing three, some six, months; but we are not so strict as we used to be, and in London we are less strict than in the provinces, so that my mind only misgave me slightly. Nor did I, although I am distinctly shy, trouble myself about the people I was going to visit. In the days of my youth I remembered to have heard ladies "tick off" on their fingers the subjects of which they would talk at a call. When these subjects (and the fingers) were exhausted, they knew it was time to take their leave. But I was not going to concern myself with such things. I knew that nowadays the less trouble one takes, and the greater the gaps one leaves in the conversation, the more one is thought of.

The first house I arrived at happened to be Mrs. X——'s, in the debatable region between Bayswater and St. John's Wood. It was a stuccoed villa, with a small cat-ridden front garden, decorated with some tombstones—or were they vases?—by way of gates. I was ushered into a fireless drawing-room. A cold east wind whistled in all the chinks, and I drew my furs closer about me. I thought I faintly distinguished the rattle of plates in the distance. Horror! was that lunch being discussed? I looked nervously at my watch; it was just three. I had been obliged to begin my round early. After an interval of five minutes, during which I "took in" all the details of the room—terra-cotta Cupids on plush brackets, be-ribboned hand-screens, photographs of curates and of babies—a maid came in, lit the fire, and retired. If anything makes one feel more particularly unwished-for, it is this cold-blooded lighting of the fire after one's arrival. I waited another quarter of an hour, during which the said fire smoked horribly. Just as the smoke reached a climax, and I was wondering whether I should not fling open the windows and sound an alarm, Mrs. X—— entered. She had evidently changed her gown and adorned herself, regardless of time. As soon as she could see me through the cloud of smoke, she was apologetic and effusive. The fire was rectified, but I soon took my leave, for the twenty minutes' lonely wait had sadly taken up the time. For this reason, also, I was rather relieved when, at the next three houses on my list, the people were all "out." At the last of these—a spacious abode on Campden Hill—in answer to my knock, a servant came out, and looked up at me from the area before answering the door. I have often wondered at this proceeding; it seems harmless enough, and yet for some unknown reason it always irritates me beyond measure, and I defend myself with my umbrella from inspection. From the hesitating way this damsel said "Out," I was convinced that the family were upstairs, having a comfortable afternoon with the dressmaker.

At my next call my experiences were slightly similar. It was in Mayfair. A pompous butler opened the door with that brick-wall kind of expression that "well bred" servants so greatly affect.

"Is Mrs. M—— in?" I inquired humbly.

"I'll see, 'm." Then, calling to a passing housemaid: "Is Mrs. M—— in to-day?"

"I'll go and ask her," said the girl.

Returning in five minutes—during which the butler



"THE PRICE OF COALS" (*p.* 258).



'SHE HARDLY TOOK ANY NOTICE OF ME.'

stood impassive—"Mrs. M—— says she isn't in to-day."

I went away feeling small, and with an inward conviction that if I had had a carriage I should have been more thought of—by the butler, at least.

The next place to which I bent my steps was a "bijou residence" in one of those streets which, although in a fashionable neighbourhood, somehow suggest back mews. Here a pleasant maid smiled at me. By the way, I find that servants have more to do with the pleasantness—or unpleasantness—of a call than one would imagine. They often reflect the character of their employer quite as much as do the surroundings. The surroundings in this case were unjust—dyed Pampas grass in the hall, stuck into gaily-enamelled drain-pipes, and pictures draped with pink Liberty scarves. The drawing-room, also "bijou," was crammed with furniture, so that I had much ado not to knock over two or three tables as I advanced to greet the smiling hostess. An undue partiality for Pampas grass and knick-knacks is not a crime, and I could have been very happy here if there had not been present another visitor—an elderly lady with a voluminous black brocaded cloak, who for ten minutes held forth on the subject of the price of coals.

I extricated myself carefully from the mazy windings of the furniture, and then made my way to a pre-Raphaelite household, where long-necked and anæmic females glared at me from every corner, and the rooms were of an extreme—nay, classic—bareness. Here the lady of the house, Miss Y——, was busy painting, and she hardly took any notice of me. These "easy manners" are, I believe, considered entirely "chic" in some circles; but as it was my first call, and I felt shy, I was not long in taking my leave.

My next experience was at Mrs. Z——'s, a clever, busy woman, much occupied by political meetings and committees. She happened, just as I was ushered in,

to be herself escorting some friends to the door, and she is very short-sighted.

"Did you want anything?" she said kindly, coming up to me. "A hospital ticket, perhaps?"

I fled incontinently.

Twilight was coming on. I began to feel weary, and it occurred to me that a cup of tea would not be inappropriate. With this end in view, I bethought myself of some fashionable relatives of mine who lived close by. I arrived, as I thought, at their house in Eaton Square (but I was not quite certain about the number) and was ushered upstairs. To my horror, who should advance towards me but an old couple whom I had never in my life seen before! The ground reeled under me. Was I in a dream? But they seemed to think they knew me.

"We have not met since that delightful bazaar, Miss C——," the old lady said.

"And how well you acted your part in the farce!" cried the old gentleman.

Whom in the name of wonder did they take me for? At first I thought I would explain, and then—no, I would carry it through. They were most kind and hospitable, but—how in the world I got through that bad five minutes I shall never know.

It was raining when I got outside, and again tea occurred to me. I found my cousin's house at last. It took at least three powdered footmen to escort me up the marble stairs, and when I had got there I wished myself heartily anywhere else. Several people were present, all presumably in the same "set." They talked and laughed vociferously, and my hostess, after greeting me, paid me no more attention. After I had discussed the rival climates of Folkestone and Dover with a neglected old lady very earnestly for five minutes, all the party rose.

"I am so sorry," said my cousin, coming up to me, "that you won't have any tea. What a pity you have to go so soon! Only just a glimpse, wasn't it? The carriage is at the door. What! we can't drop you anywhere? Well, good-bye."

I came away tea-less and misanthropical. It rained still harder, and I suddenly remembered Mary N——, who lived in one of the sad little streets near by. Hers was no "bijou residence," but a poor little ordinary abode, of the kind usually let as "genteel apartments," which have such a plaintive air of having "known better days." Yet the house told of Mary's charm. The ugly door was painted white; there were flowers—early as it was in the year—in the window-boxes, and Mary's nice little maid stood smiling in the doorway to welcome me. Mary herself could not come to meet me. She was still young, but year by year she lay uncomplainingly in her pretty room, not able to move, nearly always suffering, and yet always bright and happy. Her face glowed when she saw me—she was always delighted to see a friend—and she flung away the books and papers which surrounded her.

"Mary," I said solemnly, "I've come to protest."

"Against what?" said Mary, smiling.

"Against making calls. It's a pure waste of time."

"I don't know," Mary said. "It seems to me I should get on very badly if no one called on *me*."

"You're different," I said; and then I proceeded to tell her of my afternoon's experiences.

"Well, I must own that to-day you've been particularly unfortunate. It doesn't always happen so."

"It very seldom happens that a call is really congenial," I grumbled. "I never come away feeling any the better for my visits. Oh, I know what you mean." Here I caught sight of a gleam of fun on Mary's face. "You think that is not the primary object of calling; you think that it is probably I who am unsympathetic——"

"Not unsympathetic to *me*," Mary interrupted sweetly; "but I think you *do* expect too much from people. One should be content with what they have to give. One can't expect," she added thoughtfully,



"'WE HAVE NOT MET SINCE THAT DELIGHTFUL BAZAAR.'"

"that everybody should be made on the same pattern. And even if one doesn't like it, it is good for one to make visits: otherwise, one loses 'the sweet habit of kindness.'"

"Yes, there's something in that," I cried eagerly. "Sometimes, when I've had a bad cold and haven't paid calls for a few weeks, I feel myself getting quite crusted, and I shrink from going out more than ever."

"I know: I have felt it too," Mary replied thoughtfully, "after one of my bad turns. Unsociability grows on what it feeds, and we mustn't encourage it. And, do you know, sometimes I've felt that the most tiresome people—people I've really felt to be quite bores at the time—have given me a kind of mental fillip, and brought me out of myself and my grievances."

"I wonder," I said thoughtfully, "why calls don't make *me* feel so? Perhaps you're right—I don't set about it in the right spirit. But one gets *so* tired of calls—calls when people don't want to see you—calls when you only hope they won't be at home—calls when it's a question of one's husband's interest—calls when the boys are home from school—calls when it's 'the children's hour'——"

"*I* should like 'the children's hour,'" put in Mary tenderly.

"Well," I said, beginning to regain my self-respect, "London isn't so bad as the provinces or the colonies as regards calling. There it amounts almost to a curse. A cousin of mine is married to a barrister out there, and—only imagine!—a very vulgar woman complained to her husband—a rich, powerful solicitor—that my cousin had 'cut her dead' in the street. The husband actually wrote and threatened to withdraw his patronage unless the matter were satisfactorily explained. And my poor cousin is as short-sighted as a bat, and never saw the dreadful woman at all. Such things couldn't happen in England."

Mary smiled.

"No," she said; "we are often rude and ill-bred, but that is a depth we don't sink to."

"Well, things are quite bad enough here. Days at home," I went on, "are my greatest bugbears. People living in the suburbs declare themselves 'at home' on one particular day in the week. Sometimes they have the assurance to announce themselves as only at home 'the fifth Monday in the month': and how *can* you be expected to remember that? If you *don't* go on their 'day,' it's not considered polite; and if you *do*, you simply don't see them at all—only a number of their friends; and people *never* like each other's friends."

"It's very hard on you," Mary replied smilingly; "and really I begin to think that I am a lucky person. I am never called upon to endure these woes, and I can yet have nice friends who come to see *me*."

I felt a pang of inward shame.

"Mary," I said, "I'm a brute. I won't say any more."

And here tea came in, and we had the cosiest happiest time together—the tea served in the prettiest little Oriental cups, with the kettle simmering on the hob, and the Persian cat purring at Mary's feet. I felt as if I had left the cruel world outside for a peaceful haven.

A TRIP TO ST. KILDA.

A PRIZE PAPER BY THE REV. R. C. MACFOD. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.



EAST WINDOW, RODEL.

THERE was a saintly man once, a hard-working parson, who, in the presence of his bishop, was deploring the wickedness of his clerical neighbours who one and all took an annual holiday. "Now I," he went on, "have not slept out of my own parish for fifteen years."

He waited for an episcopal benediction. It came, but not quite in the form expected.

"Oh, your poor parishioners!" said the bishop with exquisite humour.

I am not a saintly man, but I have a fond and tender regard for the welfare of my poor parishioners; and so it comes to pass that I religiously go away for a few weeks every year.

My 1893 holiday was fairly begun when the scene opens. The good ship *Flowerdale* was coming slowly into the quay at Dunvegan, in the Island of Skye, one lovely June evening. I, the parson, was standing, camera in hand, taking a shot at a group on the shore; my brother, the captain, was leaning over the bows meditating.

"Are you coming?" reaches us across the water in three girlish voices.

"Yes," goes back in two stentorian basses.

The owners of the three voices make signs of great joy.

We, the parson and the captain, had been somewhat taken aback when we went on board the *Flowerdale* at six in the morning, by reading the contents of a note from one of our nieces at Dunvegan, which was handed to us by the captain.

She suggested that we should get up at five the following morning, and start for Harris in order to join the *Dunara Castle*, and go in her to St. Kilda.

We had travelled up to Oban by rail the previous day from the South of England, and, tired mortals that we were, were looking forward to a long night's rest with much satisfaction.

We discussed the question, and, not without certain pangs at the idea of again getting up at five in the morning, decided that we would be good, self-sacrificing uncles and go; and hence the affirmative answer which filled the hearts of those girls with joy. Certainly, if virtue was ever rewarded, it was so on this occasion.

At six o'clock the following morning we were on board the *Lochiel*, smuggest of West Highland steamers, and shaking hands with Captain MacNiel, most genial and charming of mariners, and a few minutes later we were steaming out of the loch.

The Minch for once was absolutely calm, and our voyage was most enjoyable. In due course we arrived at Rodel, in Harris. Here the first thing to be done was to send our impedimenta on to Obbe, where we meant to pass the night. We found that the vehicle dignified with the name of Her Majesty's Mail was a sort of chaos of wheels, torn basket-work, and rotten wood. It had probably many years ago been a lady's basket carriage, but now it really was the most wonderful contrivance to be still used that was ever beheld by mortal eyes. Into this we packed our baggage. This was not a very easy business, because, among other misfortunes which had occurred to this ancient carriage, the bottom had come out, and the moment you tried to put anything in, it fell through on to the road.

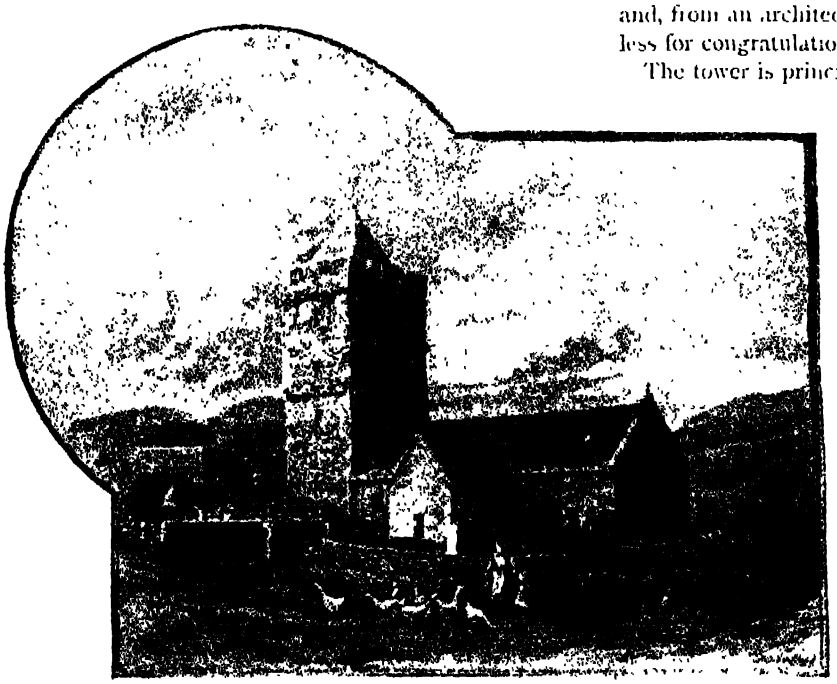
However, we were in light marching order, and it is wonderful what patience and string will do, so at last we had the satisfaction of seeing this wonderful vehicle start on its way. Here at Rodel, we came across Mr. X——, the agent for the estate of South Harris, who made himself very agreeable, and volunteered to guide us to the church, and show us the most remarkable objects of interest there. I fancy this most interesting building owes its erection to a community of monks, who were settled here in the Middle Ages.



M'LEOD'S TOMB AT RODEL.

It had lain in ruins for many years, until it was roofed in and made fit for Divine service some time ago; but this was done without any attempt being made to restore it in harmony with the original design, and, from an architectural point of view, is a matter less for congratulation than regret.

The tower is principally remarkable for the figures carved on it; they are very various. Two are human forms supposed to be very ancient, possibly emblems of some forgotten pagan worship, worked into the walls. Besides these are a bishop or abbot, a sheep, a bull's head, and a dog's head. The east window is a small but beautiful specimen of the Decorated style. Inside are several tombs of the McLeods, the ancient lords of the soil. The most remarkable is the tomb of Alister Crotach, or hump-backed Alexander, dated 1528. It is very richly adorned with carving; above are figures supposed to represent the twelve Apostles; on the main portion of the tomb, amongst



RODEL.

armorial bearings and other emblems, is a curious bas-relief. This represents Satan weighing the sins and good deeds of the deceased in a balance; the latter, of course, outweighs the former to the evident disgust of his Satanic Majesty, and to the joy of some angels who are standing round.

Beneath is the effigy of a knight in armour. The inscription runs as follows: "Hic locutur Alexander filius vilmi MacClod dno de Dunbegan anno dei mccccexxviii."

After spending some time sketching and photographing, we went to the house for tea, and then toiled over to Obbe. We had with commendable prudence kept with us our mackintoshes, so with them to carry, besides our cameras and sketching materials, we were rather heavily laden; and to make matters worse, we found that the driver of the mail had left our things at the post-office, a mile short of the coffee house in which we were to pass the night.

However, we carried part of the luggage ourselves, and chartered a very small boy to carry the rest, who turned out to be a perfect Hercules, and staggered along beneath a burden of two bags and a lot of rugs, to the admiration of all beholders.

Never was a more glorious sunset seen, and we remained out till eleven o'clock or past, watching the ever-changing colours which were brilliantly reflected in the calm waters of the Sound of Harris. The next morning was blazing hot, but we spent the forenoon profitably enough, with the help of camera and sketch-book, and talking to the natives, who were, like all Highlanders, most charming fellows. They were very busy taking some cattle over to the islands in a boat, and it was very amusing to watch the battle between some very determined stirks on the one side, and an army of men and dogs on the other.

About one o'clock the steamer, the *Dunara Castle*, came in. We got on board just in time for a good dinner, and, as we started at once, when I came on deck after refreshing the inner man, we were already nearly through the Sound of Harris, and were soon out on the great Atlantic. It was wonderfully calm, just a little swell, and that was all. We were nearly half-way across the fifty miles which separate St. Kilda from the Long Island, before we saw something like a man's hand on the horizon, which, hazy as it was, we knew must be St. Kilda. An hour more, and we could distinguish the main island straight ahead, and Boreray (a small rocky island) on our starboard bow, and now we rapidly closed in with the land. It was getting late, but the light was good, so I used all the plates in my dark slides on hand-camera shots as we ran in, and had to retire to a sort of black hole of Calcutta, beneath the saloon floor, to put in a fresh supply. By the time I came on deck we were at anchor within the wondrous Dun, the small island which protects the bay upon the south, and the boats to take us on shore were in the water.

The village, which consists of the church, the manse, a store, and sixteen houses, is built facing the sea in one long row, each house separated from the next by a space of a few yards. The houses themselves are built of stone, and roofed with felt, and are certainly very superior in comfort to the black hut of the Skye or mainland crofter. Behind this row of houses is a steep hill, rising to a height of about 1,200 feet. The landing-place is on the north side of the bay, on the extreme right of the village as you look at it from the sea; below the houses is a beach of beautiful white sand. Landing is sometimes impossible in St. Kilda,



UNLOADING CARGO.

as the bay is fully exposed to a south-east wind; and indeed, whatever the quarter whence the wind comes, a heavy swell is generally rolling in and breaking on the rocks.

On my previous visit, twenty years ago, though we spent a week lying on a yacht in the bay, we never landed without the help of a number of men, who stood ready on the rocks to haul up the boat the moment she touched the shore. On this occasion, however, we had unheard-of good luck, and landed without any difficulty.

We were soon shaking hands with the whole population of the island, some seventy souls. The older ones can talk no English, but the younger members of the community speak it well. We expressed the desire to see a man go over the rocks and catch some birds, and though they had on hand a heavy job, disembarking the goods brought by the steamer, two agreed to show off. Before leaving the shore we tried to get a photograph of a number of the people, but it was getting on for half-past eight and the result was not very satisfactory.

We then started off to the proposed scene of the bird-catching operations, getting on our way a photograph

of the village, with some huge stone fences in the foreground. On the hillside we noticed large numbers of hive-shaped little buildings, which we were told were used as silos. There are said to be thirty thousand of them on the island, so that whenever the grass is cut there may be always a silo handy, to put it in. It is remarkable that the inhabitants of a remote island like St. Kilda should have been practising from time immemorial a method of preserving grass, which agriculturists in more highly-civilised parts of the world are only now beginning to look on as a practicable one.

We had a stiffish climb, but were amply rewarded when, on reaching the top, there suddenly burst upon us one of the most wonderful sights I ever saw. We found ourselves standing on the edge of a perpendicular precipice, which even in its lowest parts rises to a height of 800 feet above the sea; to the right and left of us towered pinnacles of rock, some hundreds of feet higher still, and in front of us the strange rocky shapes of Boreray rising out of the boundless ocean. A good-sized brig was lying becalmed between us and Boreray, but she looked like a child's toy ship from the top of the cliffs on which we stood.

As we climbed upwards it had seemed almost dark in the shadow of the hill, but when we reached the summit it was like going into some brilliantly-lit place, for, though the sun was set in the north-west, the glorious glow of a Highland sunset was still blazing in the sky, and reflected in the smooth water.

We gazed on the wondrous scene in silence for a minute or two, till we were joined by the two men who were to show us their prowess as cragsmen. They selected a jutting-out piece of rock where their proceedings could be easily seen. One of the men stood at the top holding on to the rope, the other, barefooted, literally proceeded to walk down the face of the cliff.

The rope is an innovation only used within the last twelve years, and since its introduction no accidents have occurred. The fowler carried in his hand a slender stick about ten or twelve feet long, to the end of which was attached a noose. On ledges of the rock were large numbers of birds, mainly fulmar petrels, a bird which defends himself by spitting an offensive but valuable oil at anyone who comes near him.

Selecting one of these, the cragsman dropped the noose over its head, and caught it round the neck. Had he been on regular fowling work, he would have allowed the bird to spit the oil into a leather receptacle carried round the waist, wrung the bird's neck, suspended him at his side, and continued his work. As it was he came up again, bringing the bird with him.

He seemed to look on the feat as we should look on a little walk across the street, and, indeed, I fancy, now the rope is used, there is no danger; but a man wants a good head and practice from childhood if he is to be a first-rate cragsman. We had a long talk with the two men, and then came down, going on the way to see a very ancient underground dwelling, supposed to date from prehistoric times. Before going on board we went to see a man who was very ill. I fear they were rather disappointed that our medical skill was not equal to diagnosing the case. As we walked to the shore we met several women marching along, burdened with sacks of meal weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, which they seemed to carry with perfect ease.

All hands were hard at work landing cargo, as the steamer people wanted to get away the next day, and that being a Sunday all must be landed before midnight, or they must wait till Monday morning.

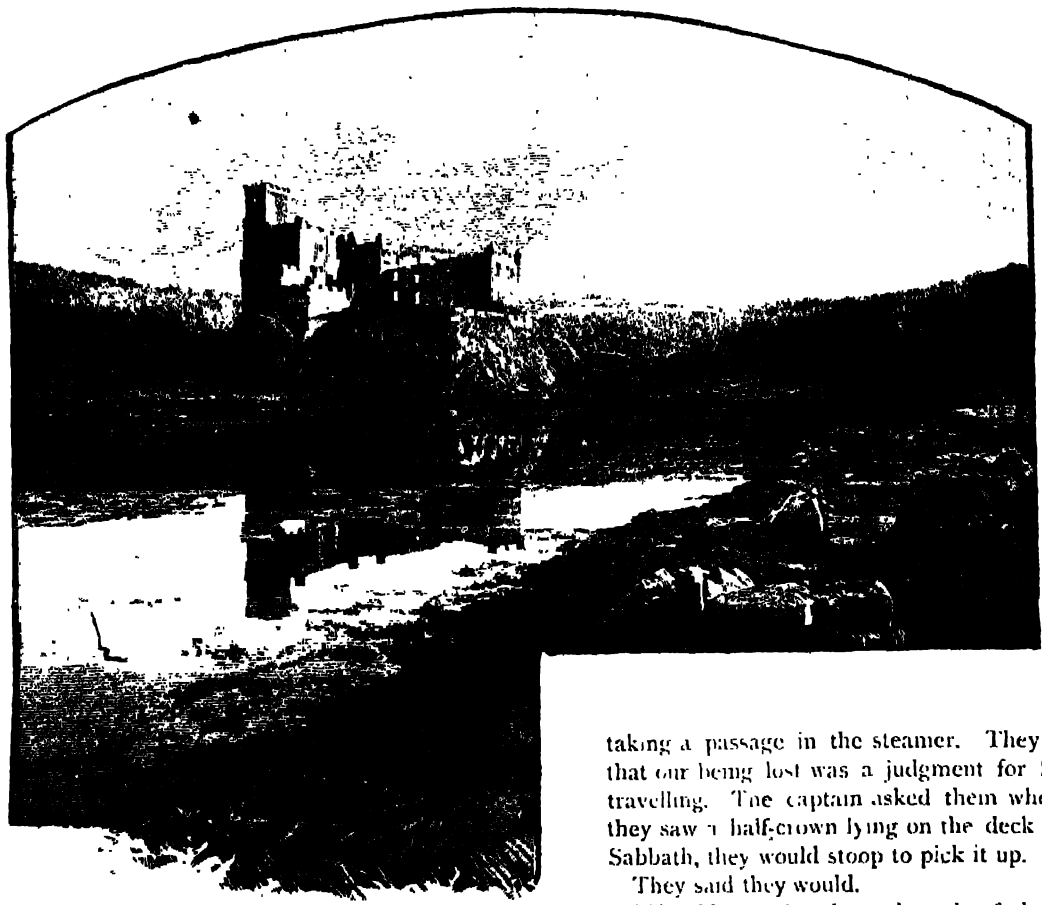
When we got on board we found the passengers busy fishing over the side of the vessel, and catching large numbers of cod, ling and skate. St. Kilda is a grand fishing station.

Sunday morning we went on shore, had a long talk with the minister, and saw some of the people. The population are all Free Church, and the minister belongs, of course, to that denomination; he is schoolmaster and doctor as well, and must lead a terribly solitary life, for he is the only highly-educated man on the island.

It was a very hot day, and there being no trees on St. Kilda we felt the want of shade severely. At twelve we started to steam round the group, which consists of the main island, Dun, Soay and Boreray. I suppose there is no finer rock scenery in the world. The outline of the Dun, which is separated from the



AT UIG.



DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

main island by a very narrow channel, is simply magnificent.

At one point the rock is pierced by a tunnel. Crowds of seabirds of all sorts are to be seen on every ledge of the rocks, and swimming on the sea.

It is difficult to exaggerate the magnificence of the rocks, both on the principal island and on Soay; and when we came to those precipices down which we had seen a man go the preceding evening, we could hardly believe that the descent could be possible, and that we had ourselves seen it done.

Our circuit of the islands completed, the vessel's head was put towards the east, and in a short time St. Kilda was lost in the haze of a summer day.

And soon we were lost also. The haze grew thicker and thicker until it almost deserved the name of a fog, and when land became visible the hills were certainly not those near the entrance to the Sound of Harris. Our dead reckoning had played us false, but whether we were too far north or too far south no one on board could say.

The captain consulted two St. Kilda men who were taking a passage in the steamer. They opined that our being lost was a judgment for Sunday travelling. The captain asked them whether, if they saw a half-crown lying on the deck on the Sabbath, they would stoop to pick it up.

They said they would.

"Would not that be a breach of the fourth commandment?" inquired the captain.

"Oh, no," they replied, "that would just be a gift from the Lord."

Having thus protested against the wickedness of the whole thing, they said they thought we were too far north, so in accordance with their advice we steered a southerly course, and soon found that they were right, and after a delightful voyage came alongside the pier at East Loch Torbet about eleven at night.

When we came on deck on Monday morning we were on our way across the Minch back to Skye. We spent several hours at Uig, taking in and putting out cargo, which I profitably spent photographing, getting several shots at the boats alongside, the groups of passengers on the deck, and the men engaged in working the cargo.

After further delays at Stein and Colbost we finally arrived at Dunvegan about five in the evening. I would I had space to tell of the happy weeks we spent there; but, alas! it is denied; and certainly among the pleasant days of my summer holiday those which stand out in my memory as the brightest of all were those spent on the trip to St. Kilda.

A CORRECTED ERROR.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

'Can two walk together except they be agreed?'

"MR. FENTON, you are not coming with me, are you?"

Mr. Fenton, in the act of getting into his great coat, turned, and saw two young ladies descending the stairs. A tall, slenderly-built man he was, with dark hair and moustache and fine hazel coloured eyes, fringed with lashes so long and silky, that you wondered if Nature had mistaken him for a woman. But there was no suspicion of effeminacy about the face, and the firm chin showed that he possessed in no small degree the power of making up his mind.

He struggled into the second sleeve. "If you have no objection. You haven't, I hope?"

"Oh, no," she replied; and he stood waiting for her as she fastened her glove, and drew down from under her sleeve a gold bangle that she always wore.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," she said, with a little smile and upward lift of the eyelashes, and then she turned to the other lady, who, a half smile on her lips, was standing watching them.

"Good-bye, Bessie. Come and see me soon."

"As soon as I can. Good bye, dear;" and they went out, and Bessie shut the door behind them.

Evelyn Maynard and her companion walked away together. It was a December night; the moon was full, but every now and then was hidden by wild-looking clouds that were driving across the sky. The bare branches of the trees were moving in ceaseless unrest, and the sound was like the roar of the surf breaking on the beach at Colombo.

A sense of exhilaration took possession of Evelyn. "Isn't it a grand night?" she said, turning up her face to the sky, and as the moon emerged from a cloud Alec saw the sparkle in her eye and the colour on her cheek.

"Yes; I like to be out when there's a strong wind blowing. It seems to lift one out of one's self."

"Yes, perhaps," she said dreamily. "Do you like," she went on, "being lifted out of yourself?"

"I do," he replied, with intense feeling. "I often wish I could take some—what's the word?—potion, to separate soul from body for a time—a kind of Jekyll-Hyde business."

"Oh, please," she said, with a merry laugh, "be Dr. Jekyll when I come to see Bessie, for I should not like to think that Mr. Hyde and I were under the same roof."

"Don't be afraid; I will never be Mr. Hyde when you come. But really, have you never felt that?"

"What?" she asked.

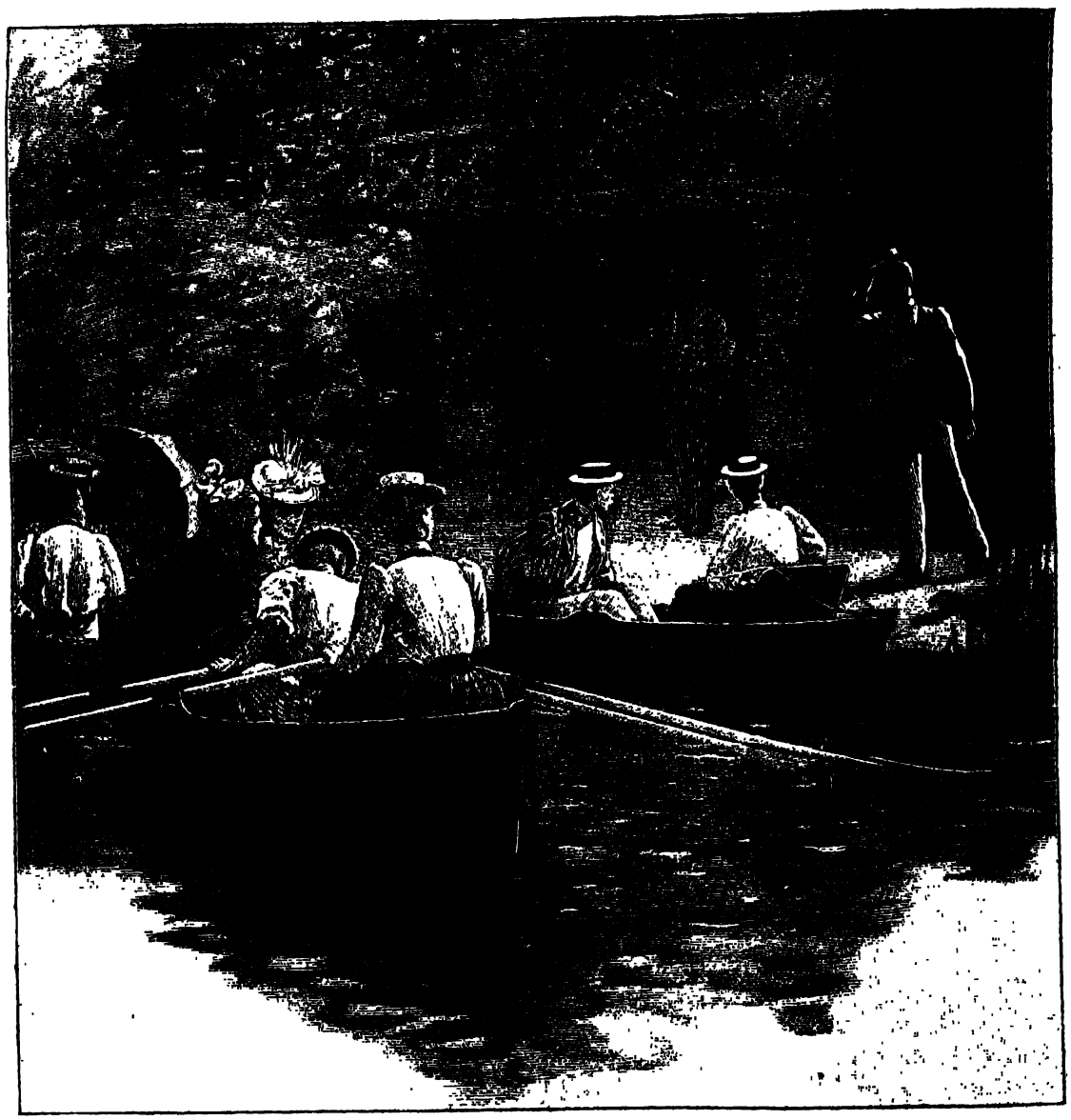
"That you are tired of yourself, and your thoughts and desires, and everything connected with you, and would like to start fresh."

"Yes," she said, "many times; and I have wished I could go to sleep for a year, and awake with my brain all cleared out, and made nice and tidy, ready to begin fresh, as you say."

"I should have thought you——" and then he stopped, and said no more.



"YOU ARE NOT COMING WITH ME, ARE YOU?'"



"'JUST IN TIME, YOU SEE'" (*p.* 268).

"What would you have thought? Tell me."

"No; it's better left unsaid;" and he drew in his breath deeply, and they walked on in silence.

"Have you been to see the pictures?" he asked abruptly.

There was an exhibition then open, and in the little town where they lived a good collection of paintings was something to be noticed and remembered. His natural manner had returned to him, and his emotion, whatever its cause, had passed

"Yes, I have often, and hope to go a good many times more before the end. Do you like the Rossettis?"

"N—no," he said doubtfully; "and yet I don't know. Sometimes I do, and then the next time I see them they irritate me. What is your feeling?"

"As a whole, I admire them immensely. I did laugh the other day," she went on, laughing again at the remembrance; "I was looking at 'Dante's Dream,' when two ladies came up behind me. 'There they are,' said one, with a comprehensive wave of her hand: 'there are the Rossettis, and I hate them every one.'"

"I admire that woman," he said. "I should like to know her; we should get on well together. 'Hate them every one,'" he repeated, with a laugh. "How many people would dare to say it, even if they felt it?"

"The picture I like best of all," he said presently, "is 'Love Among the Ruins'; do you know it?"

"'Burne-Jones,' you mean? Yes, indeed, I know it. I could hardly tear myself away from it when

I first saw it. But it nearly made me cry," she added comically.

"I am too cynical and hardened to cry," he said; "but if anything could move me to tears, it would be that picture."

"Mr. Fenton, I do not think you are either cynical *or* hardened—well, yes, perhaps you are a *little* cynical," she said, looking up at him mischievously; "but all that would soon vanish if——" and now she stopped abruptly, and said no more.

"If what?" he asked eagerly.

But she shook her head. "No," she said archly; "you would not tell me what you were going to say a minute ago, and now it's my turn," and she shut her mouth as if it were never to be opened again.

They walked on for some minutes in silence. The moon seemed to have scattered the clouds, and she shone out with pure light, all round her a clear stretch of sky, where one or two stars were twinkling, but so faintly as hardly to be visible.

"Have you ever been to Chester, Miss Maynard?" he asked.

"Yes; I was there last year. We rowed up the Dee to Eaton."

"Just what I did. I had tea at Eaton. I don't know if Bess has told you that we intend to go in extensively for pic-nics this summer?"

Evelyn nodded.

"And Chester—or rather, the Dee, with Eaton for goal—is a fine place for a pic-nic."

"I think so," she replied. "I was there in May, and I never saw anything more lovely than the hawthorn. All the way to Eaton the fields were full of it; it looked as if a bag of flour had been emptied over the trees; and the bends of the river are exquisite."

"Well, if Bessie and I get up a pic-nic, say in the beginning of May, will you come?"

"You're making your plans in good time," she said laughingly. "I have certainly no engagements for May. I think it will be delightful, and I will come with pleasure. Many thanks to you, sir," with a coquettish little smile, "for your kind invitation: which I suppose is Bessie's also?"

"Of course," he replied hastily; and just then a gentleman passing them raised his hat to Evelyn, and Fenton had time to see that he was tall and good-looking.

"That gentleman was with us at Chester," Evelyn said, when he had passed.

"Was he? Who is he?—I beg your pardon, Miss Maynard, that was an impertinent question; don't answer it."

"Perhaps it was," she said mischievously, "but I will answer it, all the same. He is a Mr. Haworth. He rowed well, I remember, and I also remember his cap blew off into the water, and so for the whole of the rest of the time he had to sit in the blazing sun, with no hat on."

"I should think he got a headache," Alec said drily.

"He did—splitting. Well, Mr. Fenton, I'm much obliged to you for having protected me home," she said, stopping in front of a pretty ivy-covered house.

"Are we here already?" he asked in surprise. "I did not think we had come so quickly."

"Yes," she said, "this is home; at least, it was when I came out a few hours ago. Good-night; thank you very much for coming with me."

"It was a pleasure to me," he said quietly, and in a minute he was retracing his steps, seeming to feel on his hand the touch of her fingers.

Evelyn Maynard went straight up to her room. She turned up the gas, and then she walked to the mirror, and looked earnestly into it. She studied the face reflected in the glass for a long minute, and noted the sparkling eyes and glow of colour in the cheeks, and then she gave a quick, impatient sigh, and turned abruptly away.

The door opened, and a lady entered—Evelyn's mother, you could have told at a glance.

"You are late, dear?" she said questioningly. "Did you walk?"

"Yes; Mr. Fenton was with me."

"Oh!" and an almost imperceptible frown knitted Mrs. Maynard's forehead. "It was very good of him, but really I think you are old enough to come home alone."

Evelyn coloured, but said nothing, and moved about the room, putting away hat and jacket.

"Mr. Haworth was here this evening," Mrs. Maynard said, as her daughter bade her good-night, an hour later.

"Oh, was he?" Evelyn said, with a slightly conscious look. "We—that is, Mr. Fenton and I—met him."

"I asked him to come again some evening soon. He was sorry you were out."

"Was he?" Evelyn muttered, as she ran up the stairs. "I'm not."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"O hard, when love and duty clash!"

It was late when Mr. Fenton reached home, and on his road he consigned many cigarettes to Smokeland.

All the way he was thinking of Evelyn, and all the way "her face before him lived," and truly sweeter face could no man look on.

The soft cheeks, tinted with a delicate colour; the mouth, pretty in repose, but prettier when she smiled; the eyes, of that shade of dark grey which is so lovely and so seldom seen, with their drooping lids that gave to them a curious expression of dreaminess; and crowning the little head masses of brown hair tinged here and there with gold—take all these together, and you have some idea of Evelyn Maynard's outward appearance. But what constituted the greatest charm of her face was her expression of pure, true womanliness—of a soul that was turned towards the light.

On his first meeting with her, a year ago, Alec had been struck with her, and recognised in her something that marked her out from other girls. Since then the subtle influence of her sweetness, her brightness, her

whole personality, had gained over him an ever-increasing power, until now he could hide from himself no longer the fact that he loved her. He had fought against it, and had been vanquished.

And now the question arose: "Shall I tell her? Will it be honourable to tell her?"

This was his difficulty:—She, the only child of a wealthy merchant, had been left, at her father's death, in possession of a comfortable little competency; and he—he was only a young solicitor, with undoubtedly prospects of the best, but in the meantime with no income to justify him in thinking of marriage. If he did tell her all his love, he could only say, "I hope one day to be rich; will you wait for me?"

And if he kept to himself the secret of his heart, he might see her won by some man more blessed by fortune than himself, and then his prospects would be realised: he would be taken into partnership, and it would be all to him as apples of Sodom.

Never a word of love had he spoken to her. It was only recently that the great truth had blazed before him, and he did not know if she cared for him in the very smallest degree.

He called up her face before his mind's eye, remembered her upward glance as she said he was cynical, recalled the tender expression as she spoke of the picture that had moved her, thought of the thousand and one charms that seemed to him different from those of all other girls, and a great stab of pain struck through his heart.

"I must tell her," he broke out. "I cannot give her up!"

It was late when he reached home, and Bessie had gone to bed, so he repaired to his own peculiar sanctum—called the Study and the Den impartially—and wrestled with himself, and strove for strength to do the right.

Ever since their mother's death—their father had died when they were children—Bessie had been his friend and confidante, and they had few secrets from one another; but now Alec felt he could not confide even in Bessie, and so he fought with his difficulty alone.

At last the first of May had come. A letter was on Evelyn's plate when she came down to breakfast, and she smiled as she read it.

"Bessie wants me to go with them to a pic-nic on the eighteenth," she said. "It is to Chester and up the Dee."

"I suppose you must go," Mrs. Maynard said fretfully, "though it's far too early for a pic-nic. It is certain to be wet."

"In the end of May, mother?" and Evelyn's eyebrows were lifted incredulously. "I don't think it is too early. It will be very jolly!" and she smiled, but the next minute she sighed.

For she, too, had a troubled heart, and her trouble was this: that she knew that insensibly her interest in Alec Fenton was developing into something of a warmer nature, and—and this was the kernel of the trouble—he did not care for her: she was sure he did not. She had seen him once or twice since that evening in December, and though he had been apparently calmly pleased to see her, and agreeable and friendly, he had been nothing more. If she had only known it, the truth was that he was slowly coming to the decision that, though it cost him his life's happiness, not one word would he say to show her what he felt towards her till he could say, "Will you be my wife? I can make a home for you now."

And Evelyn, in accordance with all the rules of etiquette, dared not let him know anything of the feeling to him that lay hidden at the bottom of her heart, needing only a word from him to kindle it into love.

A few evenings after she had written to Bessie, accepting the invitation, Mr. Haworth was announced. Mrs. Maynard was out, and Evelyn, with some dismay, saw herself launched on a *tête à-tête*.

Frank Haworth—"the only son of his mother, and she was a widow" was partner in an engineering firm, and, everybody said, was "making a good thing of it." He was good-looking, good-tempered, and unmarried, but he had determined that he would not long continue in that state, and the lady whom he meant to make his wife was Evelyn. He had a happy confidence in his own powers, and it had not occurred to him that women do not *always* accept offers of marriage.

Evelyn had long been aware that he admired her: he had plainly shown that; but until this evening she had never thought that he felt for her more than admiration; but before Mrs. Maynard, in silks and laces, rustled into the room, he had shown, in those countless little ways that it is so easy to see and so hard to describe, that she was the one woman for him.

That night Evelyn went up to her room with her feeling towards Alec Fenton in no wise changed, but thinking that, whether returned or no, the love of an upright man like Mr. Haworth was, after all, something to raise one's self-respect, and not to be lightly despised.

The eighteenth of May came—as glorious a day as heart could wish—and our friends were assembled at the Chester landing-stage, waiting for the boats. They were a party of some twelve in number, and included Mrs. Maynard and another lady of respectable middle age to act as chaperones to the young people.

Seats were quickly taken, and Mrs. Maynard's brow contracted as she saw that of the third boat Evelyn and Fenton were the only occupants. She was annoyed, and was casting about for a plan by which to break up the *tête-à-tête*, when suddenly a gentleman, clad in irreproachable flannels, came out from the dressing-room and ran down to the water.

"Good-morning, Miss Maynard. Just in time, you see. Is there room for me here?" and without waiting for an answer, Mr. Haworth stepped into the boat and took an oar, and the frown vanished from Mrs. Maynard's forehead.

He had been invited, it seemed, by one of the gentlemen—"Jim there," he said, nodding towards a young fellow in the first boat—and had declined, owing

to an engagement. At the last moment, however, he had found that he could come; "And here I am, you see," he said, with a smile.

Evelyn introduced the two gentlemen, and then they shoved off and followed the other boats up the river, the sky as blue as sapphire and the water sparkling like diamonds.

Poor Alec! His visions of a two hours' talk with Evelyn all dissipated!

He inwardly raged against "Jim there" for inviting this man, and against the man for coming, and, not least, against himself for being so foolish as to care how many people were in the boat with him and Evelyn.

But he showed nothing of all this, and outwardly was the type of nonchalance; but Evelyn now and then noticed a strange compression of his lips, and wondered what it meant.

Mr. Haworth was in grand spirits, and talked so well and so much that there was scarcely opportunity for Alec to speak, even had he been so minded.



"A MINUTE LATER ALEC APPEARED" (*p.* 270).

He rowed stroke, and so was spared the infliction of the sight of this unwelcome guest, but his voice close to his ear and his merry laugh were all to Alec as gall and wormwood.

Evelyn sat in the stern, holding the rudder-strings, and looking more charming, Alec thought, than he had ever seen her. He did not know how she was dressed. She had on something of dark blue, he thought, and he remembered afterwards that he had noticed her little white hat, but he saw few details. He only knew that she was sitting opposite him, the

sweetest being in the world to him; and one day she would be this man's wife, for he soon guessed, from one or two things that Haworth said, that his only reason for joining the pic-nic had been to see Evelyn. And of course she would accept him; good-looking, agreeable, rich—what more could a girl desire?

"Confound the want of money!" he muttered, and he rowed on in grim silence, and the other two chatted and laughed.

And Evelyn? She was, on the whole, relieved that her solitary time with Alec had been prevented. If she had thought that he cared for her only a little, then it would all have been different, but as it was, she told herself she was glad Mr. Haworth had come. He was certainly very agreeable; she had had no idea he could talk so well. He was a great contrast to Mr. Fenton, who sat silent, rowing with powerful regular stroke. She was afraid he was ill—he had hardly spoken a word since they had started.

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Fenton?" she asked, leaning forward and speaking low, so that the question should be unheard by Mr. Haworth.

He flushed like a girl. "No; I have a bad headache."

"Oh, I am sorry!" she said, with swift sympathy; "and rowing will make it worse. Let Mr. Haworth do it all: we are not a heavy load."

"No, no, thank you," he said hastily. "I shall perhaps be better soon;" and so at last they reached Eaton.

A merry luncheon party was held on the river's bank under the trees, and then the guests broke up into knots of twos and threes—but mostly twos—and strolled away over the soft grass, white and yellow with daisies and buttercups.

"Miss Maynard, didn't I hear you say you wanted some hawthorn?" Mr. Haworth asked.

"Yes," she said eagerly. "Have you got any?"

"No; but if you will come and show me which bits you'd like, I'll gather them for you. Hawthorn is thorny, you know, and you might prick yourself."

Evelyn glanced round quickly, wondering where Alec was, but he was not to be seen, and she and Frank strolled away together.

A minute later Alec appeared, carrying a great bunch of hawthorn, a mass of white flower and delicate pinky buds.

"Oh, Alec, how lovely!" said Bessie. "Where did you get it?"

"Over there," he said, jerking back his head. "Miss Maynard said she wanted some, so I thought I'd get it," he said carelessly. "Where is she? do you know?"

One of the guests laughed; she was a fair young lady, with impudent nose.

"I'm afraid you're rather late, Mr. Fenton. Mr. Haworth has gone with Evelyn to gather the hawthorn."

Alec was equal to the occasion. "Has he?" he said coolly. "Then there's all the more for you;" and he put the bunch into the girl's hand and strode away.

He flung himself down under a beech-tree, and stared moodily in front of him, seeing neither river, nor blue sky, nor trees, nor sunshine.

He was roused by hearing voices behind him, on the further side of a tangled thicket of hawthorn and elder. He could see no one through the leafy screen, and the murmur went on unheeded by him, till he suddenly heard his own name.

"I was afraid, for a time, that that young fellow, Fenton, was too fond of her."

"Afraid!" struck in another voice. "Why? he's a clever man."

"Oh, I dare say," contemptuously; "but look at his position—a young solicitor, with no income to speak of. It would have meant an indefinitely long engagement."

"And you would prefer that Evelyn married Mr. Haworth?"

"Most decidedly; in fact, I could never have consented to the other affair. Now, Frank Haworth is most desirable, and not so alarmingly clever as that young Fenton."

"Does Evelyn love him? I should have thought she would have preferred a man like Alec Fenton."

"Well, I've never asked her," with a laugh; "but no girl in her senses would refuse Frank Haworth. And I did not say *she* cared for Mr. Fenton—he's utterly indifferent to her, I'm sure—I said I fancied *he* admired *her*, but I think it has never grown to anything more;" and Mrs. Maynard and her friend walked away, and Alec was left, his ears tingling with shame at having listened, and a sense of hopeless misery in his heart.

He buried his face in his hands, and in five minutes his mind was made up. His decision was the one he had been coming to for the last month or two—the one he knew to be right and honourable.

"Evelyn, Evelyn," he moaned, "you are the only one for me, and I give you up!"

"Mr. Fenton," remarked a vivacious young lady, as they rowed back to Chester, "you are very pale. Have you a headache? or perhaps you've been smoking too much?"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men beside go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—'For life, for death!'—
Oh, fear to call it loving!"

IT was a wild night in the end of November. Evelyn had turned down the gas and drawn back the curtain from the window, and stood watching the round shining face of the moon, which every now and then was covered by masses of cloud that were scudding across the sky. Low down in the west the heavens were clear, and, thrown into strong relief by a background of watery sky, a great elm-tree in front of her window was tossing its branches in mad unrest. She thought of that evening, nearly a year

before, when Alec had walked home with her; that night it had been moonlight, and there had been a strong wind blowing.

"How silly I was then," she thought, and a strange smile parted her lips.

She gazed at the wild sky and the tossing branches, and at last, with a shiver, she drew the curtain again, and returned to her chair by the fire, and there she lay back among the cushions, her bright hair—for she was achieving by slow stages the process of getting ready for bed—falling all round her shoulders, her eyes fixed on the glowing caverns of fire.

An hour before she had bidden good-night to Mr. Haworth, and now she was trying to decide what she was to say to him the next day when she saw him again. For that evening he had asked her to be his wife, and she had said, "I will answer you to-morrow."

She had seen him frequently of late, and had been increasingly attracted to him for his unselfish disposition, his sunny temper, and almost boyish heartiness, and—and be this word written in capitals—for his love to her.

Love, they say, begets love: this may or may not be the case—it is very certain that love begets liking. But it is hard to say where liking ends and love begins, and the question Evelyn was trying to settle was—"Do I love him enough to marry him? Do I love him at all?" And yet, though she scarcely knew it, her mind was practically made up. She pictured herself Frank Haworth's wife, tried to realise how it would feel to be with him year in, year out, and the prospect pleased her; and then, like a breath of icy wind, came the thought, "But do I *love* him?"

She had quite conquered, so she told herself, any partiality she had had for Alec Fenton. She had only seen him once since the pic-nic, and then she remembered she had thought that his cynical turn of mind was strengthening, and he had quoted, with an air of relish, "twenty millions—mostly fools."

And it had been only too clear to her that he did not care for her as anything more than an acquaintance; "and I'm sure," she had said to herself, with a defiant little motion of her head, "I'm not going to give two thoughts to a man who doesn't give one to me."

And now Frank had asked her to marry him. "And I think I know what I shall say to him," she murmured. "Dear Frank! he *is* good; and I do think he is fond of me."

A day or two later, as Alec was going into town, a friend overtook him, and they walked together, talking, like the walrus and the carpenter, "of many things."

"Oh, by the way," said the friend suddenly, "have you heard of the engagement?"

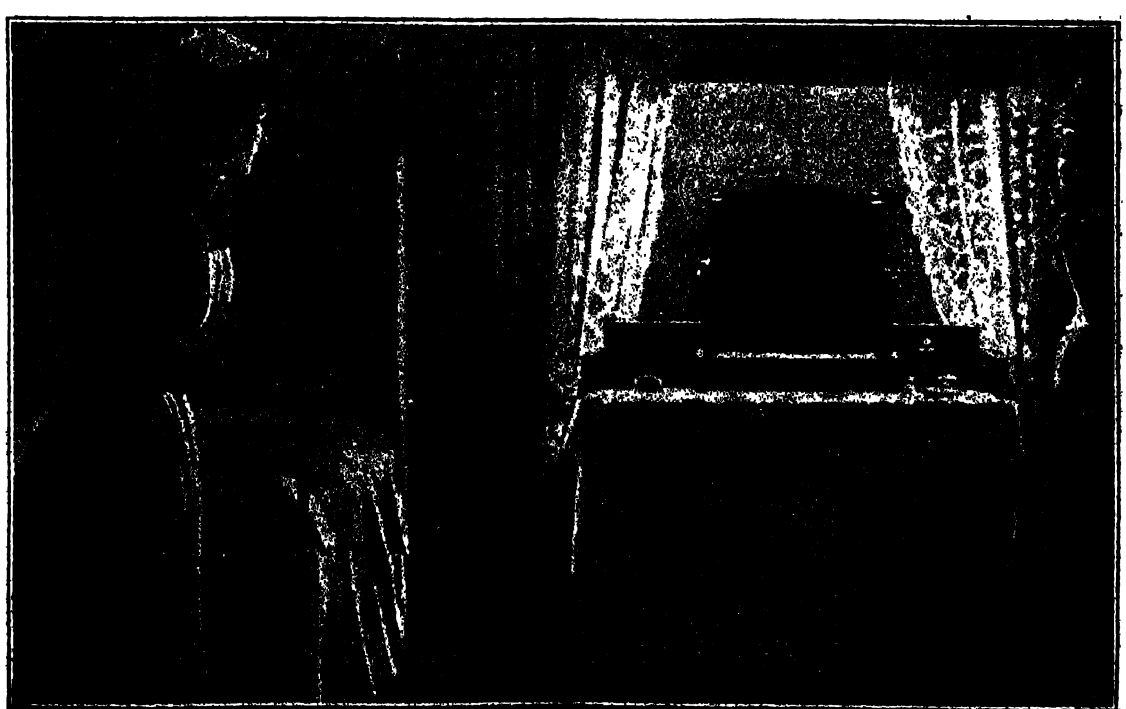
"*The* engagement? No; whose?"

"Evelyn Maynard's—friend of your sister's, isn't she?"

"Oh, Miss Maynard," said Alec, and he secretly wondered at the degree of coolness he achieved in his voice. "Who is the gentleman?"

"A Mr. Haworth, an engineer, I believe. He's lucky, for she's a nice girl;" and Alec felt as if his heart were turned into a lump of stone.

In the evening, as he and Bessie sat in his study, she sewing, he smoking, she cast at him many furtive glances, and at last was on the point of speaking, when he broke the silence.



"A TELEGRAM FOR MRS. MAYNARD, MISS." (p. 273).



"HE WAS INTENSELY CONSCIOUS OF HER PRESENCE." (*A. 275*).

"Do you know Evelyn is engaged?" he said quietly. Bessie flushed painfully, and her heart beat fast.

"Yes," she said; "she was here to day."

"When is the wedding to be?"

"Some time in the summer. I don't think the date is fixed."

A long silence ensued, and at length Bessie rose, and as she passed him she put her arm round his neck and kissed him, and he knew that she understood it all.

Alec paced up and down his room till far on into the night. At last he stopped before a drawer where he kept his private papers, and, opening it, he took out two letters—the only ones he had ever had from Evelyn. He gazed at them with a look of wistful sadness that would have brought the tears to the eyes of anyone who could have seen him, and then unflinchingly, but with trembling fingers, he tore them up, and, setting fire to the little pile, watched it burn till nothing was left but a black film. Stumblingly he found his way to his chair, and mechanically filled his pipe. Till streaks of pink were showing in the sky, and the birds in the trees were calling to one another, he sat, silent and motionless, and then, with a start, he came to himself, and realised that his eyes were dim, and that it was an unlighted pipe he had been holding for so long between his lips.

The winter dragged out its weary existence, and at last the spring had come. The thrushes were singing, crocuses and snowdrops were showing above the ground, and the green spears of the daffodils were pushing their way upward to the light.

Evelyn's marriage was fixed to take place in the first week in June, and her young lady acquaintances were beginning to ask various interested questions about the wedding-dress and the bridesmaids she meant to have. And more than one of the girls noticed the strange aversion Evelyn seemed to have to speak of anything connected with the marriage, and they asked one another curiously whether it could be that she did not wish to become Mrs. Haworth.

One evening, in the middle of March, Frank was walking home after an evening with Evelyn. She had been quiet, and he had thought she was looking sad, and words she had said at parting were ringing in his ears—"Frank, I want you to promise that, even if I should ever do anything that grieved you, you would forgive me."

What could she have meant? He had anxiously asked her, but no explanation would she give.

"I do trust," he said to himself, "that she is

not going to give me up. I know I'm not intellectual and poetical, and all that, but I'm as fond of her as a man can be;" and a sharp pain contracted his heart as he thought of the bare possibility of losing her.

And meantime, Evelyn was sitting before her fire, as she had sat on that night in November, and in her hand was a note she had just written.

She read it over, while the colour flashed into her face, and then she threw it from her, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, I am a wretch!" she murmured in keenest self-reproach. "I should never, never have said I would marry him; and yet, I did think I loved him. My poor Frank!" For at last she had done what for many weeks she had felt must be done sooner or later—she had written to Frank, and told him that their engagement must cease.

For the first month or so after she had given her promise to him, she had been carried away by the novelty and excitement of it all, and by the overwhelming flood of his love to her. She had been really happy for a few weeks, and then a haunting feeling of dissatisfaction—unsatisfiedness, to coin a word—had awakened in her heart, and had steadily grown, refusing to be lulled to sleep, and at last the terrible truth had stared her in the face that she had made a great and awful mistake. She had tried to avoid the knowledge, to turn away from it, but it had met her at every point. He was very good, she told herself, and unselfish, and honourable, and devoted to her, but—she did not love him, and she knew now that she never had loved him, and that it had been a mistake from the beginning. Away in the depths of her heart, hidden far down, was the knowledge scarcely allowed even to herself—that she loved one man, and one only, and his name was Alec Fenton.

So she wrote her little note to Frank, the tears filling her eyes, but her determination never faltering, and she finished and directed it, and then her strength seemed suddenly to fail, and she burst into a passion of weeping.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"In the midst of life we are in death"
"God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee!

We are naturally inclined to put off till a more convenient season what we do not wish to do, and it was the afternoon of the following day before Evelyn screwed up her courage to the sticking-place of going out to post her note to Frank.

She lingered over her dressing, and stood at the window looking on to the lovely world outside, the great piles of rounded white cloud, and the stretches of blue sky; and while she lingered, with a prefatory knock a servant entered the room.

"A telegram for Mrs. Maynard, Miss; but she is out."

Evelyn, with a strange sinking at her heart, opened the envelope, and then, while stars and bright lights seemed to dance before her eyes, she read: "Accident at works. Frank killed. Break news gently to Evelyn.—Alice Haworth."

"Is there any answer, miss?" said the girl; and she added timidly, "I hope, miss, it's not bad news."

Evelyn tried to speak, but the words would not easily come; she coughed impatiently, yet with a sound of tears in her voice.

"There is no answer;" and as the girl left the room Evelyn shut and locked the door, and then she sank into a chair, her hands fell by her sides, and she gazed vacantly before her. The note to Frank was lying on the table, and as she caught sight of it, she shuddered, and she flung out her hands with a passionate gesture.

"Frank," she moaned, "how untrue I was to you! Can you forgive me? I was not worthy of you; do not let it trouble you now, dear Frank," she sobbed, as if he could hear her; and who knows but that he did hear her?

There was only one drop of comfort in Mrs. Maynard's cup of sorrow when she had heard the terrible news, and that was the thought of the elegance and depth of the mourning she would order for Evelyn, but even this was at last denied her, for Evelyn positively refused to wear it.

"No, mother, I shall not," she said; and there was a sparkle in her eye that Mrs. Maynard knew of old; and she was forced to give in, and was subjected to the daily mortification of seeing her daughter attired in a black dress of the simplest description, and with not an inch of crape about it.

"She might only be in mourning for her cousin," the much-tried lady confided to a sympathising friend.

The secret of her letter to Frank—that letter that had never reached him—Evelyn kept locked up in her own heart, and told to no one: least of all, her mother.

"I cannot understand Evelyn," Mrs. Maynard said one day: "she is so quiet, so calm, so—well, really, it looks as though she did not very much care. And as to expressing sorrow at his death, *I* have said far more in that way than she has;" which was undeniably true.

Evelyn rarely mentioned Frank's name; she even scarcely dared to think of him, for she had a horrible haunting feeling that she had in some way caused his death. She did not go the length of believing that Providence had ordained Frank's death, since she found she could not marry him, but she felt as if, had she cared for him, he would not have died.

She knew it was absurd to imagine such things, and she strove against her thoughts, but for many days her heart was very heavy, and her friends, noting her pale cheeks and weary-looking eyes, mentally sympathised with her in the great "loss" she had sustained.

The weeks passed on, and one evening in June Evelyn went to see Bessie Fenton. They walked round and round the garden, talking so earnestly that they never noticed how the light was fading out of

the quiet heavens. At length a clock struck nine, and Evelyn started.

"Bessie," she said, "it is late. I must go, dear."

"Must you? Well, come in with me, and get that book;" and they went into the house. "It's in the study; will you go and see if it's on the table? I am just coming. Alec is out," she added, as Evelyn hesitated.

The study was nearly dark, but as Evelyn entered a tall figure rose from the depths of a basket-chair, and stepped towards her. She started. "Oh, Mr. Fenton, how you frightened me! Bessie said you were out."

"Bessie was mistaken," he replied quietly, taking her outstretched hand. "I've been watching you walking round the garden, and wondered what you were saying."

"Good-bye, for most of the time," she said, with a laugh.

"Good-bye! Why? Where are you going?"

"Mother and I are shutting up our house for a year, and are going to spend the time in travelling. We start next week, so I came to say good-bye to Bessie;" and try as she might, she could not control the quiver in her voice.

"Then we shall not see you——" and here Bessie came in.

"Alec! Surely I heard you go out before Evelyn came?"

He shook his head.

"I've been here all the evening," he said; and Bessie looked at him sharply, wondering at the sad tone in his voice.

"Has Evelyn told you she is going away?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, throwing his half-smoked cigarette into the fireplace: "she has said something about it;" and from his tone Evelyn thought, with a dull heartache, "He does not care a scrap;" and Bessie thought, "My poor, poor Alec!" and understood it all.

"I am going out," he said, as they stood at the hall door. "May I see you home?"

And Evelyn said, "Yes."

There was a close hand-shake, a long lingering embrace between the two friends, and then Bessie went back into the house, her eyes dim with tears, and a vague pain gnawing at her heart.

At Evelyn's gate she and Alec parted. She hardly knew what they had talked about: plans as to her travel, new books—veriest commonplace, it had seemed to her, so different from what it might have been!

"Good-night," she said; "or rather, good-bye, I suppose."

He took her hand, and a thrill ran through her, for she thought he was going to raise it to his lips. But he only held it for an instant fast in his own.

"Good-bye," he said. "God be with you!" and then he turned abruptly, and walked with long strides down the road.

The next week Evelyn and her mother started for Interlachen, and so began their year of travel.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"I love you, sweet; how can you ever learn
How much I love you? You I love even so,
And so I learn it."

IT was the end of March, and the P. and O. steamer *Cleopatra*, homeward bound from Australia, had left Brindisi.

Eight bells had been struck, and the passengers were promenading the decks after dinner. Many had left at Brindisi, but only one had come on board—our old friend, Alec Fenton.

He had been spending a month on the Riviera, passing a well-earned holiday, and gaining fresh strength before setting to his work again with renewed vigour; for at last his promotion had come to him, and he had been taken into partnership.

"And oh," he thought, with impatient longing, "if it had only come a year ago!"

As he walked backwards and forwards on this March evening, the spray flying in clouds from the *Cleopatra's* prow, the deck rising and falling beneath his feet, he was thinking of Evelyn, and wondering whether, after she had once given away her heart, she could ever love any man but that one who was lying in awful stillness in the churchyard.

"I could offer her a home now," he murmured; "but would she ever think of me?"

His walk had brought him opposite the companion, and he drew back to allow a lady who was coming out on deck to pass. A nail in the floor caught her dress, and, as she turned to free it, the light from the lamp fell on her face. He uttered an exclamation, and sprang quickly forward.

"Miss Maynard!" he cried, "it is not you, surely?"

She started and looked up at him, and then, the colour flashing into her face from brow to chin, she put out her hand, saying, with a little smile—

"Yes, it is really I; but may I ask what you are doing here?"

They turned away from the companion and went into the bow, and there they walked to and fro, talking so busily that more than one old-established passenger thought that Miss Maynard was growing very friendly with the new man from Brindisi.

They compared notes on their travels, and she told him how she and her mother were on their way home from Egypt. They talked of many subjects, and, not least interesting, they talked of themselves: of what each had been doing, thinking, seeing, during the past few months; and Fenton felt that he was taking a gigantic stride in his renewed acquaintance with Evelyn. She was different, too, from what she had been; there was a sweet shyness about her, her colour came and went, and often her eyelids drooped, so that he could not see her eyes. If he had only known it, it was but that she felt there was a change in him. His face, as he had cried "Is it you?" had expressed more than he knew, and in his words and looks, and very bearing, there was something—she could hardly tell what—that sent the colour flying to her cheek and set her heart beating quickly.

Neither of the two slept much that night. Each was thinking of the other, and Alec determined that the next day should see his fate decided.

The following evening, after dinner, he escorted Mrs. Maynard into the music-room, and fetched a cushion for her and a book, and was altogether so attentive that her opinion of him went up with a run.

Finally, in the most guileless manner, he told her of his change in position, whereon she sat for some minutes in meditation.

"Evelyn," she said presently, "wouldn't you like to go on deck for the air? Mr. Fenton will take you, perhaps?" with an interrogative smile; and Alec was only too happy.

"Will you come into the bow?" he said, and she followed him without a word.

There was a faint breeze blowing that ruffled the surface of the sea, and stretching away from the vessel's side to the horizon was a broad band of shimmering moon-lit water.

She stood beside him, one hand resting on the bulwarks, the other holding the shawl she had thrown round her head. There was a brilliant colour in her cheeks, her eyes were shining. He was intensely conscious of her presence.

"How long is it since I saw you!" he said presently, "Nine months."

"Is it? It was in June, I think."

"I had wanted to have told you then," he said, almost timidly, "how very sorry I was for you when —when Mr. Haworth died. I wanted to have told you, but I was afraid of doing anything to bring back the trouble to you."

"Thank you," she said tremulously. "You are very kind."

"It must have been a terrible experience for you. I would have given much to have been able to have helped you;" and he hardly knew the depth of tenderness there was in his voice. "I don't know how you bore it and lived. You were an example to many, and among them myself."

Evelyn was crying now, catching her breath in quick sobs.

"Forgive me," he said brokenly. "Oh, Evelyn, don't cry!"

Her tears moved him, as a woman's tears move every true man, and he longed to comfort her.

"Can I not help you?" he begged.

She shook her head, and then she said falteringly—

"You have spoken so kindly that I feel I ought to tell you something."

Her voice was husky, but she went on bravely—

"The night before Mr. Haworth's death I wrote a note to him—it never reached him—to tell him —to tell him that our engagement must end, for I had found it was a mistake, and I did not love him."

For an instant Fenton's heart seemed to stand still.

"You did not love him?" he gasped.

"No," she replied; and then she threw up her head with a proud gesture. "It is easy for you to blame me," she said, "but—but," with a sob in her voice, "you don't know what I have suffered."

"Blame you!" he cried. "Do you think I ever could do *that?*"

Her hand was resting on the bulwark, and he put out his own and covered it. For a minute she let it remain, and then she drew it away.

"I must go," she said. "Good-night;" and as she turned towards him the moonlight fell on her dear face, and on her eyes brimming over with tears, and his heart leaped within him.

"No," he cried; "you must not go. I want to speak to you."

* * * * *

Ten minutes later a young lady came up to a group of friends on deck.

"What *do* you think?" she said impressively. "Miss Maynard and that new man from Brindisi are in the bow, and—and he's kissing her, and right in the moonlight, too, where everyone can see."

"Perhaps they're engaged," suggested someone. "They're old friends. Hush! here she is;" and Evelyn came along the deck.

"Good-night," she said, with a smile of such radiant brightness that the last speaker said again emphatically, "Mark my words: they're engaged."

And they were. And Alec, left alone, paced up and down, the moonlight and the wash of the water against the vessel's side, and the mysterious charm of the sea, speaking to him only of Evelyn, and again and again the words rang through his brain:—

"And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride."

A TALK ABOUT THE GREENHOUSE.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.

COWPER, in his beautiful poem, "The Task," declares that he "who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too," and a greenhouse is a garden, an indoor home for many precious flowers from foreign climes that wither in our varying temperatures.

A common question from amateur gardeners at all seasons is, "What can I grow in my small greenhouse? It is attached to the drawing-room." Sometimes the question shows that the happy owner has a greenhouse in the garden, and well supplied with hot-water pipes, only desiring to know the class of plants to brighten the structure. I will give advice to both questioners,

and first deal with the heating of a small greenhouse. This is a vexed point with most gardeners, and life is made burdensome by anxious inquiries about boilers, petroleum stoves, and other contrivances to keep out grim frost that threatens the life of tender exotics.



HELIOTROPE (CHERRY PIE).

Those who wish to buy a greenhouse should get a ready-made structure, and competition has brought the prices very low. Everything depends, of course, upon its size, and sometimes a house may be picked up very cheaply, or, if one be handy with tools, one may spend a few pleasant hours in the winter evenings making a house.

More failures result from improper heating than from any other cause.

A friend said to me last winter: "I have tried ——'s heating apparatus, but the whole business is most depressing. I shall act the anarchist and blow the affair up." I gave him comfort in his trouble, and tendered the advice I now furnish my readers. Dozens of boilers are advertised, and they do their work well, as a rule; but the most satisfactory contrivance is a riveted or welded "Palatine" wrought-iron boiler, which is made by the wholesale firm of Hartley and Sugden, of Halifax, and must be ordered through a local builder or ironmonger. Avoid small cast-iron boilers. They may suddenly collapse at a peculiarly trying time, and the catastrophe is beyond repair. The piping should not be less than four inches in diameter inside, and there must be no stint. The boiler will not then play pranks by boiling over, and when the fire goes out by accident, sufficient warmth will be retained in the pipes, whilst re-lighting proceeds, without the plants suffering in any degree. It is not necessary to set the boiler in brickwork. It is provided with ample fire-space, so that the refuse of the cinder box, or small coke, may be used as fuel. A well-made-up fire will last for twelve hours without attention, and a damper should not be used above the fire, but the supply of air regulated by the ash-pit door. By this means noxious fumes will escape.

A host of floral gems may be cultivated in a good greenhouse- not a tumble down, draughty building scarcely fit to shelter a "geranium," but heated in the way described. The Chrysanthemum—"the flower of retirement and culture," says an old Chinese writer—we have already written of in the December article. It is a useful and lovely flower for the greenhouse, requiring little heat and putting forth its rich clusters to light the months of fog and cold.

Camellias and Azaleas are splendid greenhouse plants. They do not like, but put up with, fogs, and if given reasonable attention never fail to flower. A peaty soil, firm potting, careful watering, and proper attention in the summer are the chief cultural details. A great lament in winter is, "Oh, the buds of my Camellias are falling off. What is the reason?" Well, this is the result of neglect during the summer. The plants become dry, and when in the winter an extra strain occurs they are unable to respond. Camellias and Azaleas require much the same treatment, and the best varieties of the former are the double white, the beautifully imbricated candidissima, Donckaari, crimson, marbled with white, and the old Blush. The finest Azaleas are A. Borsig and Deutsche Perle, double white; Apollo, crimson scarlet; Bernhard Andreas, violet-purple; Jean Vervaene, rich crimson; Mrs. Turner, pink, with white margin to the petals; and Reine des Roses, rose, spotted with deeper shade.

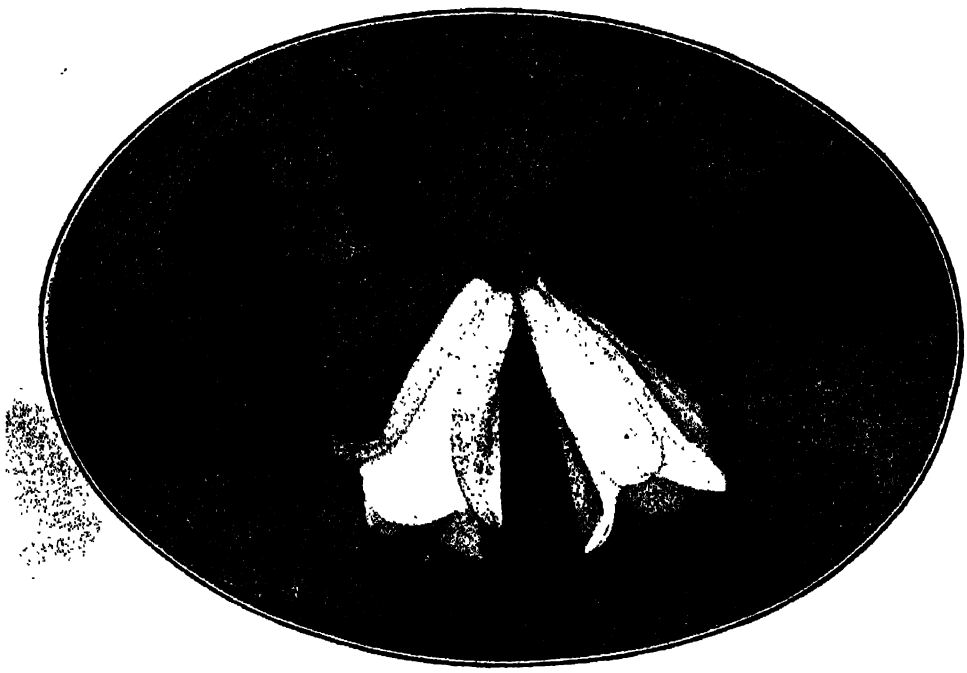


PLUMBAGO.

The Cyclamen, or sow-bread, is a familiar greenhouse flower in winter, and called sow-bread because the tuberous roots are relished by swine. The wild boar of Sicily, where the plant is abundant, regards it as a delicacy. It is not troublesome to grow in a warm greenhouse. Bouvardias require more warmth than afforded by a petroleum stove. A temperature of not less than 60° is essential, or, if needed for flowering in summer, 45° to 60° during winter. Cuttings may be readily struck in brisk heat in the spring. When rooted, pot them on into five-inch pots, using a soil composed of about equal parts of loam and peat, with a fair proportion of sharp silver sand. Two delightful double varieties are Alfred Newner, pure white, and President Garfield, pink, whilst of the single kinds select Dazzler, brilliant scarlet; Priory Beauty, rose; Vreelandi, white; Humboldti Corymbiflora, snow-white; and Mrs. Green, salmon.

A useful plant for the greenhouse, but more usually grown in the open during the summer, is the sweet-scented Tobacco, Nicotiana affinis. It is easily raised from seed in the spring in gentle warmth, and the seedlings potted on, not planted out for summer decoration. The branching spikes of creamy white flowers send out a sweet fragrance in the evening. Writing of tobacco reminds me of the barrister who, when asked by a friend to take a pinch of snuff, said: "Sir, if the Almighty had intended my nostrils for a dust-hole, He would not have turned them upside down."

The Fuchsia is a plant that all can grow if the greenhouse is sufficiently heated. A great change has come over this flower, and hybridists have seized upon departures from existing types, from them building up a distinct class. The cuttings, like those of the Pelargonium, strike very easily in spring, and this method of propagation should be followed in the majority of cases, as for Calceolarias, Acacias, Pelargoniums of the French type, as well as Zonals, Marguerites, Chinese Primulas, Heliotrope, and the Heaths; but it is better for the beginner to purchase Heaths. The wood is difficult to root, and the business is likely to prove disappointing



LAPAGERIA ALBA (WAX FLOWERS).

On the roof one may have a Maréchal Niel rose, the blue Plumbago capensis, and Lapageria rosea and L. alba, that scramble over bushes in the woods of Chiloe, in South Chili. The flowers are large and waxy, as may be seen from the photograph above. A good peat bed must be prepared for them, and the rising asparagus-like shoots protected with a tubular lamp-glass when they appear. Slugs and snails have a special fondness for the juicy tops.

In the warm greenhouse it is possible to get away from the commoner climbers, creating a change by growing the climbing "Nasturtium."

A letter before me runs thus: "Can you tell me how to grow a climbing Nasturtium for winter-flowering? I saw a lovely plant the other day, a perfect blaze of colour." Happily, it is possible to get this "blaze of colour" easily, and the only difficulty is fog - the nauseous smoke-clouds that envelop the suburbs of big cities. The way to proceed is as follows: take cuttings in March, and they strike quickly in mild heat. When rooted pot them off separately. During the summer the plants should be placed out of doors on a bed of coal-ashes, to prevent worms getting into the hole in the bottom of the pot, and watered when necessary. In September take the plant to the greenhouse, and the growth will quickly run over the rafters,

the flowers standing out in brilliant array against the glaucous leaves. The best variety is Fireball, the flowers being a vivid crimson.

During recent years Cactuses have grown greatly in popularity, and they can be purchased cheaply. Eighteenpence will buy a splendid Phyllocactus, and there are many varieties, the flowers, as a rule, very large and of brilliant colours—carmine, crimson and rose, shot with a pellucid satiny lustre, a glorious sheen, characteristic of this fascinating class. Everyone has heard of the night-flowering Cereus grandiflorus, which has blooms fourteen inches across. A plant in perfection is a fairy vision, with its spotless white flowers developed in the darkness and creating, in the poet's words, "Worlds of light, we never see by day." Of short duration is this brilliant manifestation, the flower commencing to expand at seven o'clock p.m., gradually opening out its wealth of petals, until at midnight they are in full splendour. From thence until morning its glory dwindles, the scene to be again presented on the following evening by successional buds.

This month's talk is necessarily somewhat disjointed. The greenhouse and its inmates is a big subject for a comparatively brief article, but everything I have mentioned may be grown therein. A few more easily managed things are tuberous Begonias, which give all the colours of the rainbow, the blue-flowered Agapanthus umbellatus, the yellow Cytisus, winter-flowering Heaths, the Maiden's Wreath, Francoa, a lovely white flower in graceful spikes, the fine old Scarborough Lily (Vallota), which requires to be practically left alone, and the singular Blood-flower (Hæmanthus).

A plant of the showy H. coccineus may be grown to surprise friends. It requires as much warmth as the greenhouse affords when the leafless, curiously-marked stems appear, each crowned with a brush-like head of scarlet flowers. When at rest only sufficient water is required to prevent them shrivelling. You may tell the wondering friend that the viscid, acrid juice of the Blood-flower bulbs was used by the Hottentots to poison their arrows.

One does not want all flowers, so I append the names of a few cheap and easily-grown foliage plants. The Parlour Palm (Aspidistra) has remarkably ornamental leaves variegated with creamy white. Then choose the graceful Grevillea robusta, the thick-leaved Aralia Sieboldi, and the Maidenhair fern, Adiantum cuneatum, Pteris cretica, and P. tremula.

I have refrained from mentioning orchids in general, but if a free-growing kind is desired select the Lady Slipper (Cypripedium insigne), which gives little trouble. It is, moreover, inexpensive, and needs a peaty soil, no heat whatever in summer, and the warmest corner of the greenhouse in winter, when its pretty flowers are borne in profusion. Of course, the house may be brightened with a few forced bulbs or plants as Deutzia gracilis, a white-flowered shrub that gives beauty to mountains and valleys in flowery Japan.

March is a busy month. Roll and trim the grass lawn, finish all kinds of planting, and make the beds ready for seed-sowing. Sow now Sweet Peas, Virginian Stock, Poppies, Lupines, Calliopsis, Cornflowers, Clarkias, Larkspurs, Convolvulus minor, and Love-lies-bleeding. Half-hardy annuals sown under glass must not get drawn. Keep the growth as stocky as possible. Pot up bedders, and Carnations for summer-flowering kept over the winter in frames should be put out at once. See that the greenhouse plants are not infested with green-fly. A mild dose of tobacco smoke will settle these small marauders. Plant early potatoes on a warm border, sow carrots and cabbages for early in July. At the end of the month sow French beans and Exonian peas.

A FEW SAMPLES PER RAIL.



AN old gardener of our acquaintance was sent up to town in charge of a horse. He received many directions from his master as to his route; his mistress went with him to the station, and bought for him a return ticket. The distance from London was only twenty miles, and William returned in safety in the evening.

The next morning, when accounts were being inspected, an item for "My train" attracted attention.

"What is this?" inquired the mistress.

"That be for my journey home, missus."

"But I gave you a 'return.' Did you lose it? Half of your ticket should have been given you in London."

"Lor-a-mussy, mum! be this it?" quoth William, pulling from his pocket the missing half. "I did wonder at he for giving of it back to I."

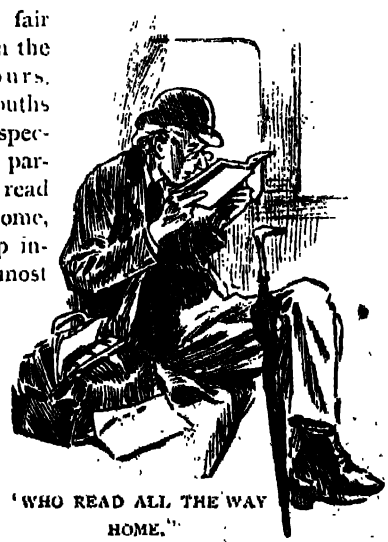
There are not many so untravelled nowadays as that William. A different company pass us by as we stand for a few minutes on the platform at Charing Cross or Victoria, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, to watch a few trains go out, laden with their human freight. By far the largest number of passengers are men. "Paterfamilias" may be labelled at once, from his habit of carrying to the nest some morsels for the fledglings, or for the mother bird—a basket of fish, some blue-enveloped fruit or dainty

vegetable, a long brown paper parcel from the draper's, a very bulky toy, and the like. Newspapers and books too, he invariably purveys. Young men in



"PATERFAMILIAS."

a violent hurry are numerous; they scrambled in the morning to catch the train, they rushed through their work all day, and now they dash along the platform as the guard holds the whistle in his hand. The slow ones are not missing: they have spotless shirts and collars, unspotted gaiters, and glossy hats. They are *never* in a hurry—it is "bad form"; and though they may be annoying to their quicker brethren, it is not certain that they fail to get through a fair amount of work in the twenty-four hours. There are some youths (usually wearing spectacles) who carry parcels of books, and read all the way home, others who gossip incessantly, but most who smoke—and think. The ladies form a large contingent: they have been shopping, or lunching out, or servant-hunting, and are occasionally as fractious as children, with fatigue and the rush of the hours in town; generally however, they greet their Adolphus or Henry with a smiling face, having bought "bargains", or met pleasant friends, and go to the suburban home with him, pouring their happy experiences into his attentive (?) ear.



"WHO READ ALL THE WAY HOME."

"A day in town" is a more important part of life in the outskirts than most of us recognise. How anxiously materfamilias inquires about trains and distance from stations, before she will consent to look at the house in the suburbs pater declares to be the "very thing." Can she get up to her favourite shop? Will she be able to pay her calls on town friends? Can she go to the picture galleries? If not, it is useless to talk to her; a Paradise would not suit the mater.

But the travellers whose ways are most engaging are those bound on long journeys, and who take their places in club trains or Pullman express. One man will lounge carelessly down the platform to find his traps well placed by the porter who knows his ways, and before the engine has cleared the station he is ensconced with the latest paper well in hand, the



"HE HAS LOST HIS TICKET."

rug disposed comfortably, and "a few hours' quiet" the uppermost thought in his mind. Another will have a hundred questions to ask at the moment of starting; he wishes to show his ticket—he has lost it; he hunts in every pocket, his eye-glass falls on the window-rim and smashes, his cap tumbles off between the carriage and the platform, and as the train goes the final glimpse the porters have is of a bareheaded person wildly waving something in his hand, as the engine slows round the curve.

"My lady" is interesting to watch. John Thomas and Perkins have been on the platform some time, having come down in a cab with the luggage. Perkins will not quit her hold of the dressing-case until she can place it beneath the feet of her mistress; she forgets that her evident anxiety about the square leather-covered package labels it as containing valuables. My lady comes, with a tall daughter, perhaps, and takes

her place in the comfortable arm-chair: for her, travelling brings no annoyance, and very little fatigue. She has only to take her place, to quit it, to go into



"THE MUCH-TRAVELLED LADY."

rooms at delightful hotels, to find all her accustomed knick-knacks in their usual places about her, to see the sights, admire the views, and come home again refreshed.

The young lady who is travelling on business starts in quite another fashion. She is dressed in a quiet ulster, with a hat to match; she looks rather sad and harassed; the friend who comes to see her off plagues her with inappropriate questions, perhaps; and the society of John Thomas and Perkins will not much amuse her. We wish her *bon voyage*, and a happy home in whatever situation she is going to undertake.

Then there is the much-travelled lady, who has patent contrivances for all kinds of "usefuls." Not content with a "hold-all" like a mammoth bolster, she has a bottle of eucalyptus, another of eau-de-Cologne, a compressible bonnet, a writing-desk five inches square, a stylographic pen, a small case of homœopathic medicines, a filter, an enamelled tumbler, cases for scissors, needles, cottons, pincers, tweezers, tickets, stamps, passport and letter of credit, a candle in a silver tube, a luncheon basket, and a box of matches. These odds and ends she strings about her person or disposes in the carriage netting, to be "handy." Small wonder is it that, when wanted, a special article is not to be found.

There is the talkative traveller, who, whether man or woman, is usually a woeful bore. To see his fellow-passengers is at once to make him long to know *all* about them; whence they came, whither they are bound, whether they have a family, and many other things, actually seem to interest this voyager. He tells his companions the name of every station, the history of every place of note within ten miles of either side of the line, and his talk is generally in large capitals, interspersed with notes of admiration.

The silent traveller is another variety. The man who will go from London to Edinburgh without once letting his voice be heard is, perhaps, an extreme example, but there are many whose motto seems to be, "Be check'd for silence, but never taxed for speech."

Then there are those as to whom one wonders why they travel. Nothing amuses or interests them. They gaze with vacant stare on renowned rivers, historic castles, glorious woods, town and country, as they pass by. They never know whereabouts they are, and the only thing of which they are sure is the name of the home they left. We once sat next a lady at a *table d'hôte*, of whom we asked "whether she had been at Bologna?"

"Oh no," was the answer.

Her husband remarked, in an audible whisper—

"That is where we came from yesterday."

"I forgot," she amended; "we were there yesterday, and we are going to Turin to-morrow."

This stopped the conversation, as we were in Turin at the moment!

We came up from Scotland one year with three ladies, who had joined company for "mutual help and comfort." One of these was wearing a handsome silk dress, and a velvet mantle that was positively magnificent. Will she lean back? we thought, as Carlisle was passed, and she sat upright—immovable. At Lancaster the ladies descended in search of tea, and she of the gorgeous raiment was the last to return.

"Do you see how uprightly she sits?" inquired one



"WILL SHE LEAN BACK?"

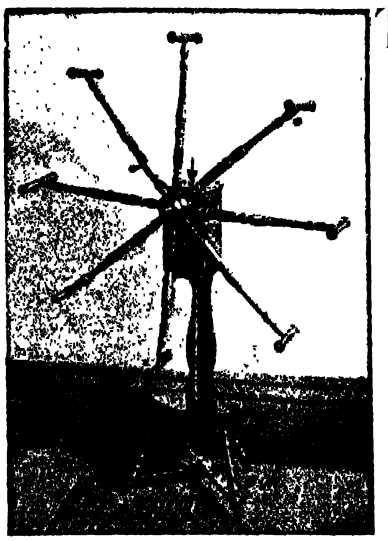
of her friends of the other. "It makes one ache to see her. Why does she do it?"

"My dear," was the reply, "can't you see she is afraid of spoiling that mantle?"

IVOR MERLE.

THE WHITE FIELDS OF ULSTER.

(ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. R. WELCH, BELFAST.)



OLD IRISH REEL, MADE ABOUT 1770.

THERE are many parts of the United Kingdom where special industries not only predominate, but where their presence is perceptible over wide areas. Coalfields mark huge tracts of country; chemical fumes hang over parts of the Tyne and the Clyde; the iron ore of the Furness district makes ruddy many a field and stream near Barrow and Ulverston; and in Ireland, in the north, the "white fields" of Ulster give special character to landscapes near Lisburn and Lurgan. The story of the manufacture of flax goes back many generations

It is a story that has its romance. There have been viceroys who have encouraged the industry, and others who have boasted that they have laid waste its chief centres. Lord Strafford is credited, for instance, with the spending of thousands of pounds of his own money in endeavours to promote the linen industry in Ireland, and with the bringing of looms of the best design from Amsterdam for distribution amongst the Irish weavers.

Huguenot refugees, banished by persecution from France, settled in the north of Ireland, and Louis Crommelin is one of those who are honoured for their industry, their love of their adopted country, and their endeavours to improve the condition of its people. In olden days we are told by Muggeridge's Report on the Linen Manufacture of Ireland:—

"The spinning of yarn by hand was the ordinary occupation of the females of almost every family in the province of Ulster connected with the linen weaving."

Mill-spun yarn has almost entirely displaced hand-spun, but the linen trade is still the great and the most distinctive of the industries in the north of Ireland. And there was for that industry lordly patronage, and even royal patronage was accorded to Lisburn damask; whilst linen boards and flax societies had for years governmental grants. And though these have passed away, the "Flax Supply Association" has for more than a quarter of a century been one of



THE LINEN HALL, BELFAST.



DAMASK WEAVING AT ST. HELEN'S WORKS, BELFAST.

the most useful of the trade associations of the kingdom.

Over a wide area of the north of Ireland the signs of the linen trade in the webs of linen that are spread in whiteness over the green fields are visible from many a point on the railway from Belfast to Dublin; in the many mills that send up their tall chimneys towards the sky; and in the tender hues of the flax as it shows itself in fields in Ulster to an extent unseen in any other part of the kingdom. And thus it is that by the abundance of the raw material, of the facilities for manufacture, of the labour needed, and of the experience transmitted for generations, Ulster has from Larne to Lurgan so much of the linen manufacture located within its bounds; and nothing strikes the traveller more frequently than the sight of its fields whitened with the linen spread out to bleach. Here and there are long broad lines of white spread on the grass that is of the greenest, and the interlacing line of emerald and of white suggest huge ribbons stretching in parti-coloured beauty on the earth. And the predominant industry in Ulster has put its mark on country and on people.

In the great towns huge mills gather in their workers much in the same manner that the cotton mills of the Oldham district do—though the numbers for each are less, and there is more of Irish vivacity in the workpeople.

Of the many processes in the mills, from "roughing" the flax and "heckling" to the "calendering" of the webs, it is not needful to write in detail; machines varied, costly, and complicated do very much of the work—machines for combing, cleaning, preparing, spinning, washing, beetling, and many another process are at work; and by them the brown-hued flax is pulled, sorted, straightened, wound, conducted, woven as warp or weft, and so improved that it finally emerges as pure white linen or damask. But away from the towns, in little valleys and on rugged hill-sides, there is still the working of the hand-loom.

Here is such an example of Irish industry: In a little hamlet not far from Armagh, a main road runs unevenly over the hills, by comfortable farmsteads, owned by descendants of Scotsmen who long ago settled in one part of Cromwell's "plantation," and past one-storeyed thatched cottages, whose white-washed fronts are partially covered with climbing plants.

Just off from this—not a stone's throw—are two little dwellings, one occupied by a weaver and his family, the chief room of the adjoining dwelling being given up to the loom. And here the weaver meets you, and with frank Irish courtesy shows you his method of work, and the shuttle flies from his busy hands as the web is woven.

It is a form of the linen industry that is being decreased from year to year, for the mills are made more perfect in machinery and larger in production; and in Ireland, as in other countries, the extent of the work of the hands is being reduced by the application of steel and steam.

In some of its aspects the alteration is not an improvement; it is the removal of the small industries that gave work to the hamlets into the towns; but in Ulster—apart from Belfast—there is not the aggregation of population in towns that there is in, say, the

cotton district of England ; and the necessities of the linen trade enforce the provision of green areas near the mills, so that the white fields of Ulster minister alike to the purity of the linen and of the air of the towns near.

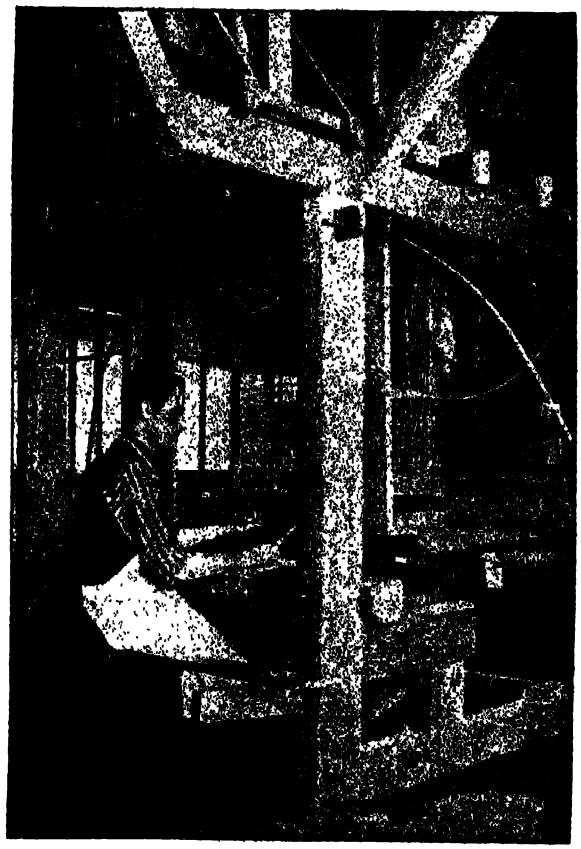
The predominant industry is not a very highly-paid one ; but the workers in Lisburn and Lurgan exercise thrift as well as industry, and in the villages where hand weaving still survives it is part of the occupation of the household ; and the care of the patch of land, of the cow, and of the pig give employment that is at least as much conducive to health as to economy of expenditure.

In the same way that handloom weaving has generally lost ground, so has also the special work of handkerchief weaving, and of hem-stitching by hand, but they cannot be considered extinct, though decaying.

If in towns like Lisburn, in model establishments like Bessbrook, and in the villages down into the county of Armagh, the linen manufacture has its centres, it is in Belfast that the linen trade has its great seat. There are not only the huge warehouses and offices of the makers and merchants, but there also in the retail establishments are some of the finest of the buildings that the great capital of the north of Ireland boasts.

It is an industry that employs its thousands of hands, as is the case at the shipbuilding yards near, it is one of the most distinct and most ancient of the trades that centre there ; and the vastness of the capital it employs, the large employment it gives to labour, and the picturesqueness of its surroundings make one of the special features of the north of Ireland those bleaching fields which we have called the White Fields of Ulster.

J. W. S.



A HAND-LOOM WEAVER AT WORK (CO. ANTRIM).



GLENMORE BLEACH GREEN.

AS PAYING GUESTS.



"YOU may depend on it, Mrs. Lewin, that's the truth of the matter. Of course it was told me in confidence, and I tell it to you in the same way. You won't mention it to anyone, will you?"

"Of course not, Miss Player," I answered languidly, trying to smother a yawn.

Miss Player had sat over my little tea-table for more than an hour, and still showed no inclination to move. I was getting tired of her ceaseless chatter, and wished she would make haste and go.

"Ah! there goes Miss Johnstone up the hill," said my visitor, rising with such haste that my pretty china was unmercifully shaken. "Where can she be going, do you think?"

"I am sure I have not the least idea."

"Haven't you? Well, I expect I can guess. I think I must *really* go now."

Miss Player staightened her hat (a too juvenile piece of head-gear to suit my taste), and, drawing on her gauntlet gloves, departed with what seemed to me a very abrupt farewell.

I watched her from the porch, and saw that she followed Miss Johnstone, and presently overtook her.

I decided mentally that the very piece of news which had been detailed "in confidence" to me would soon be poured into Miss Johnstone's willing ears.

It was not much, it is true, yet it set me thinking.

It had long been a source of comment in Calhampton and its neighbourhood that the family at the Laurels kept a great deal of company, and that their visitors were mainly of the superior order. The Laurels was a pretty, well-built house, standing in its own grounds, which were as trim and well kept as Mrs. Doniford and her daughters themselves, yet it was a mystery how that lady managed to keep up appearances as she did, when, as everyone knew, the death of her husband had lessened her income by at least half.

Miss Player's latest item of news explained it all—the company they kept were *paying guests*.

I am not given to gossip; sometimes I get quite impatient with Miss Player when she rakes up so much scandal, but I must confess that this piece of news gave me some little pleasure. The Donifords had always given themselves airs of superiority—airs which were most offensive to me, for, as the widow of John Lewin, who came of one of the oldest families in the county, I have surely a right to the first place amongst the gentry of Calhampton, and that place I should have had but for the Donifords and their gay style of living.

And to think that they had kept up their prestige solely by means of their paying guests!

Once a baronet had stayed there, and last summer it was a colonel and his sister, whom Beryl Doniford had trotted out on every possible occasion; to say nothing of the host of clergymen, lieutenants, distinguished ladies, and pretty girls that I could remember who had come and gone in summers and autumns of preceding years.

Long after Miss Player had taken her departure I sat by the window, looking out in the gathering twilight at my old fashioned garden.

In one thing the Donifords never could rival me. My house is the most quaint and picturesque place for miles round. Tradition says it is part of an old mansion which belonged to one of the favourites of Charles the First, who had more than once honoured it with his presence.

At any rate, I have always been proud of it, and my husband, during his life-time, was proud of it too. If I had only been more wealthy the Donifords would never have had the chance of outshining me.

As I sat and pondered over all this, a sudden thought came to me.

Why should not *I* have some paying guests also?

I felt my face grow warm at the thought. John would never have countenanced such a thing, had he been alive, and Arthur, his nephew, would be very angry if he found it out, but I would keep it very quiet and be so discreet that no one should guess my secret.

After my lamp was lit I set to work to write out an advertisement. It was not an easy task, but at last it was accomplished to my satisfaction.

"One or two ladies can be received as paying guests in the home of a widow lady of position. Cheerful society and most romantic surroundings."

I read this last production over several times, and at length decided that it would do.

I should have liked a gentleman—they are so much less trouble—but living alone with my maids, it would hardly be the thing. Mrs. Doniford had grown-up sons, and was therefore able to entertain gentlemen as well as ladies.

I laughed a little to myself as I folded up the sheet of paper, and put it in an envelope emblazoned with the Lewin crest. If I could only meet with a lady of title, how the Donifords would be outdone!

The next day I gave orders, and superintended myself a thorough overhauling of two of my prettiest guest chambers. Nearly a fortnight had passed before my advertisement elicited any reply, and then one

solitary missive arrived, stating that two friends would like to share my home for about six weeks, and would be glad to come at once, if convenient. I was a little bit disappointed. I had expected at least a dozen applications, and this letter bore no crest, and the writer appeared to be a homely, ordinary sort of person.

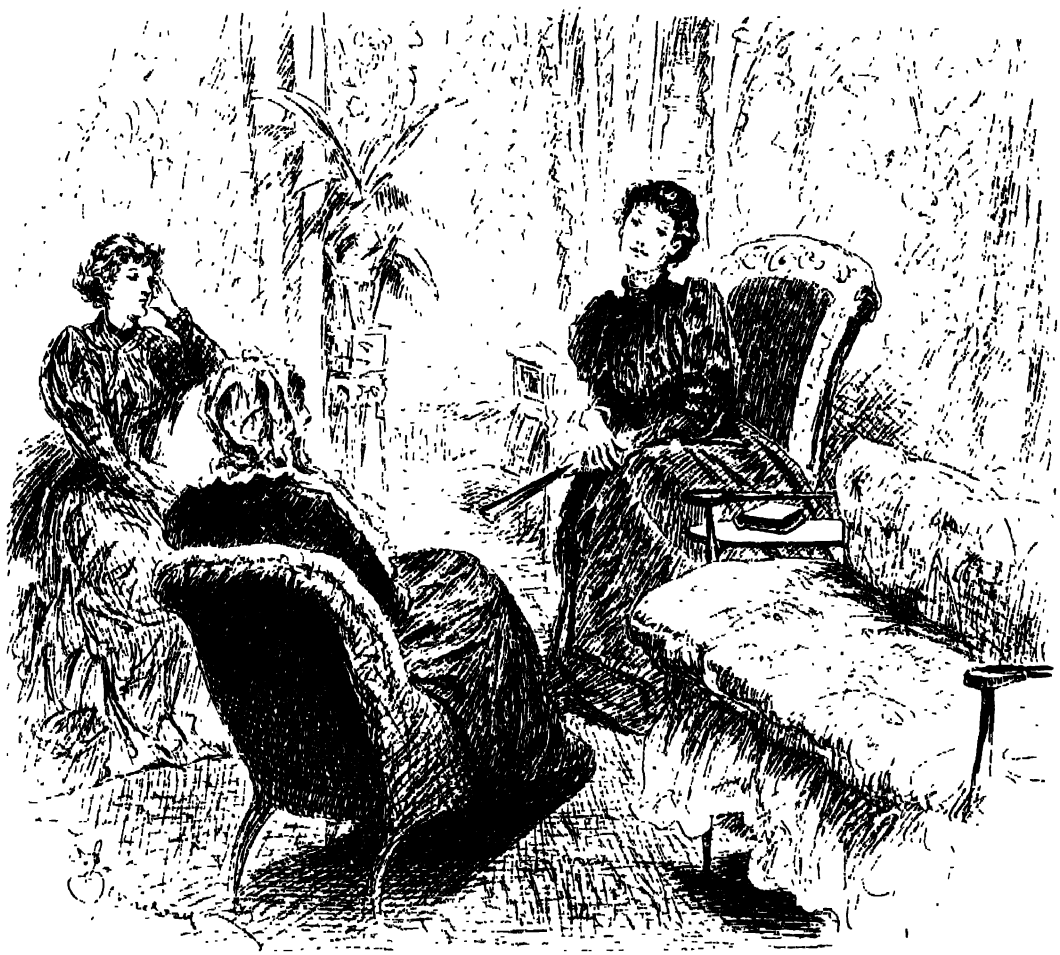
I was folding the note up carelessly, when I noticed that an addressed envelope was enclosed; it was directed to Lady Susan Anstey, Culverton Square, W.

I felt better directly. For six weeks, at least, I should have a lady of title beneath my roof, and if only Arthur could be kept from suspecting anything, all would be well.

Arthur was my favourite in the Lewin family. He never snubbed me like some of the others, nor cut John for having married a farmer's daughter, though, to be sure, he was only a child when that happened. Ah well! I was young and pretty in those days, and I am sure it is no wonder that John fell in love with me—I should have done the same if I had been in his place; and, any way, I made him a good wife, and looked after him well as long as he lived.

Two days later my guests arrived.

One was a tall, handsome girl, whom I immediately settled in my own mind must be Lady Susan; the other a medium-sized, ordinary-looking girl. I put down to be a companion, or poor relation, or something of the kind. To my dismay, however, I discovered before the first evening was over that I had made a great mistake.



'I AM ONLY PLAIN MARGARET ELWES.'

"I really beg your pardon," the tall girl said sweetly, after I had addressed her once or twice as "Lady Susan"—"I thought Lady Susan had told you all about us. She arranged everything for us. I am only plain Margaret Elwes, and this is my friend and cousin, Laversha Ashton."

I consoled myself with the thought that Lady Susan must be a very intimate friend to take all this trouble, and, after all, Margaret was the wealthy one of the two, therefore my judgment had not been wholly at fault: her queenly manner, rich dress, and natural way of taking the lead in everything were sufficient to give her the first place, while her smaller and comparatively insignificant cousin occupied only a secondary position.

Laversha always asked her cousin's opinion, always allowed her to have the preference in every way, and was as timid and retiring as Margaret was fearless and self-assertive.

In a few days I had dropped naturally enough into the habit of calling my unimportant guest Laversha; Miss Elwes could never be anything less than Miss Elwes to me—her manner forbade it.

I hope no one will accuse me of prejudice, or think that mere beauty or wealth influence me at all in my estimate of a person's character, but I certainly was attracted to Margaret from the first, and I did not like Laversha at all; there seemed so little of her to like, and that little was not attractive.

I never did like little people, especially women, and though I tried as much as possible to hide my dislike of Laversha, she evidently guessed it, and tried her utmost to overcome it.

She took to following me when I went on my daily tour of inspection through the house, praised my excellent management, eulogised the "Retreat," as my house was called, and, in fact, all Calhampton and its neighbourhood. This made me dislike her all the more, for I hate to be followed about, and of all people I think those who try to curry favour are the most despicable.

If I thought anyone disliked me I should let them go on disliking; I should never try to win them over.

Laversha, however, was not of my way of thinking: she stuck to me like a burr, and I could not shake her off.

The Donifords, mother and daughters, called a few days after the arrival of my guests, and for once I was glad to see them, not only to introduce them to Margaret, but because I was planning a little dissipation in honour of my visitors; and in such matters I am never above taking advice, and Beryl Doniford, I knew, would willingly help me.

We talked it over quietly in a corner by ourselves, while the rest made friends with each other.

Beryl advised me not to attempt the formal dinner I had planned.

"It is *such* an undertaking, dear Mrs. Lewin, unless one has a thoroughly efficient staff of servants," she said. "Tennis and tea in that lovely old Lady Betty's garden would be much more delightful and save you an immense amount of trouble."

I did not altogether relish Beryl's imputation as to the efficiency of my servants, but I let it pass, and decided to do as she advised.

"I think Miss Elwes is a splendid girl," she went on, glancing across at Margaret. "Is she related to Lord Elwes, of Garstone?"

I had never heard of Lord Elwes, but I did not doubt that Margaret was related to him.

"A second cousin, or something of the kind," I murmured; "and *very* rich."

Beryl looked interested at once. I am not suspicious by nature, but I could not help guessing by her sudden look of animation that she was thinking of her handsome indolent brother, Ernest, and wishing he could secure Margaret and her money; and the suspicion was quickly followed by a mental resolve to prevent *that* from ever coming to pass.

If anyone among my acquaintance deserved Margaret, it was my nephew Arthur, and no one else, I was determined, should have her.

When the Donifords had taken leave of us I went up to my own room and sat down to write to Arthur. It was rather difficult to explain matters to him without telling an absolute untruth. Yet I knew he would wonder how these strange ladies came to be visiting me, and I should have to exercise an unusual amount of discretion to keep him from finding out my secret.

I wrote and re-wrote that letter, until I had penned a missive which satisfied me. I asked him to come down for a few days in order to be present at my garden-party, and hinted mysteriously at a pleasant surprise, finishing up with a little motherly advice relative to marriage and settlement in life. After this was off my mind I began my preparations in earnest, and I really must say that Laversha was a great help to me.

She seemed to know just exactly what should be done and how to do it; no doubt she had managed similar affairs for Margaret or some other employer. She wrote all the invitations and sent them out, re-arranged the drawing-room so that it hardly looked like the same place, and undertook to manage everything in the way of decoration when the important day should arrive.

I had not mentioned my nephew Arthur in her hearing, but Margaret must have told her all about him, for she seemed to know him quite well, even to his little peculiarity of not liking a green dress. I had forgotten that I had ever told Margaret about that, but it seems I must have done so, for when I spoke to Laversha about my green poplin she answered at once—

"Your nephew will not like that, I am sure. Wear your brown with old lace; I am sure it will be more becoming."

"Well, perhaps you are right," I assented. "Brown does suit me, I believe, and I had forgotten for the moment that my green poplin is Arthur's pet aversion."

"He very much dislikes a green dress—at least, I think I have heard so."

Laversha looked rather confused for a minute, and no wonder, for it *did* strike me as being impertinent of her to enlarge on my nephew's likes and dislikes when she knew absolutely nothing about them. However, I let it pass.

The day before the party arrived, I began to feel quite excited over it. John and I had always lived a very quiet life, keeping little company, and this affair, to which half the neighbourhood had been invited, seemed quite formidable as the time drew near.

Arthur was coming that evening, and I had just sent the pony-trap to meet him. I went out into the kitchen to give an order, and on my way back I

glanced in at the housemaid's pantry, to see that everything was in good order for the morrow.

There was my old silver, bright and glittering, as if it had only just left the silversmith's.

I looked at it fondly. The Donifords had no such heirlooms; I doubted if anyone in Calhampton could produce such a store. There was a tea and coffee service which must be at least a hundred years old; two large salvers and a quaintly-designed tray, ladles, goblets, and cups of various shapes and forms—*solid*, every one of them—and last, but not least, my half-dozen teaspoons, fiddle pattern, with the Lewin crest upon them.

No one could tell how long *they* had been in the family, and because of the crest, I valued them as much, or more, than any of my possessions.

I had often wished there were a dozen of them: six was such a small number; and only that morning I had lamented the fact to Laversha, and she had consoled me by reflecting that there were enough for each of the principal guests to have one; the others must be content with crestless ones.

I stood thinking of all this, and of how thankful I should be when the affair was well over.

Suddenly I grew cold all over; then I felt the hot blood rush back to my face.

There had been six spoons lying in a row that morning, all bright and shining, and now *one was missing!*

I rang the bell, and called Mary's attention to the fact.

"Indeed, ma'am," she said earnestly, "I have not touched them since this morning."

I could not doubt her word, for she was the very essence of honour and truthfulness.

"Don't say anything about it in the kitchen," I said hastily; "I will attend to this matter myself. I am determined to find out who is the thief, for I am certain it is someone in the house."

A horrible suspicion seized upon me. What if these paying guests of mine were only impostors, after all?

It seemed unworthy to harbour such a suspicion in connection with Margaret, but Laversha—sometimes these poor relations were hard up, and would stoop to petty misdemeanours.

The suspicion worried me all the evening, and even took away all the pleasure I usually felt in Arthur's society.

Somehow he had altered; he was more quiet than usual, and did not seem altogether at his ease. Of course it was my guests who were the cause, but when he knew them better he would feel quite at home in their society, especially that of Margaret. I was quite sure *she* was not to blame for anything that had transpired, and already I had begun to build a little castle in the air.

Once I caught Laversha looking at my nephew in a way that I did not like; I felt nettled, and my dislike and suspicion increased tenfold.

When we retired for the evening, I lingered at my door and watched her down the corridor. How quietly she glided along. There was something stealthy in her walk, I felt certain; it was very different from Margaret's queenly tread.

At the end of the corridor she drew her handkerchief from her pocket, and something heavy and shining fell to the floor. Glancing furtively behind her, she picked it up and went hastily into her room, and closed the door.

I could not be mistaken—*it was my missing silver spoon!*

The party was a miserable affair to me; somehow, the wrong people *would* keep mixing together; the servants handed cups with crested spoons to the nobodies, and the crestless ones to the chief guests; those objectionable Donifords persisted in monopolising Margaret, and Arthur devoted himself assiduously to Laversha, to my disgust and displeasure. I determined to warn him before the evening was over.

How thankful I was when the last visitor had departed!

There was storm in the air, out of doors and indoors also, for I was determined to get my silver spoon back. I meant to accuse Laversha openly; she would not be able to deny that she had taken it, and then I could request her to leave the house at once. Margaret would remain, of course; and if Arthur—but I cut my reverie short with a sigh.

After all, this scheme of paying guests was not as pleasant in reality as I had fondly anticipated. I went out into the kitchen to find Mary. She was not there, so I looked in at the door of the little pantry. The silver, washed and polished, lay in beautiful order on the table, ready to be put away.

I glanced over it carefully; every knick-knack, flagon, and basin was there, and—was I dreaming?—*there lay my set of spoons complete; not one was missing!*

Had my eyes deceived me? No. I took them up one by one to assure myself. Could I have made a mistake last evening? I was positive I had not, and I was doubly positive that the spoon Laversha had dropped from her pocket was mine.

Well, it was a relief to find it was not really gone, but the fact did not lessen my conviction of Laversha's guilt, nor did my feelings soften towards her.

Evidently, she had thought better of her mean action, and replaced the spoon.

I had fully made up my mind upon one point. Arthur's eyes must be opened to her true character before his infatuation went any farther.

It was rather late when I returned to the drawing-room; my guests had retired for the night, and Arthur was outside, smoking a cigar.

Presently he came in to me. I thought he looked at me rather curiously.

Perhaps he guessed that I was going to speak about Laversha, but he waited for me to begin.

"What do you think of Miss Elwes?" I asked.

"A very nice girl," he replied carelessly.

"I thought you would say so. She is very different



POOR OLD AUNTIE!' HE SAID; 'I SEE HOW IT IS.'" (*p.* 289).

from poor Laversha. Arthur"—I went up to him and put my hand upon his shoulder—"I wish you would marry and settle down. You know that this place and everything I have will be yours another day, and I should like to know that the Retreat has a mistress after my own heart."

"Well, I *have* been thinking of matrimony," he said, half laughing, though I could see that his face had changed colour.

"That is right," I answered approvingly. "I hope she is a nice girl, and *rich*, for I have not much money to leave you, and I should like the old place to be kept in order when I am gone."

"Don't talk like that, aunt. You will live to keep it in order yourself for many years to come."

"You have not told me about your love affair, Arthur," I went on.

"Because there was nothing to tell before to-day, I never expected it to end happily."

"To-day? Do you mean——"

"I mean that I am engaged to one of the sweetest girls——"

"Margaret!" I cried in delight. "She is a sweet girl. My dear boy——"

"Margaret has nothing to do with it," he said impatiently. "You are labouring under a delusion, my dear aunt. It is not Margaret."

"Not Margaret?" I gasped. "Who, then, can it be? Arthur, don't tell me it is that—that *wicked* girl, Laversha!"

"What *do* you mean, aunt? Laversha has promised to be my wife. Please speak of her with proper respect," he said sternly.

I think I must have been beside myself—and, after

all, it was not to be wondered at, considering what I had gone through that day.

Without stopping to choose my words, I poured into Arthur's ears the whole story of the missing spoon, and Laversha's atrocious behaviour.

His face grew darker as I went on.

"Let us end this," he said at last. "You never made a greater mistake in your life, aunt. How can you accuse Laversha of such a dreadful thing? Do you know who she is?"

"I know she is Margaret's poor relation, and my paying guest."

There! I had let it out at last, but Arthur did not seem at all surprised. He threw his head back and laughed.

"Poor old auntie!" he said; "I see how it is. You wanted me to marry the heiress, did you? Well, but for the fact that Laversha has twenty thousand pounds in her own right, I should have asked her to marry me long ago. As it was, I could not summon sufficient courage until yesterday, and you know now what answer I received. And you thought Margaret was the heiress? Other people have thought so, too, seeing how Laversha lets her lead in everything, but Margaret has scarcely anything of her own. Lady Susan, who wrote to you, is Laversha's aunt, and my intimate friend."

"So you know all about it!" I faltered, feeling unutterably crestfallen and a little bit ashamed.

"I have known from the beginning. I did not like the idea at all at first, but it has turned out a good thing for me. Another time you had better confide in me; and whatever you do, never again accuse Laversha of being dishonest. The idea is preposterous!"

I did not sleep much that night. Never in all my life had I been so utterly nonplussed, and how to atone to Laversha for my unkindness I did not know. She must have been a sweet little thing to have put up with my airs so long.

Before morning I had decided that her disposition was infinitely superior to that of Margaret.

I felt rather awkward as I took my place at the breakfast-table.

Laversha, rosy and smiling, was already in the room, but Margaret had not put in an appearance.

It occurred to me that she was unusually late this morning: a very serious failing in a young person. Laversha was always in time.

A parcel lay beside my plate.

"What is this?" I asked, unfastening the wrapper.

"A small present from me," Laversha said, bending down and kissing me.

I unfolded the soft pink paper, and there, bright and shining, were six spoons, the exact *fac-simile* of my old ones, and *bearing the Lewin crest!*

I looked up into her sweet smiling face, but I could not speak.

"I was so sorry not to have them in time for the garden party," she said, "but they had to be ordered specially, as the pattern is a peculiar one, and there was some difficulty about the crest; so I borrowed one of the old ones for a few hours. I was so afraid it would be missed, and I should be obliged to explain why I had taken it."

I did not know how or what I should have answered, but at that moment Arthur came in, and taking Laversha's arm in his own, presented her to me as his future wife.

And, although she was my paying guest, I did not make a single objection.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

IS a promise to marry a really binding engagement? Put in this simple form, the question seems as if it admitted of but one answer. Nine persons out of ten would say, "Of course it is." But the fact is that on this subject, as on many others, the bonds of morality have been stretched, if not altogether loosened, within the last century. The all but universal impatience of any tie which restrains a man from doing what he pleases has greatly weakened the popular conception of the binding character of the most important engagement into which a man can enter. In their heart of hearts a large number of men and women believe that a promise to marry ought not to be kept if—to use plain language—the promiser would rather not keep it. It need hardly be pointed out that a promise which is only to be fulfilled if the person promising does not change his mind is no promise at all.

As usual, modern laxity seeks to justify itself on the ground of superior morality. "No woman," it is said, "worthy of the name, desires to marry an unwilling bridegroom"; and there is in the minds of many people an unspoken conviction that the girl who would be so false to her higher nature as to wish to hold a man to his promise, when he desired his freedom, is an unwomanly kind of creature, who deserves to be left in the lurch.

The truth is that this view of the matter does away with betrothals in the proper sense of the word. It is precisely the resolution and the pledge that changing moods of feeling, changed circumstances, are not to affect the engagement which constitutes its sacred character.

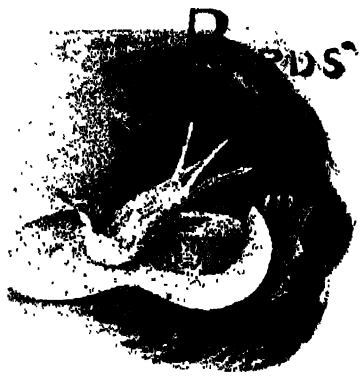
Is there, then, it may be asked, no distinction in point of obligation between a promise to marry and the marriage vow itself? There certainly is a difference. The nuptial vow is absolute; a lover's vow is a

simple promise, which depends for its fulfilment on various circumstances. The husband takes the wife, the wife takes the husband, "for better, for worse"; but no one would contend that if, during an engagement, either party should fall under the power of a vice, such as a craving for alcohol, or become afflicted with an incurable disease, or suffer any great degradation, such as conviction for a crime, the engagement should necessarily be kept. All that is contended for is that a promise to marry is a true promise, as distinguished from a mere declaration of an intention. It ought, therefore, to be kept, even at the sacrifice of personal predilection. There are many who would admit this in principle, but hesitate to advise anyone to carry it out in practice. They would rather try to find an excuse for throwing on the other party to the engagement the burden of saying whether it should be kept or not—not a particularly straightforward or manly way of dealing with the difficulty. There are some who would go so far as to say that no change of inclination, no waning of affection, should be concealed from her to whom faith has been plighted, and that any change of feeling is enough to warrant either party in seeking a release. This is only another way of saying that a promise to marry is, unlike other promises, one which entails no obligation of keeping it.

It cannot be denied that there are states of feeling so well defined, so unmistakable, that it would be madness, and an injustice to the other party to the engagement, to treat them as non-existent. If a man, being engaged, conceives a violent passion for someone else, if—justly or unjustly—he takes a strong dislike to the woman he has promised to marry, or if he entertains an honest and certain conviction that the contemplated marriage would produce, not happiness, but misery, he would generally be justified in seeking a release from his promise, or even in refusing to fulfil it. And for a girl under such circumstances the rule would of course be the same. But changes of feeling are not generally of this violent or decided nature. To take a very common case—two young people meet, and are mutually pleased with each other; they have similar tastes, sentiments, and occupations; they are thrown a good deal together by the force of circumstances; they respect and like each other; and they become engaged, with no great strength of passion on either side. As time goes on the affection of one—say of the girl—increases. She is happy in her engagement, and looks forward to her bridal with joyful anticipation. The young man, on the other hand, does not feel that his affection for his sweetheart is increasing; on the contrary, it seems to be declining. He wishes he had not been so precipitate. He, on his side, looks forward to the wedding-day as to a day which will forge for him, if not fetters, at least shackles which will restrain his liberty all his days. He does not positively dislike the girl, but he would rather retain his liberty than marry her. Many men and most women would say that in such a case the engagement ought not to be kept—at least, there is a strong tendency in society to look leniently upon a man who under such circumstances asks, or takes—the distinction is seldom material—the liberty for which he yearns. But a man of good principle and sterling honour who found himself in such an unpleasant predicament would not seek to be set free. He would not simulate affection that he did not feel, but he would strive to love his betrothed as he ought to do if he were already married to her. He would remember that he could not, be he ever so willing, place the girl in the position in which he found her. He would remember that a man's pledged word means something, and that it cannot be broken without loss of honour. And, as a rule, a man who acts thus will find that he is happier in his marriage than if he had followed his own impulse. It is the nature of men—of very many men, at all events—to be fickle, to be dissatisfied with what they have, and to send forth wistful glances at what is beyond their reach; and it seldom happens that the gratification of such longings brings real and permanent happiness. Many an engagement has been broken for no better reason than that one of the parties felt a capricious and unreasonable desire to be rid of a promise voluntarily and deliberately made. If the general tone of social morals had been higher and more chivalrous than it is, these engagements would have been kept, and there is no ground for supposing that marriages so formed would not have been happy ones. Constancy in the betrothed, as in the married state, is very much more under one's control than some people care to believe. A man may not be able to keep his fancy under complete subjection, but he may restrain his thoughts, his looks, his desires. He may decline perilous invitations, and avoid such occasions as are likely to lead his heart astray. So much is his duty, and the probability is that he will gain, not lose, by following it.

There is one privilege of the upper classes which might well be extended to the great middle class of this country, and that is the publicity with which the betrothal of their daughters is attended. One cannot lightly withdraw from the fulfilment of an engagement which has been chronicled in the *Morning Post*. The mere knowledge that if the engagement is broken the fact will be made public in like manner exercises a wholesome deterrent influence on a man's wayward impulses. In Germany the same result is attained by the sending out of cards, and a sort of rite, which might be described as a rehearsal of the wedding ceremony. In England it too often happens that a girl's friends, or even a girl's parents, or even the girl herself, do not know whether she is bound or free. Such a thing as a secret engagement, or a quasi-engagement, or a conditional engagement, ought not to be tolerated. It is always unfair to the girl, and generally ends by bringing her more or less of disesteem and unhappiness. If it were the custom that a betrothal, like a wedding, should be celebrated by some public act, such as a feast, men would be more careful about forming such a tie; and having formed it, would find it more difficult to break than they do now. Few will be found to deny that this, at all events, would be a change for the better.

THE DRESS OF BIRDS.



FEATHERS have for ages played an important part as articles of adornment. Their present popularity for this purpose is undoubted, and often leads to deplorably cruel slaughter. The object of this paper, however, is not to deal with the commercial or decorative uses of feathers, or to look at them from the standpoint either of a milliner or her customers, but purely from a bird's point of view.

Feathers are composed of the same materials as hair and nails, and besides being often highly ornamental, serve a variety of very useful purposes. They entangle the air, and consequently reduce the specific gravity of the body upon which they grow. Birds being creatures maintaining a high temperature, and air a very poor conductor, that involved in their feathers helps to prevent an undue escape of heat. As a means of locomotion feathers are of marvellous efficiency, carrying their owners through the air at lightning speed, or enabling them to soar upon it in graceful curves and circles without any apparent exertion whatever.

They also, in a few instances (such as the tail feathers of woodpeckers and creepers) help their owners to climb and rest upon the stems of trees. In many cases, especially amongst the females and young, the colours harmonise so closely with surrounding objects as to secure comparative immunity from danger for their wearers.

It might be supposed that the growth of feathers would be evenly distributed over a bird's body, but such is not the case, as they are planted in definite regions, known as "feather tracts," the disposition and arrangement of which differ in various kinds of birds.

Feathers themselves vary considerably both in shape, size, and construction, according to the uses they are called upon to fulfil by their owners. As an illustration of the marvellous complexity of a bird's feather it may be mentioned that a reliable authority has calculated that a golden eagle's feather is constructed of the following distinct parts:—

One shaft, two thousand barbs, five millions and a half of barbules, and fifty-four millions of cilia and hooklets. In regard to colour, it has been stated that peacocks' feathers are composed of twelve different tints of the most brilliant blue, green and gold.

Birds are, generally speaking, very particular about their feathers, and spend a great deal of time in preening and cleaning them: but, like everything else in this world of wear and tear, they are liable to get damaged and faded, until it becomes necessary to replace them by new ones.

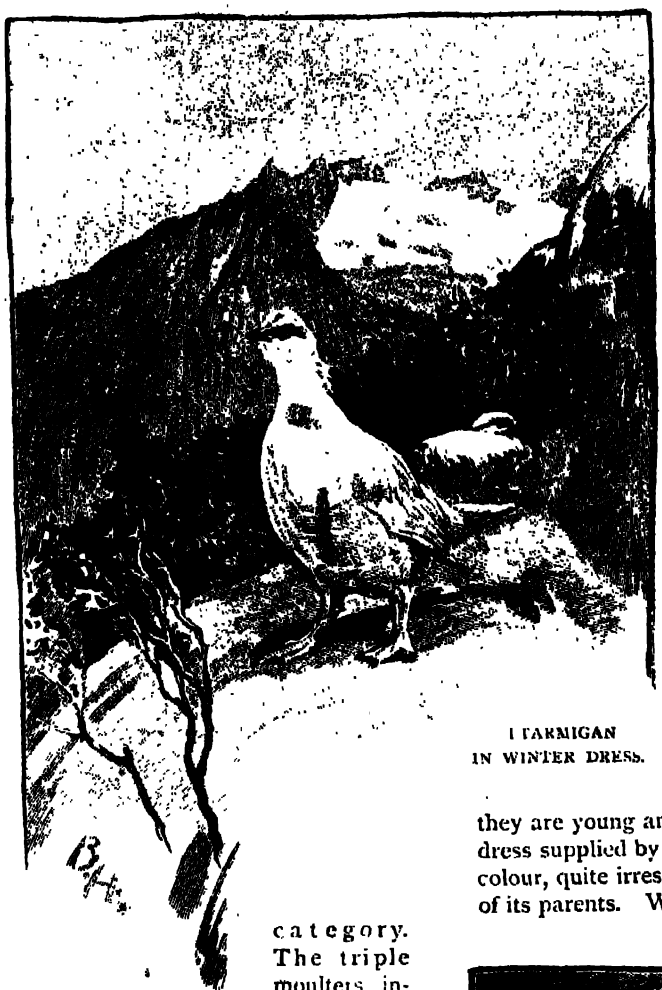
This is, however, not always the case, as some individuals are obliged to change their dress as a means of self-preservation, and others, the male portion, from an apparent necessity to minister to the vain love of show in the opposite sex.

The moulting season is necessarily the most trying period in the yearly round of a bird's life. A great number of individuals, such as ducks, owls, swallows, hawks, etc., have one moult only, and that takes place in the autumn, when every feather, great and small, is cast off and replaced by a new one. Others have a spring and autumn moult, in some cases including all or most of the small feathers and some of the wing and tail quills.

Pipits, gulls, plovers, wagtails, etc., come under this



THE WOODPECKER'S USE OF HIS TAIL FEATHERS.



PTARMIGAN IN WINTER DRESS.

category. The triple moulters include ptarmigan, willow grouse, grebes, etc., which in some cases have a complete, and in others only a partial, moult.

In addition to these complete and partial moults there is what is termed by Continental naturalists a "border moult," which means the shedding of certain portions of a bird's feathers, whereby a visible change of colour is produced, not only amongst annual moulters, but also amongst birds that moult oftener. It is also believed that an absolute seasonal change of colour takes place in the feathers of some birds, for both the wheatear and stonechat undergo a remarkable change of colour, not in any way traceable to even a partial moult.

In the spring, when young birds' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love, the males of many species shed portions of a dull unobtrusive garment, in order to don the decorative plumes of the marriage season.

Nature has wisely ordained that the shedding of old feathers shall be as gradual as the growth of the new ones, also that about the time a quill feather drops from the right wing one shall drop from the left, so as to maintain a correct balance in the powers of flight. There are, however, some most remarkable departures from this admirable rule.

The laughing owl of New Zealand casts its feathers so quickly that it becomes nearly naked, and renders itself liable to the danger of being stung to death by bees, a fate which sometimes befalls it at this critical season.

A great many members of the duck family become quite unable to fly for a time, through casting their wing feathers all at once, and it is an astonishing fact that one species never regains the power of flight lost in this way.

In some parts of the world sea-birds resort to the land, and never quit it until the moulting season is over. In order to accomplish this a ball of fat is accumulated under the neck, and the owner subsists upon this until it is again ready to resume its life upon the waves.

Feathers play a very important part in the preservation of birds from destruction whilst they are young and inexperienced. As a matter of fact, the first dress supplied by Nature to all young birds is of a dull, unobtrusive colour, quite irrespective often of the gay and conspicuous clothing of its parents. Where the mother is dull and the father bright the



THE DIPPER, OLD AND YOUNG.

first dress of the young, male and female alike, resembles the mother's, but where the reverse is the case the young imitate the father. But where both are of conspicuous colours, to quote three familiar British instances—the robin, dipper, and ring ouzel, the young assume an inconspicuous garb of their own.

The males in some members of the duck family lose the brilliantly-coloured plumage by an actual moult, and assume the dull raiment of the female for several weeks.

The British Isles, though so close to the Continent, have produced a marked difference in the colour of the plumage of some birds. As an example of this fact (first noticed by Dr. Bowdler Sharpe) it may be mentioned that the back of a Continental coal tit-mouse is grey, whereas in the British form it is olive brown.

The hen of the red grouse—a bird, by the way, found nowhere in the world except the British Isles—varies in the colour of her dress according to the situation she affects.

To illustrate the great utility of a complete change of dress to the ptarmigan, it may be mentioned that if the snow disappears before the birds have donned their summer dress of brown, or continue to wear it after the snow has fallen, great havoc is wrought amongst them by their natural enemies. These birds assume three distinctive dresses during the round of the seasons, with the exception of the quill feathers in wings and tail.

The majority of birds moult at the close of the breeding season, but this is not a hard-and-fast rule, as many delay the process until later. For instance, the swallow does not moult until mid-winter.

R. KEARTON.

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.



CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

HOW Mrs. Lester fussed over Geoffrey! What a flurry there was in the household of women over the unexpected appearance of this big important guest. Jemima was sent through the rain to buy something extra for his dinner. Mary and Mrs. Lester brought him tea and bread and butter, though he vowed he wanted nothing. Margaret looked on with eyes she did not know were shining. She was too glad to see this inhabitant of her old world to ask at first why he came.

A loud tinkle from the invalid's bell took Mrs. Lester upstairs to see what was wanted. Mary went to the kitchen to cook the dinner. Margaret and her cousin were alone.

"I have brought you your purse," he said, standing before her.

She quailed before the sternness of his eye.

"Margaret, I thought you a kind little girl until I found Mrs. Jones sobbing and crying, and heard how you had treated that good old woman."

"I could not take her money."

"No, you would rather break her heart. She knew that you had nothing more than what was in this purse. She disliked your travelling alone, and yet your wretched pride could allow her to be left in a panic of fright as to what would become of you. What is to be the end of it all?"

He paused. Margaret's head was lowered; he could not see her face.

"Do you ever think of anyone beside yourself?—of the trouble, the worry, the—the pain you cause by your behaviour? Do you ever think whether you are behaving rightly? I—I do not want to preach a sermon. I am too much in want of teaching myself to teach others, but is your guide to be always your headstrong will? If you could have seen Mrs. Jones's dismay, the state of mind she was in——"

"Oh!"

"Yes, you shall hear," he continued steadily, "the state of mind she was in; I think even you, Margaret, would have had a little pity. You have thrown us over for these strangers—they are strangers to you, if relations—you are taking from them what you would not take from me. Why, Heaven only knows. Here is your purse. I have paid Mrs. Jones your fare, and I forbid you—do you hear, Margaret?—I forbid you to offer to repay me." He threw the purse into her lap, strode to the window, and stood looking out on the rain. The silence was unbroken.

"I should think three days of this place were enough for you," he continued, his back still turned. "By this time you ought to be ready to return to your own friends. Mrs. Jones wants you in spite of your cruel—— Margaret!"

A sob from her had interrupted his sentence.

"Margaret! dear Margaret! I did not mean you were cruel. I—I—I—you must not take what I said so seriously. I am a rough fellow. I dare say I put it roughly. Dear Margaret, stop crying. I—I—what can I do?"

For Margaret was sobbing in an agony of tears.

"You will be ill if you cry so. I did not know you felt what I was saying so much. I was a fool—a brute——"

He was kneeling by her side, his arm round her shuddering, sobbing figure.

"You will give yourself a racking headache! You are making me miserable. I did not mean to say so much. I—I—Margaret, dearest!"

She freed herself from his arm.

"There! that is better. You frightened me with those sobs. I am sorry for what I said——"

"I deserved it."

"I think you did. But we'll forget all that. You will come back on Monday with me? The house at Bridge End is ready for you. Your horse and ponies have been sent on. Mrs. Morgan, your chaperon, goes there to-day. You will like her, I think. If you do not we must find another lady to live with you. These Lesters are not the sort of people for you to be with."

"They are my relations."

"What of that?"

"They have been very, very kind to me. You do not understand, Geoffrey. I cannot take things from you."

"Will not, you mean," he said bitterly.

But he attempted no persuasion. He was sure that a week with the Lesters would be a better argument in his favour than any he could bring forward.

"They are so kind," said Margaret. "I did not think from her letters that Mrs. Lester would be as kind as she is."

Geoffrey smiled. Perhaps he knew the reason of Mrs. Lester's kindness.

"And Mary is good."

"Is Mary the untidy-looking girl with the rough hair?"

"Yes; but she looks quite nice when she is well-dressed. She is so good—really good and unselfish. I—I wish I were like Mary."

Margaret's face wore a wistful expression.

"The other girl—Nell: how do you like her?"

"She is—horrible!" Margaret dropped her voice. "Her temper is dreadful, and Mary is so good to her."

"You are infatuated with Mary. Has she ousted Miss Seymour from your affections?"

"Enid? Enid has given me up. She told me she had never liked me. She——"

Margaret stopped short.

"I—I suppose I must be disagreeable. People do not like me," she said. "If I were good like Mary now——"

Mrs. Lester's entrance interrupted her sentence.

"Dearest! Crying? Why is that? We have done our best to make her happy. Mr. Fenham will think we have been unkind to you, dearest girl. Why have you cried?"

"I have been scolding her," said Geoffrey.

"A mild scolding, I expect. Run upstairs and bathe your eyes, my love. Dinner will be ready shortly. You must excuse our simple ways, Mr. Fenham. When my dear husband——"

Margaret escaped to her room.

The dinner that had been hurriedly prepared was scarcely all it might have been. But Geoffrey was not fastidious. Margaret was the only one who cared for the mistakes of Jemima and the rawness of the joint. Mary laughed and honestly owned that she was responsible for the cooking. Jemima's upsetting the gravy down Margaret's back made dinner an experience. Margaret did wish that these relations of hers might appear to the best advantage before Geoffrey. Alas! they were more—more—how shall it be said?—more pronounced in their different fashions. Mrs. Lester, whose gentility might have passed in a crowd for good breeding, could not leave the subject of the change her husband's death had made in their fortunes. Mary was louder than ordinary in her talk and laughter. Margaret, with a young girl's sensitiveness, fancied that Geoffrey was noting and despising their tricks of manner—Mary's peals of laughter, her arms upon the table, Mrs. Lester's elaborate efforts to assure him she had fallen from a higher state. Geoffrey was thinking nothing of the kind. Mrs. Lester might have stopped her drivelling—he called it drivelling—and Mary might have laughed less loudly. They were not persons with whom he should care to live. He was sure that Margaret would have had enough of them in a week. But as for despising, Geoffrey Fenham scarcely knew the meaning of the word. He would have stared, shrugged his shoulders, laughed, if Margaret had attempted to put into words her feelings of that evening. He had met, had respected, had admired for their many good qualities, women compared with whom Mary was a soft-mannered, gentle creature, Mrs. Lester a refined gentlewoman. But he saw clearly enough that they and Margaret belonged to different worlds, and that to live in such a household long would be impossible for the delicately-nurtured girl. She should have her wish, however: she should remain with the Lesters what time she chose. He was introduced to Nell after dinner. She was upon her good behaviour; no gibes or sneers crossed her lips. Her manner to Margaret was caressing as far as Nell could make it so; it was not very successful. She said no biting words, and dismissed them to the drawing-room when she felt her self-command could not bear a longer strain.

"Mary will stay with me," she said.

Mary sighed. She knew from the smile on Nell's lips that she was to suffer for the wonderful piece of self-control.

Mr. Benjamin Waller arrived while she was upstairs. He was shown into the drawing-room, after a loud colloquy with Jemima, every word of which was heard, despite Mrs. Lester's efforts to drown the loud, metallic voice.

"Why were there lights in the drawing-room? A party on! Ah! Mr. Fenham come. A toff, eh? Got a swell place down in Blankshire! Plenty of brass! That was the right sort! They certainly

wanted someone with brass, now times were so bad. He must give his boots a dust before he stepped into the drawing-room."

Giggling Jemima ushered Mr. Ben Waller into the room. Smiling, easy, with hair well curled, he entered.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," he said, when introduced. "Where's Mary, Mrs. Lester? You've soon come to look after Miss Margaret. Did you think we should run away with her?"

Ben's bright blue eyes twinkled; he gave a knowing wink. Seated in the easiest chair in the room, his legs extended to their full length, his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat pockets, his fingers playing a tattoo on his manly breast, Mr. Benjamin Waller proceeded to make himself agreeable to the "toff" with the "plenty of brass." He said of himself that he never lost a chance.

"You can never tell what may happen," he would say; "never make an enemy; that's my motto, and soft words cost no trouble. Always help old women over crossings, and give up your seat in an omnibus to them. One *may* leave you a fortune, there's no telling. I make myself agreeable to everyone, and you'll find 'twill pay. No, I never lose a chance."

He gave Geoffrey an account of himself, of his prospects, of his family. His tongue rattled on unceasingly, his eyes twinkled, his red head wagged. A natural shrewdness prevented his being tiresome. Margaret joined in Geoffrey's laugh at some of the young fellow's tales.

"A fact, sir, I assure you. Pilkington, he represents leather for a well-known firm, told me the tale. You've been in the colonies I hear from Mary. (When will she be down, Mrs. L.?) I should like to hear some of your opinions upon the state of things out there. Askew—he's made a pot of money in the drapery line—Askew has been in Australia, and he says—Hullo, Mary! here you are at last, old gal! Thought you were never coming!"

"Nell wants you to come upstairs to see her."

"Oh!"

His face fell. A blank expression drowned its bright shrewdness.

"Do come, Ben," said Mary coaxingly.

He rose with a comical sigh and an affectation of pretended unwillingness which did not hide his real dislike.

"I do not care for this engagement between Mary and Mr. Waller," said Mrs. Lester when he had left the room, his arm round Mary's waist; "it is entirely against my wish that she has entered into it. Mr. Waller is not of her rank in life."

"He seems a sharp young fellow enough," said Geoffrey.

"If her dear father had been alive it would never have been allowed."

More in this strain followed. It was a relief when Mr. Ben Waller reappeared with disturbed face and ruffled hair standing on end like an angry turkey-cock's comb.

"You're wanted now, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Lester. "That Nell, she's a fiend," he continued when she was gone, "a downright fiend. She only had me up there to tease poor Mary the more. Went on about her looks and her ways until she made her cry. I'd marry her right off if I could see my way clear; but our firm ain't as flourishing as it might be, and I know it's no use asking for a rise. Mary's a brick, that's what Mary is, if she hasn't much to boast of in the way of looks."

"Mary is very nice looking," said Margaret hotly.

"Well, of course *I* think she is," he said complacently; "but she isn't reckoned a beauty, as a rule. I give her a few hints on dressing that smarten her up a bit."

He adjusted his tie before the glass on the mantelpiece and pulled down his cuffs with an air of "See! what perfection in the art of dressing I have attained."

Geoffrey smiled and Margaret laughed aloud. Mr. Waller turned and joined in the laugh. He did not see the joke, but he was always ready to laugh.

"What hotel are you putting up at? I'll see you on your way. Going to cab it, are you?"

Geoffrey offered him a seat in the hansom. It was accepted with alacrity.

"I have been on my legs all day. I take a lot of exercise. Have to or I should run to fat. I'm not like you lucky fellows"—with an envious glance at the lean, wiry frame of six feet beside him—"who needn't think of what you eat or whether it's fattening. I suppose you never walk?"

"Never if I can ride or drive," said Geoffrey, who hated to walk a step.

Fifteen years of a land where horses are cheap and distances to be traversed long, had taken away any love of foot exercise Geoffrey might once have had.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

GEOFFREY departed on Monday.

He escorted Margaret to church on Sunday and spent the day with her and the Lesters. Margaret and he were alone the greater part of the time. Mr. Ben Waller exercised his right as an engaged man to take Mary for a walk in the afternoon; Mrs. Lester sat with her elder daughter. Margaret and Geoffrey were left to their own devices. The day sped too quickly for Margaret. The long, quiet talk with Geoffrey, when no disturbing subjects were touched, was soothing, restful, quieting, after stormy interviews and angry words.

"I shall see you again shortly," he said, holding her hand when the time came for farewell.

She did not speak with her lips, but her eyes must have told him something, for he smiled, well-pleased. Nothing more was said.

"Mr. Fenham is coming again, I suppose," said Nell when Margaret entered her room with a bright face and dancing step.

"Why do you suppose that?"

"You are so lively," said Nell with a sneer.

Margaret flushed.

One day succeeded another, the week passed without incident.

Nell's temper and whims were the laws that regulated the Lester household. One thing only could be predicted of them—they would not be the same five minutes in succession. Change was their order. Margaret, for the sake of peace, and to silence that bitter tongue, gave way to the household tyrant.

In a dream, her thoughts many miles from the game, she played chess through the long hot days with Nell. She started and coloured when a sneer from her opponent aroused her to the fact that she had made a foolish move. To keep Nell silent, to keep her from uttering she knew not what, but something she shrank from hearing proclaimed aloud, Margaret weakly made offerings of her finery and jewels to the tyrant.

Nell accepted them without thanks; she knew and hugged the knowledge of why they were offered. The more valuable of the jewels she hid from Mary's eyes; the rest she flaunted openly to make her sister jealous. But Mary was thankful that Nell was pleased, though she felt it necessary to tell Margaret that she must not give away all her pretty dresses and ornaments.

"It is only a little payment for your kindness," muttered Margaret.

Mary began to speak, checked herself, and shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other.

"You must not talk of payment. You—you—. Is that what Nell says when you give her things?"

"Well—she——"

"Nell must not say that. She knows——" Mary stopped again.

"I am glad to give her presents. I have more dresses and ornaments than I can ever wear. Do let me give you the pink silk, Mary. It will make you such a pretty evening dress, and Mr. Waller will like to see you in it."

Mary was firm in her refusal, great as was the temptation.

"No. You have given us too much already. I shall speak to Nell and ma about your giving so much to Nell."

"No, no. It will make Nell so angry."

"I wonder what Mary would say if she knew that I had given Nell that gold necklace. I know Nell keeps it hidden from her," thought Margaret to herself: "but I must keep her in a good temper. She does say such horrid things. What a coward I am!"

Saturday came, bringing Geoffrey.

Nell's lynx eyes watched Margaret through the day. Margaret, under that vigilant watch, could have torn her cheeks when they coloured at every ring of the bell.

"He has come," said Nell, with a meaning smile.

"Has he? Shall we finish the game? Your move, I think."

"You know whom I mean by 'he.'"

Margaret's face crimsoned. She had betrayed herself by that "he." The game was lost when he came upstairs into Nell's room, and stood behind Margaret's chair, looking and laughing at her remarkable moves. Her fingers trembled when she lifted the chessmen, her eyes caught every shade of hateful smile upon Nell's wizened face. But at least he could not see, standing behind her, the blushes that spread from chin to forehead.



'MR. WALLER WILL LIKE TO SEE YOU IN IT.'

"Beaten, Margaret; you are no match for Miss Lester," he said, the game ended.

"Why, she is a much better——" began Mary, but Margaret interrupted her with an inquiry after Mrs. Jones.

She preferred to be thought the worse player to his knowing his presence had spoilt her play.

Another peaceful Saturday to Monday was followed by a third that was not so peaceful. A delicious unrest disturbed the quiet day. Something had crept into their relations towards one another which made it impossible for Margaret to be her natural, unconscious self.

She was looking pale, he declared—she wanted country air. They would drive far into the country that afternoon; she should once more see fields and haystacks.

Mr. Waller and Mary were not invited to be of the party, though Mr. Waller frankly owned he should not refuse if asked. Geoffrey meant to have Margaret to himself. He was deaf to Mr. Waller's loud asides.

"You did not want them?" he asked, when they were driving along between the streets of villas standing back from the road in their modest gardens.

"Did you, Margaret?" he repeated, when she did not answer.

He bent forward to tuck the carriage rug round her.

"No," she said, turning her head to avoid his eyes.

It seemed to Margaret that the summer had culminated in this perfect day. Was it her fancy or were the fields greener, the trees more luxuriant in their foliage, the sky more blue than in former summers?

They stopped at a little wayside inn covered with ivy. She poured out the tea and was teased by Geoffrey about another tea, when a cup had been broken and a little girl had shown a temper. A walk in the fields afterwards and a watching of the sunset seated on a stile, while Geoffrey smoked a cigarette, leaning against the same stile, his shoulder touching her dress, his dark, burnt face scarce an inch from her arm.

They silently watched the sun set. A stormy, cloudy sunset!

"We must hurry, little one; rain is coming."

He held her hand to help her from the stile; he held her hand through the fields to the inn where their carriage waited. Nothing was said. Margaret was too happy—too much in a dream to think. She was contented in the present; why should she think of the future?

The rain came before they were home. Margaret stepped into the house with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, raindrops hanging on her long lashes, and a pool of water in the brim of her large hat. Laughing Mary unwound her from the rug her cousin had wrapped her in. The sweet expression in Margaret's face made Mary kiss the soft, bright cheek, wet with rain. Mary thought that everything was right—they understood one another. She looked up and caught Geoffrey's eye. After that look she was still more sure.

But the week passed, and to Mary's astonishment no confidence was poured into her ears by a blushing, happy girl. She made an effort to worm her feelings from Margaret, but her first words were met by such a gentle but unmistakable snub that she gave up the attempt.

"I'm sure she might tell me if there is anything. I'm always ready to talk about Ben," said Mary to herself. "I don't see why she should make a mystery of it. I'm sure I was always talking of Ben before it came off. Laura Williams knew everything as well as I did myself. Margaret might just as well tell me."

But Margaret kept her own counsel.

She could not talk of the saunter through the twilight, summer fields: she blushed when she thought of that silent walk. How could she tell her heart's secret to Mary, who, good girl as she was, knew not and could not understand reticence concerning feelings. Margaret would not look at her own heart. Was it likely she would bare it to others?

Nell did not require being told in words. She knew the meaning of every flush that dyed Margaret's fair skin. She used this cunning insight cruelly. Margaret's feelings could be played upon by her biting tongue as a good player touches the notes of a musical instrument. To make the girl's face whiten beneath her words, to make her redden and tremble and bite her lips were pastimes for Nell.

"So he has not come to-day," she said late at night on the fourth Saturday; "he has not come. That careful hairdressing was all for nothing. That rose at your neck——"

"I have worn roses on other days."

"Keep your temper, cousin Margaret. That rose, I say, has wasted its sweetness. He has tired of you—of your childish face, of your insipid ways. Don't keep your head bent like that. Look up. I like to see your face when I talk about your dear, darling Geoffrey."

"I will leave the room if you say such things. You have no right to make such remarks."

"Leave the room, do! I shall tell him how you dote upon him. How you can think only——"

"Nell!"

"Ha, ha! That upsets you, does it? But I shall tell him."

"You could not. Even you could not do such a thing."

"I like the truth, and it is the truth, is it not? I shall send for him the moment he comes, and I shall say to him, 'Margaret is in——'"

But Margaret had left the room.

Nell lay back and chuckled to herself. This was delightful. To-morrow she would make Margaret give her the brooch, for which she had asked several times. Nell hated happiness.

Geoffrey had not written or said that he was coming on the former Saturdays, and they had not expected to hear from him to-day. He was one who rarely wrote. But Mrs. Lester and Mary had prepared for his coming. Margaret said nothing when she heard orders given to butcher and baker, and saw the best plate and china brought down for Geoffrey's use.

Perhaps she, too, in her heart expected him. But the long day passed and no Geoffrey came. Dinner waited an hour, and then was eaten by the three women.

"He really should have telegraphed," said Mrs. Lester.

Margaret said nothing.

Why had not Geoffrey come? Was he not coming any more? Had she offended him? Why had he not come? These questions rang in her head through the short summer night.

She sang when she passed Nell's door next morning in the hope that the gay little song might blind Nell. She was the life of the quiet party Mr. Ben Waller was absent. He had been called away on Friday, and was not to return until Wednesday or Thursday. Consequently Mary was not in her usual spirits. Nell, too, was more silent than her custom; she watched Margaret with a smile on her thin lips—a smile that deepened to a sneer when a sudden silence fell upon the girl. An oppression which Margaret's forced gaiety was powerless to dispel hung over the household.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday passed, and still no news of Geoffrey.

"I wonder he does not write," said Mary on Wednesday.

"Why should he write?"

"To let us know why he did not come on Saturday."

"I do not know why you expected him last Saturday. He said nothing about it the week before."



"MARGARET WAS TOO HAPPY—TOO MUCH IN A DREAM TO THINK" (*p.* 297).

"But *you* expected him?" said Mary, opening wide her eyes.

"Why should *I* expect him? You talk as though he came only for me," said Margaret pettishly.

"Well, so he does."

Mary laughed.

Mr. Ben Waller came that evening to see his sweetheart after his absence. When he was gone Mary, with a grave face, went to Margaret's room.

"Ben has been down in your parts, near Fen Court," she said, seating herself on the bed.

Margaret was brushing her hair before the glass.

"Did he go there? Did he see Fen Court? Why did he not tell me he had been there?" said Margaret eagerly, throwing back her hair and looking at Mary.

"He did not go to Fen Court. He was too busy to go anywhere. Do you know people called Seymour?"

"Yes. Enid Seymour and I were friends—or I thought we were, but——"

Margaret sighed, and left her sentence unfinished.

"They live near Fen Court, don't they?"

"Three miles from it."

"What is Miss Seymour like?"

"Pretty—very pretty," said Margaret with enthusiasm. She could not forget her old admiration. "She dresses in a way that suits her, and she has a manner that I cannot describe. Why do you ask about her? Did Mr. Waller hear anything?"

"He heard that Mr. Fenham was a great deal at the Seymours."

"Geoffrey liked Enid, I know. They were always together when she was staying with me."

Mary looked curiously at Margaret's undisturbed face.

"He was at the Seymours from Saturday to Monday, Ben heard," she said.

"Of course! How foolish of us to forget! Saturday was the first of September, and Mr. Seymour always has a large party for that day. Geoffrey would be sure to be there."

"I wonder he did not tell us."

Mary went without saying more. She had not the heart to hint her suspicions to Margaret. The excuse that Saturday was the first of September seemed to town-bred Mary a lame one. She did not realise the importance of the first for sportsmen.

"Besides, Ben might be mistaken. All sorts of rumours get about in these country towns," she said to herself. "He is going down there again on Friday, and then I dare say he'll find out something more. At any rate, I'll say nothing more about it to Margaret. But it was queer his not coming on Saturday. Yet I don't think he's the sort of man to flirt, and Margaret isn't flirting. Oh! I shall be sorry for Margaret if it's true that he's making up to that Miss Seymour. Nell shan't worry her to-morrow."

No enlightenment as to the hint Mary had tried to give her came to Margaret. His reason for not coming on Saturday was now known to her, and she did not feel hurt by a day's shooting being preferred to her company. After all, she was very humble. It was Miss Lester of Fen Court who had been haughty and overbearing; penniless Margaret Lester was a different person.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

A TELEGRAM arrived from Geoffrey the day after Mary's useless hints. It was addressed to Margaret.

"He has sprained his ankle. He will not be here next Sunday," she said.

"When did it happen? Last Saturday? Was that the reason he did not come on Sunday?" asked Mary eagerly.

"No; he sprained it yesterday, out shooting. A sprain is rather bad, is it not?"

"Worse than a broken leg often," said Nell with a chuckle.

"A sprain is sometimes nothing at all," Mary said hurriedly. "Where is he? At home?"

"No; with the Seymours."

"Let us see the telegram," said Nell, holding out a skinny hand. "You need not hold it like that. *He* did not write it, you know. He has not touched the precious document."

"You can see it and keep it if you like," said Margaret.

She tossed the telegram into Nell's lap.

"Don't get into a temper, cousin Margaret. Paupers shouldn't have tempers. Ah! gone with a bang of the door."

"You should not call her a pauper, Nell," said Mary firmly. "You know what a lot we are getting for her living with us. Ma has paid almost all we owe, and it's a shame to keep on about her being a pauper when she's nothing of the sort."

"I shall call her what I please," said Nell sulkily.

Margaret could never look back without a shiver on the days that followed that telegram. One letter, one precious letter, was written to her by Geoffrey—a letter of a few lines only, giving a short account of his accident. After that a week of silence succeeded. No more was heard from him.

Margaret knew the postman's ring long before the week was ended.

A close, hot September succeeded the glorious summer. In the small house, after the roomy space of Fen Court, the heat was stifling. Margaret could not sleep at nights, could not rest by day. The heat (she said) was what was making her pale, the heat took away her appetite.

"How could she eat?" she said angrily when Mary begged her to taste the dishes—"how could she eat when the place was a furnace—when the thermometer was at ninety in the shade? Of course she was white. Anyone would be white in such weather."

The heat had a bad effect upon Nell. Even her mother lost patience with the capricious, domineering creature. Only one thing could quiet her: Margaret must sit with her. This was from no love of Margaret. It was merely to have the delight of torturing a fellow-creature. To have Margaret seated by her side to probe with sudden questions, would keep her quiet for hours.

Margaret could sometimes have shrieked beneath that merciless eye and tongue, but she knew how Nell would enjoy the scene. She calmly answered the questions and tried to make her face a blank under the running fire of remarks upon Mr. Fenham, his accident, his delay in writing. But she was reaching the end of her endurance. Twice she had flared out when Nell had gone too far, twice she had left Nell's room and refused to return for the day.

"I am glad he has not written again," she said to herself. "Nell would have said such dreadful things. How can she be Mary's sister? I hope the Seymours are taking care of him. But of course they would do that; he and Enid were such friends. I wonder what Mary means keeping on asking about their friendship."

The thought flashed across her mind of what Mary meant. "There was nothing more than friendship." She tried to shake off the idea. "He and Enid liked talking to one another, that was all. There was no one

else for him to speak to at Fen Court. I did not like him, or I thought I did not. Oh, what a silly goose of a girl I was in those days! I am much wiser now. I have learnt something since then. Mary has taught me much. But she need not keep on talking about Enid and Geoffrey. He only liked her as a friend."

She thought of that walk a fortnight ago. Was not that an answer to doubts?

"Ben has come, Margaret. He went out to the Seymours and saw Mr. Fenham. He has come up this evening to tell us all about it."

Mary's voice called Margaret.

Mr. Ben Waller, smart as usual, was bursting with information.

"I had to go down again for our firm to your parts, Miss Margaret, so I just thought when I was there I'd let Mr. Fenham know. I dropped a line telling him I'd pop in one afternoon when I was passing, and by return came an invitation to lunch with the Seymours. Quiet sort of folk they seem, not up to the ways of the world. They listened to my stories with open eyes, I can tell you, Mary."

Margaret could imagine how quiet Mr. Seymour, homely Mrs. Seymour, Enid and her sisters would listen to Mr. Ben Waller. Jennie Seymour had a trick of imitation. Probably after lunch she had acted for her sisters' benefit Mr. Ben Waller's behaviour, his extended finger with the ring, his pet phrases, his bagman's stories.

"I flatter myself I showed them round a bit. Regular toffs they are too, Mary. Grounds round the house, greenhouses and conservatories. Old Seymour must have a fairish income to keep it all up. Do you know what he has, Miss Margaret? Three or four thousand a year, eh?"

"I never inquired what his income might be."

"Trust me for seeing everything. I took it all in, you may be sure. I walked up the drive and up to the front door as swagger as you please, and asked for Mr. Fenham. The butler showed me in, and he was quite glad to see me."

"How was he looking?"

"Not very well. It was a very bad sprain, Miss Seymour said. She was in the room with him, reading to him. Here, Mary, give me a table-cloth or a sheet and I'll show you how she was dressed. My eye! she fairly took my breath away!"

"What room was he lying in?"

"Morning-room, I think they called it. There were two long windows opening on to the garden."

"Yes, it was the morning-room."

"Heaps of flowers were all over the place. Fenham was right down pleased to see me: wanted to know how you all were, and what you were doing and everything. He and Miss Seymour were great chums, calling one another by their Christian names and making me feel once or twice regularly out of it."

"What do you mean 'out of it'?"

"Sort of *de trop*, you know. Two's company, three's none sort of business. 'Twas her doing, not his. I don't like her. She was drooping and flopping all over the place like a rag doll. Get me a table-cloth and I'll show you."

But Mary, seeing that Margaret was vexed, refused.

"Tell us something more about Mr. Fenham, Ben."

"Well, the poor old chap was right down glad to see me. Two men of the world like us are sure to get on well together. After a bit Miss Seymour left us——"

"Were they alone together when you were shown in?" asked Mary.

"Yes. He told me Miss Seymour was awfully kind to him, reading to him and trying to amuse him. But I could see he was bored all the same."

Margaret felt her heart lighten.

"You are sure they were alone," repeated Mary.

"Sure! of course I'm sure. I left them alone when I said good-bye after lunch. Everybody in the town says they're engaged, but I dare say that's only rumour. I shouldn't pay any attention to that, Miss Margaret, if I were you."

"Why should I?" said Margaret indifferently.

"No, of course. Don't believe it. Though, 'pon my word, it looked rather like it, their being alone and altogether. She sort of treated me as though I was beneath her, but after a bit she saw that I *was* a gentleman if I did travel for our firm, and she pulled in her horns and was quite affable."

"Is she as pretty as Margaret says?"

"She ain't my style, nor anyone else's, I should think. Black hair, eyes shut up, and scraggy, that's what I call her, scraggy. Not but she was very agreeable after the first. Took me round the conservatories after lunch, though I'd rather have gone with the second girl—Jennie, I think they called her. She was laughing and enjoying my stories the whole time. She offered to take me round, but Miss Seymour cut in and must needs take me herself. 'Twas to ask about Miss Margaret she wanted to have me alone."

"Did she send any message to me?"

"Not she. I guess there's no love lost between you and her, is there?"

"I always liked her," said Margaret blankly.

"She don't like you, that I'll swear to. She didn't *say* anything, but she was always making hints. I didn't let out much when I found what her lay was, I can tell you. I'd forgotten how many times Fenham had been here, and what he did when he came, and whether he and you seemed friendly. The memory of yours truly was not to be relied on for anything."

Mr. Ben Waller slapped his leg and laughed.

"Who told you they were engaged?" asked Mary.

"Oh, common talk in the town. 'Miss Seymour hooked someone at last,' they say. I don't say but what it might be true"—he glanced out of the corner of his eye at Margaret—"but I don't think it can be. Fenham ain't that sort of chap."

"Are you going down there again?"

"No; but I shall hear from one of our customers in Lessington in a few days. He's sure to mention it if there's an engagement, for he knew I went out to see Fenham and lunch with the Seymours. The

Fenhams and Seymours are thought a lot of in those parts. I can tell you I went up a peg or two when they heard of my going to lunch and being friendly with G. Fenham, Esquire."

"When will his foot be well?" said Margaret.

"He talked of being about in ten days or a fortnight, but I give him another three weeks, especially if Miss Seymour has her say in the matter. He sent all sorts of messages to everyone and would write."

The days passed and grew into a week and no letter came. Mary watched the post with as great attention as Margaret. Her anxious face and shake of the head when no letter arrived were among the minor worries of Margaret's existence. Good, unselfish, devoted as Mary was, she did not attempt to hide from Margaret the interest she took in her love story. She made tempting little dishes for her to eat, and was hurt when they were pushed aside with a pettish—



"THE MEMORY OF YOURS TRULY WAS NOT TO BE RELIED ON FOR ANYTHING'" (*p.* 300).

"He said he would write, Ben. You are sure he said he would write."

"I didn't say that he'd write to you, Mary. You're so eager, one would fancy that he was your young man. It's lucky for you I'm not jealous."

"Don't be silly, Ben," said Mary, playfully rapping him hard upon the arm. "I want to know whether he said distinctly that he would write."

"He did, I tell you, he did. Don't hurt me, Mary, I'll be such a good little boy."

He doubled himself up in pretended fear of Mary's fists. Margaret left the room and the lovers.

"He would write in a few days," and "it was common talk in the town that he and Enid were engaged." These two sentences abode with her.

"I am not an invalid, Mary. Why do you make these messes for me?"

Mary could not understand the shrinking, nervous dread of being watched that possessed Margaret. Why could she not confide in her, Mary? They were friends.

To Margaret this continual watch upon her, friendly and otherwise, this remarking upon the paleness of her cheek, her want of appetite, were like running pins into a tender nerve. Loss of spirit they should not say she suffered from. Margaret forced herself to laugh and sing, though she knew that it was labour lost.

Mary and Nell were not to be deceived. Mrs. Lester, that stuffed pillow of a woman, was the only one taken in by the bright tone of voice, the forced laugh and dancing footsteps.

Life was easier for Mrs. Lester than it had been for many a year. Nell's temper was the only drawback, and that was growing worse—distinctly, undoubtedly worse. The strain was beginning to tell on Mary. Her face was growing worn before its time. Her bright colour was becoming fixed in scarlet patches upon her round cheeks.

Ben grumbled. He did not like to see his Mary fagging herself to death for that cross-grained dwarf; he would confide to Margaret. Why couldn't Mrs. Lester and Jemima do more running up and down stairs if they wanted Nell to have everything she asked for?

Margaret sighed an assent.

Whether the hot, close weather were responsible for the feverish worries and annoyances in the small household who shall say? But that week everything went wrong. From early morning till late at night Mary and Margaret were attending upon Nell. Nothing pleased, interested, or amused.

"What should I have done without you?" said Mary, at the end of the hottest, most trying day of all.

The girls were in Margaret's bedroom, seated by the wide-open window. A breeze had sprung up with the evening, and they were enjoying the first coolness of the day.

"What should I have done without you?" repeated poor Mary, breaking down at last. "You have helped me so much."

"I never helped anyone before," said Margaret, in a queer tone of voice; "never. They would laugh at—at Fen Court if they heard you."

"Have you heard from Mr. Fenham?"

"No."

"Margaret, I do hope it will be all right."

"What do you mean?"

Through the dusk Mary saw the white figure opposite straighten and stiffen.

"I—I——" she faltered, "I mean I hope he won't marry that Miss Seymour. I know she's a horrid, designing wretch."

A perfectly steady voice answered—

"If he marries Enid he will be all right."

Mary thought it safer to return to her own affairs.

"Ben has had a rise in his salary. He wants me to promise to marry him in six months—but I can't promise. I told him I couldn't leave Nell."

"But you cannot stay with Nell for ever."

"I cannot leave her."

Mary sobbed violently.

"I shall have to give up Ben—I know I shall," she said between the sobs, "but I cannot leave Nell—I can never leave Nell."

"Her worries are real," said Margaret when she was alone, "she will give up Mr. Waller sooner than leave Nell, whilst I have nothing to give up. He meant nothing; he thinks I am a child. I wish I were. Oh! Geoffrey! Geoffrey! But I won't make a moan. People always get over things. I shall be myself again in a month."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

"MARGARET, Margaret!"

"Yes, I am up here."

Mary's voice came from the foot of the stairs to Margaret in the box-room at the top of the house. She was turning out one of her boxes to find a scarlet silk sash for Nell. The closet—it was scarcely a room—was littered with the things she had tossed out in her hurry to find the sash. Worm-eaten trunks belonging to Mrs. Lester were piled in one dusty, dark corner to make room for Margaret's spick and span travelling boxes.

Mary found her kneeling on the floor, head and shoulders buried in the depths of the largest case.

"What is it?" she asked, coming out of the trunk.

Mary's face was troubled. She fidgeted with her fingers and balanced herself first on one foot, then the other.

"What is it?" repeated Margaret.

"Ben has just been here. He has had a letter about Mr. Fenham."

"Yes?"

Margaret dived once more into her box.

"He has had a letter, and it's all true about Mr. Fenham and that horrid Miss Seymour. They're engaged."

"Is that a reason for you to cry?" came in muffled tones from the depths of the trunk.

Mary stared at Margaret's back.

"I am dreadfully disappointed," she said at last. "I thought I hoped——"

"Something silly. Where can that scarlet sash be? Are you sure it is true?"

"This man who wrote to Ben said that there was no doubt. It was given out, and he had it from Miss Seymour's maid. I think Mr. Fenham has behaved badly——"

"Why?"

"He should have told us."

"That he thought of proposing to Enid? How could he? You are talking nonsense, Mary, and why you need cry about Geoffrey's engagement I cannot tell. Was that sash in this box?"

She recommenced her search.

"Shall you write to him?"

"I—yes, of course I must. I shall write to him to-day if it is not too late for the post. Is there time?"

"I should not write to-day: wait until to-morrow. That will be time enough for congratulations," said Mary gently.

Margaret shivered.

"Are you sure there is no mistake?" she said in a low voice.

"I don't see how there can be. This jeweller, who is a customer of Ben's firm, had the news from Miss Seymour's maid. She'd brought in something of Miss Seymour's to be mended. He had promised to let Ben know anything he heard, knowing he was a friend of Mr. Fenham's, so he wrote to him directly he was told of the engagement. Don't look for the sash if it makes your head ache."

"My head is not aching. I promised Nell she should have it. I do not think I need write to him to-night; I should be too late for the post."

"Leave it until to-morrow. I don't think he deserves to hear from you at all."

"Deserves! What do you mean? Why does he not deserve?"

"After the way he has behaved," said Mary boldly.

"How has he behaved to me? I will not have you saying such things, Mary. If *he* could not be kind to me—— He was—was like a brother."

"I never saw a brother like him before, then."

"Mary!"

"I never did," said Mary obstinately, "and I think he has behaved badly to you."

"How can you say such things?"

Margaret looked at Mary with indignant, proud, reproachful eyes.

"I cannot bear to hear you say such things," she said slowly. "They are dreadful for you to say and for me to have to listen to. If you knew how they hurt, perhaps you would not say them. Do stop crying," she continued irritably. "Why should there be tears because Geoffrey is engaged? An engagement is usually a matter of rejoicing."

"Margaret!" Mrs. Lester's voice called.

"Yes; coming directly."

"Have you not found that sash yet? Nell is getting impatient."

"I must find it soon. There is only one more box to look through."

"Leave the sash, Margaret. You will make your head ache stooping, and Nell can do without it until to-morrow. Or shall I look for you?"

"No, thanks. Run down and amuse Nell until I come. I will look through this last box. I shall not be long."

"I must be alone for a moment," Margaret was saying to herself. "I must get rid of Mary somehow."

"Go down to Nell," she continued aloud. "She is sure to be wanting something, and she does not like to wait, you know. She would like to hear the news, too."

Mary went.

Margaret sat upon the floor, her arms clasping her knees, her face upturned towards the skylight.

"What a sunset there must be! The sky is crimson. It is like the one he and I saw that Sunday afternoon. How many weeks ago was that? Three—barely three. Only three weeks! He always liked Enid from the first—from the very first. There is nothing strange about their engagement. I might have expected it, but I—did not. No, I never really thought that when Mary kept on speaking of them together. But they are engaged, there is no doubt."

She shivered.

"I wonder what Mrs. Jones will say; she disliked Enid. Will she make alterations at Fen Court? Perhaps she will send the old servants away. But Geoffrey will not allow that. Why does Mary say that he behaved badly to me? I wish she would not; it hurts so much."

She put her head down upon her knees.

"I am glad I do not want to cry. Girls in books always cry bucketfuls, but I have not the slightest inclination. My eyes are quite dry, and I feel as though there would never be a tear in them again. But I should like to stay up here for hours, to be left quite alone, and let it grow darker and darker until it was night, and everyone gone to bed, and the house quiet."

"Margaret! Margaret! Come down. Nell wants you."

"Coming!"

"I must find that sash before I go. Nell may not say so much if I make her a present of it. It must be in this box."

She rose to her feet and wearily dragged the heavy box under the skylight to catch the waning light.

"How tired I am! Nell must let me go to bed early to-night. She has heard of the engagement by this time; that was why she was in such a hurry to get me downstairs. Here is the sash. But I will wait a few seconds longer before going down—only a few seconds."

She closed the boxes and pushed them back against the wall.

"But one thing I am glad of—really glad: I never took a penny from him. I should break my heart if I had taken anything. Now I owe him nothing—nothing. Will he come here before he is married? I expect that Enid has told him all my faults, my horrid behaviour to people, and selfish ways."

"Margaret! are you never coming?"

"Yes; at once."

"I must leave this quiet little room. Perhaps he will want me to be at his wedding." She drew a long, shuddering breath. "Oh! I cannot do that. I cannot go to the wedding. Besides, I must find a situation: I cannot live on Mrs. Lester any longer. She has been kind, very kind; but it would be wrong of me to stay much longer—they are so poor. I have not been trying to find something to do these last few weeks. I—I—oh! what a fool I have been!—a silly little fool!"

She leant her back against the wall, burying her face in the scarlet sash she held in her hands. But her eyes were dry when she looked up.

"I am glad, glad, *glad* I never took his money. Suppose I had, what should I have done—what could I have done?"

Aloud, in answer to another impatient summons—

"Yes, yes; coming immediately."

With head erect, humming a little tune, she ran down the stairs and entered Nell's room.

"I know what you've been doing upstairs alone. You've been crying your eyes out because you've lost your prize. Let me look at you."

Nell seized Margaret's arm and dragged her down beside her couch.

"Dry eyes! Too deep for tears—is that it? Ha!



"'I HAVE GIVEN UP MY LODGINGS,' WAS WRITTEN UPON IT" (*p.* 305).

ha! I knew he meant nothing. How could he care for a dolly-faced thing like you?"

"Nell! Nell!"

"You needn't 'Nell! Nell!' me. Your Ben will be the next to go. So he's engaged to Miss Seymour, is he? A dark woman, Mary tells me. Dark women attract and hold the men; you fair chits have no chance. He has gone off and left you lamenting. You will never be mistress of Fen Court again; you have lost your chance. Don't cry, sweet coz."

"I am not crying."

"But you would like to. You are only keeping the tears back that I may not see them. Ha, ha, ha! you can't deceive *me*."

"Why should I cry because Geoffrey is engaged to Enid Seymour?" said Margaret, moistening her dry lips.

"Why! why! why! Because you are in love with him yourself!"

"You mustn't say such things, Nell," said Mary.

"Margaret, leave her. She is wild with temper to-night."

"Wild with temper, am I? Well, Margaret shall not go. It amuses me to see her face when I tell her she is in love with him, with Mr. Geoffrey Fenham, who is engaged to Miss Enid Seymour. Did he ever kiss you, Margaret?"

Margaret wrenched her arm free.

"How dare you ask such a thing?" she said between her teeth.

Nell gave a hoarse, disagreeable chuckle.

"You will never see Fen Court again unless you go there as a guest of the new Mrs. Fenham's. How will you like that, sweet cousin? What, you want to be off and have your cry out alone, poor deserted darling! Run away, then, and cry for your lost Geoffrey. He's gone, gone, gone."

Nell sank back exhausted; the last "gone" had been screamed in Margaret's ear.

"If you say such things to me I must leave you," said Margaret. "You have no right to say that I—loved him."

"Can you say you did not?"

Margaret held up her head proudly; she met Nell's small bright eyes boldly.

"You have no right to ask such a question and I shall not answer it. I found the sash; would you like to have it?"

She dropped the scarlet silk on the couch. Nell's fingers closed on it.

"Only a thin, common silk! Well, you'll be a pauper now in earnest, so I suppose you must be careful of your silks and satins."

"I have been a pauper some time."

"Have you? Ask mother what she has been paid for the 'pauper'?"

A wicked, cunning smile curved Nell's thin lips.

"Paid! Who has paid? What do you mean?"

"Ask mother or Mary. You need not make signs to me, Mary. He won't be so ready with his cheques now, so she may as well be told the truth."

"He! what do you mean? Who has been paying for me?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Fenham, of course. Who else would pay? You must have been simple to think that we should have had you here all these weeks for nothing. We have barely enough for ourselves, much more supporting second or third cousins."

"Mary, is this true?"

"Ah! Mary has wanted you to be told from the beginning."

"Mary, is it true?"

"Yes."

"You have all been deceiving me!"

"Quite a tragedy queen!" sneered Nell. "Yes, we have all been deceiving you, and it has been very easy to do so. You have believed everything you have been told in a most simple fashion. Mr. Geoffrey Fenham came to this house the day before you did and offered mother a sum to take you and keep you for as long as your folly lasted. We jumped at it, I can tell you; didn't we, Mary? Oh, Mary's crying, is she? Mother had only just time to catch the post and tell you to come the next day. He gave her a cheque for fifty pounds then and another cheque later on. Isn't that it, Mary?"

"And I thought you were so kind to me out of charity."

"I said you were a fool. Mother, what has Mr. Fenham paid you for taking charge of Margaret?" to her mother as she entered the room.

Mrs. Lester coloured.

"You have not told Margaret that, Nell. You know how particular Mr. Fenham was she should not know. Dear child, you must not mind what our Nell says."

"He has been paying for me all this time! You have been deceiving me, you and Mary and Geoffrey."

"We could not afford——"

"I have been living here on his money! You have allowed me to thank you for your kindness to me!"

"I wanted you to be told," sobbed Mary.

"We could not have kept you for nothing," said Mrs. Lester sullenly.

"Living on *his* money. How he must have smiled when I talked about your kindness!"

"Of course, my dearest child——"

"Do not call me your dearest child," interrupted Margaret fiercely. "I am your lodger, not your dearest child."

"A very good lodger too," chuckled Nell. "A hundred pounds is a fair sum for a few weeks."

"I always wanted you to be told," said Mary, taking Margaret's hand.

But she pulled it away and averted her eyes from Mary's tearful face. With head erect she walked to the door; in silence opened and closed it behind her. The three heard her cross the narrow landing, enter her bedroom, and turn the key in the lock.

"She ought to have been told before," said Mary, "and it was wicked and cruel of Nell to tell her now. Her face was dreadful; she looked just heart-broken."

"Pooh! do her good, her pride wants taking down," said Mrs. Lester. "You go to her room, Mary, and offer to bring up her supper."

Margaret declined supper or to open her door.

There was little rest in the house that night. It was not until near morning that Mary slipped into a sound sleep. She woke with a start. It was nearly ten o'clock, but Mrs. Lester was not getting up and Nell was still asleep. Jemima was brushing the stairs vigorously: she also had overslept that morning. Mary dressed leisurely. She went to Margaret's room and tapped at the door. No answer. A louder knock remained unanswered. She turned the handle and, to her surprise, found the door was ajar. A slight push. It swung open and she was in the room. The bed was empty, nor had it been slept in; the room was empty. A piece of paper fluttered on the dressing-table in the draught between open door and window.

"I have given up my lodgings" was written upon it.

Margaret was gone!

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.



THE EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS.

A TALK WITH MISS BUSS.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



THE NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

A LARGE and handsome building stands near Camden Road Station. This building is the well-known High School—The North London Collegiate School for Girls, which is ruled firmly and wisely by Miss Buss, than whom few women have done so much for the advancement and welfare of their sex as she has done.



Concerning the recent visit which I paid to her, there is so much to be said that I cannot do better than plunge *in medias res* without further preliminaries. Miss Buss, who is a woman well advanced in years, of a charming appearance and disposition, and who was accompanied by her chief assistant, Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D.Sc., at once suggested that I should first make a tour of the building in their company: a proposition to which I gladly assented. The first room I was shown was the library: a beautiful room, in which a few girls were seated, quietly reading and writing. This room itself would be a revelation to any woman acquainted only with the old *régime*. Here was a quietude and a stateliness, a calm and a repose associated only with all that is most secluded, most scholarly; how different from the cold, bare, crowded, noisy schoolroom of a bygone day! Then came a museum, filled chiefly with geological specimens—another significant sign of the times, and one that is much appreciated by the rising generation. We stood a moment here discussing the developments of the last few years.

"The girls," said Miss Buss to me, "are so much more interested in what is going on around them than they used to be. Life is so much fuller for them than it was in my early days. Quite apart from their regular work, they have literary societies here, and debating societies, in all of which they take the deepest interest. In the Debating Society, for instance, they discuss some very abstruse questions indeed."

"What is the subject of your next debate?" she asked of a bright young girl, some sixteen years of age, who was passing at the moment.

"The Old Age Pensions scheme," replied this young lady, with a sublime unconsciousness of the humorous contrast afforded between her youthful personality and the apparently dry-as-dust nature of the subject for debate. "And last week," she continued, "we discussed the Eight Hours Bill."

How far such precocity is desirable, or its encouragement well advised, is a very debatable matter, but Miss Buss, on my remarking to that effect, assured me that the girls were as feminine, as bright, and as youthful as ever they were.

"Indeed," she very significantly added, "these new interests keep girls out of much mischief. The old system, which did not half occupy their time or their minds, was full of evils in many respects. In the Literary Society they discuss such books as 'The Virginians,' 'Hereward the Wake,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Macaulay's Essays, Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' Browning's Poems, and the like. We have also a Science Club. This is very popular, and chiefly because it is also very practical. For instance, frequent excursions are organised by the members to various places of interest. Last week, the Club paid a visit by special permission to Doulton's Works."

By this time we found ourselves standing in the great hall, and immediately beneath a very fine organ. The light poured in through painted windows, which had been placed to the memory of teachers and pupils alike who had passed away. In this room linger the best traditions of the school life. Here day by day the life and interests of the establishment are focussed; here prayers are read, examinations are held, concerts are given, festivities are enjoyed. It is the centre of all the school life. There is a large dining-hall, where the girls are provided with a light but substantial dinner, of which, or of lunch, with admirable commonsense and a humanity undreamed of in the olden days, it is insisted all girls shall partake, and at which they are allowed to talk as loudly and as much as they please: which is another sensible rule. The department that most interested me, however, was the Gymnasium, where all the girls in the school have musical drill every day. At the time of my visit, I found a number of the pupils going through a special medical drill, under the immediate superintendence of a lady doctor, who decides after a careful examination, with the concurrence of the parents, if any girl requires a special course of calisthenics or gymnastics.

Then there was the Slöjd School, at which, for the first time in my life, I saw female carpenters hard at work, and was able to admire the deft, easy manner with which they handled their tools, and the clever work they turned out.

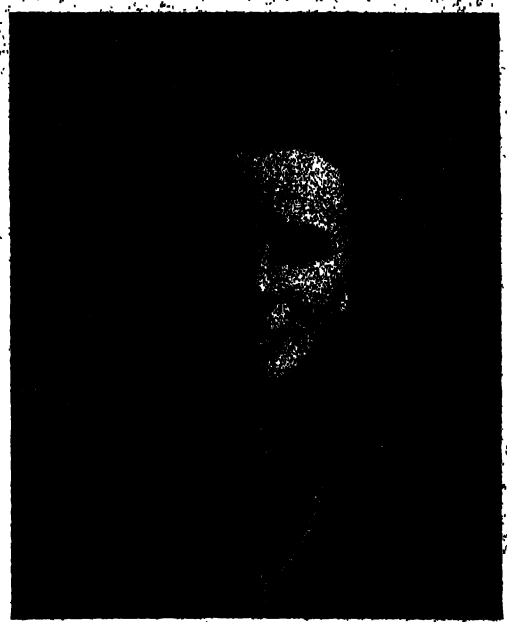
In each room I noticed a motto hanging upon the wall.

"That," said Miss Buss, "is the motto for the term. We always choose a verse from the Bible, or a few lines of poetry, or a sentence of John Ruskin or some well-known writer, and that serves as the motto for the term. A favourite one of mine is by Lowell—

> "Greatly begin! Though thou have time
> But for a line, be that sublime.
> Not failure; but low aim is crime."

In the class-rooms, of which there is a very large number, I noticed that each girl had her own desk, and I noticed further the charming manner in which each room was decorated.

"The girls themselves undertake the decoration of



(From a photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

Sophie Bryant

the rooms," explained my hostess; "and some of our window-gardens are very beautiful specimens of their work and ingenuity."

All this time my readers will understand that I am moving, the solitary man, amid a very hive of feminine industry. Girls of all ages are around me, and engaged in every kind of study and occupation.

"Take, for instance, the VI. Form," said Miss Buss, "which contains about twenty-five girls, from seventeen to nineteen years of age; they are preparing mostly for University Scholarships, or reading for the London Intermediate. Their mathematics and classics are very far advanced indeed."

In the Drawing School a large class was engaged in designing, in sketching, and in drawing both from the flat and the round; and the room, a regular artist's studio, was full of models from the antique and casts of heads, hands, and limbs. I asked Mrs. Bryant if games and athletics were popular in the school.

"Very much so," she replied. "As a rule, our girls are very athletic. We have sports once a year, racing, jumping, etc. And, as you see, we have capital fives courts and tennis courts, and we have a regular tennis competition every year with other well-known High Schools. We consider that a due taste for physical exercise and the enjoyment of games is as

necessary to be cultivated as a taste and capacity for study. We have here a regular Games Club for the special cultivation of this taste, and girls are particularly encouraged to belong to this club. I am rather against regular organisation of games myself. I think the instinct must be as far as possible purely spontaneous. It is an instinct which must be sustained by more subtle means than mere games. It may run through work and all life, an under-current of activity bubbling up here and there in the most unexpected manner. It is a great factor in school-girl life. A mistress with a profound instinct for play in charge of a form for a year will unconsciously call it out in the great majority of her pupils within that time."

"In fact," I replied, "you believe that a capacity for judicious 'frivol' is a really good thing, and can only be found in really clever people?"

"Precisely," she replied. "It is a most wholesome element in our nature."

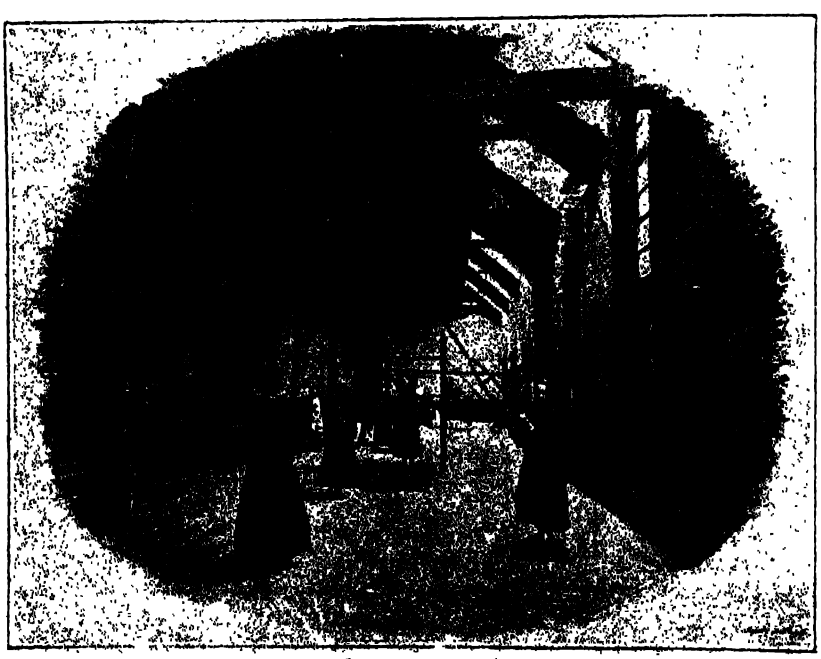
"And do you find that, on the whole, the Higher Education system brings out all that is best in a woman?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, we do," replied Miss Buss. "We turn out business-like, capable, rational women. A girl does not become unsexed by higher education. On the contrary, her feminine characteristics become more marked. Develop all a woman's faculties, mental, spiritual, physical, and you perceive a broadening, not a narrowing, effect. Even in religious matters the mind is broadened; it is not secularised, for the naturally conservative tendency of a woman's mind prevents her rashly flinging aside the old land-marks."

"Is your discipline very strict?" I asked.

"It is, and it isn't," was the reply. "As much as possible it is left in the hands of the girls themselves. We inculcate a sense of individual responsibility. But I do not wish you to understand that the mistresses have no voice in the matter. On the contrary, the responsibility is laid upon all, and forms a connecting link between pupils and teachers; and I cannot insist too strongly upon the influence that a mistress can exercise over her pupils. A wise use of influence is the secret of all discipline. But as much as possible, the exercise of discipline is left in the hands of the girls themselves. Each Form, except the lowest and highest, elects two monitors by ballot, who, without the power to punish, help the teachers by their personal influence only. The VI. Form elect ten prefects by ballot, and it is a remarkable thing that they are almost invariably right in their choice of girls. A prefect can interfere in any part of the school where she sees matters are going wrongly. They can summon a refractory girl to the library to meet the whole body of prefects, and I am told that such a proceeding is regarded with the greatest possible awe. Our own punishments are few and far between. Work not produced at the proper time, or which shows traces of carelessness and indolence, has simply to be produced or reproduced later, and the offender has, moreover, to write a statement of her offence, duly signed, in a book, called 'The Appearing Book,' of which there is one in each form.

"All breaches of rule are similarly recorded, and if any girl 'appears' more than a certain number of times in a half-term, she has to stay for an hour's work as an imposition in the afternoon. Impositions are not common, and are in this way made serious matters. A form in which no girl has an imposition for the half-term is placed on what is called 'the golden list, and is entitled to a 'gratification,' in the form of half-an-hour's play or other amusement. Thus the individual is punished by being the cause of a loss—slight, but perceptible—of honour and pleasure to her community. Her social motives are evoked in support of self-regarding ones, at the same time that public opinion is stimulated in favour of order. It is not found that there is any tendency for this public opinion to become in the least oppressive and hard on the weaker members. It is the old principle of the ancient Romans revived, the sacrifice of the individual to the good of the Commonwealth. But we allow no lynch law; and again, we never keep a girl in. You see, our girls here are day girls, and they have to leave at a certain fixed hour every day; her mother knows exactly when to expect each girl, which militates against the evils to which ignorant outsiders say these High Schools are exposed."



THE GYMNASIUM.



THE GREAT HALL.

"All this must exercise a very healthy effect upon your pupils. You are doing away with the hysterical, self-conscious, sentimental young lady of Miss Austen's days, or with the tendency to what our grandmothers call the 'vapours'?"

"Exactly," she replied. "We train the girls to see that character depends upon little things. As I once said in a London paper, so I say to-day: we teach self-restraint; we deal as much as possible with each girl individually. We really seek to know the individual idiosyncrasies and personalities of our pupils. The discipline here, though very healthy, is very decided. It is a complete wall around them, beyond which they cannot escape; we appeal also as much as we can to their common-sense and to their good feeling. The result is, a new kind of girl is growing up, who in her turn will be the mother of a very different person from the sentimental young lady of half a century ago. Already we begin to trace the influence and effect of our system in the children of girls who were pupils here twenty years ago."

"And as to the vexed question of home interference with school duties, Mrs. Bryant," said I, as Miss Buss left the room for a few moments; "do you find that home influence militates against school influence, and *vice versa*?"

"No," she replied; "where the two work hand in hand, the blend is exceedingly satisfactory. Where there is co-operation and mutual support between the two sets of influences at home and at school, the best results so far may be expected; and where there is lack of such co-operation and support there must be waste, even though neither home nor school is guilty of neglect. Hence it is essential that there should be sympathy for the home education at school and for the school education at home: essential, therefore, that though the work has to be divided, the ideal should not be. The head-mistress of a school and her assistants need always to remember that a most important part of a girl's education depends on the enforcement of the normal home claim that she should 'make herself useful in the house.'

"School claims must be so framed as to leave room for the home claim, most especially in the early years of a child's life, and the right-minded schoolmistress will always support this home claim when opportunity occurs. Half the moral benefit of this High School system arises from the fact that the girl still lives within the sweet influence of a good home. In fact, we teach here that a girl is only half educated if she is not taught to display willing usefulness at home. It is a disgrace to have useless fingers, unreadiness of mind in household ways, and inaptness to take a place in the social home circle. A High School would be a curse to a neighbourhood instead of a blessing, if it unfitted the girls for home-life."

At this moment Miss Buss returned, and placed in my hands the School Magazine for the month of June, 1893. It began with an essay by one of the girls on "The Term's Motto":—

> "For knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
> But duty is a path which all may tread."

"We were talking a short time ago on our Debating Society," said Miss Buss; "and here you see is the record of a Parliamentary debate which was held recently on 'The Payment of Members.' Here is the opposition offered by one very vigorous damsel. 'The effect of the salaries,' she contended, 'would be to produce a class of political adventurers, who looked on being members of Parliament as a very comfortable way of earning their living, and that the government of the country would fall into the hands of unworthy men, who would establish a class tyranny. The manual labourer could not be expected to make any thorough study of the laws of Economics; and the kind of people to profit by the arrangement would be briefless barristers and doctors without patients. But should we pay men when we give them the high honour of representing the nation? As well pay them for their love of duty, of honour, of glory. Let us keep our Parliament free from such a stain!'"

There, mothers and fathers, is the simple product of a simpler day; there is a specimen of the rising generation! Who could conceive one of Jane Austen's heroines, or the damsels of Miss Burney's day, or the merry-hearted girls in big crinolines and with a croquet-mallet in hand, bent on the subjugation of some gallant soldier or mild young curate, whom poor John Leech so loved to draw, coming out with such phrases and such opinions? *Tempora mutantur nos et in illis mutamur!*

But these same girls are excellent tennis-players; their performance in the concert-room far excels any of a previous generation; their sense of humour is keen and frequent: their whole life is deepened and broadened; their womanhood is a far more complete and joyous thing than ever it has been before.

Some four or five hundred girls attend the school daily, and the staff of teachers is never under sixty-five to seventy.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

NEW MILLINERY FOR THE SPRING.

FROM whence emanates that strange magic influence whose edict rules our selection in garments and head-gear, and whose fiat we await with so much expectation and so readily adopt?

"Fashion's Decree" is the title we give to this mystic authority, and from thence is evolved the novelties for this spring season. These are in reality but the "repeat" in the design woven in the loom of Fashion some sixty or a hundred years since, but wisely selected, and shorn of many of the absurdities which characterised them in "olden times." The marked feature of the styles now in vogue is decidedly "Character"; no aimlessly-designed hat or bonnet will now obtain—they must in every instance bear the impress of a *raison d'être*. Fashion is absolute on that point.

The "Liberty" hat we have illustrated is a good example; it is in the style worn by the beauties of the time of Gainsborough and Sir J. Reynolds, and has the distinguishing broad brim slightly raised at one side, and a peculiarly small "box" crown and group of plumes placed slightly to the front. This period of dress supplies ample scope for choice in design; and when successfully reproduced, an artistic effect and becoming outline are secured.

The black velvet of which the hat is composed forms a good background to the face and hair. The plumes—sometimes white, or, as in this instance, black—are chosen from the beautifully long, soft, curly feathers for which this house is noted.

These artistic hats are much admired at "private views," or when completing the toilets of a "bevy of



"LIBERTY" HAT.

(From a Photograph by Walter Kuphalkirsch, W.)



A CHILD'S HAT IN VELVET.
(*Sketched by the Author.*)

fair bridesmaids," enhancing the beauty of a lovely face and softening the outline by shady brim and drooping plume. The other day I saw one such hat in Tinterretta silk, with large soft crown and puckered silk lining facing the picturesquely wide brim. The colour was a soft shade of pale green, and the plumes were tipped with a darker tone of green. These were arranged at either side of the crown, and appeared to clasp the raised brim on the left side of the hat.

Buckles of jet and large ornamental hat pins are much used in millinery. Two pins of costly Oriental workmanship were introduced with charming effect on a hat of "Siberian" cloth—a material rough in surface and light of texture, in colour resembling a "young green" leaf finely sprinkled with hoar-frost. A wide contrast of colour was effected by the introduction in velvet and feathers of a deep tone of colour.

Passing from the richer materials, we find many of the new hats composed of plaited straw in two or more colours in combination.

Chip also is a favourite, and elegant in effect. Hats arranged in black lace—notably, Mechlin and Chantilly—have broad brims entirely shading the face, gradually diminishing in width towards the back, where they disappear. The arrangement of the lace is totally different from that of past seasons; in lieu of the numerous drawings whereof the brim was composed, the severity of the outline, without bend or curve, is softened by the tasteful manner in which the lace is draped.

A handsome cluster of half-open roses, with natural foliage and thorny stems, is often introduced at the back of the crown, and narrow strings of velvet ribbon tie beneath the chin.

A unique distinction in this season's millinery is the introduction of black flowers, to the exclusion of natural colourings, especially black violets, roses, and mignonette; but note that the black is bright and relieved with jet. Black mignonette was utilised as a garniture to a hat of fancy plaited straw in old gold and quiet grey-green. The brim, very wide across the forehead, abruptly terminated at either side of the centre of the back; the low crown was surmounted by a smaller one rising out of the centre, and trimmed with a twist of ribbon.

Immediately in front was an upright spray of the mignonette, with wide ends of old gold-coloured ribbon standing out to right and left—the extreme ends of the ribbon were cut in a novel way, forming a blunt point. A close rosette of loops of the gold and green ribbons nestled against the hair on either side of the back, from which drooped elegantly sprays of mignonette.

This floral arrangement on the hats and bonnets of the present is one of the leading novelties, and they are so placed as to gracefully "fit in" with the elongated coil of hair across the widened top of which the bonnets fit close.

The toque is yet to live another season, and for spring and early summer wear is made of fancy straw in tones of burnt *crème*, old gold, amber, and tan-colour. These straws are composed of several rows of tiny loops or spikes, that overlap each other, and give a rich and encrusted appearance. The toque is trimmed with velvet cut on the bias, and mounted in an irregular manner, thus forming a twist which is placed between the crown and the narrow turned-up brim. A pretty example was an old gold straw ornamented with rose-petal velvet and a black jet spray upstanding at the left side.

Children's headgear assumes large dimensions. The large velvet hat shown at the top of this page with triple plumes, placed to the front is a favourite style. Fancy straws, Tuscan and chip, have broad, uncurved brims and double crowns, with garniture of ribbons and flowers.

The hat illustrated for a child of five years is made in cream-coloured Shanghai silk; the crown full and large, with drawn brim raised off the face, and handsome plumes fastened with rosettes of silk. The tiny children will still charm us with their picturesque appearance in the "Liberty" hood of Puritan or Nuremberg design.



HAT FOR A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS.
(*Sketched by the Author.*)

Bonnets and Caps.

The distinctive characteristic of the bonnets this season is width both back and front. The trimmings are also more profuse, and consequently they are rather larger in dimensions. In almost every instance the feathers and bows of ribbon or lace are upstanding, reversible watered ribbon is still in the ascendant, combining the loveliest of soft colourings.

A noticeably stylish black bonnet worn by a handsome brunette was Sphinx-like in design, and sparkling

with jet. The close-fitting head-piece was square in outline, and the wide coronet drooped to the ears. Exactly in the centre of the front was a flower-shaped



NUREMBERG DESIGN FOR A CHILD'S FROCK.
(*Designed by the Author.*)

knot of terra-cotta-coloured velvet, with outstanding sprays of jet; a similar rosette was placed at the back, from the centre of which rose a high black osprey; narrow black velvet strings formed a chin bow. The whole design was so small and beautifully arranged, that no grotesqueness or eccentricity was expressed; but the whole design was charming and exclusive. For a fair type of beauty, a becoming bonnet was made of palish-green fancy-looped straw; the flat straw crown was in the form of a large sunflower with jet centre, and side pieces of alternate rows of straw and jet; two deep pink roses were placed under the centre brim in front. (How decidedly all vestige of *yellow* has vanished from the millinery pink, which now favours the tint of the La France rose petals!) At the left side, clasped by a ring of jet, were several long loops of dark green velvet ribbon, upstanding. Loops of velvet, also clasped with jet, drooped on to the hair at the back; this design was decidedly striking.

In the outlines of several of the bonnets we can trace their origin to the square, horned head-dress of the Middle Ages, betokened by the form and position accorded to the loops of ribbon or lace. One very successful lace and jet bonnet was arranged for an elderly lady. A waving line of pleated lace across the front was edged with rows and a fringe of jet, broad loops of lace with a handsome osprey placed at the back, and wide lace strings brought to the front and gracefully fastened beneath the chin; thence in long ends. Another black bonnet had a fancy straw-lace crown, square in character, with a treble group of upstanding pleats in lace, fastened by a long narrow paste buckle. The back of the bonnet was formed by a butterfly bow of narrow ribbon, beneath which, at either side, were placed a group of lovely crimson roses. The strings were of watered silk ribbons.

The indoor caps for old ladies claim attention. One of cream-coloured Mechlin lace was arranged as a Puritan head-dress, with an outline of mauve velvet, with bows of ribbon of a lighter shade. The lace formed a high crown to the cap, and was raised in a pleat in the centre of the back, drooping in elegant folds at either side, thus concealing the hair.

A very charming cap was made in black Chantilly lace, slightly draped across a coronet band of petunia velvet with a tiny white ostrich tip a little to the left side. The lace lapets were brought to the front and fastened with a paste ornament.

Brocades and Velveteens.

Of first importance are the brocades, which in point of richness and brilliant effect have no rival. In every instance a dusky warp will be crossed by a woof of gleaming colour.

Green appears in strong, decided tones, with satin surface brocaded in large clusters of soft pinks and yellow flowers. A design of honeysuckle in subdued colouring is thrown into relief by a background of metal-bronze colour, and a handsome salmon pink is woven with scales of yellow-white, powdered over with "iris" bloom in pale green and yellow. These costly brocades will appear as Court, drawing-room, or reception gowns.

But there are other charming designs, at much less expenditure, and available to all. These show the favourite "watered" effect in stripes passing diagonally across the silk, with trails of small flowers at intervals, either cherry-blossom or chrys-



A BRIDESMAID'S DRESS (FOR GIRL OF 17).
the Author.

anthemum. This brocade has an importance favourable to handsome dinner-gowns for matron or elderly lady. An interlining of thin wadding gives it the substance and "set" of a more costly brocade.

To proceed with the velveteens. Who amongst us does not cherish the thought of one day acquiring a velvet or velveteen gown for home, evening, or dinner wear? The choice of colours in such materials is almost bewildering in variety and loveliness at present.

Little dresses for the children or bridesmaids are always successful made in amethyst blue, wine red, or emerald green. Thus the quaint "picture" frocks, as, for example, the little Nuremberg design for a child of six—see illustration on p. 312—look quaint and charming made in mushroom velveteen, with bodice and half-sleeves of old brocade that has a *soupçon* of pale pink in the design, outlined with marten fur, the bodice and skirt are sewn together and fastened down the back, obviating the difficulty of numerous fastenings.

Bridesmaids' Dresses.

There is a choice of several most appropriate materials for these dresses; amongst others, the much-admired Indian cashmere. A pretty colour is mignonette green combined with velveteen of a darker tone, and the illustration (on p. 312) for a young lady of seventeen supplies a pretty design for making. The skirt is cut simply, with front and sides slightly gored. The full upper portion of the bodice is in cashmere, of which material the sleeves are also made, with bell-shaped over-sleeve lined with pale pink silk. Velveteen is used as a bordering for the skirt, and forms the tight-fitting bodice, collar, and cuffs; the bodice is cut to form a square yoke at the back, strapped to the front with shoulder straps, and laced up the front to the neck-band. The embroidered dots are worked in a pale shade of green to correspond with the cashmere, while the design on the sleeves and skirt is worked in two shades of green silk, relieved with pink. With this costume may be worn a large green silk hat, as described above, with plumes tipped with pink.

For early summer weddings during warmer days the fine "Organdi" muslin, with floral sprays scattered over it, will be much worn, made with a full skirt and tiny frilled festoons, the bodice drawn into a collar-yoke of lace, with a soft satin scarf fastened on the right shoulder, crossing the bodice to the left side of the waist, where it would be knotted, and thence hang in a bow and ends to the edge of the skirt; while the sleeve is formed of large puffs.

This season there is a wide range of muslins in delicate colourings, with the surface either crimped or patterned over; one I saw in woven basket-stitch had a shot effect of dull blue and green.

Costume for Matron (Illustrated).

In green woollen material, with vest and soft frill at the neck of black velvet, revers on the bodice and pleatings each side of the front width on the skirt are of black moiré silk. The sleeves, revers, and skirt are outlined with velvet bands richly embroidered in cording and jet, of which also the handsome ornament on the vest is designed. A fringe and tiny chains of jet ornament the front of the skirt. The bodice is cut tight-fitting and fastens down the front; the basque is cut short on the hips, with deep point back and front. The skirt, fitting plainly across the front, is set into deep pleats at the back.



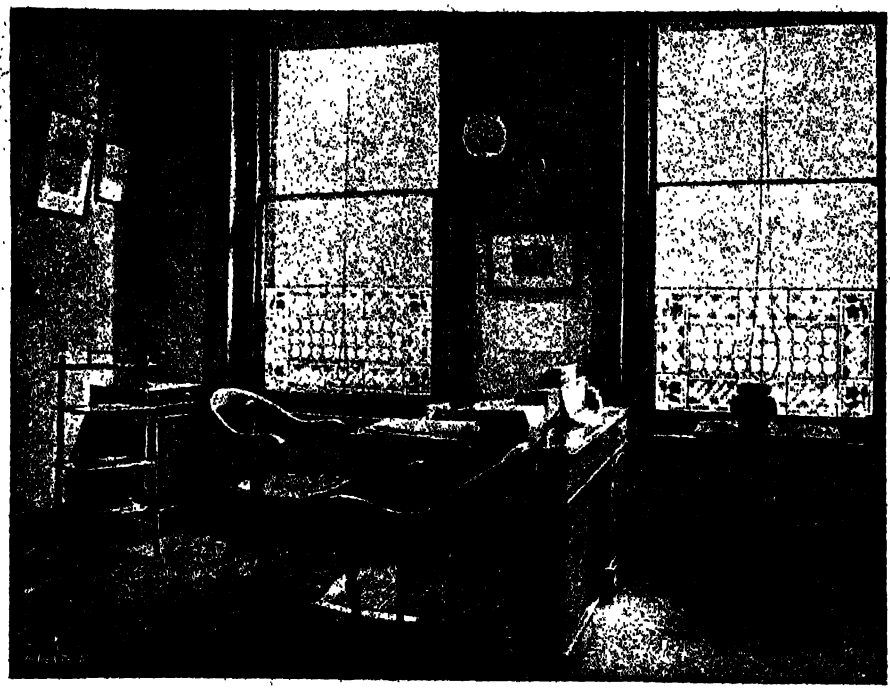
A MATRON'S COSTUME.
(Designed by the Author.)

A mantle, three-quarter length, is worn with this gown, cut with a yoke-collar and revers of velvet, and high upstanding collar lined with Thibet lamb's wool. The fronts hang straight, being set in full on the shoulders; the centre of back forms a square pleat; and the mantle is lined throughout with shot black and green silk.

The bonnet is an arrangement of square medallions of fancy green straw and jet, erect bows of moiré ribbon, and black silk violets. A. L. G.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the matron's mantle and the child's frock). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



THE EDITOR'S ROOM.



WE are often told that the days of "style" in literature are gone, and that "action" and "incident" now reign supreme. But what save "style" made "Obiter Dicta" so popular, and gave Mr. Augustine Birrell his wide circle of readers? And that same style—perhaps with a difference—is to be found in his "Essays about Men, Women, and Books," just published by Mr. Elliot Stock. All the essays which go to make up this dainty volume have been published before, and (as befits essays nowadays) many of the subjects have an interest peculiar to old-world subjects, such as "Dean Swift," "Lord Bolingbroke," "John Gay," "Hannah More," and "Sterne." But there is a delightful flavour of personal reminiscence about the chapter on "Parliamentary Candidates;" and the two on "Books Old and New" and "Bookbinding" are as pretty as they are sound. There is a charm about a book dressed and printed as is this volume which appeals to many readers who would not otherwise take it up. Decidedly, this is not a book to be read through at a sitting. Each paper should be read by itself, and then canvassed. That is how the essays of old were read, and it is only because in this hurry-scurry age we fancy we have not time for such a course that the essay became, even for a time, unpopular.

Now that Mr. Stanley Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" (Longmans) may be had in a single volume, the popularity of the story should grow faster than ever. And its success is well deserved, for the Sieur de Marsac is one of the best-drawn characters that has been contributed to English fiction for many years. And not since I read "Vanity Fair" have I been so enthralled by a tale as I was by this. I would not for a minute insinuate a comparison between the two stories in any other respect than this of engrossing the attention. The reader is carried off to France, and to the France of the years succeeding the Bartholomew; and every thought is given to following the fortunes of, and unravelling the plots woven round, the Sieur. Mr. Weyman makes his hero tell the story himself, in the first person throughout; a method that only great care can save from wearisome egotism, of which not a trace is to be found in these pages. It is good to come across a story about which one may rightly grow enthusiastic, as one fairly may over "A Gentleman of France." The uncritical reader will enjoy the story, for its own thrilling and unflagging interest, quite as much as the critic whose admiration is called forth by the consummate art displayed in the sequence of events, and the natural manner in which they are related.

Mr. Upcott Gill will not have deserved well of his generation if one result of his publishing "Practical Ventriloquism," by Mr. Robert Ganthony, is the letting

loose on British homes of a host of amateur ventriloquists, bent on practical joking. But there is another side to the question, and if the result is the giving of an innocent and amusing knack to a goodly number of people, then there will be a set-off. Probably the initial exercises which Mr. Ganthony enjoins on all his recruits, would choke off all but the best of the amateurs.

That stories for girls have long formed a class of literature distinct in itself is a truism alike to the buyer of books and to those whose mission it is to cater for the reading public. Few patrons (or, to be strictly correct, should I say patronesses?) are at once so discriminating and so appreciative as girl-readers of all ages. It is not easy to persuade girls to give a writer new to them a trial; but on the other hand, when once an author has won their grateful approval, they will eagerly read any story from his or her pen which is issued. The stories in Messrs. Longman's "Series of Stories for Girls" have all won a popularity for themselves in other forms; but in their present attractive dress the four stories which the publishers send us this month should win a fresh circle of readers. For what girls could resist such a trio of writers as Mrs. Molesworth, the author of "The Atelier du Lys," and Jean Ingelow? Mrs. Molesworth is responsible for two of the four volumes; the first being "The Third Miss St. Quentin," and the second a collection of shorter tales under the title "The Story of a Spring Morning." Miss Jean Ingelow's "Very Young" and "Quite Another Story" make up another volume of the series; more portable and less expensive—if, at the same time, less sumptuous—in appearance than the handsome volume which Messrs. Longmans issued some time ago containing the same two stories. And that beautiful story, "A Younger Sister," by the author of "The Atelier du Lys," is the fourth tale in this handy series, which I can heartily commend to girl-readers.

Readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE know Dr. A. H. Japp rather as a kindly chronicler of the ways and whims of our animal friends than as a poet. It is not long since in this "Gossip" was noted the publication of his edition of "De Quincey's Posthumous Works," and here is a volume of verse, many of the contents of which were written before that other difficult task was undertaken. "Dramatic Pictures" is the general title of the volume (published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus); but to me, and doubtless to many more of the readers, the most interesting portion of the book is that which gives us the "English Rispetti." This is not the place to attempt any critical analysis of the remarkable Italian form of verse, which goes by the name of the rispetto. It is curious that though so many of the old French forms have been revived among us of late, so little notice has been taken of this graceful medium. Dr. Japp has used it especially for "Songs of the Birds," and I take leave to reproduce one of these—it happens to be the first; but I choose it, not on that account, but as a happy illustration of the felicitous use of this expressive measure.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet heart of secret minstrelsy—how far
Thy golden notes, like lightnings in the dark,
Flash full, ebullient, and no rivals mar
That music flooding all the moonlit park.
Hold! hold! and overpower me not with pain
Of very sweetness; in thy keen, full strain,
Notes touch me to the quick—so piercing clear,
I dream and think a long-dead love is here.

For the changeful notes of these "Songs of the Birds," nothing could be more appropriate than this pretty Italian metre. Through the *rispetti*, as through the whole volume, the author's keen love for and appreciation of Nature stands confessed.

I am glad to see that two more of R. A. Proctor's ever-useful and popular works on astronomy have been added to Messrs. Longmans' "Silver Library." First comes "The Orbs around Us," a series of chapters on the moon and the great planets, with two chapters on those vexed questions "Other Habitable Worlds," and "Other Inhabited Worlds," which are not without interest even so long after the date at which they were written, and when it is, alas! so long since we lost their talented author. Again and again Proctor recurred to a subject, as one sees in turning to his collected and now reprinted works. But he always had something fresh to say, and it is interesting to take up "The Expanse of Heaven" after putting down the other volume. He treats there of much the same subjects, but it is from another point of view, and the two volumes are not antagonistic, but complementary, the one of the other. Astronomical science has advanced by leaps and bounds since Proctor began to write upon it, but his influence on its popularity cannot be overestimated.

In a "Gossip" which is addressed to *all* readers of the MAGAZINE I need not apologise for mentioning a "practical" book which has just been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited, under the title of "The Work-Table Companion." When I say that the book is edited by our contributor, Miss Ellen T. Masters, and that it sets forth stitches and patterns for all sorts of crochet, knitting, macramé lace, cross-stitch and canvas embroidery, I have said enough to commend the book to all ladies. Time was when such works were "severely let alone," when one spoke of "books," but ours is a wiser age, and in no direction have we made greater progress than in this of providing reliable and succinct guides to dainty and effective needlework.

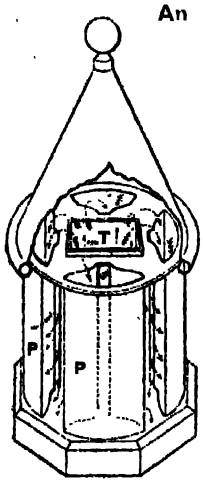
BOOK-MARK.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Exhaust Ventilator.



Our illustration shows an improved ventilator with part of the conical cover removed, by which the action can be explained. A wind striking the bottom part of the ventilator passes through narrow ways between the slotted pipes P, P, and creates a partial vacuum in the conical chamber above, which draws up the foul air from the house by the central tube, T, and allows it to escape by the slots down the inner sides of the pipes, P, P, as shown by the curved arrows.

The Telephotos.

The "telephotos" is a new means of signalling which has been invented by Mr. C. V. Boughton, of Buffalo, N.Y., and is chiefly intended for use at sea. It consists in producing the dots and dashes of the Morse telegraph code, with the intervals between them by a row of electric incandescent lamps. A dot is made by lighting one lamp, a dash by lighting ten lamps, producing an illuminated line five feet in length, and an interval or "space" by leaving a length of five feet unlighted. In order to work this visual telegraph a keyboard is provided, by which and the help of wires, the proper lamps are lighted and the signals made.

The First Atmosphere.

Dr. Phipson, F.C.S., has made some interesting experiments in growing plants under different gases which have led him to a very probable hypothesis concerning the primitive atmosphere of the earth. The plants belonged to various species—for example, the trifolium, myosotis, and convolvulus—and were nourished by water. He found them to exist for a time, then die, in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas; to prosper better in one of hydrogen, which they finally absorbed and oxidised; and to thrive well in one of nitrogen, especially if it contained one-third part of carbonic acid gas. From these results he argues that the primitive atmosphere of the globe consisted of inert nitrogen gas commingled with carbonic acid gas and other vapours thrown out by the numerous volcanoes then at work. Vegetation would flourish in such a medium, but animal life would not. The plants, however, by absorbing and decomposing the carbonic acid—a combination of carbon and oxygen—would in time discharge a sufficiency of oxygen into the atmosphere to enable the lower forms of animal life to exist, and as the proportion of oxygen increased, higher types of animals would make their appearance. The process is not complete even now, it appears, for the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere is still slowly increasing, if the tests of the past fifty years can be relied on. The speculation, it will be seen, is in harmony with the doctrine that vegetation preceded animal life on the planet; and the fact that combustible—that is to say, oxidisable—substances, such as graphite, sulphides, and so on, are frequent in the primitive rocks would seem to imply that the first atmosphere was free from oxygen, and incapable of combining with these substances.

A Straining Lid for Saucepans.

The accompanying figure shows a new lid for saucepans which allows of the gravy or water being



all strained away without the lid being lifted. The flap of the lid is raised, and the liquid simply poured out through the strainer, while the solid contents are kept back.

A Shattered Comet.

The comet discovered by Mr. W. R. Brooks in America has undergone surprising changes since it was first observed. Professor Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, has taken several photographs of it, and on comparing them it was found that the tail had twisted and broken up into knots and masses, while the brightness of the entire body had much increased. Further, a large portion of the tail became detached and drifted away as a separate comet travelling in a path of its own.

An Air-Brush for Artists.

The art of drawing and painting by a fine jet of spray is growing in the United States, without, however, superseding the older methods. It enables an artist to put his conceptions or impressions more quickly on paper than with the pencil or brush, and

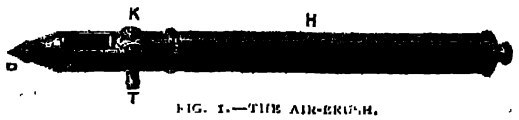


FIG. 1.—THE AIR-BRUSH.

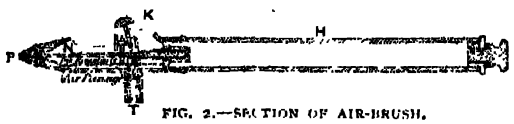


FIG. 2.—SECTION OF AIR-BRUSH.

the shading is more delicate and transparent than with a wash or stump. The air-brush consists essentially of a holder containing a quantity of the ink or liquid colour to be used, and a tubular point with a fine bore. Compressed air is allowed to escape from the point in such a way as to drag a portion of the colour with it in a fine spray which strikes on the paper. Figs. 1 and 2 represent a new air-brush invented by Mr. Charles L. Burdick, an artist of Chicago, and recently introduced by him into London. The reference letters are the same in both figures, and the interior will be understood from Fig. 2, showing a section of the tool where H is the holder, T a tube by which the air enters it, and passes to the hollow point P in taking with it some of the ink or colour in the "ink receptacle." A needle, N, regulates the size of the discharging orifice at P, and consequently the mark of the spray. The brush is held in the hand like an ordinary pencil or brush, and the spray is regulated by pressing on the key K. Fig. 3 illustrates the manner



FIG. 3.—WORKING WITH AIR-BRUSH.



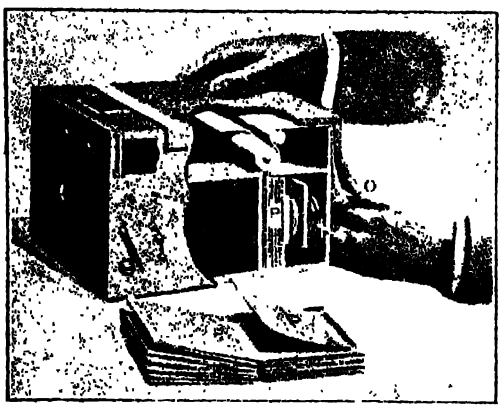
FIG. 4.—SPECIMEN OF WORK BY AIR BRUSH.

of using the brush, while the foot of the artist works a pedal air pump, which compresses air in the reservoir on the left, and supplies it through a flexible tube to the brush. Mr. Burdick has devised a special form of foot pump, and also a fountain air gauge, which is hung on the easel, and shows the artist at any moment the precise air pressure he is employing. The artist can draw a line varying in width from that of a pencil to nearly an inch without change of colour, or he can imitate the softest and most delicate as well as the darkest shadows. Fig. 4 is a specimen of the work done by Mr. Burdick in a few minutes. Photographers will find the brush very useful in retouching or tinting portraits, and lithographers, architects, and other draughtsmen in making their designs.

Household Novelties.

We have before us this month a number of those minor inventions, the application of which goes so far to make improvements in our domestic machinery and comfort. Who, for instance, has not felt the want of rapidly-boiling kettles and saucepans? Here in the "Maycock" cooking utensils, fitted with a pierced outer shield, is all that could be desired; for the shield at once draws up the heat, and protects the utensil from those knocks which go so far to damage kettles and saucepans of the old type.—Then staining floors and other woodwork about a house is a piece of work that must often be done at home. For this a new series of stains, known as "Floorine," has just been introduced, by means of which the whole work can be effected at a single operation. The stains are made in various shades, and seem to give an excellent result when carefully applied.—The "Silver Wing" tap is a new contrivance for drawing-off aerated waters, or other sparkling beverages, glass by glass, without leaving the rest of the contents of the bottle exposed to the air. The tap is plated inside and out, and is fitted with a screw-shank that pierces the cork like a corkscrew. In sound corks this little

device should act well.—An automatic tea and coffee canister has just been patented. It is fitted with two lids, large and small. The large one is only used for filling the canister, and the tea or coffee is removed by the smaller opening, which is so contrived that only the quantity actually removed is exposed to the air.



A MAGAZINE CAMERA.

A Magazine Camera.

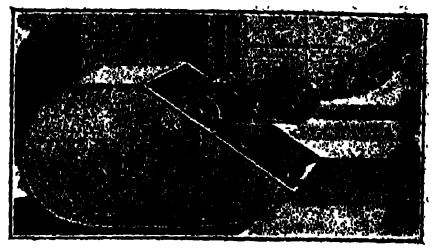
The accompanying woodcut shows a magazine camera which holds fifty plates, and permits of the same number of pictures being taken at one charge. The plates are mounted on travelling paper, and folded together as shown at P, P. After a photograph has been taken the plate is removed from the camera by pulling on the travelling paper, which passes between two rollers and emerges at O in the rear of the camera.

A Magical Lamp.

Tesla and other electricians have shown that electric currents of very high potential and frequency, that is to say, currents of great pressure and rapid reversal in direction, have no appreciable effect on the human body, so far as can be felt. Quite recently M. d'Arsonval, a well-known French electrician, has shown that if such a current is passed through a spiral of wire large enough to surround a man without touching him, he can light a glow lamp by simply holding it between his two hands, and yet he feels no inconvenience. In fact, M. d'Arsonval has applied his electrified spiral as a curative agent. The electrical influence is said to promote the nutrition of the patient, and largely increase his absorption and elimination of oxygen. Be this as it may—and further experiments are desirable before accepting the statement—there seems little doubt that magnetism pure and simple has no sensible effect on the human body, curative or otherwise, for Mr. Kennelly, a distinguished assistant of Edison, has recently made a large number of experiments with the most powerful magnets known, and all with negative results.

A Noiseless Coal Scuttle.

The harsh grating of the metal scoop on a metal coal-scuttle is often irritating and disagreeable to invalids and students, or persons of delicate nerves, and hence the scuttle which we illustrate will be found useful. It is made of leather and lined with cloth,

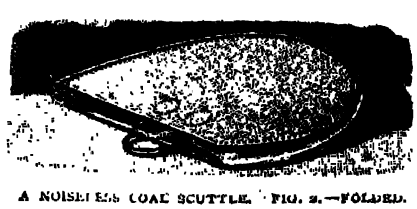


A NOISELESS COAL SCUTTLE. FIG. 1.—IN USE.

and capable of folding up when not full of coals. The scoop is also covered with a material which diminishes the grating of the coals upon it, and the utensil is both light and portable.

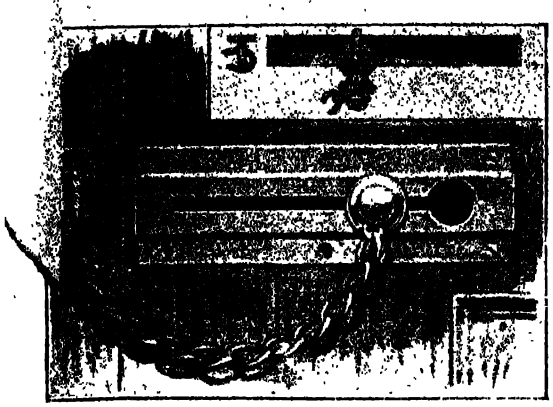
Mental Images.

"A man conversing in earnest," says Emerson, in his essay on Nature, "if he watch his intellectual processes will find that a material image, more or less luminous, arises in his mind, contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought." This power of forming mental images appears to vary in strength among individuals to a considerable degree. Naturally we should expect to find it powerful in poets and artists. Charles Dickens has himself told us that he actually "saw" his creations as he wrote, and M. Taine mentions a painter who only looked at an object while he sketched its outline and was able to fill in the colours from the image of it in his mind. On the other hand there are people of equal intelligence who, being unable to see such mental images themselves, have doubted their existence, and Mr. Francis Galton has shown that habits of abstract thought, such as men of science and philosophers indulge in are apt to weaken the capacity of forming mental pictures. Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Winona, Minnesota, an experimental psychologist, has made a series of observations on this phenomenon with the help of his classes. The scholars were asked to write down just what came into their minds when certain familiar words, such as "book," "tree," "church" were called out, and the answers were carefully investigated. He found that the majority of the students formed distinct images of the objects



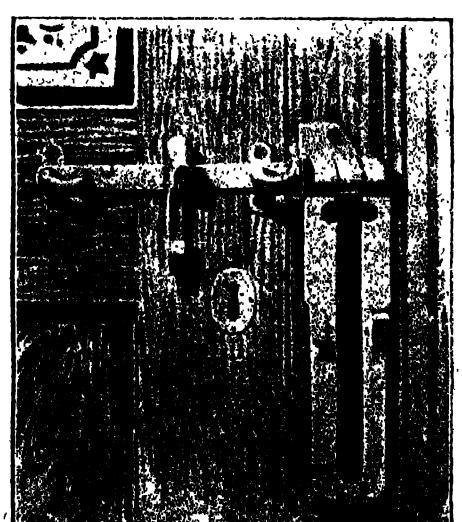
A NOISELESS COAL SCUTTLE. FIG. 2.—FOLDED.

corresponding to the words; and the rest formed indistinct images, with a few exceptions who seem to have indulged in philosophical abstractions. The



NEW DOOR-FASTENERS.—FIG. 1.

word "book," for example, called up visions of a Bible, a dictionary, a novel, in all but a few scholars, who thought of "food for the mind," or "the thoughts of some person." The word "tree" was represented by some kind of tree, more especially the illustrious cherry tree which George Washington cut down. The word "church" usually evoked a picture of some church in the vicinity, but some of the hearers thought of a "religious organisation." It is evident from his results that most people are "visualisers" in thinking, while a few are "non-visualisers." The tendency to form distinct images was very conspicuous amongst the female students, and in both sexes it reaches an abnormal development about the ages of 14 and 15, or during the period of adolescence, which, it has been otherwise observed, is also one of exceptional good health and rapid growth. The tendency is further checked or fostered by the occupations in life.



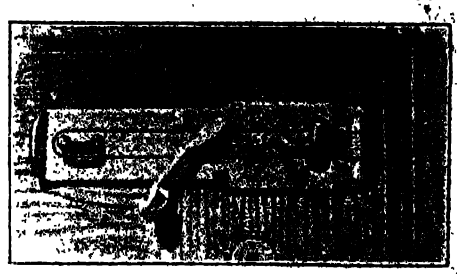
NEW DOOR-FASTENERS.—FIG. 2.

New Door-Fasteners.

The door-chain which we illustrate in Fig. 1 can be adjusted to allow the door to open to any length of the chain. This is simply effected by an adjustable clamping nut which fixes in the slot and is adjusted by the knob at will. The greater the pressure on the door the faster the nut holds, owing to the section of the slots being tapered. The new "Lightning" door bolt is shown in Figures 2, 3 and 4. It is not a bolt in the ordinary sense but a kind of hasp or slotted link, L, which hangs down the door-post when not in use. Being on a swivel joint a half turn of the wrist brings it into a horizontal position across the ledge of the door where it is fixed on the bar as shown. Fig. 4 illustrates its action as a door-chain.

Taste in Colours.

Each to his taste is a proverb which has been held to apply to colours as well as flavours. Anthropologists, however, are inquiring whether there is no law or rule in the matter of colours, at least. They find that savages prefer bright colours. The negro of Africa, the American Indian, and the Polynesian



NEW DOOR-FASTENERS.—FIG. 3.

prefer red. It is the same with the New Caledonian, according to Captain Cook; and a red object is "taboo" to the New Zealander. The Gaboonese, writes Dorlhac, only used red, white and black pigments before the Europeans came, and now blue is their mourning colour. Red is also preferred by the Kaffirs and Afghans. Purple, again, was the choice of the ancients; and red was the predominant colour of their military uniforms. As for the northern peoples, they seem to prefer sombre colours. Blue is preferred and yellow is avoided, not to say ridiculed. In Japan a Prussian blue or a greenish blue is most common in clothing. The Ainos of Yezzo also prefer blue and tattoo themselves that colour. These facts are worth noting by exporters of woven stuffs. De Brazza always took red cottons to the Congo, whereas in the Soudan blue cottons are preferred. The negro Mussulman prefers blue and the negro fetichist red.



NEW DOOR-FASTENERS.—FIG. 4.

In India clothes are red and yellow rather than blue, and the same may be said for Cochin-China, where the gods are usually gilt. The Indians of Guiana love a yellow bottom colour; so do the negroes of the Antilles. In Tahiti the natives affect pale red tints. Many of us will remember that in recent years attempts have been made to show that because words for certain colours are not found in some early languages or poems, the authors, if not the readers, had a deficient colour-sense. Did not Mr. Gladstone point out that Homer has no special term for green, blue and violet? The ancient Israelites only mention white, black, green, and red. But common sense bids us first reflect that people in an early stage of culture before their language had become specialised, had no distinct words for certain shades of colour, especially shades which did not strongly appeal to their colour-sense. There are many tints in Nature or in aniline dyes which have no special name with us; but what should we think of our posterity if they inferred that our colour-sense was not sufficiently developed to recognise them? Not to put too fine a point on it, we should think they were fools. The Battas of Sumatra had no term for blue until they were able to borrow the Dutch word, but they appreciated the colour well enough. Negroes, again, have borrowed our English word "blue." The Egyptians had a just sense of the harmony of colours, but they only employed red blue, green, brown, black, and white. The Assyrians and Persians, judging from their enamels, preferred blue and yellow. The Greeks affected red, blue, and yellow. In dealing with such early art, however, we must be careful not to infer too much from it, and make a similar mistake to those who supposed the ancient writers deficient in colour-sense. We must remember that pigments, like words, have first to be invented or discovered before they can come into use, although the thing they stand for is already in existence.



SIGNAL FIRE-DAMP DETECTOR.

A Musical Fire-damp Detector.

The "Formenophone" is an instrument for detecting and measuring the fire-damp or inflammable gas in the air of a mine. It is based on the principle that the note of an organ pipe depends on the density of the air feeding it. Two similar organ pipes are provided, and one is fed with pure air, the other with the air of the mine, and if fire-damp is present in the latter the two pipes no longer give the same note. "Beats" are the consequence, and the proportion of the fire-damp in the air is determined by the number of beats in a second. Our illustration shows the operator counting the beats given with the apparatus at his feet. The apparatus is arranged to give a beat per second for each percentage of inflammable gas.

THREE-PART STORY COMPETITION.

AWARD.

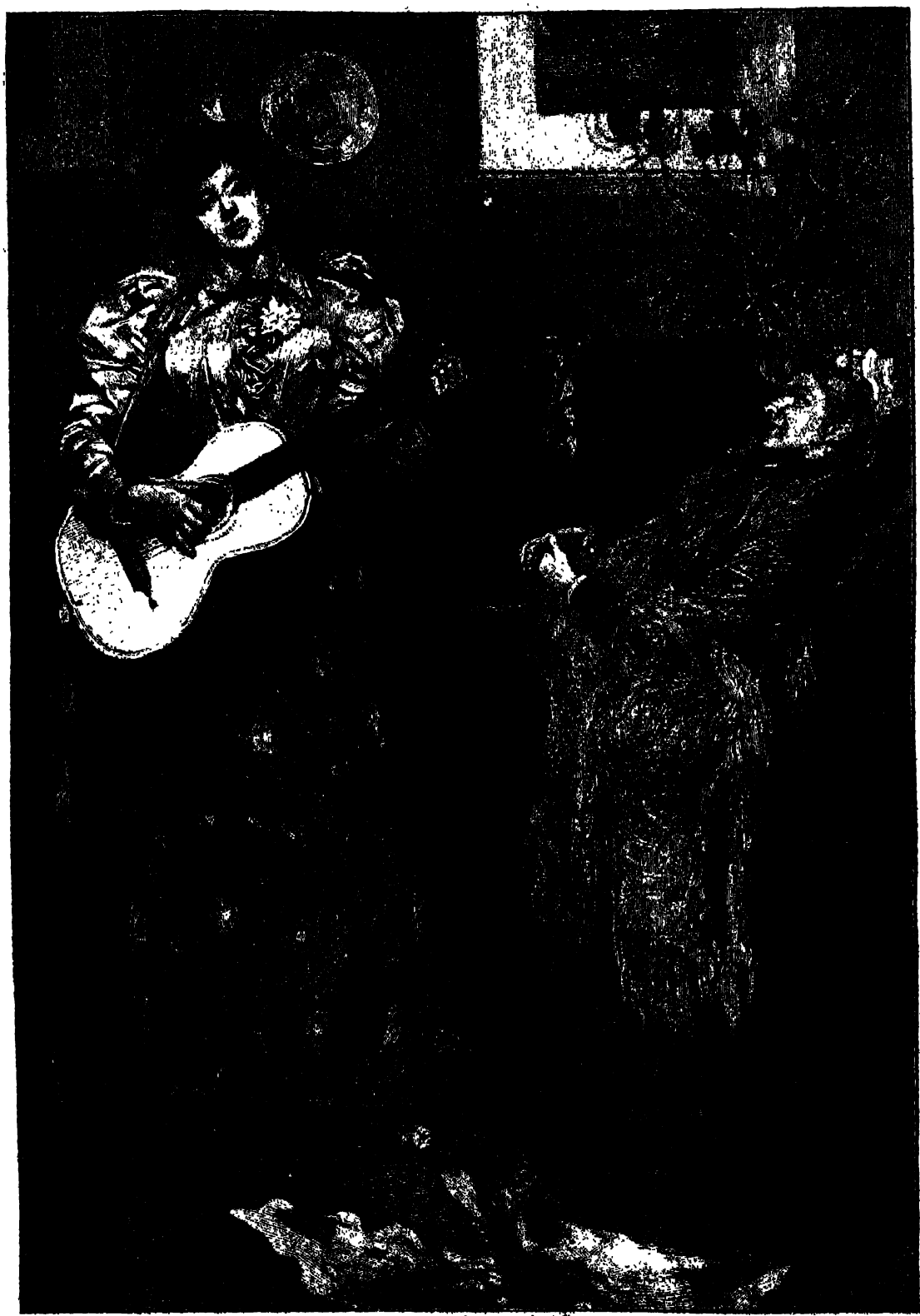
A LARGE number of MSS. was received for this Competition; but the result is very disappointing, and in most cases the standard of excellence very low.

The First Prize of TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS has been gained by

BESSIE E. DUFFELL,
Mead-Vale,
Redhill.

The Second and Third Prizes are withdrawn, in accordance with No. 6 of the General Regulations under which the Competition was conducted, there being no MS. adjudged worthy of either prize.

We would remind our readers that the HOLIDAY PROGRAMME COMPETITION closes on March 1st; and that all the MSS. for the SHORT STORY COMPETITION must reach us on or before the 10th April.



(*From a drawing by* W. Hatherell, R.I.)

A SONG TO CHEER.

AN ALDERSHOT MYSTERY.



"'IF NEWBOULD IS A SWAGSMAN, THEN I AM A HORSE-MARINE!'"

THE camp at Aldershot was in a state of feverish excitement. Something had occurred that affected all, from the youngest drummer-boy to the general in command.

"I wish I knew what tempted the foolish lad to help himself," growled Colonel Scaife, as he sat alone in his luxurious quarters, puffing furiously at a cigar. "If he was in a hole, some of us would have strained a point to see him through, or, at the worst, there were the Jews. I am sorry; but I never thought Old Will's boy would have turned out a thief."

The unhappy subject of Colonel Scaife's meditations was one Lieutenant Newbould, who had, upon that very day, been court-martialled upon a grave charge of theft.

The court had sat, and all Aldershot knew that the prisoner had been found guilty, and sentenced to a lengthy term of imprisonment.

Up to the very moment when the verdict was pronounced, public feeling had set strongly in favour of acquittal.

The severe sentence caused general consternation.

"It ith thrange," lisped a beardless subaltern to a bronzed old major, "that fellow Newbould lookth ecthactly like an innothent man; but, of courth, he mutht have been guilty. There ith the finding of the court, you thee."

The major growled, in reply—

"I don't know; there is no accounting for what a fellow may do when he is stone-broke; but if Newbould is a swagsman, then I am a horse-marine."

"The fellow didn't seem to be going to the dogs either," a captain interposed.

"Anyway, he has gone there now, poor wretch! and they will devour him body and soul," the major responded. "Let the fellow go. Which of you cares to handle a cue?"

The unhappy man was equally the subject of conversation among the rank-and-file of the regiment.

"Sorra a bit do I belave the pure young leftinint was guilty," Corporal Moriarty said. "He was such a saft shpokin' gentleman, an' a foine fhist with the gloves."

"Ah! And for a fast bowler, Aldershot never knew his equal," answered Sergeant Mellor. "He is an innocent man, boys, whatever them old fogies, who never saw a genuine battlefield, may say to the contrary."

"That's what I said, sergeant," interposed Bombardier Ellis. "I asked the company if any mother's son of them ever knew a first-class cricketer who turned out to be a thief."

"Yes, I did. There was that fellow, Gilbertson, of

the old Western County," hazarded a private, who stood lounging beside the door of the canteen. "Did you never hear tell of him, eh, bombardier?"

"Gilbertson! Was he a soldier, I should like to know, you scraped Whitechapel gutter-snipe?" roared the non-commissioned officer.

A fortnight earlier, Colonel Carling had withdrawn no less a sum than five hundred pounds from his bankers.

This was known to several of his brother officers, including Lieutenant Newbould, and they had rallied him, with soldierly freedom, upon his wealth, hinting at the possible committal of an amateur burglary.

One night the colonel gave a smoking party, which did not break up until the small hours of the morning. The whiskey bottle circulated only too freely, and the jests were of the freest.

When the party broke up, and the guests started to reel homeward to their respective quarters, Lieutenant Newbould, suddenly recollecting that he had left his macintosh behind, returned to the house.

So he was the last man that night in the colonel's apartments.

On the following morning it was found that the gold had been stolen.

An alarm was given at once: the police were quickly on the spot, and a complete investigation of the premises was made.

Lieutenant Newbould admitted that he had gone back alone to the house.

The police discovered that an entrance had been effected by the French windows of the library.

The young officer, when questioned as to how he had entered the house, for the servants had retired long before, and the colonel swore that he had not admitted him, acknowledged that he had entered by those windows, which were open at the time, and, taking his coat, had returned the same way.

The money had been deposited in an escritoire, which was kept locked.

So far as could be discovered, the lock had not been tampered with.

The young man was suspected and arrested.

His brother officers firmly believed in him, and even Colonel Carling entertained a lingering hope that he might be found innocent; but the court-martial, swayed by circumstantial evidence, found the charge proven. But the imprisonment and ruin of the lieutenant did not give Colonel Carling his money back.

Two months afterwards there was a second robbery at Colonel Carling's.

This time certain title-deeds to property in which that officer had been investing were stolen.

According to his own account he had only received the documents on the previous morning from his solicitor, and, feeling fatigued, or, perhaps, lazy, had locked them up in the escritoire, intending to look carefully through them on the following morning.

When he went to look for them the documents were missing.

The loss was not merely annoying: it was serious.

Apparently there were thieves in the house.

This was an unpleasant reflection, which recalled to the colonel's mind not only the loss of the money, but also his old brother officers imprisonment.

But, having to be present at a review upon the day on which the discovery was made, he was compelled for the time to dismiss the subject from his mind.

The day was warm, and Tommy Atkins proved unusually stupid, or, perhaps, the general was unduly exacting.

Anyway, Colonel Carling returned to his quarters in a diabolical humour.

Contrary to his ordinary custom, without even changing his clothes, he sat down and drank freely.

At midnight he dismissed his servant. Some time later, but neither he nor anyone else knew when, he stumbled upstairs to bed.

The following morning, or, rather, noon, the body-servant entered his master's room with the shaving water.

To the consternation of both, the colonel's regimentals were nowhere to be seen.

The officer hiccoughed:

"I took them off last night, you rascal. Where are they?"

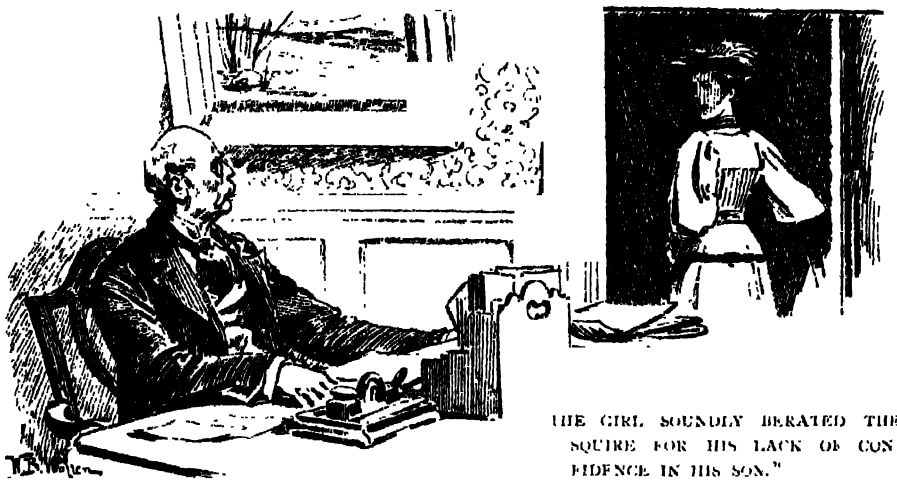
"Yes, sir. That is to say, you were wearing them when I went to bed last night, and you haven't got them on now," the servant answered mildly.

"Idiot! dolt! the colonel thundered, "do you mean to insinuate that I went to bed in my boots?"

"No, sir," faltered the unfortunate man, who was fully acquainted with the irate temper of his employer and commanding officer; then, fearing that his denial might possibly have been too emphatic, he added apologetically, "that is, not very often, your honour."



"THE COLONEL'S REGIMENTALS WERE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN."



THE GIRL SOUNDLY BERATED THE SQUIRE FOR HIS LACK OF CONFIDENCE IN HIS SON."

Careful search failed to discover the whereabouts of the missing garments, and the feelings of Colonel Carling may be better imagined than described. He was convinced that the thief was located somewhere in his immediate circle; but who was he? He bitterly upbraided himself for his precipitancy in the Newbould case; but the mischief was done, and he failed to see how it might be undone. Besides, the two later thefts did not demonstrate the lieutenant's innocence.

The colonel was still fuming over the loss of his highly-cherished regimentals, when his son Gerald returned home, from Oxford, for the vacation.

"I'm glad to see you, my boy," said the old officer, as he greeted his son upon the latter's arrival. "You've grown, Gerald." And a tear came into the eye that had more than once gleamed in battle upon the thievish Kidarees. "You are growing the very image of your poor mother."

"Then, dad," said Gerald, who had not been spoiled by 'varsity life, "let me try to make you happy, as she would have done if she had been spared."

"Who is that fellow?" asked Gerald at dinner, when the waiter had withdrawn, "I don't seem to recognise him. He hasn't either the cut or the set-up of a Tommy Atkins."

The colonel slowly replied, "He is a county detective."

Then he told the story of the double robbery.

"You may send him off about his business then, dad. There won't be any more robberies, now that I have come," the young man said laughingly, "or, if there are, I will make it hot for the thief."

Yet that very night Colonel Carling's boots were stolen! It would have been ludicrous if it had been less annoying. The value of the booty was altogether disproportionate to the danger which the thief must have run in obtaining it.

The colonel was at his wit's end. His rage almost choked him.

The detective was worse than useless; for the boots had been carried off from under his very nose.

"I'll catch them yet, sir, the blackguards," he said.

But although he spoke bravely and hopefully, he was completely mystified.

The ex-lieutenant was meanwhile serving out his sentence, longing for death, and knowing nothing of what was occurring in the once dear old camp.

Away in the lovely vale of Nidderdale, the white-headed old squire of Eagle's Gill stalked, broken-hearted, through his stately hall, thinking neither of rents, nor battues on Pateley Moor, but calling down maledictions upon the head of the reprobate who had disgraced his once proud name.

A noble matron sat weeping in the same home, praying that God would be merciful to her boy, and in His own good time bring the truth to light. Sometimes, when this burden of her life grew too heavy to be endured, she would withdraw to the wooded fastnesses of Guy's Cliffe and weep there.

More resolute than either Squire Newbould or his wife, and more fierce and uncompromising in her championship, was Annie Scaife, the little daughter of the Rev. William Scaife, vicar of Moorside and brother to Colonel Scaife. The girl, who slaved at mothers' meetings, acted as organist on Sundays, and was a martyr to parish work, boldly declared that Lieutenant Newbould was an innocent and greatly injured man, and soundly berated the squire for his lack of confidence in his son.

The love of a true woman is stronger than death.

If only the prisoner had known that a heroine outside the walls of his gaol was boldly maintaining his cause, and had proved herself as true as steel, he might, perhaps, have felt encouraged. Unhappily there was no one to tell him this. So he gradually abandoned himself to despair.

It was not so at Aldershot.

The continuance and especially the frequency of the robberies at Colonel Carling's, provoked constant comment: and public opinion veered round again to a belief in Newbould's innocence.

The lower the rank of the critics, the more outspoken were the criticisms; and many members of the late

court-martial must have had tingling ears as the soldiers freely spoke their minds about them.

Only Colonel Carling escaped condemnation. The whole camp regarded him as being an injured man, and sympathised with him accordingly.

Among Gerald Carling's belongings was a silver cup, which he had once won in a race upon the classic Isis.

When his father saw this trophy, he said—

"Take care of it, my boy, or the thief may finger it."

"Scarcely, dad," the young man answered. "I keep it in my bedroom, and he is not likely to venture there."

Yet that night Gerald Carling was awakened from a fitful, unquiet slumber, by the creaking of his bedroom door, which had been left unfastened.

He murmured, "The thief!" and sat up in the moonlight to watch. He was perfectly fearless; he was a soldier's son, and the threatening adventure did not make his pulses beat even a shade more quickly.

The door slowly opened, and a tall figure, robed entirely in white, entered the room.

Gerald sighed.

The intruder, without noticing the young man, walked slowly and noiselessly to the dressing-table, took the silver cup, and as quietly withdrew.

Gerald arose and followed the robber, but made no attempt to arrest him.



"THE OFFICER FELL BACK AGHAST."

A quarter of an hour later he returned, and once more retired to rest.

The next morning at breakfast he startled the colonel by asking—

"Father, do you ever use the attic for anything?"

"No, Gerald, certainly not," the colonel answered. "I believe it is simply a sort of lumber-room. I know it has not been used for years."

"Would you have any objection to visit it with me after breakfast, sir?"

"Certainly not, my boy, if you wish it."

"I do, father, particularly."

"I will be ready instantly."

When the two entered the chamber, Gerald walked straight up to an old cow-hair-covered trunk and opened it, revealing its contents to the colonel.

The officer fell back aghast.

He might well do so: for there, immediately before his eyes, lay his stolen boots, his pilfered regimentals, the missing title-deeds, Gerald's silver cup, and the gold, intact, for the alleged theft of which an honourable officer and gentleman had been ruined.

"Who is the thief, Gerald?" he gasped.

"There has been no thief, father; it has all been a mistake," the young Oxonian answered tenderly.

Then, as he perceived that it would be wisest to tell the colonel everything, he related the events of the preceding evening as briefly as possible.

It appeared that Colonel Carling, after retiring to rest, had arisen and entered his son's room as has been partially described already. Having appropriated the cup, he ascended to the attic, followed by his son, and secreted his booty in the ancient trunk, after which he returned to his own bedroom.

When the young man concluded, Colonel Carling hid his face in his hands, and sighed, in the bitterness of his spirit

"Good gracious, I am a thief! Do you hear me, Gerald? a thief!"

"No, father, you are a somnambulist."

Truth will out.

Within an hour the whole story became camp property, and the lines went nearly wild with excitement.

Although the old officer remained indoors for very shame, his name was upon every lip.

Not in bitterness or condemnation.

The entire division felt for him.

They said, "Poor old Carling; who would have thought it of him?"

He was a somnambulist, therefore a hero.

Gerald Carling was *fêted* by the officers. The ladies would have fallen in love with him if only he had worn a scarlet coat.

Young Newbould was pardoned, and all concerned were happy—except the vicar's little daughter, who confided to the stones at How Stean that, in her humble opinion, it was only adding insult to injury to pretend to pardon an innocent man. But even she smiled lightly when

"Lieutenant Newbould—Captain,"

appeared in the *Gazette*.

He had got his step.

C. N. BARHAM.

THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF THE TEAPOT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



WITHIN a comparatively short period tea has become the national drink. Introduced into England about two hundred years ago, it soon became a popular beverage, and the taste for it has been growing steadily ever since. In 1841 twenty two ounces of tea, on an average, were used by each person in England; in 1874 this quantity was trebled. Many and diverse are the evils which have been attributed to tea-drinking; and, if they can be proved, it is obvious that such an enormously increased consumption cannot fail to exercise profound influence on the general health. Naturally the most marked effect will be observable among those who drink most tea, *i.e.*, among women. Chief among the ill-effects ascribed to it are indigestion and nervousness, and these have been traced to two causes—(A) the kind and quality of the tea used, and (B) the method of infusion. A few words in reference to the first factor. Black tea is now most generally used. The difference between green and black tea does not depend upon their preparation from different species of plants, but upon the treatment to which the leaves are subjected. The latter is the result of a process of fermentation before the leaves are dried and heated. Green tea is prepared from young leaves which are dried at once after being gathered. It commands a higher price, and for that reason it was at one time extensively adulterated, in fact, it was often manufactured by an enterprising dealer from common black tea with the help of a little indigo or Prussian-blue, judiciously toned down with French chalk or turmeric to get the right tint. The best kinds are prepared from the younger and smaller leaves, while the older leaves form the coarser varieties. Indian have latterly supplanted, to a large extent, the historic China teas. In 1877 about thirty-one million pounds of Indian were imported. During the following ten years the consumption was more than trebled, amounting to ninety-seven million pounds in 1887; the amount imported from China being proportionately diminished. Probably this rapid increase in popularity depends upon the peculiar flavour of Indian teas and upon their cheapness—possibly patriotic motives may also help to some extent. There has been much discussion as to the relative merits of the two teas. There is no doubt but that the Indian is much more prone to induce digestive disturbances than the Chinese. This fact has been explained by the greater proportion of tannin found in the Indian. After prolonged infusion (for fifteen minutes) it was found that samples of the finest Indian yielded nearly two and a half times as much tannin as the best China. If the infusion were less prolonged (for three minutes) the Indian teas still yielded a large excess of tannin; and, as a general rule, it may be said that prolonged infusion of the best China does not increase very materially the amount of tannin extracted.

Examining tea chemically, it is found to contain an alkaloid, theine, identical with caffeine, the alkaloid of coffee, and very closely related to theobromin, the alkaloid found in cocoa. Alkaloids are complex chemical bodies with highly active properties, and many of the most valued medical drugs (*e.g.*, morphine, strychnine) belong to the same class. It is a curious fact that all the world over men of every race take small quantities of some alkaloid as a part of their daily food, and that this alkaloid is either theine or some substance almost identical with it. I need only mention the use of cocoa and of maté or Paraguay tea (which is largely used in South America as a beverage) to illustrate this statement.

Tea also contains about fifteen per cent. of tannin combined with the theine and some salts, together with an aromatic volatile oil. The physiological action of tea, *i.e.*, the sensation of well-being which we experience after imbibing it, is due to the theine: in excess this induces nervousness. The interference with the natural processes of digestion which results in an attack of dyspepsia is due to the tannin; and the peculiar flavour of the tea depends upon the volatile oil.

Passing now to the methods of infusion, the problem is to make an infusion which shall contain as much of the theine and the aromatic oil and as little of the tannin as possible. First of all, a good quality of tea must be selected—this condition is obviously essential. Then the water must be boiling, but it must not have boiled long; for if so, the taste becomes insipid. It should be neither too hard nor too soft—soft water is, however, more economical, as it extracts more of the soluble principles of the leaves, and makes a darker infusion. Length of infusion is a most important point. The longer the infusion the less the flavour, for the aroma is lost. Too much of the soluble matter is also extracted by prolonged infusion, and therefore the tea will contain an excess of tannin. As a general rule, it may be said that infusion for three or four minutes is amply sufficient. About one ounce of dry leaf to a quart of water is the usual allowance; half that quantity for weak, and half as much again for strong tea.

Very frequently dyspepsia results from the constant doses of tannin which many people take, not once, but several times a day. Tannin has the property

of rendering hard and insoluble all kinds of animal food, and therefore tea taken with meat is injurious, as the meat is made difficult of digestion. It has been found that a small pinch of bicarbonate of soda put in each cup materially diminishes the effect of the tannin. The addition of milk has a similar action, though not to such a marked degree; and it is probably for this reason that it is so universally used. There are many preparations recommended to render tea harmless; but it is wiser to drink it weak and sparingly than to trust to any antidotes. The best time to take it is with a light meal in the afternoon, because the nervous system is tired and fatigued after the day's work, and the gentle stimulus afforded by the theine refreshes and reinvigorates the whole body without any of the ill-effects which follow the use of most stimulants. Even tea may, however, be used so as to produce injury, and all its good effects lost. Those who drink it morning, noon, and night, become slaves to the habit, quite as much as those who habitually take too much alcohol, for its effects on the nervous system may result in depression, loss of will-power, palpitation of the heart, and very marked muscular tremors. Inveterate dyspepsia and general nervousness may be produced. There is a widespread and pernicious habit—unfortunately becoming much more prevalent among women—of drinking a cup of tea the first thing in the morning. It is used as a stimulant—at the very time when the whole system ought to be refreshed by the night's rest and ready for work. This practice is often begun thoughtlessly and unnecessarily. The state of mind and body which demands it must be improved by suitable medical treatment. Men sometimes excuse their habit of taking alcoholic "nips" in the morning to counteract their depression by pointing to the equally injudicious practice of women taking tea for the same purpose.

The lesson to be drawn is, that however beneficial may be the use of any article of food, the benefit depends upon its being used wisely and in moderation. Excess even in the most innocent of enjoyments inevitably results in injury. There is no doubt that tea increases the power of enduring fatigue, and was used extensively for that reason during the last Egyptian campaign. It is frequently successful in relieving headache, and is very useful as an antidote to alcoholic intoxication. If we are out of sorts and a little feverish, it tends to promote the activity of the skin; and it is well known that tea accelerates the action of aperients. It is, therefore, important that the use of tea should not degenerate into abuse.

MODERN CROCHET WORK.

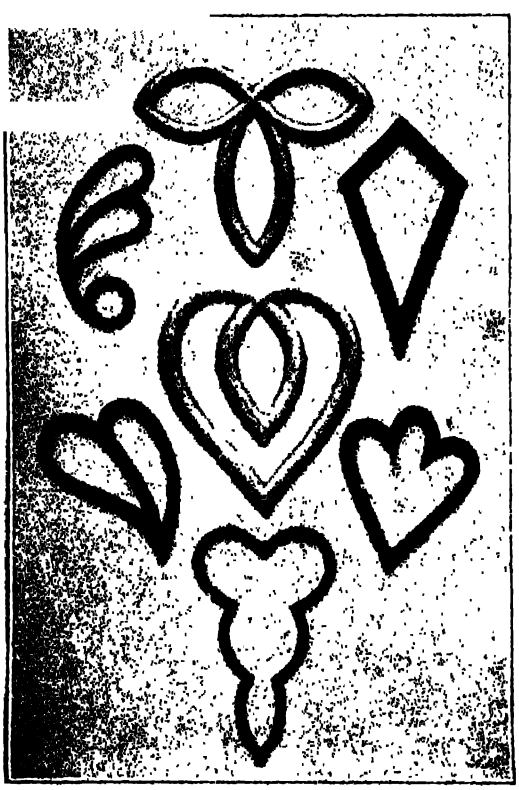


FIG. 1.—MOULDS FOR MODERN CROCHET.

SOME few months ago the rulers of Fashion decreed that crochet was to be largely worked once more, and accordingly many women who had been acquainted with this art during its previous reign of popularity sought out their disused books and balls of thread and patterns and began diligently to make yards of trimmings, stripes and squares.

It so happens, however, that few fashions reappear in their original form, and this was notably the case with the crochet, and, though there is little to be said against many of the old patterns, they are totally different from those which find admirers nowadays. In the first place, the fine cotton that was considered a beauty thirty years or so ago has given place to a glossy, tightly-twisted twine, not very unlike that used for making Macramé lace. Gold thread, too, enriches the general effect; dainty tassels and drops hang about the work, and—greatest of all innovations—pasteboard moulds serve to give substance to the stitches, and prove of great assistance in forming the patterns.

These moulds are sometimes black, at other times drab, according to whether the twine with which they are covered is light or dark in tone. There is an enormous variety to be had in the shapes and sizes, and the moulds are procured in more than sixty different forms, a few of the most elaborate being given in Fig. 1. They are the introduction of Messrs. Carl Mez

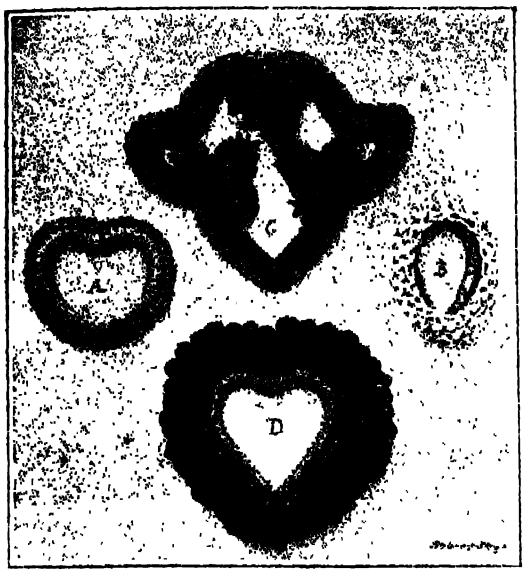


FIG. 2. COVERED MOULD

& Sohne, and I have been enabled to illustrate a few pieces of work that have been prepared for the same firm, and which are made with their coarse and fine threads known as Glanzgarn and Crochet Twist respectively. They can be procured in a great variety of beautiful and artistic shades of colour from any high-class fancy shop. The moulds are sold by the dozen, and are very moderate in price. A stout and strong steel hook is required for the crochet when the stout Glanzgarn is employed; this is not nearly so difficult to work with as might at first sight be imagined, for, having a very glossy surface and being very even, it slips pleasantly over the hook.

There are dozens of ways of covering the moulds. The average worker who does not care to take any special pains over her task will prefer the simple plan of working closely-set double crochet stitches all round the moulds, and then outlining these with single or double stitches worked with gold thread. An example of this way of working will be found in the heart-shaped mould at A in Fig. 2. A prettier method of covering the moulds is that given at B. Here we have a pear shape covered with double crochet stitches of fine gold thread, or gold passing as it is sometimes called, though at most shops it is known as washing tinsel.

Three rows of single stitches, one above the other are placed on the double crochet. They are made with the twine of any pretty colour, and no increase or decrease is worked in either row, so that they set up like a rim all round the gold covered shape. Several of these moulds are used in the handsome mat below.

The leaf at C is rather more elaborate in appearance, though the actual covering of the mould consists merely of a row of double crochet stitches headed with single stitches made with two strands of gold. At three points, the top and each side of the leaf, are worked clusters of bullion stitches, which nearly meet across the opening in the centre and are caught together with a tie of gold. Amateur workers not infrequently find considerable difficulty in these stitches, for the cotton is wound twelve, fifteen, and even as many as twenty times round the hook and then a loop has to be caught with the hook and drawn through all the rings at once, an operation that needs some skill and practice to perform neatly. When once, however,

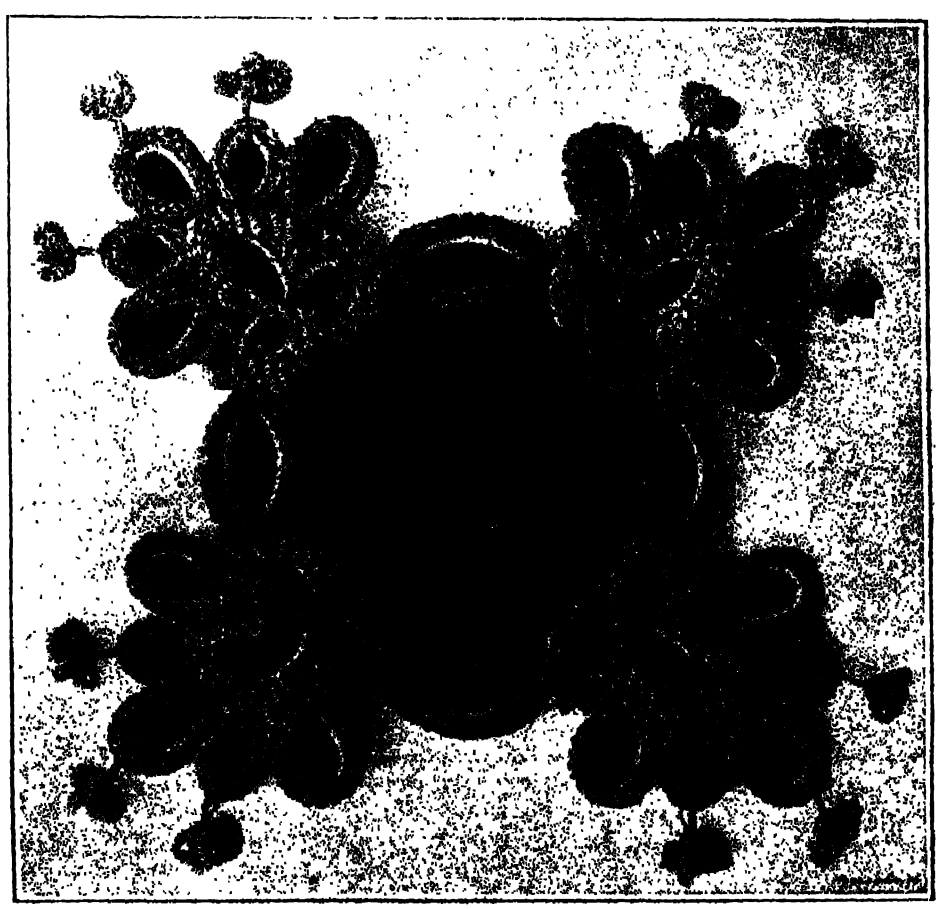


FIG. 3.—A LAMP MAT IN MODERN CROCHET.

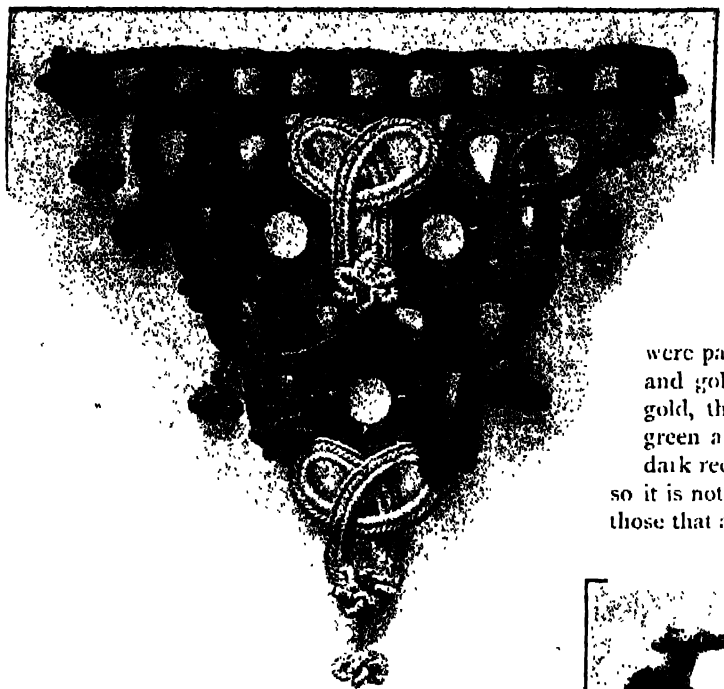


FIG. 4.—A HANDSOME VANDYKED TRIMMING.

the trouble is overcome, there can be no more effective stitch, and it adapts itself well to the covering of the shapes as well as to the making of tassels and the filling of the open centres.

An example of its use as a covering is given at D in Fig. 2. Here there is a larger heart shape than that at A, but it is covered with gold thread and then edged with loosely-made bullion stitches set closely together. They give a very pretty and "mossy" effect, a better idea of which may be gained from their use on the mat on page 329 than from a single specimen. Such workers as are unable to succeed with the bullion stitches will be glad to know that Messrs. Carl Mez & Sohne are proposing to provide the moulds already covered so that they will need merely linking together to form any pattern chosen by the worker.

This speaks much for the idleness and distaste for trouble of the amateur of the present day. It is hard to say what she does in the way of fancy needlework, for she is certainly dissatisfied with any embroidery that is not three parts done before she herself sets to work upon it.

The mat given here is an excellent example of what may be done with the moulds after they are covered. It will be seen that a trefoil is arranged in each corner, pear shaped and oval moulds are placed round it outside, and a larger oval is laid on each edge of the mat, and serves as a link between the corners. The foundation of the mat is velvet, or it may be plush, and the edges beyond the moulds are turned over and hemmed down on the wrong side.

It will be seen that the moulds are most conveniently sewn down from the back of the mat, and it is as well to give some additional substance to the material by lining it with thin but stiff muslin. The small tassels are made of a cluster of bullion stitches which, five in number, are worked into a small ring of chain. The ends of cotton are brought through the hole in the centre of the tassel, and serve to attach it to the work.

The scheme of colour in the original mat was very good, so I give it here as a guide to any who may wish to produce a similar one. The trefoils were pale green and gold, the two small ovals fawn and gold, the pear shapes a faded tone of red and gold, the larger ovals fawn and gold, the tassels green and fawn, and the centre of the mat a rich dark red. The colours of the thread are excellent, so it is not very easy to go astray in the selection of those that are appropriate to any special piece of work.

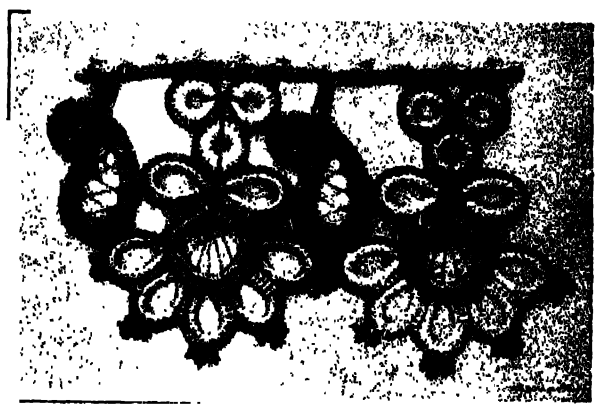


FIG. 5.—EDGING WORKED WITH FINE THREADS.

Being somewhat firm and stiff, the trimmings made of the modern twines and threads are not suitable for all purposes, but they are admirably adapted for ornamenting fancy baskets, newspaper holders, brackets, little stools and tables, wall pockets and the tops of small windows. If the finer makes of thread have been employed, beautiful and effective decorations can be made for the edges of table, piano and sideboard slips, table cloths, sofa backs, sachets and work-bags.

A portion of a handsome Vandyked edging, made of coarse thread, is shown in Fig. 4, a finer one in Fig. 5. The former would make a charming trimming for a large standing work-basket, and is contrived in a particularly ingenious manner. The only pasteboard moulds used in the section illustrated are three round ones, which are covered with double crochet stitches, oversewn in four places with gold thread and outlined with green and gold.

The knotted shapes are made upon a foundation of stout string, which is covered with double stitches and gold in the ordinary way and then curved into the shape required and held in its position with a few stitches made on the wrong side of the work. The join comes at the bottom of the device and is concealed

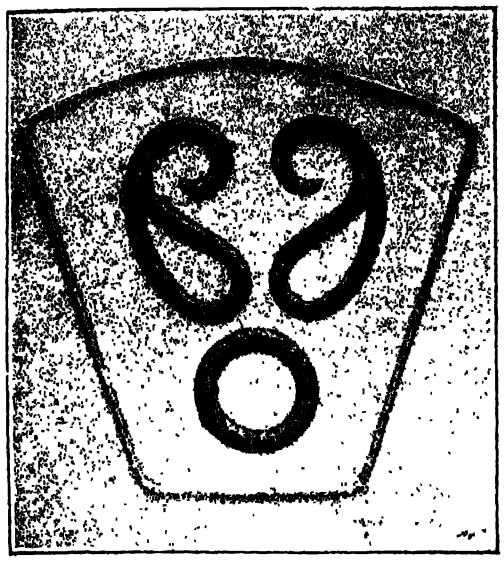


FIG. 6.—MOULDS FOR FRONT OF WALL POCKET.

beneath a cluster of even bullion stitches, with which a few chain loops of gold thread are mixed in.

After covering the moulds needed for such a piece of work as this they should be laid upon a table wrong side uppermost and sewn together wherever they touch one another and seem to require a securing stitch. The tassels made of the ever-useful bullion stitches which are hung to some parts of the trimming are a great addition and serve to lighten the general effect considerably.

A straight heading is necessary for an edging of this sort, and in this case it is made of a chain foundation, into which is worked a row of two bullion and treble stitches used alternately, with two chain between each. The top and bottom edge of the heading is finished with a row of double crochet, and a broad gold braid is run in and out among the treble and bullion stitches. This done, the heading is to be sewn, on the wrong side, to the upper edges of the Vandyke.

It is the coarseness and boldness of this style of crochet to which, to many people, it owes its attraction, for it is work that can be readily executed when either eyesight or light is indifferent, and no counting is required, as the number of stitches covering the moulds is immaterial so long as none of the pasteboard is visible between them.

The next illustration is that of more delicate work than any hitherto shown here. The moulds employed for it are quite small and are covered with Crochet Twist, two shades of terra-cotta and pale green having been selected. There are four shapes used—pear-shaped, round, fans, and pines, the method in which they are grouped being clearly to be understood from Fig. 5.

In the first scallop the five pears at the edge are covered with the darker shade of terra-cotta, and so are the two of the same shape below the fan, which is covered with green. The three circles are of the palet tone of terra-cotta. In the second scallop these circles are covered with the deeper terra-cotta, the pear-shapes with the lighter.

The pines are green, and with the fans are edged with a line of single stitch worked with gold. The other shapes are edged, not with gold, but with copper thread, which tones in most agreeably with the pale, reddish tint of the moulds. At the outer edge it is worked at the top of each pear into a little group of three picots of chain.

In the other illustrations there has been little attempt made to decorate the open centres of the moulds, but here it will be noticed that the fans are ornamented with rays of gold thread, partially worked over with darning, and that the pines are filled with herring-bone stitches of gold thread taken across them on the wrong side. Sometimes these fillings are far more elaborate—lattice work, lace wheels, and button-hole stitch being very commonly used. The gold thread is so fine as to pass readily through the eye of a good-sized needle, and there is no difficulty whatever in carrying it through the back of the stitches covering the moulds.

The heading of this simple little edging consists of a line of chain looped into the circles and into the pines, and upon which are worked two rows of double crochet, the second one being provided with picots of chain set at regular intervals upon it. This is an excellent pattern for the edge of a plush table slip, or for the trimming of a small velvet work bag.

While German manufacturers have been introducing

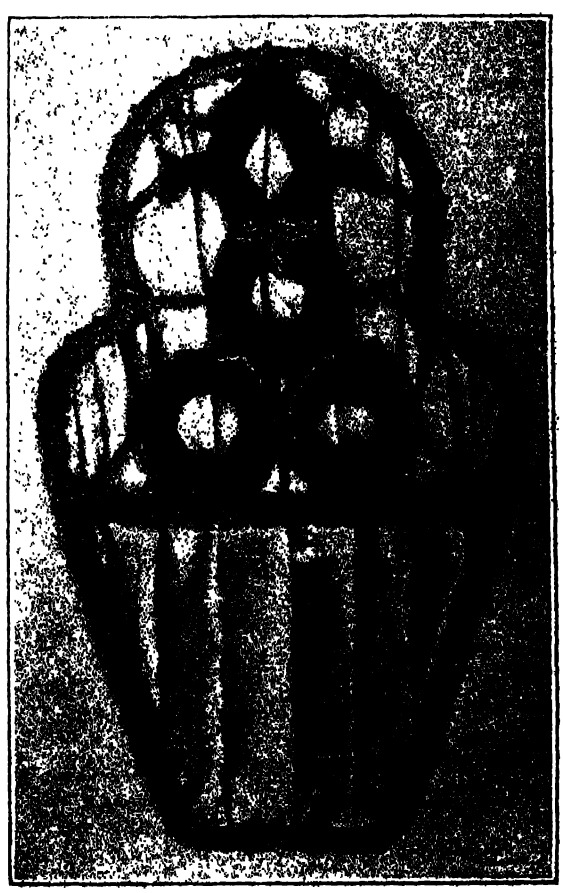


FIG. 7.—BACK OF WALL POCKET (COMPLETED).

their wares, their British brethren have been doing their best to withstand the brisk competition. One of the most ingenious of the developments of this work is shown in Figs. 6 and 7. In the former illustration are given three moulds of a similar nature to those already described, and a wire frame work. These moulds have to be covered in some more or less fanciful manner and are then fastened with bars of gold thread inside the wire frame in the position they occupy in the illustration.

The wire itself is covered very much in the same way as the moulds, and is often twined with tinsel, as shown in Fig. 7, where chenille forms a novel covering for the shapes. The back of the frame is then filled in with flutings of soft coloured silk sewn to the crochet stitches covering the wire. To this completed back of the pocket are sewn the sections given in Fig. 6, when they are covered and lined. The stitches along the lower edge of back and front are sewn firmly together and pointed gussets of the silk connect the sides of the two divisions and allow space for the contents of the pocket.

With the frames for this pocket are sold some wooden moulds, exactly like large beads, which serve as foundations for the drops. These require to be covered with double crochet. The work is begun with one chain, into which are placed a number of double crochet sufficient to make a tiny, flat circle. The double stitches are carried round and round with increasings at intervals till a little cup is made that will cover just half of the wooden mould. The mould is placed in its case and the double crochet stitches are continued with decreasings at intervals, till the ball is covered and the cover is completed, as it was begun, with one stitch. A length of chain is then made by which the drop can be hung to the lower edge of the pocket.

Letter-racks, toilet tidies, and other fanciful knick-knacks have been brought out by Messrs. Wheeler in this work, to which the name of "Darmstadt Framed Crochet" has been applied. They provide the frames, moulds, and centres for the drops packed in neat little boxes together with a sheet of illustrations, showing every stage in the making up of the article, and giving a list of the materials required for it. We all know the difficulty there often is in cutting a piece of stout cardboard to any special shape, but this is entirely obviated, and the fancy article is quite as firm, and I may say of a better form than when the foundation is cut by an amateur.

Other wholesale houses are sending out the moulds arranged in patterns and pasted down upon felt, plush, and other materials. They have to be worked over closely with button-hole stitch, and the plush being then cut away from the centre this is crossed with lines, bars and lace stitches worked with gold thread, or fancy tinsel. Sometimes canvas is used as a background with very good effect, the raised work over the moulds adding a richness that is often wanting to this class of embroidery. ELLEN T. MASTERS.

ON A LEE SHORE.

By CLARA E. CHEESEMAN, Author of "Had He Known," etc.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"Blue as the face of the drowned is the shore of it
Shore with the capes of indefinite curve.
Strange is the voice of its wind, and the roar of it
Startles the mountains and hushes the wave.
Out to the north and away to the south of it,
Spectral and sad are the spaces untold!
All the year round a great cry goeth forth of it
Sob of this leper of lands in the cold!"

NOT death, but life! This thought followed the other, but with what space between Weldrick never knew. Out of the darkness came light; from the silence a sound grew upon the ear, louder and louder, terrible, but yet familiar. Did the sea rage even there? In that great Unknown were there other oceans, rolling stormily on the shadowed coast line of a new world? Ah, no!—the iron gates had not been passed. He was still on the nearer side. He was alive; and surely never man had been so astonished at the simple fact.

Alive! For this miracle, as it seemed to him, he had nothing but a deep thankfulness. But the climb towards consciousness was by slow degrees, and life came back with a distressful waking. He was chilled, and numbed, and bruised; so weakened and exhausted by the buffeting he had received, that to move hand or foot to drag himself further along the sand on which he had been flung seemed out of the question. The ground shook when a heavier roller than usual came in, and long tongues of water reached even to where his face pressed the sand or lapped against his nerveless hands. He heard the water sucked into the channels of the rock, bubbling and gurgling with a sickening, hateful sound that was like cruel laughter. And further still, on the long line of cliffs, it rumbled in the caves, or went wandering under the land, with angry mutterings of a wrath that was too spiteful or too sullen to be outspoken. The wind burst after through the narrow passages, moaning out its guilt-burdened soul, and the tale it told was of shipwrecks, and drowning men, and the uncoffined dead.

Weldrick struggled to his feet again. Beyond a few bruises, he had received no injury. He was stiff and

cold, but vigorous exercise soon warmed him; and as he went up and down the narrow strip of sand, stamping his benumbed feet and swinging his arms, he began to look for some means of escape from the place. This was a narrow but deep recess in the cliffs, into which the sand had drifted and piled until some sort of a beach had been formed. The boulders that had fallen from the cliff were all sunk and embedded in sand. It was ridged and furrowed by the rocks that had been buried long ago; it was banked up beside others that were so large and tall, it might drift about them and not succeed in throwing its mantle of grey around their shoulders. The entrance to the cove, if such it might be called, was closed by the sea. There was no passage that way: on either side the precipice came down, sheer and straight as a wall of masonry, into deep water. And against the waves that tumbled to the base of the cliffs the strongest swimmer might have striven in vain. After his recent experience, Weldrick was not likely to make the attempt. He knew the impossibility and uselessness of such a feat. Where could one swim to? Behind those steep buttresses were only other rocks, other precipices, all washed by the sea, except where some hollowed place like that in which he stood had been filled with sand or piled with boulders. He was in a trap: a wall of water in front, a wall of rock behind, and, so far as he knew, no possible means of surmounting either.

He flung himself down again, so sapped of his lately-won strength that for the moment he felt hardly able to stand. A short while ago he had been thankful for a life restored. Had it been given back only for this? He had the choice of two deaths: to remain here, and drown when the tide came up, or, if he thought it worth while to choose a more lingering agony, to climb to some ledge of rock above high water mark, and slowly perish of cold and starvation. Would to God he had died with his shipmates! Until now he had pitied them; but theirs was the happy release, the swift ending with which death came as a friend.



"HE SAW NOTHING, KNEW NOTHING, ONLY THAT HE STILL CLUNG FACE TOWARDS THE CLIFF" (*p.* 334).

But other thoughts rebuked him for these. Life was sweet—ay, even yet he knew it for a prize he could not lightly part with. Life was sweet; and for its sake he must fight on to the end. He raised his eyes and looked towards the cliff. Hope was written on that face of stone. The fire of resolution that had burnt so low leaped into full flame, and once more he was master of all his strength.

"I am a fool," he said, "to sit here shivering and complaining! I can climb that cliff."

For the whole length of the beach he followed the curve of the wall of rock, and with upturned eyes

scanned every part. At this end of the cove it did not overhang, but sloped somewhat backward. Nothing grew thereon: from summit to base it was bare as stone fresh hewn from the quarry. But it was seamed with narrow cracks, or at intervals there were ridges and bosses, which might give some hold to hand or foot. As for the height—he did not care to think much of that. Mist-clouds hung about the top, and sometimes as he looked up the distance seemed to grow and grow, to soar further from him. The best thing was to look neither up nor down, but to climb steadily on, however great the height. To lose nerve once, to fail even for an instant, meant death—swift and sudden as thought. But to stay here—that also was to die.

So he set himself to the work. Slowly he mounted, clinging with his hands and with his bare feet to the slightest projection, moulding his body to the very form of the rock. Step by step; never meeting with a ridge of such width that he could have turned on it, never venturing to loom round where the gulf yawned beneath. Inch by inch; and with digging his fingers into the crevices, his nails were worn to the quick, his hands and feet cut and bleeding with the sharp points of stone. Cold and shivering he had been from the drenching sea-water: but now he felt as if toiling in the heat of a furnace, the perspiration starting from every pore, his face darkly purple, his breath coming in quick short gasps. The birds wheeled round him, and screamed with maddening clamour; the mist came before his eyes; he saw nothing, knew nothing, only that he still clung face towards the cliff, and writhed, and struggled, and climbed. How high now?—he dared not think. Once for some measureless time he found no rest where he sought for it, and with but the clinging of his hands, the poising of one foot, hung as it were on nothing—over nothing. Then, as never before, he knew the meaning of prayer. And the prize which was so nearly won seemed dearer, more precious, than ever: the death which waited below more terrible. But once again it waited in vain.

There was a cleft; his foot slid into it, and he knew himself saved. Heaven of mercy! here at last was the topmost height, where the wind swept the grass. How sweet and fresh that smelt, as from very exhaustion he tumbled headlong amongst it; how cool was the air that passed over: how beautiful were all things here, where the land fell away from the cliffs, swelling into rounded hills, bending into valleys, clothed with evergreen forest, threaded through by silver streams; a land that, beyond the misery of the sea and its frowning coasts, was fair and pleasant to look on—a land to which the misty sky stooped down, wreathing the tops of the mountains, shrouding the distant capes and the outlying isles. Suddenly, while his gaze was upward, the clouds parted, and above, a loophole showed far into the unfathomable blue. Oh, how blessed was the smile of the pure heaven! The sun came out, warm and friendly, the wind blew softly, the voice of the sea was muffled by distance. For a long time he lay still on the grassy slope, and drank new life at every breath.

He could well have remained longer: he was so much in need of rest; but necessity goaded him on. He must find shelter and, if possible, food before the night came. But before leaving the spot, he went to the edge of the cliff, and looked outward to the sea, downwards along the coast. The mist that always seemed to hang about this island still shrouded the distance; but so far as he could see, there was no sign of any boat: nothing to be found of the ship—not a single spar, not a fragment of wreckage. She had disappeared for ever, and the only life that had been spared was his own.

In this part the island was almost cut in two by one of the spreading arms of a bay in the eastern coast. In contrast to that on which the *Hirondelle* had driven, this shore was indented by many harbours, and sloped gradually to the water. It was sheltered from the prevailing winds, the forest followed all its windings, and towards it ran all the streams. Weldrick took the same direction. If ships ever came here—and he had heard of sealers and whaling-vessels visiting the place—they would be almost sure to enter the large harbour he saw before him. Altogether, it appeared to be the best place for his camp, and the most likely to afford some means of livelihood.

The head of the bay was not further off than two miles. But he could not have imagined that the country would be so rough and uneven, or the stunted scrub through which he must pass so inextricably matted together. Where there were no openings or thin places, the only way of getting through this matted growth was by crawling on the ground, burrowing like a rabbit, close to the stems. Even in the open spaces, walking through the tussocks of wiry grass and sedge was sufficiently exhausting to one in Weldrick's crippled condition. Under the rank vegetation rocks cropped out unexpectedly, or there were deep holes into which he suddenly plunged, neck high in ferns. Wherever there was shelter these grew in beautiful luxuriance, or the soft peaty soil was cushioned with mosses of the richest green.

After two hours' hard work Weldrick had not advanced above half-a-mile. He was too footsore and wearied to attempt more that day. But he got down to a stream and drank there, and dabbled his maimed hands and feet in the clear cold water. Also he found a place on the slope of a hill that was honeycombed by the nests of the burrowing petrels. There were young birds—some of them nearly fledged—in the nests.

They were as large as pigeons, and as he had only to put his hand into the holes and take them out, he could soon have collected hundreds. But he was not yet reduced to such straits that he could have eaten a bird raw, and after he had killed several he began to wish for a fire. He had matches about him; but it seemed too much to hope that after his immersion in the sea these would be of any use. The match-box, however, might have been specially prepared for such contingencies—it had stood the test so well. It was tightly made, and the lid, which screwed on, fitted so close that, to his wonder and joy, the matches within were perfectly dry.

It was not long before he had a glorious blaze. There was an abundance of dead timber, and he heaped this on until his fire grew to be a beacon pile, whose light might have been seen far out at sea. It burnt to red cinders and he sat before it, drying his damp clothes and roasting his birds. They had a fishy and an oily flavour, but he was not inclined to cavil with his fare.

When the long and dreary day had gone he crept under the shelter of the scrub, and cushioned there on dry grass and fern, slept as soundly as he had ever done in more comfortable quarters.

In the morning he resumed his fight with scrub and bush, and about noon got down to the bay. The trees were tallest on the low-lying land, but nowhere of such growth as he had fancied. Generally they were stunted, gnarled, and bent by the fierce winds. The twisted branches often turned downwards, or the stems were prostrate; so that what with forcing his way either under or over, Weldrick did not find the bush much easier than the scrub. But it was full of birds, many of whom sang pleasantly. The green parroquets were very numerous, and so tame that time after time he might have caught them in his hand. There was the same rich undergrowth of fern and moss he had noticed on the preceding day—the same frequency of streams.

And oftentimes the dark green that roofed out the sky would be brightened by large patches of crimson—the blossoms with which at this season one of the commonest trees was covered.

He came out in a cleared space, and he could hardly believe his eyes—in front of a hut, weather-worn and dilapidated, the roof bent almost to breaking, the door fallen in. Who had dwelt here—who? It was empty; the ashes lay cold on the hearth of the wide stone chimney; he thought he saw some mouldering clothes in a corner, but he did not go in.

Some steps further on by the old path to the beach, and his heart gave a sudden bound. He saw the masts of a vessel behind the point of land that jutted into the bay.

He ran now, forgetting all about his bruised and swollen feet. This might be some schooner on a sealing cruise; he had already noticed numbers of seals along the shores of the harbours. But coming nearer to the schooner, he saw at once that she was a wreck, and had lain there for years. The rusty chains had broken a few feet from the hawse-pipes, perhaps when she dragged ashore in some furious gale. Looking closer, he noticed that she had been partially broken up, not by the sea alone, but by men, who probably had built themselves a boat out of her. For awhile he sat musing, telling to himself a story of the castaways.

They had lived here for a long time—as the large clearing and the substantially-built hut testified—they had toiled at their boat through rough weather and fine, and then set sail for the nearest land, which he trusted they had reached. And there was still material in that old wreck; there was timber enough on the island. But here a crew had been at work. They had had tools. What could one man accomplish with a clasp knife? It was ridiculous!

A day or two after this he spent some time in exploring another part of the bay. He found that the narrow strait between this island and the smaller one to the south of it communicated with one of the numerous arms of the harbour. He thought that some wreckage from the *Hirondelle* might have been washed through this entrance from the western side, and walked as far along the beach as he could during the afternoon.

There was plenty of driftwood, but it did not appear to have come from any recent wreck, and he was about to turn back when something arrested his gaze. A man lying at full length, face downwards, on the sand.

Dead? Alas! yes; it could not be otherwise. Yet in the first shock of surprise he spoke the name aloud. This, which he did not care to touch, which he hesitated to move so as to bare the hidden face, had been his friend, poor Norman.

For several moments he stood and looked on what lay at his feet; and there was hot anger in his heart against the man whose wilful folly—for what else could it be called?—had thrown away this life and so many others.

He desired to look on the face again, and yet he feared. It had been so pleasant and so handsome in life that he was unwilling to see it changed and disfigured. But he need not have hesitated. Whatever injury the poor senseless form had received, the face had been spared. Upon those features was only set the seal of a lofty peace.

It was growing late, but he could not leave what he had found to be tossed about by the incoming tide. So he laboured to dig a grave, thinking bitterly that this was only another of the strange tasks which had fallen to his lot on this island of sorrow. If the ground had not been extremely loose and sandy, he could have done nothing, for all he had to work with were broken and pointed pieces of driftwood. But he scraped out a hollow, and half lifting, half dragging, managed to carry the body over the few yards of sand, and lay it in the grave. He was about to throw in the loose earth when he paused. Some low bushes grew near, and running to these, he broke off a quantity of the green leaves and strewed them over the face. Why should the earth press roughly upon that? He filled in the hollow, determining to come again and make the mound higher, or build a cairn over it, so that it might never more be disturbed. And then, his work being done, he sat down to rest beside the grave, sadder than he ever remembered to have been, and not ashamed of the tears that dimmed his eyes.

After this, the lonely days and weeks wore on with unvarying regularity. Weldrick repaired the hut, and made it into a comfortable shelter. But, as may be easily imagined, he was too engrossed with the bare struggle for existence—the search for something to eat—to have time for other occupations. There were



'WHO ARE YOU?'" (*p.* 338).

mussels and limpets on the rocks ; there were birds in countless numbers, and if he could not always catch the old ones, there was no difficulty—in this summer season—in taking the young and the eggs out of the nest.

He made a line out of some old cordage he found on the wreck, and fished industriously : but it was a long while before he caught anything, partly on account of the seals, who immediately came round him in crowds, and frightened away the fish. However, he could pardon their interference, as from his point of view the seals were more valuable than any of the other inhabitants of the island. Notwithstanding all his foragings, he could not have lived for long without them.

In this bay alone there were great numbers of them. At night he heard them wandering through the bush, and their melancholy cries sounded like the lowing of cattle. When on land, they were easily killed by a blow on the head.

He found the meat very good—much better than he had expected ; but if it had not been, he was not in a position to afford to be particular. Of the skins, too, he managed to make shoes and sandals, which were of great service to him in his long walks over the rough ground.

As the time drew on from summer to autumn, from autumn to winter, his hopes of rescue grew fainter. The chance of a ship calling at the island seemed a

very slight one. Who would ever look for him here? The *Hirondelle* would be given up as lost—foundered at sea, with all hands. His father and mother, and perhaps Ida, might soon be wearing mourning for him.

Nay, she would not have to wear it for him only, but for her father also. Poor Ida! he had her portrait yet, stained and blotched with the salt water that had soaked through the pocket-book in which he had kept it. He took it out now and then to look at, and wondered if he should live to see her face again—to see any of those who were dear to him. Sometimes the fear haunted him that he might have to stay here for years—that no ship would ever come, and that his life would be worn out in this hateful banishment. So stronger and ever stronger burned the desire for release, until he was forced to attempt that which had seemed impossible—to build a boat.

To build it without tools, one might say, for besides his knife, he had only an old hatchet, which he had picked up near the camp, had ground to a sharp edge on some gritty stone, and fitted to a handle. But there was plenty of iron in the wreck, and from this, heated red-hot, hammered and tempered, he beat out his tools. He had a piece of iron wedged into a shaft for a hammer; a large block which he had found on the beach, where some of the schooner's ballast had been turned out, served for an anvil. His fire glowed cherry-red day and night: he dared not let it go out now, for of his precious stock of matches, only one remained. He made a chisel, with which he cut the close grooves of a file, and with this filed the teeth of a saw out of a piece of sheet iron, progressively mounting to what he most desired. Even the nails, the bolts, and the spikes had to be made patiently one by one. As for the wood he needed, the keel and mast and boards came out of the schooner; the ribs and knees were cut out of the crooked timber that was so plentiful in the bush. Rough weather hindered him, but by this time he had begun to pay very little attention to rain and storm; in this climate it was the normal condition of things. But food was harder to find than ever before, and there were times when famine stared him in the face. Still he worked on. He was staking all on this last chance.

It was finished. A boat indeed; but a queer one, ungainly and clumsy. Even Weldrick, with all his natural affection for his own creation, could not deceive himself into supposing that it would make good time on the voyage to New Zealand.

"It sails like a tub," he said dejectedly; "but what of that? I'm desperate enough now to go to sea in a tub."

Everything was ready for the venture, and he might set to work to provision his little craft. This meant two or three days' hard foraging, and meanwhile, in case of sudden storm, he took the boat into the most sheltered place he could find, dragging her close to the bank, far out of the reach of ordinary tides.

So far he had been favoured with what, in this part of the world, might be called fine weather. But this very night—the first after the boat was finished—saw the return of the storm. A tempest of wind and rain and driving sleet burst over the island. All night through spray dashed on the little hut; the wailing sea-birds went past in thousands, like foam-flecks before the wind; the surf roared on the harbour shore. By daylight the gale had blown itself out. Weldrick's first act was to hurry down to the beach. He had done all that was possible for the safety of his boat, but there was no saying what might have happened on such a night.

Still, he had never anticipated this catastrophe. Down the steep bank from the hillside above, tons upon tons of earth and stone had slipped. Trees and bushes had ridden down with the rest, and fallen with them on the beach. And here, covered, crushed, and shattered, lay his boat.

His last chance; for just then he had not the heart to believe that he could ever build another. All his strength was spent, all his material. Half-clothed, half-fed, used for many days to hunger and weariness, cold and damp, this blow seemed to crown all, to put the finishing touch—the coping-stone—on his wretchedness.

"Even Nature seems to fight against me now," he said. "It is no use. I shall die here!"

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"Back in the dawn of this beautiful sphere; on it,
Land of the dolorous desolate face,
Beamed the blue day, and the bountiful year on it
Fostered the leaf and the blossom of grace. . .

"Summer's chief throne was the marvellous coast of it,
Home of the spring was its luminous lea,
Garden of glitter; but only the ghost of it
Moans in the south by the ghost of a sea!"

THE second day after the storm was unusually bright and fine. For once the whole of his island principality was free from mist and fog, and Weldrick determined to go up the hills to the northward of the bay. All the islands of the group could be seen from the summit of the range, and in such phenomenally clear weather as this the view reached over leagues and leagues of the encircling sea.

Before starting, he had another look at the burial-place of his boat. From almost every fall into despondency there is a rebound: if it were not so, suicide and the wasting away in despair would run near depopulating this earth. To-day Weldrick was disposed to take a sanguine view of affairs. After all, the landslip was not an irreparable misfortune. The weight of earth which had actually fallen on the boat was not so great as he had fancied. By degrees he might be able to move it away, and to repair the damage it had done.

It was still early morning when he stood on the highest part of the range that was accessible, rocks above and rocks below, uptossed and upturned into heights that only a bird might scale. Whichever way he turned, it was the same wilderness: the same cliffs on the western coast, the same narrow inlets and harbours on the east, the same desert of tussock grass, of

hill and bush, between. Northwards he saw the clustering islets; and the break of the sea on the sunken rocks beyond seemed only a ripple this still day. The air was sharp with frost; there was not a cloud in the sky. But what was it that curled upwards, a silvery wreath mounting into heaven? Smoke—from one of the bays out there? As sure as he was in life, that must be smoke.

To-day everything seemed near: but he knew that the main island was almost thirty miles long, and the bay from which the smoke came could not be less than half that distance from where he stood. Fifteen miles of bush, and scrub, and barren rock. But he could have walked thrice that—he could have crawled on his hands and knees to have known the meaning of that fire, to have speech of those who had kindled it.

He began the journey, plunging recklessly on, taking short cuts which, in his sober moments, he would not have attempted—into gorges narrow and steep, over stone-strewn hills, and through bush so rough and dense that he wondered the whole of his poor clothing was not torn from him. Ever and again, as he crossed an open place or mounted some high ridge, he saw the smoke, and it was to him what the pillar of cloud had been to the wandering Israelites. But surely the desert of Zin had been easier than this country, of which every mile had to be fought for with dogged obstinacy. Day passed; the night came on with rapid strides; but there was a full moon in the sky, and he still pressed forward. And presently, on the shadowed side of a deep bay, before whose entrance the islands slept on a smooth white sea, he saw the glow of fire, and, coming nearer, a hut like his own, but newer and better-built. A man, sailor dressed and pipe in hand, sat before the fire on an upturned cask, and whistled softly to himself.

He caught sight of Weldrick, and with a flurried movement dropped the pipe he had been filling.

"Who are you?" he cried, as he sprang up in astonishment; "and where do you come from?"

There was no answer, and in a more sympathetic tone he added—

"Been shipwrecked, mate?"

"I was shipwrecked eight months ago," his visitor replied.

The sailor looked at him closely, and saw evidence of the truth of these words—clothes that were stained by sea-water, frayed and worn to the last degree, eked out with strange trappings of canvas and sealskin; feet that would have been bare but for the untanned leather strapped about them—a face and figure so gaunt, and thin, and weather-beaten, that it was a wonder anyone who had known the castaway in former times should have recognised him now.

"Why, it's you!" he said, and his blanched face was ghastly in the moonlight, and he seemed to stagger backward to the wall of the hut. "You, Alfred! Then you were not drowned?"

"No, Captain Birkwood, I was not drowned—that is, not quite."

"Are you—are you alone?" Birkwood's voice shook. "Are there any more with you?"

"Any more!" Weldrick repeated. "You could hardly have expected that many of your crew would return from the place you took them to. No; I am alone. And you—are you the only one here?"

"The only one. What do you mean about 'the place I took them to'?"

The colour came again to his face, and he looked steadily at Weldrick.

"You know what I mean," Weldrick said.

"Why didn't you go in the whale-boat?" Birkwood cried excitedly. "I told you it was the last chance. I shouted to you over and over again. You wanted to throw your life away, and the only wonder is that you haven't done so."

"Why weren't all your boats whale-boats?" Weldrick said bitterly. "When you made up your mind to get rid of your ship, why didn't you give your men a chance?"

"Son-in-law," Birkwood answered—"I suppose I may call you that a little beforehand—did you come from the other end of this island to quarrel with me?"

"I came because I saw your fire, and knew from that someone was near. But if I'd known it was you, I'm not so sure I should have come."

Birkwood smiled grimly.

"Now, don't you be so hot and hasty. It's a fault of my own, so I can warn you against it. You've made up your mind that I threw my ship away. Don't you think that on my own account it's rather unlikely I should have chosen such a place as that where the *Hirondelle* broke up? Man! I tell you I don't know to this hour how I came out of it. How I got on that spar, and washed and rolled about—rolled along the coast, and cast up on a beach near here, and wasn't dead, after it all, the Lord only knows! You may have been pretty near drowning; but if you went any further into the jaws of death than I did, it strikes me that you'd have been gulped right down and never heard of more. As for the poor fellows who are gone—'twas the storm that did for us. Before that we'd boats enough that were good and seaworthy. When the best of them went I knew that some of us would have to sink with the ship. You had your chance; but I didn't take mine. I stuck to her till the last, and went down with her, and what more would you have?"

He spoke with every appearance of sincerity, and Weldrick felt that he had misjudged the man.

"Captain Birkwood," he said, "I was too hasty. I had no right to use such words, and I beg that you will forget them."

"Oh well, never mind," said Birkwood carelessly, "I'd rather a man would speak out plain to my face than mutter behind my back."

Then, with one of his sudden changes of mood, he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and said—

"But whether you believe me or not, Alfred, I never was gladder than I am to see you alive. And we needn't talk of drowning when it's not that, but starvation, that's killing you by inches. Have you had anything to eat for a week?"

"Not since morning, that's all," Weldrick replied. "But, as you may suppose, my meals haven't been very regular since I came here. However, I've generally found something to live on."

"Sit there and get some warmth in you, and I'll soon give you a meal such as you wouldn't dream of having in this place. There's considerable variety in Abiram's provisions, and they last out well."

"Abiram? Who in the world was he? And how do you manage to find provisions here?"

"I suppose you never heard that there was a food depôt on Auckland Island? Do you see that board over the door? At this distance you can't read what's written on it; but I can tell you I've had opportunities enough to learn it by heart. 'The curse of the widow and fatherless light on the man who breaks this open while he has a ship at his back.'" *

"And did Abiram put that there?"

"He did, and built the store and filled it. Captain Abiram Dunn, a citizen of the United States—and a better one the Stars and Stripes never flapped over. As they say there, he was 'clean grit' all through. I knew him once, somewhat before your time; but he left the sea years back, and when I was in Melbourne summer before last I heard the story about him and his provision store. He had a son, a fine young fellow, who came down here hunting for seals, and had the misfortune to lose his vessel. He lived in this very bay two years before he was taken off by a ship that called in, and he'd suffered so much in that time from famine and exposure that he died before he got home. It was in memory of him that Abiram decided to build this shelter, and leave stores here for shipwrecked sailors. He talked about it in his New England village till the idea caught on, and all the ladies, young and old, were for helping him. They bought materials and held Dorcas Meetings, and made clothes for the poor castaways, and the minister preached a sermon on the good work; so that the thing went like wildfire; and if Abiram had taken all the contributions that were offered, he could have loaded a ship and gone round the world, putting up shelters on barren islands. But he wanted to do the main part himself, so he chartered a schooner, got his stores aboard, and sailed her round the Horn to this place. And here he set up his store—he'd brought it with him ready framed; by daylight you'll see that it's built of American pine. Then he went home again and died, for the voyage had been too much for him at his time of life. A liberal old soul he was, and I've reason to bless his name. Ay, but for Abiram I shouldn't be walking the earth at this present time."

While he talked he was busying himself about the fire, setting a can of water on to boil for tea. He went into the hut for the more substantial part of the meal he had promised Weldrick.

"I make my own bread, you see," he said—"if you can call damper by that name—and better flour than that the old Yankee left us was never baked in a cake. There's biscuit too, and meat, salt fish, salt pork in barrels, and lots of other kinds, soldered up in tins, and all of it that I've sampled as fresh as on the day it was put up. In fact, Abiram was A1 throughout. The only fault I find with him is that he didn't build a chimney. The weather is of such a sort that half the time my fire is blowing about all over, or else going out with a siss."

Weldrick thought that it was hardly possible to over-estimate the excellence of Abiram's provisions. The hard biscuit tasted very good to one who had lived for months on nothing but meat, and had sickened of it. As for the hot tea which Birkwood served out in pannikin after pannikin, it was more delicious, more strengthening, than anything he had ever drunk.

"And now I've fed you," said his host, "let's see about clothing you. You're rather a contrast to what you were in your palmy Melbourne days."

He drew back, as if to view Weldrick to better advantage, and broke out into one of his loud rollicking laughs.

"Excuse me, but when I think of that time and of this, I can't help it."

"Laugh at me as long as you like," Weldrick said; "but for mercy's sake, if you have clothes, find me some. I have lost all self-respect by wearing these filthy rags. I used to wash them; but I had to give that up—they wouldn't stand it."

Birkwood went to his store again, and from one of the boxes took out some clothes—a complete suit, similar to the one he was wearing. To Weldrick it was a luxury almost beyond belief to have this change of good woollen clothing, to have shoes on, to be cleanly and comfortably dressed from head to foot. Half the miseries of his exile were rolled out of sight.

They told each other their experiences. But neither on this nor any other occasion was Birkwood heard to give the full story of his escape from the wreck.

Perhaps, as he said, he really had no distinct remembrance of the matter; at all events he was reticent on this point, though he told to the end the tale of the *Hirondelle's* destruction.

In Weldrick's account of his manner of life on the island he was profoundly interested.

"This beats all!" he exclaimed. "You building a boat and making your own tools! You having to hunt for your dinner, and kill and cook it before you could eat it! It tickles my fancy so that I can't but laugh. Ha! and at the other end of the island was I living in plenty, with nothing to do, while you were ranging round, slaying the innocents, sweltering over your forge, hammering at your boat. I tell you what, Alfred: this has made a man of you."

"It is to be hoped that I have benefited in some way," his companion remarked, "for the experience has been particularly unpleasant."

"Why, of course. But once away from this place, and you're a genius—a hero. You'll be interviewed:

* Actually written on a food depôt which many years ago was established on Auckland Island. The New Zealand Government now maintains food depôts on this and other outlying islands, and they are regularly visited.

the papers will be full of you. Your portrait will be in all the shop windows; you'll be asked to dinner everywhere, and Ida and you will have the story to talk of as long as you live. There's a danger of ordinary affairs seeming rather humdrum."

"Do you think so? Just now I could exchange for the most humdrum life in any civilised part of the globe."

"There are a few things you come short in—some of the old regulation things. I hear nothing about putting up flagstaffs, or keeping great fires going, or running up every day to the top of the biggest hill to look out for ships, or weaving clothes out of the fibre of one plant and dyeing them some pleasing colour with the juice of another, or making furniture and crockery, and lamps and candles, or keeping a diary on skins you've dressed for parchment, with ink you've bruised out of berries, or maybe—but that's true, so no fiction-monger ever thought of it—writing your journals in the blood of the creatures you've lived on. You have gone through enough to have killed most men, but you're not up to the average sixpenny novel style yet."

"That's a high level, and I've no ambition to rise to it. But if you can laugh at all this, I can't. I suppose I've no sense of humour, for I can't see the comic side of the situation. Show me how to get away from here, and I shall be in better spirits to enjoy your jokes."

"We must build another boat," Birkwood said; "and to do that, we'll have to migrate to your part of the island. There are some tools in the store, but there's no straight timber here one could cut boards out of, or I'd have knocked something together before now. Perhaps you think because I can have my laugh now and then that I enjoy this sort of life; but I'm as sick of the place as you can be—sick of waiting for what doesn't seem inclined to turn up. I've known the sea longer than you have lived, but I never heard it shout to me for weeks and months on a coast like this. When once in a while it falls calm, then the boom comes over from the west side, where the old ship laid her bones. Never still—grinding and roaring. The romantic idiots who pretend they like that sort of thing, and talk grandly about it, should come here, and get enough of it."

The fine day was succeeded by a storm, and for a whole week Weldrick and the captain were weather-bound. At the end of that time they made the journey to the old camping-ground, carrying with them a stock of provisions and the tools that had been left at the depôt. The first thing resolved on was an examination of Weldrick's boat. It was necessary to know if there was any possibility of repairing it.

Without much labour they freed it from the landslip, the sea having already washed some of the earth away. It stood exposed to view, and Weldrick waited anxiously for the verdict of his friend. He had still a little pride in his most unlucky boat.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Think of it!" Birkwood repeated. "Why——" but here he was overtaken by a fit of laughter. "My stars! what a boat! And this is what you were going to navigate to New Zealand? Navigate to the bottom, more likely. A good thing for you the landslip prevented that trip."

Then he sobered himself, and putting his hand on the other's arm, said—

"Alfred, for your sake, as well as Ida's, I am glad you did not go to sea in that boat."

"What did you expect of me?" Weldrick said, shrugging his shoulders. "I know nothing about boats. But I was obliged to do something; I couldn't stand with my arms folded. This time I shall work under your direction."

"Yes, we're making a partnership affair of it," Birkwood said. "Well, cheer up; there's some good work here that'll do again. We'll have to lengthen her and to raise the sides: she ought to be decked, too, and have a better mast and sail. One of Abiram's blessed deeds was to leave some very decent canvas, and I expect we shall have to make a journey for it. What you've got here is rotten."

From this time they laboured together at the building of the boat, working from dawn to dark of each day. The frame was soon put together on more scientific principles than had guided Weldrick in his attempt, and when finished, their boat was by no means unsightly. They had a trial trip, and then took her up to the northern harbour, where they might exchange the old sail for a stronger one.

All was ready, and the weather was as favourable as they could expect in that climate. For the last time they sat by the camp fire, and talked together—talked of many things; but finally, by what seemed a natural coincidence, on the night that was to end their stay on the island, spoke of the *Hirondelle* and her disastrous wreck.

"I've often wondered if I could trust you," Birkwood said.

"Trust me? With what, captain?"

"With a secret."

He paused, shuffling his feet uneasily, and with the sole of his heavy boot thrust some scattered cinders back to the fire.

"I must tell someone. What's the use of it without? I couldn't get through all that. And after me, there's only Ida, and you and she have agreed to join hands. Besides, I think more of you than I ever expected to. I don't mean that I hadn't some liking for you at the first; but it's grown on me since we've been together here. You've let me see what stuff you're made of, and I must say that in trying circumstances you've shown up well."

"I am very glad to have your good opinion," Weldrick said; "but I don't quite understand what you are leading up to."

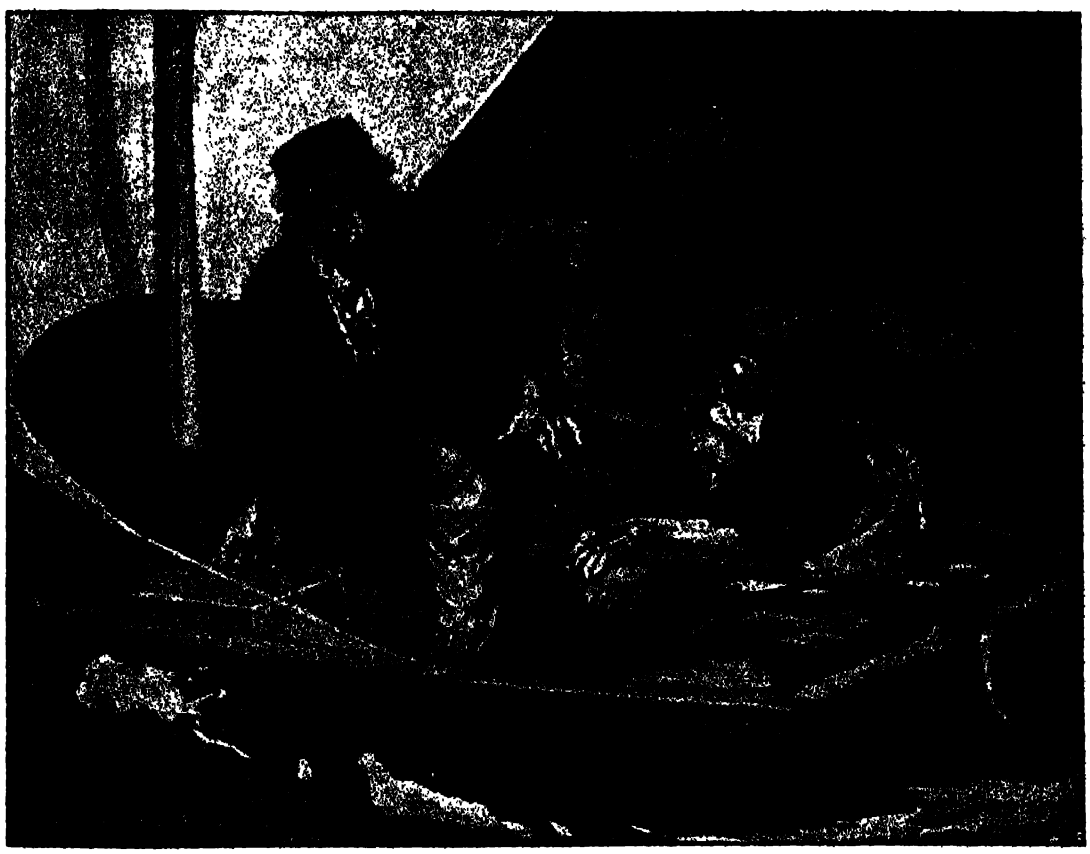
"That was a random shot of yours, saying I'd thrown my ship away; but it hit the mark. I meant to wreck her, and I'd planned to do it without loss of life—to get her round to the east coast, and run her ashore where the men might have saved themselves. It was never in my mind to hurt a hair of their heads.

But can you take the storm in your hands? Can you settle beforehand which point the wind's to blow from?"

"No; but I suppose you were aware of that when you made your plans? The men had the benefit of the risk. If they could hear you, no doubt it would be a satisfaction to know you never meant to do them any harm."

"The storm caught her, and I knew we were doomed. You were there—you can say if anyone brings it up against me whether I didn't do my best for ship and crew. For, mind you, I'd never meant her to go ashore there. On my soul, no! If I'd wanted the ship to live a hundred years, I couldn't have fought for her harder. If anyone dares tell me I shirked my duty then—it's a lie!

"For long after I had got ashore, I didn't care to think about the gold. I knew it was poor pay for what had happened. Sometimes I'm puzzled to understand why I went in for it. But there's a large sound about £60,000; it seemed a daring thing to swoop off with that; there was the excitement—the danger of it. That always took with me from the time when I was a boy, and robbed orchards for the fun of it, not for the sour apples. Besides, I'd Dick Ferrars at my elbow, and the man who has him doesn't need the other tempter. Anyway, we've done it, and it's not to be altered very easily. We're not going to give up now, and be clapped into prison for eight or ten years. The world will be no worse for us owning the money instead of those who had it first. Money's always changing hands, and the big sums, so far as I can make out, aren't often honestly come by. What Ferrars is after I can't tell. We agreed that if I wasn't heard of before a certain time, he might conclude something was wrong, and either send or come himself to look after me. But he's done nothing."



"BIRKWOOD MOVED QUIETLY TOWARDS HIM, AND TOOK THE HELM (*p.* 343).

"Is this the secret?" Weldrick said. "You are trusting me with a great deal, Captain Birkwood. Unfortunately, your scheme seems to have failed throughout. Your wreck wasn't managed on such humane principles as you had intended, and your gold lies where no diver will ever reach it."

"I mean to take you to the very spot where it lies, and put your hand on it," Birkwood chuckled. "You think it went down with the *Hirondelle*? This is where the joke comes in. It wasn't on board!"

"Not on board? Ah! I see now. Those boxes you put on the schooner at the Heads."

"Ay. It went with Ferrars, and it's with him now, waiting till we can meet together. Tear me a leaf out of your pocket-book and give me the pencil, and I'll

show you. This is the Navigator group—Samoa, I mean. Here are the three big islands, and here amongst the little specks is a reef—just a ring round a basin of still water—a sandy ridge, and a few cocoa-nuts growing on it. It's there. Thirty thousand—the half share for you and me to divide between us. Your father was in difficulties, wasn't he? Faith! you'll be able to help him now."

"And I can imagine how he would look if I offered him a share of that booty," Weldrick said.

Birkwood looked towards him inquiringly.

"This doesn't take with you? All right; you needn't meddle with it unless you like."

"But I mean to meddle with it."

"You do?"

"Yes. But you talk about 'dividing' with me. I want the whole, Captain Birkwood: every penny of the sixty thousand."

"Hillo," said the captain. "What's up now?"

"I want it all; and, what's more, I mean to get it, and send it back where it came from. Do you think I can stand by and let a swindle like this succeed? You might well say it was poor pay. I don't care to pick up what's been bought by cheating, and lies, and the lives of men!"

Birkwood started forward. His arm was raised as if he would have struck the one who defied him.

"It isn't worth while," he said; and his hand fell to his side. "But you've given me a slap in the face I wouldn't have taken from another man. As you make no secret of your intentions, I'll tell you now that you'll find me an ugly customer. There are some who don't fight till they're cornered; but then——" He broke off with an angry laugh. "Son-in-law, you'd best leave me alone. I'm not to be trifled with."

"I shall not trifle," Weldrick answered: "you may depend on that."

"There's Ida to be thought of," Birkwood resumed. "If you disgrace me, you disgrace her. You haven't thought of that, or perhaps you don't care."

"I do care," Weldrick said. "Why didn't you think of her some time ago? You might have spared her this. But I deny that she can be disgraced by your actions. Who will blame her for what you have done?"

"Yes, Ida's all right; but it doesn't matter what becomes of her father. You'd have the law to take its course, no doubt. Short shrift I'd have at your hands. What is it to you if I die in gaol? Ida takes your name; people will soon forget what stock she came of. But if I know my own girl, she'll never marry you after this—never! She's too much spirit for that. You may be quite ready to give her up."

"I don't intend to give her up; neither do I wish to see her father disgraced and imprisoned. On my word, I am heartily sorry for this miserable business."

"Sorry! You don't wish it: but it'll come to that, if you meddle. Only let there be a suspicion of what we've done—only return that gold—and the world will be too small a place for us to hide in. We shall be hunted down and caught in no time. But before that there'll be a reckoning with you, Mr. Weldrick. I shan't stick at trifles to save myself from the convict's cell, and the convict's dress, and the prison yard. You might as well hang me as send me there!"

The dark face flushed with anger, the black eyes, gleaming with vindictive passion, were so near Weldrick that he drew back.

"I meant what I said," he answered. "The money must be returned. Who will use it, or keep it? Not I. Not your daughter. As you say, Ida has too much spirit for that."

They said no more to each other that night. Weldrick went into the hut, and lay down to sleep. Shortly after the other man came in, and also went to his place. However they might quarrel, they must share this shelter.

Weldrick slept. But after some time he awoke suddenly, with a violent start. What it was that had aroused him he did not know. Instinctively he threw his arm outside the blanket he was rolled in, and grasped a hand, which immediately was wrenched from his hold.

"What do you want?" he cried, in the thick utterance of one who is hardly awake.

There was no answer, and he got up, and with outstretched arms felt around. Something moved towards Birkwood's side of the hut.

A sickening, shivering sensation passed over him. He was no coward, but the bravest of men might tremble to be taken unawares in his sleep. He groped towards the door, and went out into the wild night.

After long pacing to and fro on the windy beach, morning dawned. The men breakfasted together as usual; but not a word was spoken. After they had eaten enough, they gathered together the few things they intended to take with them, and carried them down to the boat, still working in silence. They ran her down the shelving beach. Birkwood stepped before the other man, and stood in the shallow water, his hand resting on the gunwale of the boat.

"I suppose you understand," he said, "that unless I please you needn't offer to get into this boat. I'm strong enough to keep you out of her. I might have given you the slip. I could have gone away while you slept; but you'd have called that taking a cowardly advantage. So I've concluded to give you your chance. I think I may have the start of you, after all. Get in."

They got into the boat and pushed off from the shore. When the sail was set, they rapidly neared the harbour's mouth. The sea opened to their view. The desolate island, whose hills were capped with snow, fell swiftly astern. The fog rolled down, streaming through the mountain gorges to the sea. Lying cold in mist and cloud had they seen the land for the first time; wrapped in mist and cloud, they left it now.

There was a fair wind, which soon freshened to a gale. The little boat bounded and sprang, like a ball tossed by some untiring hand. The bursting waves went over in showers of spray: the salt water stung the faces of the men, and drenched their clothing. Soon they could carry sail no longer, but lay to in a

plunging sea that washed their little space of deck over and over. The boat behaved gallantly, and still held her own. Through the dull day she rode the angry waves; through the night, when the grey of sky and sea had changed to purple, from purple to absolute blackness—a night whose vast loneliness smote the castaways to the heart. But in the darkness the storm still swept on, and with it their poor boat.

Always they were on watch. There was a small shelter, a place where one might creep under the deck; but neither of the two dared to lie down and sleep. They had water and provisions sufficient; but the fever of excitement was such that they scarcely felt the need of food, and could not swallow more than a few mouthfuls. One at the helm, one standing, holding on by a rope, while with his free hand he worked the pump that kept the boat clear of water—so from hour to hour, with an endurance that never yielded by a hair's breadth in its frenzied struggle. It was a voyage of guess-work—a forlorn hope, in which life and death were evenly balanced. They had no compass. The thick night showed them no star; the clouded day no sun. If the hand of God did not guide their boat, what else could?

Four days, four nights; and the boat goaded and thrashed, struck and beaten, as surely as never little vessel was before. The men's faces were haggard and drawn; their eyes were bloodshot. They had not slept; they had not spoken, save when Birkwood directed the other how to steer. For the fifth time since their voyage had begun the sun ran his race behind the clouds, and stepped into the sea. And yet no trace of a coast line above the water's rim. Where lay the land?

"Lie down and rest," Birkwood said roughly. "I'm seasoned; I can stand this better than you can."

The other looked at him; but his set lips formed no word of answer.

"I can manage by myself," Birkwood said. "If the land isn't afloat like ourselves, we must be near it. Get some sleep."

There was no reply, and with a short laugh he turned again to his work. The wind had moderated. They had sailed the whole of the day, and were rushing through the water at a great pace.

To-night there was a glimmering starlight, and the sky was clear above the edge of the sea—very clear in one spot, where a bulging cloud seemed to have arisen. Some exclamation Birkwood uttered, then glanced quickly towards his companion. His hands still grasped the tiller; but just now he swayed forward, as if no longer able to hold himself upright; his head sank upon his breast. Birkwood moved quietly towards him, and took the helm.

Then the boat sped on, one steering, the other sleeping. The wind fell to a gentle breeze; the sea was calmer. On the horizon that dark cloud loomed larger and distincter, and spread itself in a long undulating line.

The hot sun on his face awoke the sleeper, and he raised himself to look wonderingly around. The boat was drifting on the still waters of a land-locked bay that flashed like a mirror beneath the brilliant sky. There were trees softly robing the shores; there were white-shelled beaches; there was—and how his eyes fastened on the homely sight, how his heart leaped at the pleasant sound! a cottage built near the water's edge, the blue smoke curling from its chimney, and on the beach children at play, shouting merrily to each other. He had reached the land; but he was alone. Birkwood had gone.

WAR AND PEACE.

"'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.'" Southey, *Battle of Blenheim.*

In many a land with peace and plenty crowned,
Where smiling cornfields dance with sunny glee,
The crimson poppies nod to mark the ground
Where oft-times strife and war were wont to be,
And death went hand in hand with victory.

And now full oft when ploughshares turn the sod,
The skull of many a warrior you may see,
Called suddenly from earth to meet his God,
Struck down by death when life seemed glad and free,
Killed even in the midst of victory.

But we, who fight not earthly foes as they,
But strive with sin and want and misery—
The slaves by whom grim death awhile holds sway—
In joyful praise to God may bend the knee,
Since death is swallowed up in victory.

And when at length the gathering eventide
Closes around, and we can dimly see
The golden gates of heaven opening wide,
How blest, to us who sleep, the thought will be
That death is swallowed up in victory!

G. Weatherly.

GARDENING IN APRIL.

ANNUAL AND BIENNIAL FLOWERS.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.



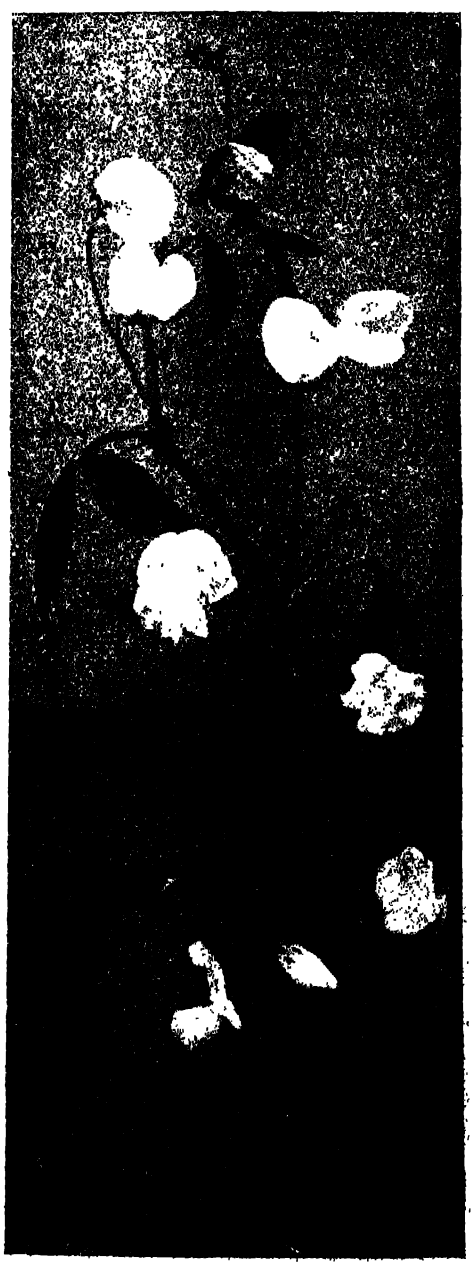
VARD

ANNUAL and biennial flowers form the chief subject of this month's discourse. They are the friends of the amateur gardener, embracing many old-fashioned favourites that charm with their colour or fragrance. "Annual," of course, denotes a plant of one year's duration, reproducing itself from seed; but I will also include biennials, of which the quaint Sweet William is a familiar example.

Complaints are made to me of annuals behaving badly, getting weedy, and after a bright, but, alas! brief season, dying away "a flash, and no more." I can imagine readers of this article muttering unpleasant things about this charming race of flowers, but failure is simply the result of ignorance or carelessness. A common plan is to sow the seed in small patches in the border, to leave half as many seedlings as required, and then to bid the plants take care of themselves. Naturally the growth gets weedy, and the flowering season is of short duration.

I will attempt to put those who have hitherto failed with annuals on the right path. A rock upon which many come to grief is in sowing the seed too thickly. Leave each plant ample space to develop, sowing thinly at the commencement, and afterwards thinning out severely, to allow ample space for the plants to form a healthy, free-flowering mass. Annuals should, like other flowers, as far as space will permit, be massed to get the full richness of their colouring. It is impossible to see their beauty when sown anyhow. Moreover, with judicious attention they will last long in perfection. Some of my readers doubtless can grow their annuals on an old border. I have in mind a border of annual flowers skirting a high Elizabethan red-bricked wall, whereon the Gloire de Dijon Rose flings its flower laden shoots, and where in winter mosses of many kinds add a touch of deep greenery. This border is devoted practically to bulbs, the fair Daffodils in particular; and every spring annuals are sown between the clumps. They are too shallow-rooting to interfere with the Daffodils, and as the foliage of the bulbs dies down, the seedlings come up, spreading into bold masses—a sheet of flower. They are well grown, thinned out carefully, and permitted to trail on the wall breaking up the formal edge. Such a picture is charmingly old-fashioned, full of colour and beauty, reminding one of a study by Alfred Parsons or Henry Moore. I love to see hardy flowers overstepping the bounds of a border, and trying to hide an ugly gravel path.

One sees many old borders, similar to that described, in gardens, and it is very easy to keep them gay through the summer months by adopting this simple plan. No opportunity should be lost of boldly massing flowers; it is Nature's own way, and she spreads on the hill and in the valley carpets of lovely colouring



SWEET PEA.

for us to imitate. In the common garden border of a "villa residence" a good selection of annuals may be grown, as the soil is usually passable, certainly not too rich or likely to promote undue growth. A mixture of hardy flowers and annuals is very pleasing, the annuals breaking up the line, adding variety and preventing a monotonous effect. Such kinds as Mignonette may be associated with Roses, standards especially—two flowers that fill the garden with fragrance

At the present time I get many letters such as this: "Kindly inform me as to the best *hardy* annuals, that require no heat." My readers doubtless know that two classes exist, one to be sown early in the year in heat, as the so-called China Asters, and the real hardy annuals, as our old friend the Candytuft.

I will first name the hardy annuals, which must be sown out of doors this month. April is the great month of the year for seed-sowing, and none of the kinds mentioned should cost more than about threepence a packet for good seed. (Cheap seed is worse than useless; one sows, but no harvest of bloom follows.) My brief selection comprises the golden-yellow Bartonia, the varied-coloured Coreopsis, or Calliopsis, Candytufts, Cornflowers, Convolvulus, Extinguisher-flowers (Eschscholtzia), Godetias, Sunflowers, Everlastings, Linarias, Love lies-Bleeding, the large-flowered Malope, Larkspurs, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Nemophila, Love-in-a-Mist (Nigella), Poppies, Sweet Peas, Saponaria, Silene, Sweet Sultan, Virginian Stock, and Viscaria.



EXTINGUISHER OR ESCHSCHOLTZIA (BRIGHT ORANGE YELLOW).
(From a photograph by E. J. Gilding)

One of the most curious of these annuals is the bright orange-flowered Eschscholtzia, which gets its popular name from its distinctive cap, like the orthodox witch's head-gear, produced by the union of the sepals. Children delight to lift off this floral extinguisher.

Writing of the beautiful Cornflower reminds me of the tradition that relates it was called Centaurea cyanus after a youth who fell in love with the "blue-bottle" of our golden corn-fields. This youth was no bad judge, but his enthusiasm outstepped the bounds of common prudence. He was ever weaving garlands of the flowers whilst they remained in beauty, even dressing himself in clothes of the same lovely colour. At Flora's shrine he perpetually worshipped, until one day the goddess found him lying dead with garlands of Cornflowers about, and in remembrance of her youthful devotee, christened the plant Centaurea *cyanus*. So much for a rather pretty legend.

I must mention one annual that, if somewhat of a weed, is a bright sunny flower, the quaint Marigold, which the unfortunate boy-poet, Chatterton, describes as "The marybudde that shutteth with the light," in allusion to the flowers closing towards evening. This feature was not passed over by Browne, who, in his "Pastorals," says—

> "But, maiden, see the day is waxen old,
> And 'gins to shut in with the Marygold."

The Corn Marigold is a Chrysanthemum (C. segetum), and scatters its golden flowers in English corn-fields, as its relative, the Dog Daisy (C. leucanthemum), does in the meadow.

Pleasant thoughts arise when the wild flowers of the field and wayside are one's topic. Everyone revels in the picture of waving fields of buttercups, dog daisies, and grasses of lovely tints, all in complete harmony, ever changing, never tiresome, the gentle breath of a summer wind wafting a sweet fragrance culled from the thirsty blossom. Nature charges

no admission money for this feast of colour and fragrance.

A certain class of annuals—the "half-hardy"—must be raised early in the year on a gentle hot-bed or in a warm greenhouse. The seed costs no more than that of the hardy kinds, and is easily raised. Sow thinly, prick out or pot off the seedlings when of sufficient size to handle, and before planting them out in the garden get them thoroughly hardy. If you do not, treacherous east winds will make short work of them.

A point of great importance in growing annuals is to keep the decayed flowers picked off, the object being to prevent formation of seed, which is a trial to the plant.

The best half-hardy annuals are Ageratums, Amaranthus, Balsams, Cockscombs, Chinese Pinks, Ice-plants, Lobelias, African and French Marigolds, Petunias, China Asters, Phlox Drummondi, Salpiglossis, and Tagetes pumila.

A host of fine old fashioned flowers is placed amongst the biennials. The stately Foxglove is of the number, and on the poorest soils, where nothing else will grow, it is at home, or by the path-side in a woodland retreat. Seed can be purchased very cheaply. There are varieties with flowers of splendid size and refined colours: white sometimes freely spotted within the bell. It is interesting to know that in Ireland the Foxglove is called the Great Herb, or Fairy Cap. In the flowery bells, dainty fairies are supposed to hide from mortal man. Readers of Irish legends will remember the hunch-back herb-doctor in "Knockgrafton," who dons the Fairy Cap, or Lusmore, in his bonnet, and gets the nickname of Lusmore. As the seed is very small, it is best to sow a little in a frame or greenhouse in May. Canterbury Bells are as quaint as any flower of the border. The seed should be sown at the same time as the Foxglove, and the plants grown in the same way. Get the smaller-flowered type, not the huge cup-and-saucer kinds—coarse, ugly, and not mounds of bloom. If the seed-pods are kept picked off after the flowers fade, a second blossoming will be the reward. The Honesty (Lunaria biennis) is a biennial one sees little of in gardens. When once established it will sow itself freely from seed, and the silvery seed-pods are welcome in the choicest decorations. Sweet Williams, Wallflowers, and Lamarck's Evening Primrose (Œnothera), are all desirable biennials.



ASTER

In choosing Sweet Williams, remember that the rich self colours are the most beautiful and effective. To me, the finest of all Sweet Williams is the deep double crimson, or the single variety; but in a good packet of seed many shades will appear, not a few remarkably distinct belted, so to say, with vivid colour. Garden design is an art learned by a right conception of the beauty of flower colouring. This art may be applied to the humblest plot, and shows itself in the flowers of the border, by the display of their rich and decided tones, with careful elimination of dull and uninteresting shades. Let every amateur gardener remember that bold clumps of plants are far more enjoyable than small patches dotted about like bits of colour on bad mosaic.

April is a busy month; pruning of shrubs is as frequent now as in winter, but why prune? If shrubs be crowded together, remove a few to give those remaining more space in which to spread out their branches. Take care to avoid cutting away branches that will bear flowers. Some shrubs bloom only on young wood. It is pleasant to recall some old-fashioned garden, in which many forms of shrub-life are allowed to show their natural habit and beauty. The Lilac is bowed down with the weight of its precious burden of blossom; the Philadelphus, or Mock Orange, scents the air with a fragrance as sweet as the Syringa's; and the Guelder Rose makes a mound of white, as pure as the driven snow. One pictures this free graceful growth, sufficient to satisfy the craving soul of a hungry artist—hungry for the food of sweet garden pictures, unfettered by the idiosyncrasies of modern cultivation—and then change the scene to the town or suburban garden, where the heavy-coloured Privet is alone planted, and shrub-growth is pruned until it becomes a shadow of its former self.

Chrysanthemums for outdoors may be planted now, and cuttings struck of those required merely for

decoration; not for exhibition. Window plants, such as Parlour Palm (Aspidistra), India-rubber plants, Ferns, and Palms, may be re-potted, if required. A little leaf-mould or well-decayed manure placed about Carnations will do much good. Sow grass seeds, repairing faulty places in the lawn. If the weather is dry, Roses, fruit-trees, or anything planted earlier or in the autumn, must be well watered. Last year they suffered greatly from the dry season. Towards the end of the month mulch Strawberries with long manure, as in dry weather this prevents them suffering from drought. After last year's experience, I must give special advice in this respect. It was only on thoroughly well-cultivated ground that strawberries bore abundantly. If neglected as regards water, the fruit is flavourless and quickly over. Ferns must have plenty of space, as the fronds are developing rapidly.

Many readers are, through force of circumstances, compelled to restrict their gardening to the window or room. Plants preserved during the winter in spare rooms are starting into growth. Cut away dead shoots, and remove the surface soil, replacing with fresh material.

SIR GUY'S ROOM.

BY WILLIAM CAIRNS.

WHEN George Overton's great uncle, Sir Marmaduke Savell, quarrelled with him for marrying poor Clare Wilmot, everybody made sure that the wealthy baronet would cut him off with a shilling, though his mother had been a favourite niece. At Sir Marmaduke's death, no one was more astonished than George himself, to discover that the grim old bachelor had relented so far as to leave him Bygrave Abbey, a neglected old house in Gloucestershire, with a hundred acres of land, upon which were the remains of an old ruin that gave the house its name.

The only Savell who had been known to reside for any length of time at Bygrave Abbey was Sir Marmaduke's grandfather, a man of eccentric character, known among the country people as "Mad Sir Guy." He lived a life of seclusion there, and was one morning found dead in a gloomy oak-panelled room, which, together with the ruin in the grounds, had the reputation of being haunted by him.

Afterwards (although a tenant had occasionally been found for the place) it had, during most of its time, been left in the charge of caretakers; and when George drove over from the little west country junction, the only person he found there was a man whose appearance and manner impressed him so unfavourably that he spoke about him to the agent who had been employed by Sir Marmaduke Savell to look after the property. Upon being questioned, the agent said—

"The worst I know of him is that he was discharged from Conniston Manor (Lord Duvane's place, five miles from here) for some fault or other. I can't say he's a man that is generally liked, but *I've* always found him honest enough; and then, you see, sir, it isn't everyone would care to live alone in a house like Bygrave Abbey."

"I suppose," said George, with a smile, "you refer to the ghost of old Sir Guy Savell?"

The agent coughed, and seemed inclined to put the question aside, but ended by admitting that recently two or three stories had got abroad concerning the spectre of Bygrave Abbey. Among the rest, it was said that a loafing fellow of the neighbourhood, who had more than once been convicted as a poacher, had late one night stolen by the end of the house where the haunted room was, and seen a face at one of the windows.

George Overton naturally made light of this rustic gossip, but as he took leave of the agent, he thought—

"I hope that when we come down here the servants won't take to seeing Sir Guy in every dark corner. It might be rather inconvenient if they did;" for he had decided to pass the summer at Bygrave Abbey; and not long after arrived, with his wife and his sister-in-law, Olive Wilmot.

Olive was a handsome girl, darker and taller than Clare, who was a pretty blonde below the ordinary size. She was engaged to George Overton's old friend, Philip Stanton, an engagement which many persons thought a greater folly than the marriage of her sister; for if George forfeited his great-uncle's favour, he had a comfortable fortune from his father; whereas Philip, though he worked hard and was already beginning to make his mark at the bar, might for years to come be too poor to marry.

Philip had an invitation to pass a part of the vacation with the Overtons, and was expected at Bygrave Abbey towards the end of August. Meanwhile, the story of Mad Sir Guy got about among the servants who had been brought from London; but as the haunted room was in the north wing, the whole of which still remained uninhabited (Bygrave Abbey, though of moderate size, being too large for George's modest household), nothing occurred more startling than an alarm caused by a timid nursemaid, who one night dreamed of Sir Guy and cried out in her sleep.

It was not until the evening before the day upon which Philip Stanton arrived that anything beyond this took place, and when it did, it happened not to one of the servants, but to George himself.

Upon the evening in question, he had left the drawing-room for a walk in the grounds. It was a beautiful night, with just breeze enough to make a gentle sound among the leaves, as he strolled beneath the tall limes that led down to the lodge. Returning, he made a circuit which, as he approached the house, took him close by the old ruin.

As he was in the act of passing it the story connected with it, and with the old oak-panelled room, recurred to him. He could not help thinking that the dark space within, across which the moonlight struggled here and there, was a likely spot to suggest a weird tale for a country fireside; and, while smiling at such superstitions, he repeated the lines—

> "O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear—
> The place is haunted!"

Suddenly, he started and stood still. The breeze had dropped, and there was not a sound in the air. It seemed impossible that he should not have heard any person stepping, however cautiously, among the heaps of *débris* that strewed the broken ground which lay beneath what was left of the crumbling old walls.

Still, he could have sworn that the dark figure lurking within their shade was moving when he first caught sight of it. It was motionless now, and George felt it was watching him, as he was watching it.



"GEORGE FELT IT WAS WATCHING HIM, AS HE WAS WATCHING IT."

There it stood, hardly distinguishable from the shadows that fell round it, and almost seeming to mingle with them.

Recovering from his surprise, he slowly, but resolutely, advanced towards it. When he was within six paces of it, the breeze freshened, rustling the ivy that clung to the ruin, and driving a fragment of thin vapour across the moon.

It was but a momentary deepening of the obscurity, lasting scarcely longer than a flash of summer lightning; but when it passed, the figure had disappeared. He had not heard the faintest sound of any movement; his eyes had not for an instant wandered from the spot; but it was gone!

George Overton returned to the house greatly perplexed, and not knowing what to think. Had it not

been for the unaccountable way in which the figure became invisible, he would have been able to furnish a very natural explanation of what he had seen. He was strongly disinclined to a belief in supernatural appearances; he was also a man of steady nerve and in perfect health, and was therefore unlikely to be imposed upon by his imagination. As Philip was expected so soon, he determined to keep silence concerning the affair until he had consulted him and heard his opinion; so he said nothing to his wife or to Olive, either that night or on the following morning, when he rose with a mind no nearer to any satisfactory solution.

This was the day upon which the whole district was startled by a report of the great robbery at Conniston Manor, where Lord and Lady Duvane were entertaining a large party of guests. The house had been entered, the night before, during dinner, and several thousand pounds' worth of jewellery stolen, the celebrated Duvane diamonds alone being valued at nine thousand.

The local police could not, it was said, discover any clue; but a well-known Scotland Yard detective had been telegraphed for. This news reached Bygrave Abbey at an early hour, and when George drove the dog-cart over to Hinchbridge Junction to meet Philip Stanton, all people—the groups at the road-side inns, in the streets of the little country town, on the platform of the station—were still discussing it.

George started for Hinchbridge after lunch, and was not expected to return with Philip until shortly before five o'clock. In the interim, time seemed, for some reason, to go very tediously with Olive Wilmot.

When the clock on the drawing-room mantelpiece struck four she was seized with a fancy to visit "that gloomy old room in the north wing," as a means of getting rid of half-an-hour.

"Sir Guy's Room?" said Clare.

"Poor old Sir Guy!" returned Olive, with a laugh. "I'm not afraid of him in the daytime. Surely you don't believe in such nonsense? Come, Clare, I've a whim to go there."

Clare smiled as she remembered that from Sir Guy's Room a distant view of the highway was to be had, at the point at which anything approaching from the direction of Hinchbridge came into sight. She yielded to her sister's importunity, as she usually did, and to Sir Guy's Room they went.

It stood at the end of a dark corridor on an upper storey, at an angle of the building, with one window to the north and another to the west. Both these windows were small and deeply set, and the black-looking wainscot ran high up on the walls, imparting to the room a dim and ghostly aspect, in keeping with its reputation, even at an hour when, at that season (with the sun nearly opposite the west window, on its way to its resting-place towards the north-west), it should have looked brighter than at any other period of the day.

Clare said it made her shiver, and Olive, though she laughed at her sister, nevertheless felt the influence of the sombre, deserted old chamber upon her own light spirits. They stood together by the window, which looked towards where a portion of the high road crossed a distant eminence, speaking in low tones, and watching for George and Philip.

At last Olive cried out—

"There they are, Clare! Are not they crossing the top of the hill?"

"I think so. Let us go down and be ready to meet them."

As they turned away from the window, Olive said—

"Clare, look here. What is this?"

It was an old fresco painting: the full-length portrait of a cavalier in a riding-dress.

"We did not see this when we were here before," she continued. "I wonder who it is?"

"Perhaps Sir Guy himself," suggested Clare, carelessly.

"Sir Guy lived in the time of the Georges. Men did not dress like that in those days; and I hope they wouldn't wear such things as those in these days," she added.

The cavalier wore a pair of huge, old-fashioned, cruel-looking spurs, and Olive, as she spoke, reached upwards and placed her finger upon one of the rowels.

Something yielded to the slight pressure, and when she withdrew her hand it left a small circular cavity in a corner of the painting. At the same instant, a large panel beneath slid from its place.

Clare uttered an exclamation of alarm, while Olive cried gaily—

"Only think, Clare: we have discovered some old secret passage! How delightful!"

"Olive, come away!" whispered Clare.

Olive laughed.

"What a little coward you are, Clare!" she said. "What is there to be afraid of? We won't say we found such a place, and were too frightened to look at it."

Clare hung back, wavering between fear and curiosity, until she was half led and half forced forward by her stronger sister. Olive bent her head and entered the dark recess, drawing Clare after her. Though she had spoken jestingly, there was a sense of mystery associated with the old forgotten hiding-place that to some extent checked her light mood, and as a sunbeam struck obliquely through the opening, she cautiously, and in a half-hesitating way, advanced a pace or two, where the shaft of light fell. This was sufficient to reveal some steep steps which led downward, though to what depth it was impossible to see, as only three or four were visible; everything beyond being mere impenetrable blackness.

"Olive," said Clare, as she shrank back from this hidden gulf, "do come away!"

As she spoke, a sharp "click" was heard from the room they had left. The arm with which she clung to her sister tightened convulsively.

"What is that?" she exclaimed.

Before Olive could open her lips to reply, the answer came. The noise was occasioned by the spring shooting suddenly back into its place. The panel closed, the room resumed its ordinary aspect, and the old wainscot that ran along the wall—behind which the two women were shut in their dark narrow prison—looked as if it had remained undisturbed for centuries.

When George returned from Hinchbridge Junction, he was surprised to find his wife absent, and rather annoyed that she was not there to receive her guest. As time went on, and as no one seemed to know what had become of either Mrs. Overton or her sister, or to be able to give any explanation of their absence, annoyance gradually gave way to anxiety, and this, in turn, was succeeded by a feeling of unqualified alarm. At length, upon coming back from an unsuccessful search in the grounds, George threw himself into a chair with an exclamation of despair.

"Philip," he said, "what can this mean?"

"Surely it is not possible that any harm can have come to them?" returned Stanton.

"I should feel less uneasy," said George, "if I were not haunted by the idea that this unaccountable absence of theirs is in some way connected with what happened to me last night. It is mere fancy, I dare say; but, Phil," he broke out, as he rose again, and paced the floor with hasty strides, "I cannot stand this much longer! What shall we do?"

"Here is someone coming."

As Philip spoke a maid entered.

"If you please, sir," she said hurriedly, "the gardener has just returned from an errand to the village, and says that a bit over an hour ago, he saw Miss Wilmot looking from one of the north windows."

"A part of the house we never use," said George to Philip. "What could take them there?"

"Anyhow, let us go there at once," said Stanton.

They went into one room after another, until at last they approached the door that stood at the end of the dark corridor already mentioned—the door of Sir Guy's Room. George had his hand upon the lock, when he started back.

"Stanton!" he cried: "what is that?"

It was a shrill scream, followed by another and another. With one impulse, George and Philip rushed at the door, which opened with a crash. The room was empty, but cry after cry still rang out close to them, as if uttered by some agonised creature as invisible as the air they pierced.

* * * * *

When the panel closed, Olive, in the first moment of realising what had happened, felt her heart sink within her; but as she put her arms round Clare, the thought that she had someone weaker than herself to support to some extent restored her courage.

"Do not be alarmed, Clare," she said, as calmly as she could. "Surely we can open the panel from this side. Let me try."

"Olive," said Clare in a faint voice, as, after repeated efforts, her sister relinquished the attempt as hopeless, "what will become of us?"

"Nothing very dreadful. At the worst, it can only mean waiting here for a time, until a search is made for us."

"But they will never dream we have come here."

"They will search high and low," answered Olive confidently, as she thought of Philip. "And in the meantime, what harm can come to us? A little patience, dear: that is all. Only a little patience, Clare," she repeated.

But as they stood there in the darkness, and in the silence which told how far they were from all assistance for any cry they could have uttered to be heard, the minutes went by so slowly that it seemed as if the old clock in the hall must have chimed the hour more than once, or even twice, and that the setting sun must be casting its last rays upon the bright world without. Could what Clare had said be true? Would no one dream they had come to Sir Guy's Room, and were they looking for them in every direction but the right one?

Ah! there at last was a murmuring sound. Olive drew a deep breath. She was about to speak to Clare—to tell her that help was at hand, that they would soon be released—when the words died on her lips. The sound did not come from the other side of the wall; it rose from out of the darkness at their feet. Clare felt the heart against which she pressed beat violently.

"Olive," she whispered, "what is it? Are they coming?"

As she spoke a faint glimmer appeared far down (as if it came from the very foundations of the house), with more than one dark form visible against it. It was only for an instant, for at the piercing scream Clare gave the light was extinguished, and then, as Clare uttered scream after scream, and as Olive stood petrified by the thought of some hideous invisible peril approaching them through the darkness that hid everything from their sight, the shouts of Philip Stanton and George Overton were heard from Sir Guy's Room.

"Olive! Clare! Where are you?"

"The spring, Philip!" cried Olive. "Press the spur in the picture above us! There are men here! Quick, Philip, quick!"

The breathless moment that followed seemed an age to her no less than to Clare. At length the panel slid back, the welcome daylight shone in upon them, and George, with an exclamation of astonishment, drew them from their dark prison.

The spring did not catch this time, and directly George let go his hold upon the panel it closed again. Clare lay sobbing hysterically in her husband's arms, while Olive stood near, pale and still trembling, but collected. Philip regarded her with pride, as he said—

"You're a brave girl, Olive. Be firm for a little while yet, and get Clare away. If there are men concealed in this place, we have not an instant to lose."

In a few minutes Clare was lying upon the bed in



"AT LENGTH THE WELCOME DAYLIGHT SHONE IN UPON THEM" (*p.* 350).

her own room, slowly recovering from the fright she had had; while George, having despatched the coachman and the gardener to the old abbey with instructions to raise an alarm should anyone appear among the ruins, bade the groom light a lantern and follow him to Sir Guy's Room. Philip was meanwhile standing sentinel beneath the old fresco-painting. As he waited patiently for George's return, he heard a lighter step, and Olive entered.

"Philip," she said, "what is it you are going to do?"

"Search this place," answered Stanton. "George will be back immediately. Olive, tell me as quickly as you can how you came to be shut in here, and what you saw and heard."

In as few words as she could, she told him; and then added, with great earnestness—

"Do not go, Philip—at least, not until you can get more help."

"Have no fear, Olive," he replied. "Hush, dear. Listen! From something George told me as we came along, and from what has happened to you and Clare, I am convinced that the men who committed this robbery at Lord Duvane's are hiding here, and that the place has an outlet in the old ruin in the grounds. Ah! here is George at last," he said, breaking off as Overton and the groom arrived.

He pressed the spring, and as the three men passed through the opening Olive placed her hand upon the panel and held it back. She could hear them descending, long after the faint gleam of the lantern had faded from her sight, the sound of their footsteps getting more and more distant. Then, as it died away, she drew back from the panel, and closed it once more.

Without, the landscape was bright with the setting sun, but the sombre old room already seemed full of ghostly shadows.

"I will go back to Clare," thought Olive.

But instantly another thought came to her—namely, of those from whom she had just parted retreating from some danger too formidable to encounter, and with no one there to release them.

"I will stay," she said, and waited beneath the picture where she had stood with Philip.

Suddenly, she was startled by a shout from the old abbey. She threw open the window which looked in that direction. The confused sounds which followed the cry she had heard came nearer and nearer, and soon she saw George, Philip, and the three servants, with a couple of struggling men, who continued to resist desperately while being dragged towards the house.

That night it was reported that the thieves who had committed the robbery at Conniston Manor had been caught, that one of them was the man who had been in charge of Bygrave Abbey before the Overtons went to live there, and that their capture, together with the restitution of the Duvane diamonds, was due to the discovery of a secret chamber beneath the house, with a subterranean passage that led into a vault under the ruin in the grounds.

"But he must have discovered it before we did, Clare," said Olive; "so, after all, we were not the first to find it out."

Seeing, however, it was to a great extent owing to the interest Lord Duvane took in his career that Philip Stanton ultimately became one of the most distinguished and wealthy men in his profession, Olive had some reason to congratulate herself upon her adventure in Sir Guy's Room.

"BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD."

ARE OUR CHILDREN BEING OVER EDUCATED? NO.

BY THE HON. L. LYULPH STANLEY, MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD FOR LONDON.

Over-Instruction.

TO the question, "Are children being over-educated?" there can be but one answer: they are not being over educated, because it is impossible to over-educate.

The word education implies developing the whole nature of a child, moral, intellectual, and physical, and the training and improvement of all the native faculties so as best to fit the scholar for his life as a man, a citizen, and one who has to earn his living. In short, education aims at securing that we shall, as fully as possible, do our duty in whatever state of life we may find ourselves.

Of course, what people mean when they talk of over-education is over-instruction. And here, too, if the instruction be of the right sort, it is almost impossible to give too much of it. What is possible is to give wrong proportions of instruction, wrong kinds of instruction, and to impart instruction by wrong methods.

There does, indeed, remain latent in the minds of many persons a jealousy which nowadays most of them are ashamed to profess openly. This jealousy is the jealousy of class feeling, the resentment that old class barriers should be upset, and that the poor should be able to emerge from their humble estate and compete with the children of the middle class.

It need hardly be seriously contended that the community has a direct interest in utilising to the fullest extent all the mental forces of all its citizens; and that whatever enables men or women to make the best use of their natural abilities is for the good, not only of themselves, but of the State.

It must, however, be conceded that a general system of popular education, while not unmindful of the scholars of exceptional power, should be constructed so as to be most useful to the whole of the children of average ability, and should not neglect them for the sake of these exceptional ones.

This neglect of the lower classes in the schools and of the average child was the charge brought against our elementary schools nearly forty years ago, and it led to the Duke of Newcastle's Commission and to Mr. Lowe's Code. We need not examine how far this charge was true. The object of payment by results of individual examination in the merest elements of knowledge was to secure that average scholars should be well grounded, rather than that exceptional scholars should be pressed forward.

The History of the Question.

Those who have studied the history of educational controversies in this country hardly need to be reminded that, whatever Mr. Lowe's intentions may have been, he is considered to have failed most signally in his object. The depressing of the upper class did not elevate the lower classes of the school. On the contrary, the whole school was in danger of becoming mechanical, lifeless, and inefficient.

Very few years passed before a wider curriculum was introduced—at first tentatively and permissively—under the name of the "extra subjects." But gradually it has been recognised that the obligatory subjects must include much more than the three R's, and in practice many of what are still called "optional" subjects are almost universally taught.

But there is this element of truth in Mr. Lowe's contention: that we cannot have efficient popular instruction without insisting on thorough sound ground-work in the elements of knowledge. If the teaching generally of singing, of English poetry, of geography, prevented or hindered the imparting of a real power to read and the acquisition of a taste for reading, of writing a plain legible hand, and of familiarity with the necessary rules of arithmetic, then it would be right to discourage such extras in an elementary school.

But we know that the greater interest and brightness which are imparted to the teaching by a varied curriculum re-act upon and improve the thoroughness of all the teaching.

It is not "over-education" or "over-instruction" that should be complained of, but incomplete and inadequate primary instruction, with the premature substitution of incomplete and superficial instruction in matters which are in the nature of superstructure, and demand a solid foundation.

Lately a demand has arisen for technical instruction, and county councils have been let loose throughout the country to spend hundreds of thousands on this superstructure.

They are finding out generally that one of the difficulties that beset them is that our popular education is too meagre and mechanical, that those whom they would teach are inadequately prepared to receive their instruction. So far from being over instructed, the children are at present under-instructed. And they are under-instructed because our teaching staff in the popular schools is under instructed and overweighted.

We cannot separate the question of the teaching given to children from the question of the competence of the teachers who give that instruction. A curriculum is no more education than a bill of fare is a dinner. A wise and instructed teacher can give a liberal training with little more than reading lessons. A mechanical teacher, who by cram has scraped through the meagre qualifying requirements of the Education Department, will dull the intelligence of his scholars, even though his time-table contain specific subjects, and soar ambitiously to the regions of the Science and Art Department.

Teachers and Taught.

There is another way in which the popular complaint of "over-education" or "over-instruction" shows a glimmering perception of a real truth.

The true teacher, as Socrates proclaimed long ago, is not a producer, but a help. The scholar must produce. The teacher guides and helps, but so subtly, so ingeniously, that his help is undetected, and the scholar seems to have reached the conclusion by his own force.

And the scholar has indeed made a great effort and has largely contributed to the result. If anyone wishes to see an admirable illustration of this teaching method, let him read a translation of the Platonic dialogue, "The Meno," and see how an unlearned person is made to tread the labyrinth of a mathematical process and arrive at the conclusion.

But the unskilful teacher, perhaps knowing his subject, but not knowing the necessary operations of thought in the scholar, is too impatient for results to wait upon the slow process of Nature. That which he grasps clearly he thinks the scholar must also grasp at one exposition, and he hurries on, demonstrating and imparting, while the scholar remains in a purely receptive character. But in teaching we are, to use a metaphor, in the region of moral chemistry, not of mechanics; the elements must compound and produce a new substance in the brain of the scholar; we cannot effectually introduce the knowledge without a previous assimilating process, which must often be slow.

I have frequently asked experienced teachers who were introducing new subjects into their schools whether they noticed any difference as to the success of the new teaching, and I have repeatedly had the answer that the classes where the teacher helped least were the classes which got on best.

New Subjects.

In this sense over-instruction is a real evil—not that this ought properly to be called over-instruction, but misdirected instruction. Much valuable time is wasted in our schools by mechanical repetition, and by taxing the memory when we ought to be stimulating observation and encouraging reflection.

It is a melancholy sound to me when I pass outside an infant school and hear the dreary sing-song, "B-a-t, bat. C-a-t, cat," and so on, going forward for minutes, and even for substantial fractions of an hour. When Kindergarten methods are thoroughly understood and applied, we shall have less of this "over-instruction" and more real instruction less obtrusively apparent, but as a living principle animating the whole of the school work.

Another sense in which "over-instruction" is complained of is when we teach things that are of little or no use, and neglect things of the greatest use. But this is not over-instruction, but ill-selected instruction.

I am not at all an advocate of a mechanical interpretation of the word utility. In primary schools that teaching is most useful which forms the character and fits the scholars for their life as citizens; special professional or trade teaching should come at the close of the limited school age, which ends for nearly all the scholars in our elementary schools at thirteen.

If any branch of learning has a special value in developing mental qualities, it should be preferred to the acquisition of much knowledge which may indeed be useful, but which has not strengthened the mind in the process of acquisition.

But on the other hand, we must not be too ready to listen to those experts who seem sometimes to think that the disciplinary value of a study increases in proportion as that study is remote from any practical application.

Would it be reasonable, because grammarians

assured us that there was some exceptional logical perfection in the grammar in the Sanscrit language, to introduce that study rather than French or German into the ordinary curriculum of our secondary schools? And yet this is what is done in a minor degree for our boys at the present day in the exclusive devotion we still pay to Latin and Greek as the basis of our secondary education.

I am sure that a study which interests in its earlier stages is more likely to have a good influence as an educational force than a study which is merely disciplinary, and has no practical bearing or immediate interest.

This superiority is illustrated by the superior educational value of active games over systematic physical or gymnastic exercises. The doctors may prove that a system of exercises considers all the parts of the human body more equitably, and is freer from danger than our schoolboy games: and yet practical educationists are agreed that where you have the space and the opportunity free games are worth all the gymnasiums in the world.

Misdirected Instruction.

In the teaching of manual work, I believe that a well-ordered series of exercises, if it leads to the production of objects interesting to the scholar, and having some meaning, use, or decorative and artistic appearance, is more likely to attract the scholars and to lead to proficiency than a series of exercises, perhaps theoretically a little more complete in its sequence, but mechanical, dull, and therefore uninteresting.

So, too, a boy is not over-educated because he is kept poring over Greek or formal grammar. The time would be well spent in instruction, but he might be well instructed in science, which would develop his powers of observation, accuracy, and reasoning. He might be making acquaintance with some modern language, the value of which he clearly appreciates, and the literature of which, though falling short of Greek perfection, is more intelligible to him as being animated by the ideas of the age in which he lives. We have often to complain in this respect not of over-instruction, but of misdirected instruction.

Even within the limits of one subject we may easily have misdirected instruction. Take the instance of drawing, now made a necessary part of the curriculum in boys' schools. Drawing has many uses purely educational; it is also of the greatest practical use to boys who will take to various trades as mechanics and artisans.

The Question of Drawing.

But though a liberal allowance of time in the weekly curriculum ought properly to be assigned to drawing without any just complaint of over-instruction, yet the more advanced teaching may be so specialised as to imply a misapplication, and consequently a comparative waste of the time so expended.

The training of the eye and hand, the appreciation of form, the power of translating on a flat surface, the impressions of the eye from solid objects—all these are valuable acquisitions; and for trade purposes, as for carpenters, masons, and in various other trades, a competent knowledge of solid geometry is most important.

But artistic drawing is less universally necessary. If a scholar has an aptitude that way, his individual talent may well be encouraged; but it is doubtful if the upper classes should be largely employed, as a rule, in those balanced compositions of curved ornament which are so common as exercises in the higher standards of elementary schools. The time spent in these copies from the flat would perhaps be better spent in drawing from the model and in practical geometry.

But it is this misdirection of instruction which many people call over-instruction; and yet, if people really thought that our boys are over-instructed, they must want them to be out of school, scaring the crows or otherwise earning some small pittance.

The more reasonable and intelligent is the curriculum in our schools, the more thoughtful and thorough the methods of imparting instruction, the less shall we hear about over-education or over-instruction. Apart from the jealousy touched upon at the outset of this article, the root of the complaint against over-instruction is a conviction not very articulate, but based on a certain amount of truth, that much of the instruction now imparted is useless in itself, and so stupidly given as to do nothing for the benefit of the scholar. Where this is the case, the child would surely be better breathing the free air of heaven than cooped up to be subjected to a system unprofitable, depressing, and even injurious.



OUR CHILDREN *ARE* BEING OVER-EDUCATED.

A Study from Nature.

"But your daughter must be a great help to you, Mrs. Thompson? She looks such a big girl, and speaks so nicely," said a lady to a gamekeeper's wife one morning.

The room was a tidy one in a pleasant cottage, and the poor woman, who looked wretchedly ill, had a huge pile of stockings before her, and was with one foot rocking the cradle, where lay a baby of three weeks old.

"Bless you, ma'am!" was the answer, "Louisa b'aint no manner of use to me and the childer; she thinks herself a deal too good for the likes of we."

"Oh, Mrs. Thompson! what do you mean?"

"She's that clever, and that stuck-up, there ain't no bearing her; says me and her father don't know nothing, and wants to have a pianner, she do. She've learnt too much at that Board School."

"Surely not that; and any way, she could mend some of these stockings for you. She must have been taught to darn?"

"So she have, a fancy patch she calls 'Swiss darning,' what takes her half-hour to do a inch of; but wot good would that be here?" and Mrs. Thompson jerked three fingers through an enormous hole in the knee of her husband's long stocking. "She do work, ma'am, beautiful," she continued, "but she won't do the rough patching as helps *me*. And says her father don't know nothin'! Him as can lay hands on every bird's nest within ten miles, and can tell a mole's run all the way it goes, let alone bein' able to turn up all the stoats' and weasels' holes on the estate, and puttin' a name to the note of every bird as sings, spring or summer, or to any twig of shrub or tree as you shows him in the winter!"

Mrs. Thompson paused, out of breath, and her visitor departed with food for thought.

The next day, while walking through the village street, she was accosted by Mrs. Jones with—

"Please to come in and look at my Mariar, mum; she ain't slep a wink for three nights, and she be rollin' her 'ed about dreadful, and 'untin' for figgers in her bed."

Inside the stuffy bedroom of the cottage was a sorry sight. "Mariar," a bright intelligent child of nine, was sitting on her bed, with the fixed eyes of delirium, and searching all over the bedclothes for a five, six, and seven, she declared she must find at once. This was a case for a doctor, and poor "Mariar's" weary brain had to rest awhile. Her mother explained that she had for months "werried dreadful" about her sums, and with the wild anxiety of a clever child to keep her place in her class, she had evidently overworked. When the visitor looked over the sums and other work which had occupied the poor little head, she was astonished, not at the collapse, but that the child had held out as long as she did.

Think for a moment of the generations of ignorance to which the child of a labouring man in an agricultural county is the heir, of the inherited poverty of physique, and then consider what it is for him to be placed under the teaching of a duly certificated instructor, with all the latest lights of a town training-school, and with a determination to pass every child in every standard. What can be the result? The mass of the children are being over-educated, if such a misapplication of terms be permissible. The clever ones struggle through, and in time forget half they have been crammed with, and assimilate a small portion of the rest, while the bulk remains as useless lumber in their brains.

Higher Grade as Well.

In the higher grade of schools, where our sons and daughters are being taught, the same thing obtains. The lack of methodical and varied instruction from which we and our parents suffered has been followed by a reaction of a violent character, and with our insular habit of trying to do whatever we take in hand with more vigour than all the rest of the world put together, we have rushed into the extreme of working brains and bodies too energetically now.

Note the time-table of any girl of fourteen in a high school, or that of a boy in one of the colleges which have been founded within the last quarter of a century, and think what the work and the play in it mean for any high-spirited, healthy, conscientious boy or girl. For the latter, without music, it is four hours of work in the class-room and two of preparation; the music probably making up a total of seven hours work a day. With the needful two hours of exercise and three for meals, what is left for recreation?—real recreation, not compulsory tennis, walk, or other exercise, but the amusement chosen by the child herself. Analyse the lessons. There will be three languages: French, German, and Latin; Botany, Science, Mathematics, Advanced Arithmetic, the usual History, Geography, and Physiography, as well as a stiff dose of Literature; and, if the girl has any aptitude, extra Drawing lessons in an art school. Is not this, in the slang of the day, a "large order" for a child growing fast, and requiring the most watchful care for body and mind? We think the step between full and healthy mental and bodily occupation and overwork is too often passed, with lasting damage to the school-girl.

For a boy the hours are much the same, with Greek up to a certain point instead of the second modern language, and with far harder Mathematics and more Science. The standard of every examination becomes higher almost every year, and the elastic

brain of youth is stretched to the fullest to keep up with the requirements. Most schoolmasters pride themselves on the amount of exercise taken by their pupils, and compulsory football and cricket, paper chases, tennis and fives tournaments, athletics and gymnastics, are also played (?) at high pressure, involving to some extent strain of mind as well as body.

The restless striving to be first, to do the best, to keep at full stride, affords no breathing-time, no space to rest by the wayside and chew the cud of crude information, and too often, when starting in the race for wealth and competence, or for the support of a family, the competitor finds the time spent at school or college has been wasted. The lessons learned - or rather crammed—in heavy doses are put out of mind with all speed in the holidays, and are held by boys and girls (and oftentimes by parents also) to have nothing whatever to do with "the daily round, the common task" of every-day life.

Where is the Remedy?

"It is easy to find fault," no doubt our readers will say; "but where is the remedy?"

Surely we should begin by not expecting all children to take the same curriculum; not to let girls who have neither taste nor ear for music scrape for hours on a violin, or strum away whole years of existence at a piano; not to let those who have no taste for literature devote hours and days to picking to pieces and analysing one of Shakespeare's plays; not to force the brain that can scarcely be made to understand that $\frac{3}{5} = \frac{6}{10}$ to plod through decimal fractions or quadratic equations; in short, to let the individuality of the child determine the course of study in detail, not merely *en bloc*, and not to allow the difference in the kind of subject to endow the scholar with prestige, or to cause him to lose it.

Of what use is it to a girl who, perhaps, has a real genius for cookery, by which she may be able by-and-by to maintain herself in ease and competence, to be made to draw a map once a week, she having no perception of form and no facility of finger? Would not the girl who cannot be restrained from embroidering every book she possesses, with sketches, good, bad, and indifferent, be better employed in cultivating the gift with which she has been endowed, than in exploring the mysteries of grammar and parsing involved sentences?

The multitude of things to be learned increases, of course, daily and hourly, and this should lead us to try and select more carefully such kinds of knowledge as will benefit each learner: carefully to make choice of such stores as will best equip him for his part in the battle of life. To some extent this is possible, and wise parents and instructors avail themselves fully of all facilities given; but is it not true that the mass of parents send children to school without having seriously studied the idiosyncracy of each, his mental characteristics and physical qualifications?

"Let him learn everything," most parents say; and when Julia's class list shows her hopelessly below the average of her schoolmates in three out of four of every subject she and they have struggled through together, and Tom's report has uncomplimentary remarks scored against every subject, and initialled by each master he has been with, it should not always be Tom and Julia who are blamed and scolded, but their father and mother, who ought to take themselves seriously to task, and amend their ways.

"He has been well-grounded, but does not seem able to make use of the material he has acquired," was written across a report we saw the other day by a thoroughly "up-to-date" master on the term's work of a fairly industrious and intelligent school-boy; and it seems as if the sentence contained the gist of the whole matter.

To assimilate, not merely to acquire, should be the first aim of education.

'PHYLLIS IS MY ONLY JOY."

BY ILSA REID.

"SO, Roger, you are actually a guardian? I suppose I must look up to you accordingly?" laughed Mabel Vaughan to her cousin, who had come to see her and her husband before going home from India on leave.

"Yes," said Roger. "It will be a new sensation to you, except in a literal sense, after the motherly care you have taken of me since you came out."

"But how in the world did the old fellow hit upon you?" said Charlie, Mabel's husband.

"Well, you see, the fact was I looked after him a bit when he was ill, and we grew more chummy afterwards, because we were the only men in that small place whose tastes were in the least congenial."

"Were you long together?"

"About two years. And then, in his last illness, Major May was very anxious about his little girl, and who would take care of her. He asked if I would agree to be her guardian, and I consented. Perhaps it was weak of me, as I know nothing whatever about little girls, and can hardly be called very suitable for a guardian; but it seemed to relieve his mind greatly.

as there was no one else near whom he cared to ask, or would trust, he said. It is nearly a year since he died."

"Have you written to or heard from your ward?" Mabel asked.

"Yes," said Roger, with a queer expression on his face. "I have written and heard too, two or three times."

"What's wrong?" put in Charlie. "You look very doubtful over it."

Roger: "Here is her last letter. Just read it, and perhaps you can help me to understand it."

The letter ran as follows:

"DEAR CAPTAIN GRAHAM,—I am glad to see by your last letter that you are coming home on leave.

"Aunt Mary says that she hopes you will come to see us for a few days as soon as you can spare them.

"I am particularly anxious to consult you about some things which I could not do by letter, as they need discussion.

"Thank you for the good advice which you give me, and which I shall endeavour to follow.

"I am afraid I am a trouble to you, but I must try not to make too many demands on your patience.

"With kind regards,

"I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"PHYLLIS MAY."

Mabel and Charlie read it, and then the former said, "That seems to me very prettily expressed, but very grown-up. What age is she?"

"A mere child, I believe," replied Roger. "Her father always spoke of her as his 'little girl'; and it strikes me that a 'little' girl must have a pretty decided mind of her own to write in that way."

"Well, you need not look so rueful over it, old chap," said Charlie, laughing. "Perhaps she may not act as she writes, and when we come home you will be singing 'Phyllis is my only joy.'"

Roger Graham, though a very fine fellow, was certainly not fitted to be guardian to a young girl, for he knew absolutely nothing about girls or women, having no sisters or near female relatives: his mother, whom he had worshipped, having died in his boyhood; and he had few lady friends.

He had been thoroughly imbued by his father with the old-fashioned notions in regard to women: that they were to be placed on a sort of pedestal, and worked for and attended to by their male relations, and nothing was to be expected from them but to be sweet, and charming, and—helpless.

Some weeks after the conversation recorded above, Roger, shortly after his arrival in England, went to see his ward at her aunt's, Miss Ker.

Phyllis May was not at home when he arrived, but her aunt received him, and proved a most charming old lady: somewhat of an invalid, but taking great interest in all around, and very full of praises of her "dear child."

Imagine the astonishment of Roger—in whose mind the "little girl" had been growing younger and younger as he listened to her aunt—when there entered a young lady, tall, fair, and graceful, to whom Aunt Mary introduced him, and said that this was his ward, Phyllis May.

Phyllis, for her part, looked equally astonished, and said very naïvely, "Why, I did not know you were so young!"

"What made you think that I was old?" said Roger, laughing and shaking hands.

"Well, father wrote of you as his friend, and I naturally thought you would be near his age."

"And he always spoke of you as his 'little girl,' so I naturally imagined you were still a child."

"And I have no doubt that Aunt Mary has been confirming that delusion by speaking of me as 'the child,' as she generally does," rejoined Phyllis, with a smile and a shake of her head at her aunt. "But," she continued, turning again to Roger, "you can take comfort that your time of responsibility will be the shorter, as I shall be of age in little more than a year."

After this—for that day at least—Aunt Mary had most of the talking in her own hands; asking Roger about his life in India, and his friendship with her brother-in-law,



PHYLLIS.



"'I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE SO YOUNG!'" (p. 357).

and telling him little anecdotes about Phyllis; and through it all—the questions and answers, and the little bits of narrative which Roger was led into at times—Phyllis was more or less studying her guardian.

Apparently by next morning she had made up her mind about him, for in the course of a walk, taken to show him the beauties of the little town and the surrounding country, she turned to him after describing a view—most evidently by rote, as if she was thinking of something else—and said suddenly, "Captain Graham, I want to know if you will help me?"

"Certainly. In what way?"

"I am very anxious to take up some profession; and I want you to help me to overcome Aunt Mary's scruples."

"Yes. And what profession is it that you wish to take up?"

"Oh!" with a comical smile, "I want your help and advice on that point, too. You see I have many wants, and I coolly bring them to you."

"That is quite right. You know I am your guardian. But I thought from the way you spoke that you had some pet idea of a profession in your mind."

"Well, no; but I think everyone should have something that they could turn their hands to if need be."

"But you have no need."

"Not actual need, at present; but you know that what belongs to me would hardly suffice, brought up as I have been, if I had not a home with Aunt Mary."

"As long, then, as you have that home you do not need to mind, I should say; and I do not think your aunt could do without you."

"No, not altogether, perhaps; but she has other nieces besides myself."

"But, as she told me, none whom she has brought up and then learned to depend upon, like you."

"Yes," said Phyllis, wisely quitting this point of the argument and returning to the main question; "but I wish to fit myself for some calling by which I could be independent, and work for myself at least, if ever I required to do so."

Roger could not help thinking, as he looked at the pretty fresh young face, that it was much more in the nature of things that someone would be turning up

ready and anxious to work for her; and he wondered idly how it would feel to be applied to, as guardian, for the hand of his ward. But he only said: "I see you mean to work at something, but how are we to find out what that something shall be? I fear I shall be but a poor assistant, as I have so little acquaintance with young ladies and their ways that I did not even know there were any professions for them."

"There are various branches of art," said Phyllis slowly, "but they require special gifts, which I doubt my possessing any more than those necessary for the study of music."

"Well, there are some off already. What remain?"

"Some women study as doctors," she continued, with a doubting look, which soon changed to one of amusement at the look of dismay which came over her companion's face.

"But you would never do such a thing as that?" the latter exclaimed.

"Why not? Many women do."

"It surely must make them very masculine?"

"Oh no! Why should it? But you may be quite easy on that point: I am not nearly clever enough and have no taste that way. But this does not apply to nursing, though I cannot say that it comes up to my *beau ideal* of work; at least, you cannot object to it on the score of its not being genuine woman's work."

"True; but if you do not like it?"

"Oh, I do not go that length; in fact, I wish to find out all particulars, and have made some inquiries, to which I await answers, before deciding against it."

"I used to understand that teaching was about the only way in which a lady could make a livelihood."

"Yes, teaching is another profession; but I dare say it will be news to you that it requires a thorough course of training nowadays. Teaching or nursing seem certainly best suited to those who have no very decided bent in one particular direction; but there are other callings which I know little or nothing about, and I am very anxious to find out about them."

"I suppose that is where I can help you?"

"If you will be so very kind. And also help me to make Aunt Mary see the sense of the proceeding."

"But how can I do that when it is just what I have to learn to see myself? Your ideas are all too new to me. I must have time to let them take root in my own mind first."

"Oh, well; but I think you will come round to it in a day or two, and I can let you see some very good magazine articles on the subject, which put it much clearer and better than I do."

"Thank you," said Roger hastily; "but I much prefer oral to written instruction; and then, besides, I can ask questions and argue doubtful points."

Phyllis certainly strove her best to enlighten Roger on the subject of woman's work during the week that he stayed with them.

It was all such a new experience to him, and he felt very much interested in studying this bright young creature, who was so gay and full of fun, and ready to take pleasure in the veriest trifles at one time; and so serious, and full of earnest thought and high purpose at another. As he said to himself, "Like a sermon on the text of Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.'"

During one of these instructive conversations the remembrance of the letters which had been exchanged before his leaving India came over Roger's mind, and he began in a most humble manner to apologise for the tone he had taken in his.

"I don't know what you must have thought of me writing to you in that manner; but then, I was quite convinced that you were a little girl, and I thought I was bound to give you some good advice; though at the same time I devoutly hoped that little girls were not like little boys, as I knew the latter: for I was sure *they* would vote me an old bore and skip the advice—not that that would do much harm—but it would have been a pity to start with disgusting the child. What I cannot get over is the charming way in which you took my assumption of the paternal. Were you not really very indignant with me all the time, although you wrote so pleasantly?"

"No," said Phyllis. "I had a misunderstanding of my own, you see; for I was quite sure you were an elderly gentleman, so I thought it quite natural that you should put in a little good advice. Besides, I have not that morbid dread of advice which some people seem to have. If the advice is good, then take it; and if it is not good, one is under no such overwhelming obligation to follow it."

"Very true. Yet I am afraid I am one of the people who have the 'morbid dread.'"

"Then it was the more inexcusable in you to inflict what you disliked on that poor, innocent, unoffending little girl."

"Yes, it was very bad of me; and I can only say I shall not do so again."

"No," said Phyllis, laughing; "as she does not exist. But I hope it will not prevent you giving me advice: at least, when I want it."

"A very wise proviso, which I shall interpret to wait till I am asked for it."

Roger had opportunities of seeing his ward under a variety of aspects, for the small town where she lived was a gay little place, and Miss May was a favourite with all classes.

A handsome young officer was naturally looked upon as a great acquisition, and several *impromptu* garden and tennis parties were got up for his benefit during his stay.

Aunt Mary seemed pleased, and told Roger one morning that she was glad, because it brought Phyllis once more among her young companions: "which," said the good lady, "is excellent for her, for though she is bright and cheerful when with me, I think she has been growing too serious-minded for one so young. I do not wish to see her frivolous or giddy, but I do not think there is any fear of that; and it is not natural at her age to be so taken up about work, and duty, and all sorts of serious questions. Has she been speaking to you about her wish to follow a profession?"

"Yes, she has," said Roger.

"And what is your idea upon the subject?"

"I found my ideas very much confused, as the

subject is perfectly new to me; and I was brought up with the notion that it was a man's privilege to work for the ladies of his family, and that *they* should only work in cases of dire necessity."

"Ah yes!—that was the way in my young days; but Phyllis will tell you that all that has been changed nowadays. Your opinion is of importance, because she will have to yield to it, as she is not twenty-one yet."

Roger had forgotten this aspect of the case, and the shrewd old lady saw this in his face.

"I thought it would be as well to remind you," she continued. "At first I was sorry when I saw you were young; for Phyllis needs a strong wise hand to guide her: not that she is foolish, but she has little experience, a strong will, and an impulsive nature. But I am glad that you begin with these old-fashioned notions, for you will not let Phyllis run away too far on her hobby; and I think you have too steady a head to be carried away with her enthusiasm out of reach of common sense."

"I am glad you have spoken about this, Miss Ker. I wanted to hear your side, for I have only had Miss May's version as yet, and that is so new to me that I must take some time to get used to it."

The next time that Roger had a little talk with Miss Ker, he said—

"I have been thinking over what you were saying about your niece, and I fancy it might be as well to let her prepare herself, as she says, for some profession, and then she would feel herself independent. The difficulty seems to be what profession she should follow."

"Yes, that is the point; for," said Aunt Mary, rather reluctantly, "I think you are right, perhaps, about letting her have her way: things of that sort sometimes die for want of opposition. *I* would not like her to take up nursing, for one thing: I think it is too hard work for her."

"I do not think that she is afraid of hard work; but she seems anxious to find out about other callings before fixing on any, and I think I may be able to help her in that way when I return to London."

"Well, I need not say that I shall not be sorry for anything that keeps her longer beside me. I can assure you that I am in no hurry to part from my 'child,' and I just hope that something may be found for which she can prepare at home."

Just then Phyllis came into the room, and, seeing the two in earnest conversation, gaily accused them of plotting something against her, and then suddenly, with a comical gesture of despair, she said—

"I know what it is: you are going to put a stop to my plans about work, and were contriving how to break it gently to me. I have known it was coming by Aunt Mary's face ever since the tennis parties began."

Then, sitting down in a resigned manner, she continued—

"Now I think I can bear it. Let me see what is your idea of breaking it gently. How will you do it?"

Roger at once stopped smiling, and said, with a very grave face—

"You have not given us time to contrive the gentleness, so you must just put up with my roughness, unless Miss Ker will undertake to break our decision to you."

"Not at all," replied Aunt Mary. "You are her guardian, and must make known your decisions yourself."

"It really does sound alarming," said Phyllis, with a graver look. "I hope my jest is not going to come true."

Roger, however, re-assured her on this point, and told her that she might carry out her plans as soon as she had decided a suitable calling to prepare for.

"Yes; and how am I to decide?"

"You told me you were making inquiries about various occupations, and I shall also make some when I am in London; and when you have made up your mind as to what best suits your taste, we can find out as to whether it is practicable for you."

"Thank you; that is very kind of you, and it will be a great help to me to have inquiries made on the spot. It is so much better than by letter."

Soon after this, Roger left to visit various friends, one of these visits taking him to London for a time.

It was wonderful the amount of information which he collected while there, but Phyllis thought it was still more wonderful the amount of objections he had to each occupation. This was too much work; that was too trifling, and she could employ her powers to better purpose; the next was not remunerative enough, and so on.

And when Roger did not seem to have any objections to offer, Aunt Mary would be sure to step quietly in with hers, which were generally to the effect that it would take her dear girl too much away from her.

In fact, Phyllis was sure that they were both resolved not to find anything suitable, but, nothing daunted, she persevered in her endeavours to meet with something to please all parties; and, really, this covert opposition had the effect of stirring her up to fresh efforts.

In truth, her aunt and guardian would probably have given way and withdrawn their objections if they had seen that her heart was set on anything; but Miss Phyllis was, unconsciously, very fastidious, and her objections were about equal in number to those of the others.

Of course, all this necessitated a great deal of correspondence through the summer and autumn, and Roger even came down for a few days to discuss one specially interesting calling, but the discussion remained without result.

During all this time, however, Phyllis was not idle. She was a very well-educated girl, and possessed a most active and inquiring mind, which loved study for study's sake; so, besides responding to the demands made upon her time by her aunt, who was learning to depend upon her more and more in many little ways, and also to those demands made upon her by society in general, she managed to keep up one or two

branches of study for their own sakes, and without any regard to a possible future calling.

Roger in the meanwhile, though, as he said, "amassing enough information about women's work to enable him to write a book on the subject," was being the interest which Phyllis inspired, with her fresh, unsophisticated ways, and her mixture of earnestness and gaiety, for Roger was slowly, but surely, learning the oldest of all lessons under his ward's unconscious teaching.



"THEY ACTUALLY HAD SOME DAYS OF GOOD STRONG FROST."

fêted and made much of by his numerous friends, of whom he seemed to have a great number; for all his life had not been spent in the out-of-the-way station where he and Major May had been the only friends, and he was by nature a most sociable and friendly man, and also a great favourite with other men.

Certainly in these months he came in contact with a far greater number of girls and women than he had hitherto done. Many of them were very charming, and he admired them greatly, but none had for him

He spent a week at Christmas-time with her and her aunt.

Phyllis declared that she was not one bit nearer to her goal, for all her endeavours and his help; but she agreed that they should have that week as a complete holiday. And a very pleasant holiday it was, for they actually had some days of good strong frost—which so seldom comes just when it is wanted—and Roger had the pleasure of rubbing up his half-forgotten accomplishment of skating, and of escorting

Phyllis, who was no mean performer in that line, to the ice.

Phyllis was able to throw her earnestness quite as much into her play as her work, and Roger was much amused at the thorough manner in which she took him in hand at first; but she soon found out that it was only a little practice that he was now in want of, and that he was clearly capable of teaching her far more than she could teach him.

The week slipped away all too soon for Roger.

Towards the end he found, to his great disgust, that Phyllis was quite anxious for him to go, but when he taxed her with her wish to get out of him, she was eager in her disclaimers and apologies, saying that it arose from her bad habit of seeing only one side of a question, and her anxiety really was that he should make inquiries about some new, and therefore all-interesting, subject; but now that he had brought the other side to her mind she was quite doleful, and it was some consolation to him when she confessed that it would be very dull indeed when he left.

In the beginning of the year the Vaughans came home from India, but Roger did not see them till almost the end of February, when he called on them at their hotel in London.

After the first greetings, Mabel said—

"And how do you get on with your ward? Is she as hard to manage as you feared?"

"We do pretty well, thank you," Roger replied gravely. "I found that she was amenable to reason, though she is of an independent nature, and has a good strong will of her own."

"I should very much like to see her."

"That can be easily managed, as she is in London at present with her aunt, Miss Ker, for a short time; their hotel is not far from here. The aunt is a charming old lady, but not very strong, and they have come for advice for her and to see about some classes for Miss May. I asked Miss Ker if I might bring you to call, as I know you will be pleased with her, and I should like my ward to know you. I hope you do not object?"

"Not at all; I am quite anxious to see them both."

Just then, Charlie, who had been called away to answer a letter, returned, and, joining in, asked Roger if he had had much to do as a guardian.

"Oh, I have had some work in trying to settle her studies, and it is not over yet."

"Dear me! that must be rather a bore."

But on this Roger discreetly changed the subject to inquiries for mutual friends, so as to avoid committing himself to any statements about his ward, as he was looking forward to enjoying Mabel's surprise when she saw Phyllis.

He certainly had his full enjoyment when he took Mabel to call next day. She was evidently prepared to be very gracious to the little girl, and actually wanted to get some chocolates for her, as "children always like sweets."

This was nearly too much for Roger's gravity, but he said they would not have time to get any then; and it was only their arrival at the hotel which saved him having to answer Mabel's question as to the child's age.

But what Roger enjoyed most was Mabel's face when, after introducing her to Miss Ker, he presented his "ward, Miss May."

A look of utter bewilderment swept over Mrs. Vaughan's face, and she nearly exclaimed with surprise, but she quickly recovered her self-possession; and to Phyllis, who had taken a shy fit, and thus not noticed all this by play, and also to Miss Ker, she appeared a very pleasant woman, though a little quiet; but Roger, who knew his cousin's manner better, saw that she could hardly get over her astonishment sufficiently to keep up the conversation, and that her part in it certainly did not go with its usual fluency; but she did recover so far as to give him a glance which told him that he would hear more about it.

As soon as they were fairly outside again, Mabel turned upon him with a laughing face, though she was trying hard to frown and look severe.

"You wretch! I would like to give you a good shaking! What did you mean by giving me no warning? Were you not afraid that I would say or do something awfully rude in my surprise? And you know I very nearly took some sweets to her!"

"Oh yes! but, you see, we avoided that danger, and the idea of you being rude never even crossed my mind; besides, I would not have missed your face when you saw her for anything. Oh, it was too good!" going off into a gale of merriment at the recollection.

"Rude man!" said Mrs. Vaughan, with disgust; "and laughing at me, too! I believe you just did it in order to pay someone out for your own shock."

"Just so; that and the fun of the thing. But you can make it even by playing the same trick on Charlie when she and her aunt come to take tea with you to-morrow afternoon."

"So I will! Tell me, how did you behave at your first interview? It must have been splendid to see you."

"We were both greatly astonished, and frankly said so; Miss May first, I think."

"Why? What was she astonished at?"

"My youth, comparatively speaking. She had expected that I was about her father's age, at any rate."

"Oh, that is lovely! I should have liked to see your faces so much! Now I must be careful not to let it out to Charlie."

The next afternoon Roger took care to be at the Vaughans' before Phyllis and her aunt arrived, in order to see the effect of the meeting on Charlie. He found an opportunity of asking Mabel if she had managed to keep Charlie in the dark.

"Yes, I have, by avoiding the subject as much as possible, or telling him he can see them for himself when they come; in fact, he hopes he is not expected to talk to the little girl, as he does not know what to say to children."

Just then, Charlie, who had left the room for a

moment, re-appeared, and was quickly followed by the two expected guests.

Of course Charlie was introduced to Miss Ker first, but he electrified the others by saying, after the first few words—

"I am sorry to see that your niece is not with you."

"Oh! but she is," Miss Ker answered, presenting Phyllis to him; "this is my niece, Phyllis May—Mr. Vaughan."

Charlie simply stared at her at first, and then blurted out—

"Oh, I say! but I thought she was quite a little girl!"

But here Phyllis came to the rescue, for, laughing merrily at the puzzled expression on Charlie's face, she said—

"Now I am sure this is a trap of Captain Graham's setting. He told you at first that his ward was a little girl, and he has never thought fit to undeceive you since he found out his mistake."

Then, after a moment, she added—

"And that also explains the bewildered look which Mrs. Vaughan gave me yesterday—though she got over it more quickly than you do. I did not think much about it at the time, but I see it all clearly now."

This, of course, produced explanations and apologies, which soon put them on a different footing from that which obtained at their first meeting; and Phyllis, to her great delight, found what a merry, gay little woman, and how kind-hearted withal, her guardian's cousin was when she was not suffering from a shock of surprise.

Mabel and Phyllis speedily became fast friends after this, and they had not met many times before the latter had confided her wishes and plans in the way of work to the sympathetic little woman.



HE ASKED HER TO BE HIS WIFE! (p. 364).

Mrs. Vaughan said very little on the subject to Phyllis; but she was soon after consulted on the subject by Roger, as he thought she might be able to suggest something fresh.

"I do not think you will require to exert yourself to find work for Miss May," she told him. "That girl is too fresh and charming not to be taken off your hands very soon; unless, indeed," with a searching look at him, "you mean to keep her yourself."

Thus brought to book, Roger had to confess that his cousin had hit the mark, and he went on to say that his search was rather half-hearted now; whereupon Mabel advised him to give it up altogether, and try whether he could not induce Phyllis to take charge of him.

"You can tell her with a clear conscience that she will find her work cut out for her if she does undertake such a charge, and you may refer her to me if she doubts it. She cannot doubt my experience, after five years of married life."

"Now you grow flippant and frivolous," said Roger, trying to look severe; "but I think I shall take your advice if I can only screw my courage to the sticking point."

"Well, you will certainly have to do that for yourself, as I do not believe in proposals by proxy."

But Roger could not carry out his intentions for some time, as Phyllis was obliged to leave London sooner than was originally intended and in rather a hurry, as her aunt was not very well. They were not home at all too soon, for Miss Ker took a serious illness a couple of days after they arrived, which kept Phyllis fully employed for some weeks, and gave her a practical insight into the details of nursing that she would gladly have dispensed with; and although the doctor complimented her on her skill, and assured her that she had quite a turn that way, her few weeks' experience cured her of all desire for further work of that kind, though she was very glad indeed that she had been able to do the most of the nursing of her beloved aunt.

During this time Roger was taken up partly with some business of his own, and partly with looking after some of Phyllis May's affairs, both of which were very tedious, and took up much time; and things fell out so that he was not able to go and see Phyllis until she and her aunt had come home from a little change taken for the benefit of the invalid.

It was well into the month of May when Roger went down. Miss Ker had nearly recovered her normal state of health, and Phyllis had got over her fatigue and anxiety in a great measure, and was actually beginning to think of her long-neglected plans, but it was in a much more humble state of mind that she approached them now, after her spell of real hard work.

The day after his arrival Roger asked her to come for a walk with him, for which Aunt Mary thanked him, for she was taking alarm lest her niece's health should suffer from want of fresh air and exercise.

They went the same way that Phyllis had taken him on his first visit, and when they came to a certain view she reminded him of this, and also that it was there that she had begun to ask for his help in her plans; and added that she wished now to resume them, and see if she could not come to some more practical result.

Roger let her talk on for a little, and even begin to go over the old plans, but though he knew she was wondering at his apparent want of sympathy, he could not speak at first, for he felt that the time had come; but where? oh! where were the words? He could not remember one of the neatly-turned speeches which he had thought over for this occasion.

He had finally to give them up, and to plunge into the middle of things in what he felt to be a painfully abrupt manner.

He said that as all the plans had failed, he had another to suggest, and then in a few simple words he asked her to be his wife.

Poor Phyllis was quite taken aback, and could only say—

"Oh no! Why, you are my guardian, and I have always thought of you as a sort of elder brother or uncle."

"Oh, come," said Roger, not very much flattered, "I am not so very old. I am really not quite thirty yet."

And then he begged her to take time over her answer, said she might have as long as she liked to consider, and he would not trouble her about it in the meantime; but evidently the "meantime" did not begin at once, for he added a good deal of persuasion and observations on his own feelings, till Phyllis rose and turned homewards.

That was a queer walk back! At first Phyllis looked and felt exceedingly shy, but they had not gone far before they had plunged into a violent argument, all because of an innocent remark of Roger's in favour of married life. Phyllis, from a sudden spirit of opposition, had chosen to take the opposite side, and Roger felt his chances getting smaller and smaller, as her arguments in favour of single blessedness grew more numerous.

But for all the vigour of this fight, the victory fell to Roger's share eventually, though Phyllis did not come round to his way of thinking for nearly a week, during which time, she declared, he did not keep his promise to let her alone, but would talk about his speedy departure for India, and the length of time before he could return, in what she was pleased to term "a most heartless manner."

This was one of the exceptional matches which gave satisfaction to everyone, and even Aunt Mary had her one objection removed when she heard that Roger's regiment was ordered home, and was likely to be quartered within easy distance.

Mabel Vaughan says that Phyllis has taken up her new duties with all the vigour which she expended on her former plans for following a profession.



FOR THE VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus. D.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

Andante, con moto.

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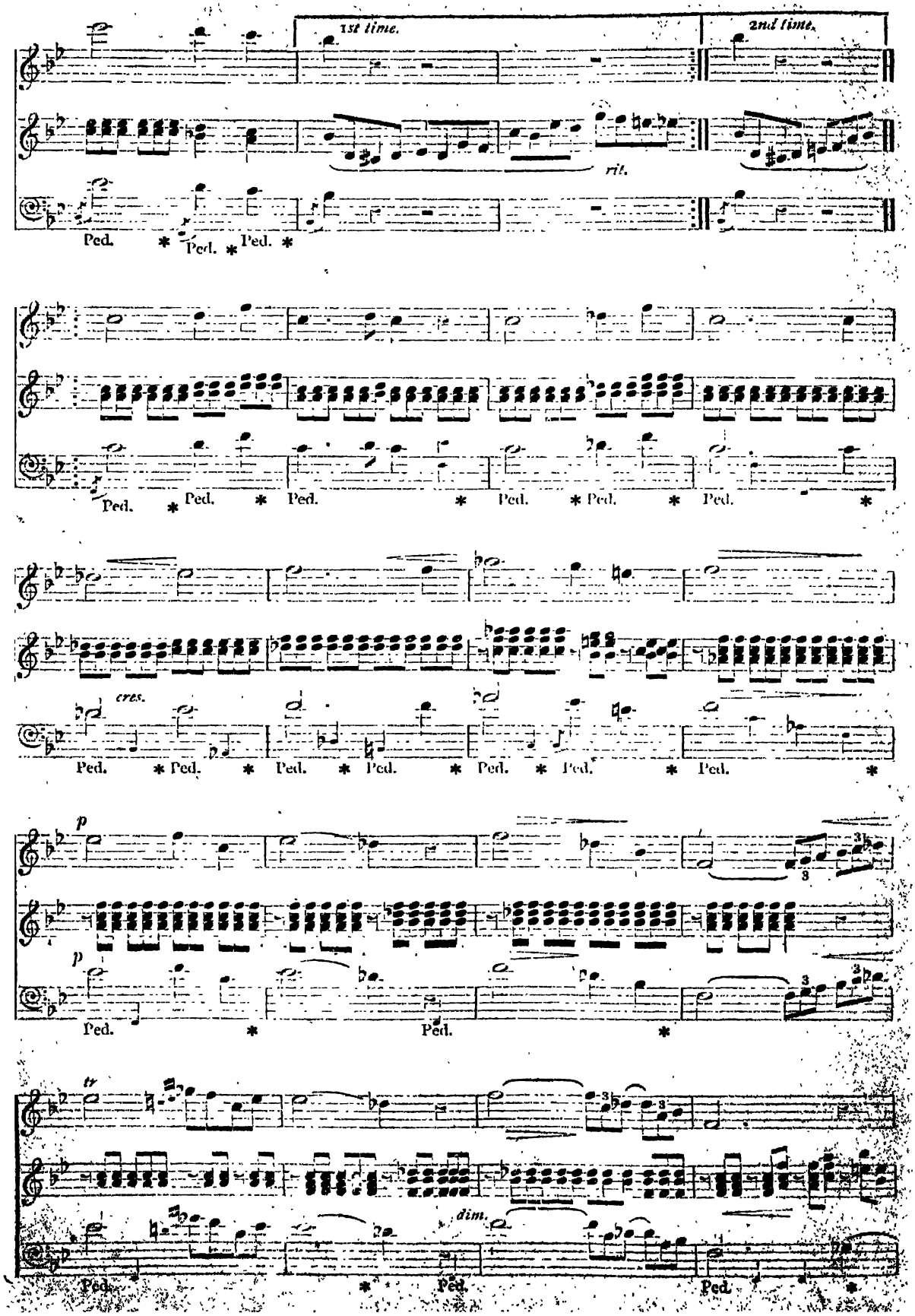
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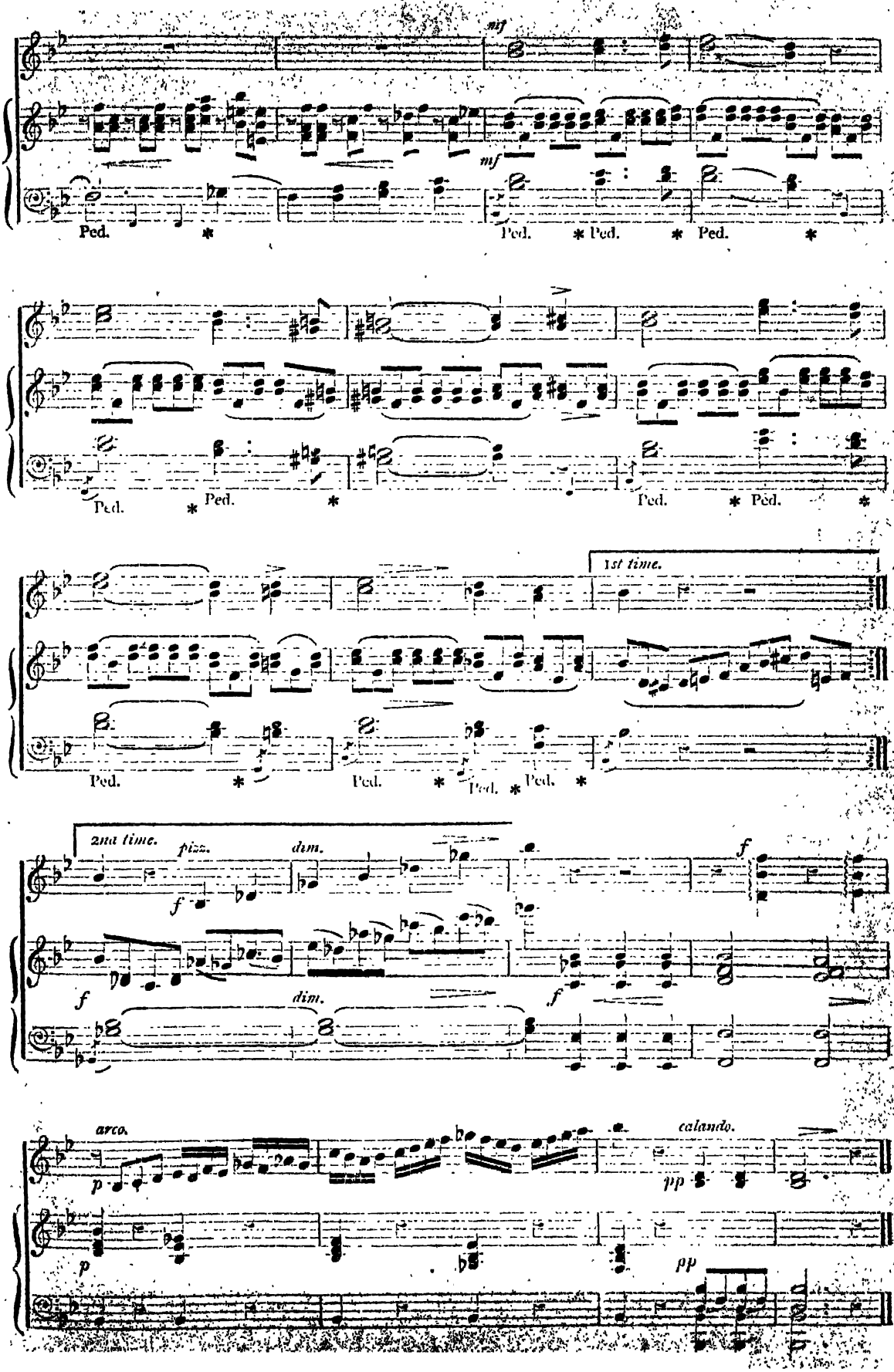
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PEOPLE WHO FACE DEATH: LIFEBOAT MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE QUEER PASSENGER'S STORY."

WHOOISHT! The rocket mounted into space and the falling points of fire were driven away and scattered by the fierce nor'-nor'-easter. Indeed, the wind blew in such violent squalls that it was not easy to stand upon the Aldeburg beach in the early morning of the 20th November last. It was almost as difficult to peer through the blinding scud out into the storm tossed waters.

"Ah, there she is!" the cry goes up: for, balanced on the top of a huge billow, a vessel is seen in dire distress driving full upon the Sizewell Bank waterlogged, her masts going, a helpless wreck. A moment only and she is lost to view, sucked down by the hungry sea. No! she was only hidden in the trough of the waves. Look! she is again tossed upwards, and a pitiless force hurries her onward to the fatal shoals.

Help! help! for within an hour she is doomed to certain destruction!

Help is at hand; but is it possible that any boat can live in such a sea? And if so, who will dare the tempest? The question is answered: if a rescue is possible here are eighteen brave men who mean to succeed. The lifeboat is run down to the water, but the heavy surf continually breaks over her, and it is difficult to keep her head to the sea, the huge waves dashing her broadside on the shore. At length, however, by the help of two warps and many willing hands, she is fairly launched, and under swelling canvas breasts the waves in gallant style. The drenching spray sweeps over her, to fall astern with a swash like the rattle of musketry, a "thousand gaping graves" are around her, the attempt seems madness, yet still she struggles onward.

And now the men, as they crowd close to the bulwarks, can see the wreck plainly—a mere hull, deep in the water, and washed by every wave. She is the Russian barque *Venscapen*, of 660 tons burden, with a crew of fourteen hands, laden with firewood, bound from Kotka for London.

The lifeboat nears the shoals, but it is evident that the vessel is fast breaking up. Hurry, hurry, brave men, for in half an hour it will be too late!

Wives, sweethearts, friends, on shore, strain their sight to follow the flying boat, the drifting vessel; it is a race for dear life, Death lurking on the sunken sands Death riding the hurricane, Death in the roaring seas!

At the most critical moment the mizen sheet becomes unhooked and cracks with a loud report in the wind. Alas! for the lifeboat and her gallant crew! But a cool hand is at the helm, and luckily the threatened danger is averted. The sail is caught and fastened, and bounding forward, the boat is soon under the lee of the wreck, and ventures as near to it as she can. Yes, there are all the crew anxiously waiting! Steady now, steady! One by one the fourteen poor fellows drop into the boat, and are taken off safe and sound. The rescue has been effected only just in time, for ten minutes later the vessel is driven upon the banks and dashed to pieces.

There are now thirty-two men in the lifeboat, but they are by no means out of danger. The seas are so mountainous that the coxswain dare not attempt to make for the shore, but steers for Harwich. Fortunately, they meet with no mishap save the lengthened cold and exposure, and enter the harbour in safety at eleven o'clock.



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There are now thirty-two men in the lifeboat, but they are by no means out of danger. The seas are so mountainous that the coxswain dare not attempt to make for the shore, but steers for Harwich. Fortunately, they meet with no mishap save the lengthened cold and exposure, and enter the harbour in safety at eleven o'clock.



"IT IS A RACE FOR DEAR LIFE."

What say the oldest inhabitants of Aldeburg? Why, that "it was the best service ever rendered here!" And the Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, to mark their approval, unanimously awarded to James Cable, coxswain of the Aldeburg lifeboat, the second service clasp, for the gallant fellow already wore the medal.



UNDER THE LEE OF THE WRECK

Those who know Clacton under its summer holiday aspect only, would have been astonished at the sight presented on the morning of January 4th. A furious wind was raging, and blowing a heavy gale from the south-east, snow fell in fierce squalls, it was bitterly cold, and as to the sea, it was a sight to terrify the boldest.

The coxswain of the *Albert Edward* lifeboat was anxiously looking out to sea when, at a quarter past eight o'clock, he sighted a vessel in dire distress driving towards the Buxey Sands, and a quarter of an hour later she took the ground. By nine o'clock the lifeboat was launched and steered for the wreck under close-reefed foresail and jib. On nearing her it was seen that she was being rapidly knocked to pieces; the masts had already gone by the board, and each sea, as it made a clean sweep over her, left something less for the next to take. Some of the crew clung to the bulwarks, but most of them to the deck-house, which afforded a slight shelter, although every wave threatened to tear them away.

To hearten them up the crew of the lifeboat gave a cheer, and then bore away to windward, where they let go the anchor. Drifting down, they came to the end of their cable, but, unfortunately, could not get near enough to the vessel. No time was to be lost, and it was hastily decided to lift the anchor and drop again. On attempting to haul in the anchor, it was found to have fouled something on the sand, and it was impossible to move it. Without more ado the cable was promptly cut, and the lifeboat sailed direct for the wreck.

On getting under her lee it was discovered that she could not be reached for the floating tangle of masts and wreckage alongside, which was tumbling about in the heavy seas. So signs were made to the crew to tie something floatable to a rope and fling it over the side for the lifeboat to pick up. Though difficult and dangerous, it was managed, and the line was thrown overboard, but alas! only to foul the wreckage. And now it seemed indeed as if their last hope was gone!

Yet the brave men in the lifeboat did not despair! Once more they sailed to windward, and once more made for the wreck, and this time succeeded in throwing a grappling-iron into the rigging. It held, and then three of the crew with extreme caution crawled out on the mast. A rope was thrown from the lifeboat for them to make fast, but not understanding, the first man clung to the boat without doing so, and just then the grappling loosed hold. The crew managed somehow to drag the man into the boat, and the others crawled back to the vessel, which was now bumping worse than ever, and threatened every moment to break up completely.

There was nothing for it but to sail to windward again, and again drop down on the wreck; and this time a grappling was thrown on board. The crew were now able to haul their boat between the floating wreckage and the vessel, so that the men could jump into it. The captain, however, was so utterly exhausted that he was powerless to help himself. A rope was made fast round his body, and the coxswain was just about to lift him into the boat when a great wave struck her, the coxswain slipped on the icy thwarts and fell between the lifeboat and wreck, receiving as he did so

a terrible blow and cut over the eye, which rendered him insensible. For all that he had fast hold of the line that was round the captain, so they were both dragged with difficulty through the surf into the boat, and only just in time, as the grappling had again parted.

Under close-reefed sails the lifeboat made for Clacton, and had a fearful journey, during which one of the crew was struck a severe blow with the sheet block, which knocked him senseless. At half-past two in the afternoon they reached the pier, covered with ice and half dead with the cold.

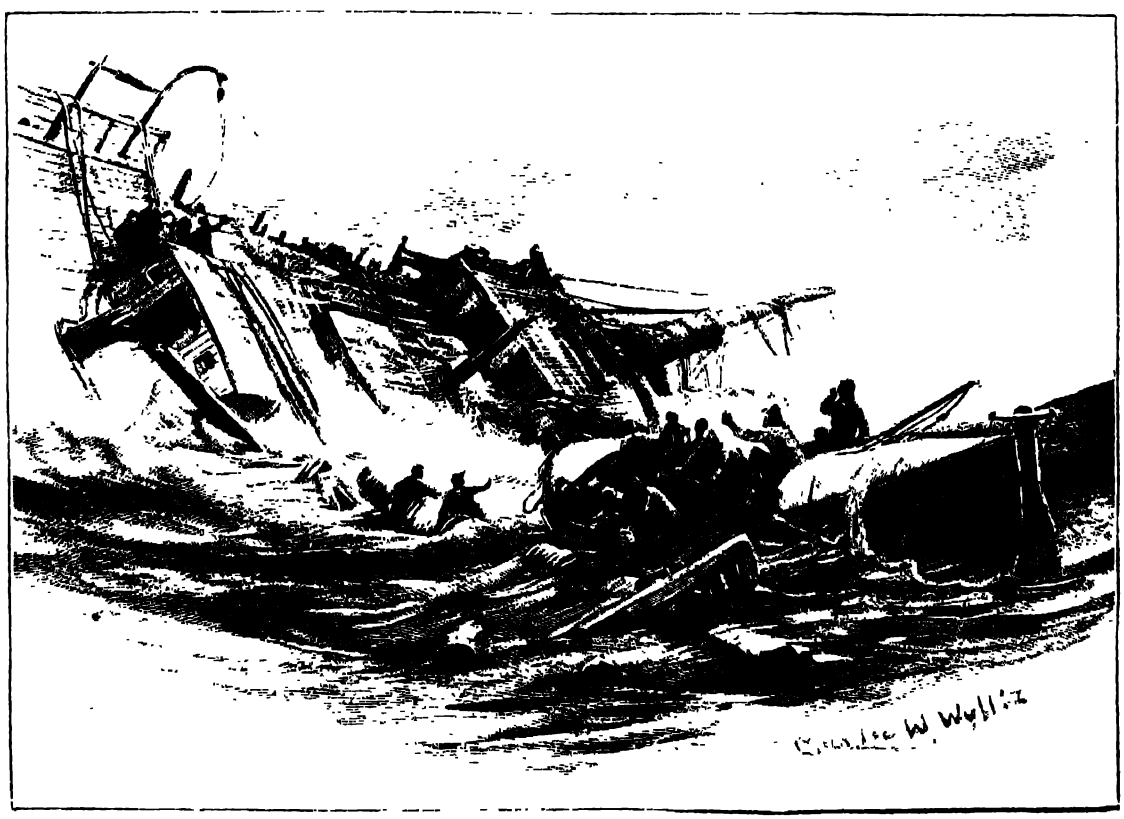
In the month of November, 1893, the schooner *Sophia*, of Frederica, manned by a crew of six persons, and laden with a cargo of deals and boards, set sail for Aberdovey.

To leave the Swedish harbour the crew had to cut away the ice that had closed round her, and the rest of that day and the following night she sailed through a blinding snowstorm.

The weather became so bad that she dropped anchor off Ulvosund, and waited patiently as might be for four weeks before she could proceed. Again she encountered head winds and bad weather, and again she had to anchor, this time off Elsinore, where she lay another two weeks. Then the skies cleared, and under favourable conditions she began to cross the North Sea.

But the bad weather pursued her; she was buffeted by fierce squalls of snow and sleet, and, to make matters worse, the captain completely lost his reckoning. Whilst driving about, the sport of the elements, she chanced to sight a lightship. Knowing that danger was near, the biggest anchor was let out, but it would not hold, and the vessel rolled and plunged so fearfully that it was evident that something must be done at once to ease her, or she would founder. By dint of great exertion, for the ice-encrusted rigging flayed the men's hands, the main-mast and foretop-mast were cut away, and then the anchor held.

From six o'clock in the afternoon until midnight the schooner lay off the lightship, and by that time the half dozen men aboard her were well-nigh exhausted with their terrible sufferings. It was blowing a whole gale from the east south-east, with snow squalls; the bitter blast seemed to cut them like a knife and froze them through and through. Little shelter could be obtained, for the disabled vessel was swept by every sea, and as the water fell it turned to ice deck and rigging.



CLOSE QUARTERS.

To add to their misfortunes the schooner began to drag her anchor, and then the chain parted, and she drove helplessly before the wind. No other anchor could be let out, as there was no more cable on board. Several steamers were sighted, but they could afford no help in such a sea.

By-and-by land was in view, and shortly after the

schooner struck the beach at Happisburg, near Hasbro. The unfortunate crew made a desperate resolve to try to reach the shore in their little boat. She was launched successfully over the side, two men got into her, and the others were preparing to follow, when it was seen that those on shore were trying to effect their rescue. The men got on board again, and then, in an agony of suspense, waited results. Twice a line was thrown from the rocket apparatus unsuccessfully; the third time it held, but as it was being drawn in it parted, and again the poor perishing men were driven to despair; they could make now no further efforts, for they were half dead and frozen with the awful cold.



"FROM SIX O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON UNTIL MIDNIGHT THE SCHOONER LAY OFF THE LIGHTSHIP" (*p.* 370).

If the weather were bad at sea it was equally terrific ashore. At Palling, near Great Yarmouth, the thermometer stood a long way below freezing-point, and the roads were slippery with ice. At 11 o'clock a messenger arrived in hot haste at the station, from Hasbro, with the news that a vessel was ashore at that place, and that their attempts to launch the lifeboat had been futile owing to the terrible seas. Immediately on receipt of the intelligence preparations were made to launch the lifeboat *Good Hope*. This was accomplished after great difficulty, and in half an hour her crew were aboard and she started for the wreck. In the attempt to reach her, sails were used, but the gale being from the east-south east, the wind was not always favourable, and at times the men had to pull at the oars. This was fearful work, as the spray turned to ice on the oars, and the men's hands became numb and chilled. They were soaked to the skin with the flying spray, and their overalls, coats and hats were soon encased in ice. Still they persevered, and after an hour of terrible suffering reached what was left of the schooner *Sophia*; but it seemed impossible to get near her owing to the mass of floating wreckage—for she was fast breaking up—the extreme cold and the heavy sea. The unfortunate crew were almost powerless to render any assistance, though several desperate attempts were made to get at them. Perseverance was, however, at last crowned with success; the men were rescued, but so exhausted was their condition that it was doubtful if they would ever recover. The lifeboat was an hour and a half in making the shore, for the rescuers, too, had suffered most severely.

A. E. BONSER.

COMING KINGS AND QUEENS.

ONE of the most interesting figures in Europe at the present time is the little Girl-Queen of Holland, who was born at the Hague on the last day of August, 1880, and is therefore in her fourteenth year. Her father—King William III. of Holland—was a man of sixty-three when his daughter first opened her eyes on this troublesome world; but he lived to see her through the trials of a somewhat delicate infancy, and she was ten years old when he died, on November 23rd, 1890. But it is through her mother that the child-queen appeals to English people; for Queen Emma, as she is familiarly called, is the elder sister of our own Duchess of Albany, having been the second daughter of the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and married to the King of Holland when she was just one-and-twenty. The Waldeck-Pyrmont princesses were brought up in a very affectionate and domesticated family circle, and lived more quietly than the daughters of most English country gentlemen.

When Queen Emma was brought forward into the "fierce light that beats upon a throne," she proved herself every inch a true woman, a devoted wife, and a good mother. Her child was named after her—her second name being Wilhelmine—and also after her maternal grandmother and two aunts; and the important little heiress to the Dutch throne has had as wholesome a childhood as her mother before her. She has always been a very sensitive and nervous child; but her mother's example of cool, quiet, common sense—which in moments of danger has evinced downright physical pluck—has had a wonderful effect on her, and she is now brisk, alert, clever, and fairly healthy. The Netherlanders showed their confidence in Queen Emma in 1884 by passing a law enacting that in case of the king's death she should act not only as her child's guardian, but as Queen-regent; but as her husband survived till December, 1890, she was not called upon to take the oath until that time.

The young Queen of Holland has a good deal of mental grasp, and her education has had to be rather kept back than pushed on. She has a considerable talent for languages; but it must be remembered that a Royal child, placed as she is, grows up to speak several from babyhood. Dutch is the national speech which she hears and reads everywhere, French is the court language, and German is her mother's native tongue. The gulf between Dutch and English is not a wide one, and is very easily bridged over.

A recent story tells how Queen Emma had a number of dolls dressed in correct military uniforms for her daughter, so that she should learn to distinguish all details by the eye; and how the child asked that these masculine dolls should be provided with feminine companions. But a far more pathetic incident is recorded of the lonely little queen, who told some other children that they were fortunate not to be in her position, because they had playmates, while she had none.

The Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Christian Frederic William Charles, is the eldest son of King Christian IV. and Queen Louise, who are now well-stricken in years, and have had the pleasure of seeing not only their grandchildren, but several great-grandchildren. The future King of Denmark is the elder brother of our beloved Princess of Wales, and only a year her senior, having been born on June 3rd, 1843. He is Inspector-General of the Danish Army, and Lieutenant-General in that of Sweden and Norway, besides holding honorary positions in the Russian and Prussian armies. He is very much of a soldier, and popular in Denmark, though little known outside it. He married Princesse Louise Josephine Eugenie, the daughter of King Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway, in 1869. They are a most happy and domesticated couple, and have no less than eight children—four sons and four daughters: all of whom look forward to the annual gathering at Fredensborg and the advent of their cousins, the English and Russian princes and princesses, with great delight. The spirit of good comradeship and family affection shown among the young folks on these occasions makes one of the greenest and pleasantest spots imaginable in the lives of at least three Royal families. The eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark is Prince Christian Charles Frederic Alexander William, born at Charlottenlund in September, 1870, and a lieutenant in the *Gardes-du-corps*. He is somewhat retiring, but it may generally be said of the Danish royalties that they are nothing if not modest, and Dame Fortune has always laid a restraining hand on them.

The very name of Bernadotte, the patronymic of the Royal family of Sweden and Norway, opens up the remembrance of one of the most remarkable romances of the nineteenth century. About 1808 Sweden found herself menaced by Russia on the one hand, and by Denmark on the other. She asked the Duke of Gloucester to become king, but the British Government respectfully declined the honour. She then applied to Napoleon, who declared that his honour was pledged equally to Russia and Denmark. Gustavus IV. saw his position to be untenable, and apparently was not sorry to retire; whereupon he and his race were formally deposed, and his uncle was made king, under the title of Charles XIII., who immediately made peace with Russia, and tried to place himself under the protection of France. A Danish prince, the son of the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg, was recognised as his successor; but while negotiations were pending for his marriage with a lady of the Bonaparte family, he died, and the States of Sweden had to choose their future ruler. General Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's cleverest and most distinguished officers, then commanding the French army on the Baltic, had a year or two before won the grateful affection of many of the best families in Sweden by his kindness to a batch of Swedish prisoners taken in the Polish War of 1807. Ten out of twelve men forming the committee appointed by the Swedish Diet voted for Bernadotte; Charles XIII. adopted him as his son; and Napoleon not only approved, but sent his friend a million of francs for immediate expenses.

Charles John Bernadotte was a Frenchman to his finger-tips, the son of a lawyer at Pau, and first entered the army as a private soldier. He rose rapidly, and became acquainted with courts as well as camps, since he was made Ambassador at Vienna, and married Mlle. Clary, the daughter of a Marseilles merchant. Their son—Oscar I.—married Josephine de Beauharnais, Princesse de Leuchtenberg, and their grandson Oscar II. married Princesse Sophie of Nassau in 1857. The eldest of their four sons is the present Crown Prince Oscar Gustave Adolphe, Duke of Vermeland, who was born at the old historic castle of Drottningholm in 1858.

In 1881 he was married to Princess Sophie Marie Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, and of Princess Louise of Prussia, the only daughter of the late Emperor William, and sister of the late Emperor Frederick, one of the most accomplished women of the day. They have three little boys, who respectively bear the titles of Duke of Scaine, Duke of Sudermanie, and Duke of Westmanland.



1, THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND. 2 AND 3, THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.
4, 5, AND 6, THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK AND THEIR SON.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is decidedly delicate, and the Swedish climate, lovely as it is in summer, is too much for her during the winter months. She frequently goes to the South of Europe during the cold season, and has spent the present winter in Algiers, where the dry air of the Sahara suits her admirably. Her husband is much engrossed with his military duties, and the King of Sweden is before all things a man of letters and culture. His second son, Prince Oscar, who is a sailor, formally resigned the designation of Royal Highness in 1888, and renounced all rights to the succession when he married Fraulein Ebba Munck de Fulkila, the daughter of a distinguished Swedish officer, who accompanied the Queen of Sweden to Bournemouth during the winter of 1887-88. It was quite a love match; and when there are so many sons in a family as in that of Sweden, one at least may be allowed to drop out and enjoy the sweets of private life.

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH

A TELEGRAM to Geoffrey brought him to the Lesters' house in the late afternoon.

"What have you done to her?" he demanded of weeping Mrs. Lester, Mary, and Jemima.

The three women were in the little hall to receive him.

He was limping painfully.

"I gave her into your charge, madam. You are answerable for her safety," he said, his eyes upon Mrs. Lester. "Has she come back?"

"No, sir," said Jemima timidly.

"Stop crying. Where is there a chair? My confounded ankle——"

He staggered, and leant his weight on the frail hall table.

Mary caught his arm; she and Jemima helped him into the drawing-room.

"Now tell me everything," he commanded. "Be quick; there is no time to be lost. When did she go? Why did she go?"

"It was not my fault, Mr. Fenham: I have been as kind to the girl as if she were my own daughter, and——"

"Will you tell me when she left your house, madam?" he thundered.

"She was gone when I went into her room this morning. Her bed had not been slept in——"

"She went last night?"

"No, no; she must have gone this morning. I should have heard her if she had gone last night. I could not sleep, and no one can pass my door without my hearing when I'm awake. She must have slipped out of the house this morning before Jemima was down."

Geoffrey drew a long breath of relief.

"Did she leave no message? Had you quarrelled? Why did she go?"

"She left a few words on a half-sheet of paper."

"Let me see them."

Mrs. Lester and Mary glanced at one another.

"Here is the paper," the latter said.

"What does she mean? Given up her lodgings?"

"It was my poor Nell's fault," said Mrs. Lester. "She told her you were sending us something to help us give her the comforts she was accustomed to, and Margaret flew into a rage and left the room. Nell is much worried and deeply regrets——"

"I had told you to keep the transaction to yourself. The mischief's done. You have no idea where she would go—no clue?"

"Perhaps she might return to Fen Court."

"Not likely."

"She would not go there," said Mary decidedly. "I am dreadfully sorry about it all. She said we'd all been deceiving her: and so we have; and where has she gone? What will she do? She told me she'd never travelled alone. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Mary broke into a helpless fit of sobbing.

Geoffrey gnawed his forefinger, his frowning face turned to the window.

"I must go to the police-station. Call the cabman to help me into the cab. Have you done anything all this day?"

"Ben has been making inquiries and telegraphing. Ah! here he comes; perhaps he has brought news."

A second hansom drew up at the door. Mr. Walker descended, his face composed to a suitable gravity.

"One of the porters at New Street Station thinks he saw her getting into a train for the North, but he ain't sure. How's the foot, Fenham? Bad news this about Miss Margaret; but she can't go far: that's one comfort. She hadn't the money—only about thirty shillings, Mary tells me. I've been to the police and given a description, and had an advertisement put in the papers."

"Did she take any luggage?"

"Nothing but a hand-bag. Her being in black is against her being noticed; but, on the other hand, she's a fine-looking girl, and carries herself with an air."

"Describe what she was wearing. I will telegraph to London for detectives."

Mary gave a description of the hat, jacket, and dress Margaret wore, and the time of her leaving—the hour was fixed between five o'clock and nine o'clock in the morning.

"I did not go to sleep until five, and Jemima was down at nine. She must have gone between those hours," said Mary.

Geoffrey wrote down the information in his pocket-book.

"We'll soon find her," said Mr. Waller hopefully; "she can't have gone far. 'Tis bad luck for you to go off hunting for a lost cousin just when you've got engaged."

"Engaged!"

"Have I spoken too soon? Put my foot into it, as usual. I heard you were engaged to Miss Seymour."

"Who told you that piece of nonsense?"

"It's common talk in your parts, and yesterday I heard from a friend (a good customer he is, too) that it was a settled thing, and publicly announced. Ain't it true, then?"

"No. Had you heard this tale?" he asked Mary.

"Yes."

"And told it to Margaret. Does she believe it?"

"There seemed no doubt, and—and——"

"You might have known better. Give me your arm, Waller. You can contradict any story of my being engaged to Miss Seymour. She and I are very good friends, that is all."

He limped out of the house on Mr. Waller's arm.

"Get into the hansom and come with me. You can make inquiries at the stations and send telegrams for me. My ankle is a horrible nuisance. Tell the driver to hurry along."

Mr. Waller had been searching for Margaret since eleven o'clock that morning. He had given himself no time for a meal, and he felt that he might legitimately have claimed a half-hour with his *fiancée*. But Geoffrey's curt, authoritative tone awed the younger man, and, as he afterwards said to Mary—

"I saw what a state of mind he was in. To move was just agony to him. How he went on like he did beats me. He got in and out of that hansom, and limped about the stations and sent telegrams until I was dead-beat with two whole legs—what he must have been! He didn't care what he spent. Some of the cabbies must have made fortunes, I can tell you. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor chap! He was leaning forward out of the hansom, not saying a word, but staring at every woman we met, to make sure 'twasn't Miss Margaret. We should have been driving about Birmingham still, I believe, if I hadn't struck. Getting on for twelve, Mary, and I hadn't had a bite or sup since eleven that morning. I said it was no use looking for her in Brum—she'd have gone by train somewhere. One of the porters gave a pretty good description of her: the one who said she got into the train for Leeds. Fenham agreed with me, and we drove to his hotel; and 'twas lucky we did: for no sooner had he got out of the cab than down he went in a dead faint; and no wonder, the doctor said. How he'd borne the pain at all was a marvel. His ankle's worse than ever it was."

No trace of Margaret beyond the porter's description of a lady travelling North rewarded that evening's search.

A clever detective took up the hunt the following day. On the fourth day he owned that he was baffled.

"She didn't go North," he said to Geoffrey: "no young lady got out of the train at Leeds. That's a made-up story of the porter's. The guard of the London train says there was a young lady answering to the description in his train, but she was with a party of girls: four of them, he says. I suppose she didn't know anyone she might have gone with?"

"No one."

"The guard says they were together, four of them. They were having lunch together, and he noticed them particularly, because one of the girls chaffed him when he came for tickets."

"Miss Lester would not be with them," said Geoffrey decidedly.

"I can't get a clue. You see, her being in black and having no luggage made it easy for her to pass in a crowd. And yet you say she would be noticed, sir—that she was a striking-looking young lady?"

"Yes."

"You're sure she had no friends she could have joined?"

"Positive."

"She's not in Birmingham, I'll swear to that! London is the most likely place for her to have gone to. It's the best place to get lost in. Don't be down-hearted, sir; we'll find her, if she is living. I'll go up to town to-night: it is of no use my staying here."

In spite of doctor's advice and Ben Waller's prognostications that he would lame himself for life, Geoffrey accompanied the detective to London. To remain inactive was impossible. Better to bear the shaking of the railway-carriage than to lie with bandaged foot upon a couch, dreaming of all the horrible things that might happen to Margaret. At least he was doing something when he travelled from one place to another, when he scoured the town in a hansom, when he telegraphed to Mrs. Jones, Miss Seymour, and the hotels where he discovered his father and Margaret had stayed in their few wanderings. He refused to pause in the search. The less time for thinking, the better. He closed his lips before the doctor's remonstrances, and started that night for London.

But, as the detective said, the Great Town is the best place in which to hide or to be lost.

"You say she had only a few shillings with her?"

"She had less than two pounds."

"Had she any jewellery she could sell?"

"She had a pearl necklace: that was the only piece of jewellery she took with her, and she would not part with that unless she were starving. It belonged to her mother."

"She would be pretty nearly starving by now," said the detective cheerfully. "We will keep a watch on the pawnbrokers' and jewellers'. Should you know the necklace, sir?"

"Yes; it was an old one, and valuable."

"Ankle worse, sir?"

Geoffrey had winced at the recollection of when he had last seen that necklace. It was round her firm white throat the Saturday night before that drive into the country. She had taken the pearls off to show to him; she had blushed when he whispered in her ear as he handed them back. She had believed the story of his engagement to Miss Seymour! How could she have done so, after what had passed between them?

"I thought she understood," said Geoffrey to himself; "I should have spoken that Sunday. Yet she should have had more faith in me than to believe that story of my engagement to Miss Seymour. What can have become of her? Where can she have gone?"

He asked that question many times in the following weeks. He could neither eat nor sleep, and he would not rest. Mr. Waller came up to see him a fortnight after the search had been removed to London.

"He's going to be ill," thought Ben; "anyone can see that."

"Any news of her?" he said aloud.

"None. Sometimes I doubt whether she can be in London. Nearly three weeks now, and not a trace of her! Three weeks, and a girl like that alone in London, perhaps without a penny!"

He got up from his chair, and dragged himself painfully across the room.

"Your ankle's no better, I see?"

"Worse."

"Why don't you lay up? You're doing no good tearing about the country, and——"

"If I only knew where she was. It is this uncertainty—— Ah! here is a telegram; there may be news."

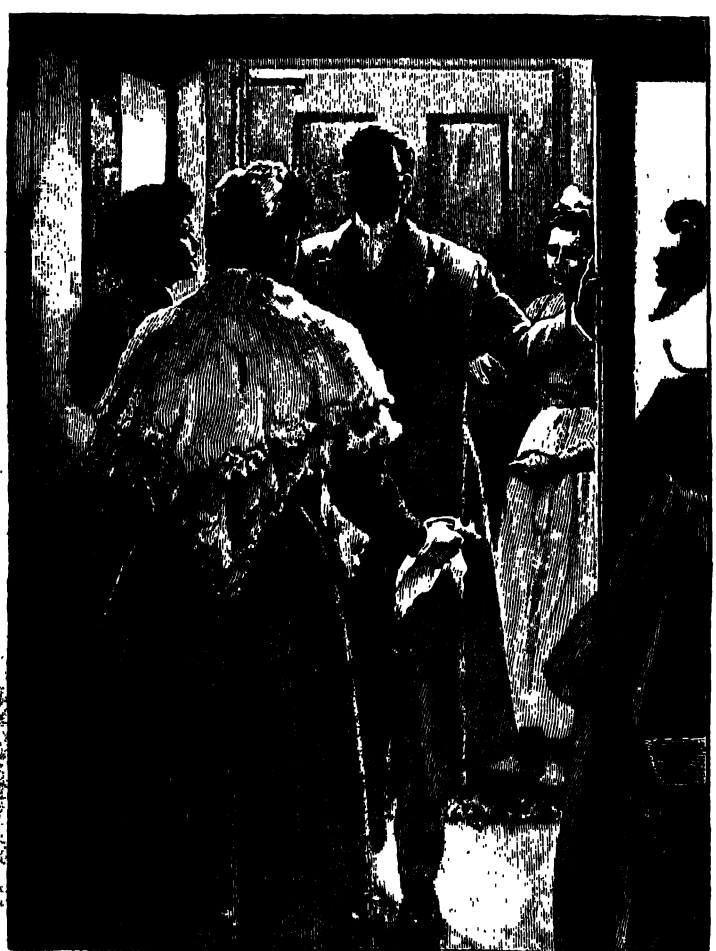
He opened it eagerly, but threw it on the floor impatiently when he had read it.

"Only from Mrs. Jones, to say she has not heard from her. I thought Margaret might write to her, so she has directions to telegraph to me after every post."

"You are looking ill," said Mr. Waller, after a pause. "You'd better go home and rest."

"That will not be until I have found her."

"It was of no use begging him to rest," said Mr. Waller afterwards. "Besides, you can't deceive me; I saw he was on the brink of an illness that would make him lie up, whether he meant to or not. He was haggard and flushed, and 'twas all he could do to keep from groaning with pain. I took it all in, I can tell you, and before night he was down in a fever. I telegraphed to Mrs. Jones—a bustling, weeping, old party she was—and put her in charge, and the doctor got two nurses. Oh, he's well enough looked after, you may be sure of that. He won't want for anything, as he's got the money to pay. I've promised him to keep up the search for Miss Margaret; it quieted the poor fellow, my promise. My word, Mary: I'm thinking it's getting an uncommonly serious matter about the girl. It's of no use crying, but——" Ben shook his head gloomily. "I'll tell you what," he continued, "I've an idea. These detectives have such belief in



"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER?" (p. 374).

themselves, but I'm thinking they're a set of asses. Why should they take it into their heads that she's in London? She may be anywhere else in the world, for all they know. Why! she mayn't have left Birmingham. They've advertised in all the London papers, and offered a big reward. I'll tell you what: I'll do the same in the Birmingham ones. Oh! finances are all right; Fenham'll see me through. I'll describe the pearl necklace, too. She hadn't anything else—any brooch or bracelet I could mention?"

Mary could remember nothing but the pearl necklace.

"Well, that's something! I'll have that put in. How's Nell?"

"Worse, much worse! She's in an agony of pain. Everything has gone wrong with us since we took that money for Margaret. I wish we hadn't; oh dear! I wish we hadn't."

"Pooh, Mary! don't be foolish! It was a very sensible arrangement; you could not have afforded to keep her for nothing. As for Nell's illness, Doctor Tallin says that he has been expecting it for months: that only your good nursing has staved it off."

Ben did not add that the doctor had said it was the beginning of the end.

"And a good thing, too!" he said to himself, with nineteenth-century hard clearness of phrase. "No one could have stood her temper much longer. Mary will be free when the poor thing's out of her misery."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MEANWHILE, where was Margaret? She had fled to her bedroom after the scene with the Lesters like a wounded creature, wishing to die alone.

"Deceived! tricked! I have been living on his money all the time! He thought he might do or say what he pleased to a girl living on his bounty." A sense of justice made her pause. "No, I did not mean that. He thinks I am only a child. But they have deceived me; I can never trust them again. How they must have laughed between themselves when I thanked them for their kindness, or said that I would never live on his money. How my head whirls! What am I to do? Has he told Enid that he is paying them for my living? Oh!"

She seized her bag and pushed some clothes in.

"I cannot stay here an hour longer, not one hour." She drew aside the blind, and looked into the street. "How dark it is! I must wait until the morning; I cannot go until daylight. What am I to do? Thirty-five shillings: that is enough to take me to London. Even this belongs to him." She looked at the money in the purse he had restored to her. "But I must use it to get away. How could they deceive me so? Enid will laugh over the story. When I was so confident I would not take his money, so sure of myself!"

She laughed aloud, a hard little laugh.

"Nell tricked me the best; she has got more out of me than Mary and her mother. Most of my ornaments have gone to her, and I thought I was paying them; doing something in return for their kindness. They would not have had me to live with them if Geoffrey had not arranged it all. I was just a puppet, for them to pull about as they pleased. But they shall not have the chance again. This time they shall lose sight of me altogether."

She sat in an arm-chair, and waited through the weary night for morning. Her eyes widely opened, her lips muttering disjointed sentences, she stared at the lowered gas-light, and crouched in the chair, every nerve in her body tensely strung.

Towards sunrise her limbs relaxed, her eyes closed; for ten minutes she dozed. Awakening with the feeling of something horrible having happened, she sprang to her feet. The garish gas-light showed the quiet little room, the small white bed, the limp-hanging muslin curtains, the toilet-table, with Margaret's array of ivory and silver. Wonder that she was not in bed was succeeded in a flash by the memory of why she waited for morning light. She shivered with the chill of the morning hours. A faint white light shone through the blinds, making the gas burn yellow and dim. Sunrise was not distant. The chill and low vitality of the small hours quenched her passion.

Another mood succeeded the hot, wild-tempered one of the night. Tears rained down her face; to prevent her sobs being heard by Mary and Nell in the next room, she buried her face in the cushions of the chair. She shook from head to foot, her small hands clenched on the chair-arms, her face rasped with the rough coarse covering.

"I must stop! I will stop!" she said to herself. "I shall be worn-out, and I have so much to do. It is daylight; I can finish packing my few things, and then I will go."

She dragged up the blind. A grey day and a misty rain blowing up the street were not an alluring sight. The dismal weather was an added trouble to her misery; yet sunshine she would have felt a mockery.

She pushed what she could into her hand-bag; among other things, a pearl necklace. It was the one piece of jewellery she took.

"Nell is welcome to the rest. But this was my mother's; she shall not have this," she said, with a bitter smile.

Morning was fully come. Dull, damp, grey; if anything could have awakened Margaret to her madness, it would have been the look of the wet misty streets in the prosaic morning light.

But Margaret never hesitated for a second in her determination to shake the dust of the Lesters' house off her feet. From the moment of hearing the terms under which she was resident in Mrs. Lester's house, no other course had seemed possible to the headstrong girl. At any time the discovery would have mortified her, coming, as it did, on the news of Geoffrey's engagement to Enid Seymour, it drove her nearly frantic. She neither reasoned nor thought. What she should do when her few shillings were exhausted, how she was to earn her living, where she was to find a home, did not come within the scope of her

mind's vision. She could only see as far as leaving the Lesters' doorstep.

It was striking eight o'clock when she walked downstairs. She disdained to tread lightly; she was leaving the house; they could not detain her, they were not her guardians. But her heart beat quickly when she passed Mary's door, and a feeling of relief came over her when the hall door closed behind her, and she was in the street.

Where now? The world was before her. With thirty-five shillings in her pocket, in the rain, Margaret stood and determined what was to become of her. There seemed to be but one thing possible: the train and London. Work *must* be found in London; everyone went to London, and Margaret must go there too.

She walked to New Street Station. A stream of traffic was passing down Broad Street, the omnibuses had begun to run. But Margaret was too shy to stop one. Carrying her heavy bag, she trudged the distance, choosing the quieter side of the street, and hurrying as if in fear of pursuit. Flushed, breathless, she arrived at the station. Luckily, she chanced upon the right ticket-office, and a civil porter directed her to the platform for the London train.

Three girls were alone in one compartment, and Margaret got into the same carriage. She watched the platform, expecting every moment to see Mary's anxious face searching for her. But no Mary came, the train started, and Margaret was upon the wide world, free at last.

The three girls were chattering merrily. At first Margaret did not listen, her own thoughts were too engrossing; but after a while she could not help noticing that one of the three was staring at her. When she caught Margaret's eye she smiled, and held out a box of chocolates.

"Have one?"

"No, thank you."

Margaret declined shyly.

The girl left her seat, and took the corner opposite Margaret.

"Where are you going?"

"London."

"So are we. At least, my friend," nodding to one of the other girls, "is. This young lady isn't going as far. I'm a typewriter; my friend's in the post-office."

"Oh!" said Margaret.

She had not the vaguest idea what a typewriter was, and she did not know that girls were employed in post-offices.

"I'm learning shorthand, too. You get capital pay for reporting."

"Do you?" said Margaret eagerly. "Does it take long to learn?"

"Months. But I'm quick; I shall soon pick it up. Won't you have a chocolate? They're good ones. I'm awfully fond of chocolates."

She was a girl with a bright, keen, dark face. Eyes, lips, and every feature seemed to speak. A little toque sat rakishly on her black curls, a daring red feather stuck in the side.

"I like your look," she continued, after a few more questions and answers. "What is your name? Mine's Polly Smith. Ordinary name, isn't it? My friend's called Ethel Watkin, and this young lady's Miss Davies; did you say your name was Davies?" to the third girl.

That was her name. Polly's bright black eyes turned again upon Margaret.

"Now you know us all, and what we are. Ethel and I have been for a week's holiday in Wales, and I had relations in Birmingham, so we've been spending a day or two there before we settle down to work again. It's a dirty place, Birmingham. London's the city for me!"

Polly Smith rattled on.

"Is it difficult to find work there?" asked Margaret during a pause in her torrent of words.

"Difficult? I should think so! Like searching for a needle in a bundle of hay. What can you do? Anything special? Cooking? That's a good thing; one of my friends makes a hundred and twenty a year by it. Another——"

"I am afraid I can do nothing."

"That's bad. Have you any money of your own? What are your people? Where have you lived?"

"My father and mother are dead. I have been living with a cousin, but she cannot keep me without being paid, and I have no money."

"Where are you going in London?"

"I—I—to an hotel, I suppose."

"But that's fearfully expensive. Haven't your people seen about lodgings for you? Haven't you any friends?"

"No; I will starve rather than return."

"Starving is uncomfortable work," said Polly. "You'd better go back to your people. By the bye, I'm starving; let's have lunch."

Margaret was made to join in the meal of tarts, cakes, and fruit. Polly Smith would not take "No" for an answer; and, to tell the truth, Margaret was sorely in need of food.

"I'm a queer card!" said Polly. "I'm called the fool of our club."

"Club! Do girls have clubs?"

"Rather! Most of us live at our club. I don't—it's too expensive for me. I have a bedroom out, and drop in there for my meals. You *are* green! Why, you can't know anything about the world. Your people must be mad to let you start out by yourself. But I suppose you've some money?"

"A little."

Margaret was ashamed to own how little.

Miss Watkin and Miss Davies were reading penny papers; they left Polly Smith and her new friend to their talk.

"It's Polly's way," Miss Watkin whispered to Miss Davies: "she's alway's picking up new chums. If she likes a face, she'd make up to it if she died for it."

Margaret, for her part, was fascinated by the vivacity and outspokenness of Polly. Her knowledge



"MARGARET DECLINED SHYLY" (p

of the world awed our runaway; her friendliness and lack of self-consciousness completed the charm. She was unlike any girl Margaret had met before in her life—this type of bread-earning, hard-working, lower-middle-class girl.

"I've made my own living for four years; I began when I was nineteen. My father died without a penny, and I had just to get on as best I could. An aunt let me have enough to scrape along on until I had learnt typewriting, but that's no use now. It's so easy to learn; every week I make less. Shorthand is the thing to go in for. You take up that."

"Do you like being alone?"

"I'm never alone. I've heaps of friends. You will like the life, after a while. If you're making a good but, you can have a jolly time. I'll tell you what: I've an idea! Suppose you share my bedroom? The girl who had it with me has been moved to another part of London. She teaches cooking at the Board schools, and she's had to go to other lodgings, to be near her school. You might take her bed if you would pay me five shillings a week for it. It would just suit me," said Polly frankly. "I'm hard up: that's the truth; and I can hardly afford to pay for the room even with someone to share it. I don't see how you can go to an hotel alone, and you won't find anything cheaper. You'd better accept the offer."

"You think I shall soon find work?"

Polly was doubtful.

"But you'd better come with me, anyway. I'll look after you, and put you in the way of earning something. You've never told me your name?"

Margaret hesitated to answer. Remembrance of Mr. Fenham's disgust and contempt for women who earned their living flashed across her memory. Here was she, Margaret Lester, stepping down a stage lower on the social ladder than even the Lesters. No, she would not be Margaret Lester. There should no longer be a Margaret Lester; someone quite different should take her place—a girl who associated with Polly Smiths and their friends: who paid five shillings a week for a bedroom which she shared with another girl.

"Millicent Lyall," she said, after that momentary pause.

She blushed when she said the false name. But the train was drawing up at a station; Polly's head was out of the window, watching the persons on the platform; her confusion passed unnoticed. The casual acquaintance, Miss Davies, left them at this station, after kisses and promises to write had passed between her and the two Londoners.

"I didn't fancy that girl much," said Polly, putting her hat straight after the vehement embraces. "I shan't write to her. What is your name? Millicent Lyall. What a pretty name! Like a novel! There's

a great deal in a name, I think. Ethel, I've found someone to share my bedroom. At least, I suppose you will, Millicent?"

"Yes. It is very kind of you."

"Kind! not a bit of it. Sharing the expense is what I think of. You must have an eye to the main chance, or you will never get on in this world, I can tell you. You can go to our club for your meals. Charges are moderate, and dinner is pretty good. Here we are. What luggage have you?"

"Only this bag."

"We've only things we can carry ourselves, so we'll go on a'bus. We've been on a walking tour—that is why we have so little. Come along."

The three girls mounted to the top of an omnibus.

"There's no place like London," said Polly, with a contented sigh. "I don't care a bit for mountains, or rocks, or waterfalls. Give me a street with plenty of passers, shops and carriages, and pretty dresses. The roar of London's a hundred times better than the sea, and watching the people is a hundred times more exciting than climbing an old mountain. You've never asked where my room is? You are an innocent! It's a good thing I've taken you in charge; I don't know what you would have done alone."

"Where is your room?"

"Up Chelsea way. It's a distance, but it's cheap, and it is not a long walk to the club. You can go there to dinner at six, if you like."

"Are you going?"

"No—I've spent all my money. I've only enough to keep me until next Saturday—pay-day. I shall make myself a cup of tea and have a bit of cake or bread and butter. I can't afford a dinner at the club."

"I do not think I will go alone. I would rather stay with you."

"Then you'd better buy yourself something to eat. I'm afraid I haven't enough for the two. We'll get down when Ethel does; she doesn't come our way, and I'll take you to the shop where I get my things. I dare say you would like something more substantial than cake. Their ham is good; buy half-a-pound, and bring it with you. It'll give a relish to your tea. Ethel gets down here."

Miss Watkin hailed another omnibus, and departed towards the City.

"She has a good salary," said Polly, "and her sister makes a splendid sum cooking. They have a sitting-room and bedroom, and go about a lot. I shall join them when I've learnt shorthand. Chelsea's out of the way of things. This is the shop I told you of."

"What shall I buy?"

"What a helpless innocent you are! Get a roll and half-a-pound of ham, and a tart, or a cake, for pudding."

"Will half-a-pound of ham be enough for both of us?"

"Are you going to treat me? That is jolly kind of you! Buy a pound, then."

The ham looked tempting before it was cut and wrapped in paper. Margaret thought that slices of ham would not be very appetising out of greasy wrappings, but she said nothing. Polly accepted it so much as a matter of course that she did not like to acknowledge her squeamishness.

"Spend this," said Margaret, giving her two shillings; "you know what to buy."

Polly spent the money to the best advantage. Their purchases made quite an imposing array upon the counter. Quantity, not quality, was Polly's motto.

A long omnibus ride took them past the Park.

"We must walk a little way," said Polly.

Laden with parcels (one paper bag broke, and six halfpenny buns fell upon the pavement, to the delight of some ragged children), the two girls made their way down a side street. It was one of those streets filled with small shops, children, and gossiping women: a street where the sweep and the man who mends umbrellas live and placard their callings. Polly nodded to a shoemaker cobbling a boot, and exchanged a few words with a woman seated in a chair exposed for sale in a furniture shop.

"I know nearly all the people in the street," she said. "That was a nice old soul I spoke to then. She invites me in to tea sometimes. She is the rich woman of the street: Scotch and thrifty, you know. My room is in this house."

A tidy-looking woman answered the door. She greeted Polly warmly, and accepted Polly's new friend with equanimity.

"Your room is ready for you, Miss Smith, and I'll make up the second bed at once. Do you want a cup of tea?"

"Yes, bring up a jug of water, and send Minnie to buy a pennyworth of milk, there's a good soul. That's all we shall want."

Polly led the way up the narrow stairs to a moderate-sized double-bedded room, looking into the street.

"This is the cupboard where I keep my things. I can lock up my tea, you see. Mrs. Vokes is pretty honest, but she doesn't mind taking a pinch of tea when she gets the chance. I've a small spirit-lamp and a kettle; everything handy. Just put a light to the methylated spirits, and in five minutes I can have a cup of tea. There is only one plate, I am afraid. You take that, and I'll use my saucer. I think there are two knives and two forks; they don't match, but you won't mind. Thank you, Minnie," as she opened the door, in answer to a knock; "you have been quick. It hardly looks a pennyworth of milk; you haven't helped yourself, have you?" tilting up the small jug, and examining the contents. "All right; I believe you."

"It is not a pennyworth, all the same," she remarked when the child was gone.

Margaret sat upon one of the two chairs in the room, and watched the preparations for the tea-dinner or dinner-tea. Her offers to help were refused. Polly's nimble fingers placed the ham upon a plate, laid the knives and forks upon a small table, from which a variety of odds and ends was pushed to make room, and shook the tea into an earthenware teapot.

"The water is boiling. Draw your chair up to the table, and we will begin. It was kind of you to buy this ham for me, real kind! it *is* good! You can't eat more than that? Why, what a poor appetite you have! Drink your tea; you will be able to eat then."

After some mouthfuls eaten to please Polly, Margaret's appetite was satisfied. She watched Polly eat her ham from one side of the saucer, and her cake from the same saucer turned upside down.

The meal ended, the cups, saucers, and plates were washed in the wash-hand basin, wiped with a not particularly clean duster, and, with the remains of the feast, locked away in Polly's cupboard.

"I'll take you to the club now, and introduce you to some of the girls. There ought to be some letters for me waiting there. I'll put on another dress, and do my hair, and then I shall be ready."

One small trunkful of clothes was Polly's modest wardrobe. She brought out a smarter dress than the one she was wearing, curled her hair, tied on a veil, and declared herself ready for the club.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

FIVE o'clock was striking when they entered the room which served for the common sitting-room.

The club was a home for girls who could not afford to pay for good lodgings, or who preferred to live with others. Each girl could have a cubicle to herself, and the use of the common sitting-room for a small sum a week. Meals were provided for those who wished, or the girls might board themselves.



"THE MEMORY OF THOSE FOUR UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES SAT HEAVILY UPON HER MIND" (*p.* 383).

Polly and Margaret were early. The majority of the girls had not returned from their various employments as clerks, governesses, teachers of cooking, typewriters, and the hundred and one things women do to earn their daily bread.

The sitting-room, or hall, as it was called, was occupied by three girls: one moodily working, one reading a fashion paper, and one chattering to two young men in the farthest window.

The working one ran forward and kissed Polly.

"What is the matter with you, Betty? You look dumpy."

"I've lost my situation at the Board school, and I

can't hear of another. There are such heaps of girls going in for cooking. I am afraid I shall have to fall back on mother to help me; and I know she can hardly get on as it is, with the boys to educate."

Polly listened to a long story of poverty, and sympathised with poor Betty.

"The Carrington girl is flirting as hard as ever, I see. That's Elsie Carrington with those men in the window, Millicent. This is my friend, Millicent Lyall—Betty Carton; she's sharing my room with me. She wants to find something to do."

Betty Carton looked at Margaret with gloomy eyes.

"I hope you are not one of those rich girls who won't live at home, and come and take the bread out of the mouths of us poor ones. You look well off."

"Come, come, Betty, don't be nasty; Millicent isn't one of those sort of girls. How Elsie Carrington is going on! Who is the girl reading, Betty?"

"Cartwright, I think her name is. They say her people have a lot of money, but she won't live at home, and has come to make her living. She is trying for that clerkship that Amy Winter is trying for; and most likely she will get it. She has influence. Oh! it is a shame that girls like that don't stay at home."

"Never mind; they soon find that independence is not so sweet as they thought it. You stay here and amuse Millicent, while I go and ask the porter if there are any letters for me."

Miss Betty Carton passed the time with gloomy accounts of the overcrowding of the labour market, of the difficulty of finding work, of the hardness of life.

Before Polly had read half the letters which waited for her, the large room began to fill with women and girls.

The greater part of them knew Polly; she was surrounded. Invitations to tea for her and her friend poured upon her. She accepted one; Polly could always drink tea.

It was past seven when she and Margaret walked back to their lodgings.

"I must do some mending before we go to bed. You must tell me all about yourself, and what you think of doing whilst I work."

Polly lighted the lamp, and sat down upon her bed to sew.

"May I help you? I cannot work very well; but if you will show me what to do, I will try."

"I can accommodate you," said Polly.

Margaret sat by her side. They stitched at a red blouse for Polly to wear in the winter.

Few pictures hung on the walls. Two beds, a common deal dressing-table and wash-hand-stand, two chairs, and a small round table comprised the furniture. Polly's trunk leant against the wall, and Margaret's bag stood by her bed. Two strips of carpet were placed by each bedside; the rest of the floor was bare. A small looking-glass hung on the wall, and a shelf was roughly nailed below the glass; this was the dressing-table. There were no curtains to the window.

"Now then, begin your story," said Polly.

Margaret began. She owned that her name was not Millicent Lyall, and, beginning from Mr. Fenham's death, she told everything.

"Mr. Fenham brought you up as his heiress; you quarrelled with him; he left his money to his son, who wanted to provide for you; you would not let him, but went to live with some of your father's people; and when you found out he was paying them for your living, you ran away. I don't see your motive, and I think you're a stupid. I wish I had someone who wanted to provide for me. Wouldn't I let him, just!"

"You do not understand," said Margaret sullenly.

"No, I don't; and I don't want to. I think you ought to write to your people, and let them know where you are."

"I will not. You can do so, if you please. I have told you everything you can write. But I will leave you the moment you do; and I will never return to the Lesters."

"I shan't tell, you may be sure. Polly Smith can be trusted, as any of my friends will tell you. You have only twenty shillings left. What shall you do when that is gone?"

"I can work."

"If there is work to be found. Well, you can stay on here until your money is gone, and then you will have to return to your people. Now we'll go to bed."

Polly's quick brain understood what had been left untold. The girls crept into bed; the light was turned out. They lay silent in the darkness, busy with their thoughts. The roar of London sounded in the distance; in the street below, voices of men and women sounded shrill and raucous against that dull roar.

"Did you say Geoffrey Fenham was engaged?" said Polly suddenly.

"Yes."

"Ah!" clever Polly ejaculated.

Work began for Polly the following day. After a light breakfast of tea and bread and butter, she started for her office. Margaret was left to her own devices.

Polly's blouse was finished when she returned that evening; Margaret had worked at it the whole of the day.

"You have eaten nothing," said Polly, opening her cupboard.

"No; I waited for you to come home."

"You will be ill if you do that kind of thing;" and Polly shook her head.

She was very kind, in her way. In the search for work that now commenced she did what she could to help Margaret. Not eagerly, or with much heart; for where was the use of finding work for a girl who had rich relations who wanted to keep her, and for whom there was a large reward offered in the papers? But she introduced Margaret to persons who might help her, and told her of places where to apply.

The money dwindled in Margaret's purse. It is

wonderful upon how little a girl who denies herself enough to eat may live; but five shillings a week for lodgings and small necessary expenses, in a fortnight brought her stock of money down to a few pence.

"You will have to go back to your people," said Polly; "or let me tell them where you are. I should get the reward then."

Margaret's daily life must have been a trial to a girl brought up with the prettiness and daintiness of an English lady. Polly was kind, lively, quick to understand, ready to help; but Polly was not fastidious in her way of living. She would as soon eat from a dirty plate as a clean one; she ate her breakfast usually between stages of dressing; she did not mind the living and sleeping in the same room: she never noticed the disorder of that room. Cakes, sweets, and tea were her favourite food; she wanted no regular meals. A cup of tea and a tart, eaten standing, was her usual meal after her day's work. What she had in the middle of the day Margaret did not know. A change of dress, and she started for the club, where other girls would join her, and they would enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

Margaret never went with her. She had no money; and her second visit to the club was her last. Miss Betty Carton had looked at her from head to foot, with angry eyes.

"I believe you are the girl for whom there is such a big reward offered," she said.

Polly heard the remark, and interfered before Margaret's confusion was observed.

"Millicent is my friend, and I shall have the reward, if there is one," she said. "Don't you be poking your nose into my business, Betty."

"She is like the description of the girl, that is all I meant," grumbled Betty.

The conversation turned to something else.

But Margaret dared go to the club no more. She spent the long hours when she was not hunting for work in mending Polly's clothes. She became quite clever with her needle in that fortnight. But even Polly's wardrobe could take no more mending at last; and the time came when Margaret sat with her hands before her, and a few pence in her pocket, and wondered what was to become of her.

"Write to Mr. Fenham," said Polly.

"No."

Polly shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know what you can do, then. Have you anything you can sell? There is that old pearl necklace. I dare say you could get something for that."

"That was my mother's. I cannot sell that."

"Pawn it, then, or"— seeing Margaret's horrified face—"I'll ask my cousin, who is in the business, if if he will lend something on it. Even a few shillings would be something; and you could get it back at any time."

Margaret looked at the pearl necklace. She did not like allowing it to go out of her possession, but she was sorely in need of money. There were necessary additions to her small stock of clothes that she must make; she had brought so little in her hand-bag.

"You are sure I could get it back at any time?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Of course you could. I've often managed things for other girls. Jim is only in a small way of business, but he's honest. Give me the necklace, and I'll send it to him."

Reluctantly Margaret handed the necklace to Polly. She asked no questions about Jim, but accepted Polly's word for it that he was honest.

"Here is a letter from Jim," said Polly, two days later. "We shall know now what he offers you for the necklace. My goodness! he says that it is worth hundreds and hundreds of pounds, and wants to know how you came by it, and all sorts of things. He will lend you twenty pounds—*twenty pounds!*—on it; or he can sell it outright for a lot of money. You will have to pay him interest on the twenty pounds, you know. Shall you sell it, or take the twenty pounds?"

"I shall take the twenty pounds. Where does your cousin live?"

"Birmingham. It was with him and his mother I'd been staying when I met you in the train."

"Birmingham! He will not put it in his window? Mrs. Lester or Mary might see it."

"What if they did? You say they have no control over you; that you will never go back to them. But he will not show the necklace if you do not wish. Fancy it's being worth all that money!"

The twenty pounds arrived in a few days; and as fortunes never come singly, the same day Margaret found a situation.

It was only a small thing to act as secretary to a philanthropic lady. The work was hard, the pay was light: twenty-five pounds per annum. But Margaret felt that it was something; that at last she had made a start.

Polly did not congratulate her upon her success.

"You were lucky to get it," was all she said. "There were four girls trying for it from the club. I suppose she liked your looks best. Poor Betty Carton expected to be taken by her."

Margaret coloured.

"I am sorry, but I must work to earn my living."

"Oh, yes; you must work to live," said Polly, drily.

The tone of voice hurt Margaret. It aroused in her disagreeable doubts. The memory of those four unsuccessful candidates sat heavily upon her mind. Why would Polly persist in hinting that she must return to her own people? Why might she not throw in her lot with these working girls? Why could she not become one of them?—enjoy their free and easy lives, the hand-to-mouth living, the good comradeship, their jokes, their pleasures, their work? Why not?

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

BETTY CARTON came to see Margaret the following day. Her sallow face was gloomier than usual; her eyes were red with weeping.

"You've got the place I tried for," she said, without

a preliminary greeting; "I should have had it but for you."

"I am sorry," said Margaret, awkwardly. "Will you not sit down?"

"No, thanks." Miss Carton declined the chair. "No, thanks. I've come to beg you to give this situation up."

"But——"

"I know it is cool of me; but what am I to do? I don't know what I shall do. Oh, Miss Lyall! give up this situation. I know Mrs. Le Brun will take me if you decline it."

"Last week I had only a few shillings left."

"Yes; but you have people to fall back upon—I have no one. You are taking the bread out of my mouth; and Polly says that it is only for some silly bit of pride that you will not take money from your relations."



"'I WAS COMING BACK TO-DAY, GEOFFREY'" (*p.* 385).

had nearly got it. Mrs. Le Brun had almost promised it to me, when she saw you and took a fancy to you. I have been trying for weeks for a situation, and I thought I was sure of this. Oh!"

"But I want to earn my living. I want work as well as you."

"You need not work. Polly has told me you have rich relations, and that they do not wish you to work for your living. Miss Lyall, I have nothing. My mother has eighty pounds a year, and on that she has to live and clothe one of my brothers." Betty Carton began to cry. "And now my elder brother is ill with typhoid fever. Mother has to nurse him, and there will be expenses—heavy expenses. It will be weeks and weeks before he is well again, and able to go back to his work. She cannot let me have money; and if I went home to live, I should be another mouth to feed. I have only a few shillings left, and when that is gone

"Polly does not seem to mind what she says of me."

"She thinks I ought to have this situation. Oh! it's life and death to us, this fight for work, and it is only play for you."

Betty clasped her hands tragically and paced the room.

"Do you know what it is to really want money? My brother, ill as he is, will have to do without things you would consider just ordinary necessaries. Mother will have to go without fires or warm clothing through the winter to save money to pay the doctor's bill. How can I go home to be another burden on her? She has no money to lend me to stay on in London, and if I leave London I am out of the way of work altogether."

"I can lend you some money," said Margaret impulsively.

"Give up this situation—that would be more to the

point. Miss Lyall"—she knelt down by Margaret's side, and seized her hands—"Miss Lyall, do you know how we are all fighting and struggling for work, and when girls like you come among us and snatch the bread from our mouths, it is terribly hard! It is bad enough when someone who wants the money is chosen before us, but when it is someone who need not work——"

"I must work. I cannot ask for money."

"Cannot? Will not, you mean. If he is willing to give it, you *ought* to take it. You have no right to refuse."

"I cannot take money from him," said Margaret stubbornly. "I am sorry for you. I can lend you some money. How much do you want?"

"I don't know when I shall be able to repay it," said Betty gloomily. "If you would give up this situation to me, that would be something sure. I'd go down on my knees to you, if that would be any good."

"It would not," said Margaret hastily.

"Polly thinks you ought not to take it," said Miss Carton. "You will think over what I have said, won't you? I call it wrong of rich girls to come and take away the bread of poor ones."

Miss Carton departed, slightly cheered by the ten pounds she carried in her pocket.

The pleasure of her first success was gone for Margaret. Miss Carton had rubbed the gilt off the gingerbread, and—what was worse—represented the gingerbread as a stolen one. Did Polly think the same? She asked her the question that night on her return from the office.

"Do you think I ought to give up this situation?"

"Yes, I do," said Polly bluntly.

"But you helped me to find one."

"I never thought anyone would take you, and looking for a situation passed the time for you. I think you ought to go back to your people. You can't stand this sort of life, and you don't enjoy it. You look white, and fagged, and thin. If you get ill, I don't know who would nurse you."

The upshot of a day and night's deliberation was a polite note to Mrs. Le Brun, declining the post of secretary, and mentioning that Miss Carton was still disengaged.

Margaret sought for no more situations. Betty Carton's words rang in her ears: she was taking the bread out of others' mouths. Slowly, but surely, the conviction was growing within her that she must return to the Lesters, or to that house at Bridge End that Geoffrey had prepared for her.

"Though I don't know how I shall bear it if I have to live there," said poor Margaret: "only a few miles from Fen Court; and perhaps he and Enid would be riding over to see me and inviting me there, and I should have to go. But I must go back. I have been wrong all through—proud and silly. I would have my own way, and it is right I should be punished for it. I have been foolish, and headstrong, and passionate. Mary would have behaved differently; but Mary is so good—I shall never be like Mary. But I will go back to them, and try to help her with Nell, and Geoffrey shall do what he likes about money. I will not refuse what he offers, and I will never again try to be independent."

"Polly. I mean to go back to my people," she said, at the end of ten days. "I think I ought."

Polly nodded her head.

"You ought to have gone long ago," she said drily. "I have several times nearly been writing and saying where you were, just to ease their minds. They must have been worried about you."

"I never thought of that," said Margaret.

The faces of Mrs. Jones and Mary rose before her mind's eye. Had they been very anxious about her? Had they thought her dead or ill? She realised for the first time what her leaving them without a hint or clue to her whereabouts meant.

"I must go at once—I will not leave them another day in suspense," she said.

"Telegraph," said practical Polly, "or let me telegraph; and then I could claim that five hundred pounds reward that is offered for you."

"No, no. I am going back to eat humble-pie," said Margaret, between laughing and crying. "I mean to give myself up to them."

She was putting on her hat and jacket as she spoke. So excited were they, that neither she nor Polly heard a commotion in the street below. A carriage and pair had driven up to Mrs. Vokes' front door, and a lame man had been helped from it by an elderly woman.

"A Mr. Fenner, or Fenham, or some such name, wants to see you, Miss Smith," said Mrs. Vokes, putting her head into the room.

She had forgotten to knock in her excitement at the unusual sight of a carriage and pair in *this* street, stopping at *her* door.

"He has found you out," said Polly. "You must come down with me."

Margaret followed her down the narrow staircase.

"Stop!" she said, seizing Polly's hand when it was on the handle of the parlour door.

"You are not going to faint?"

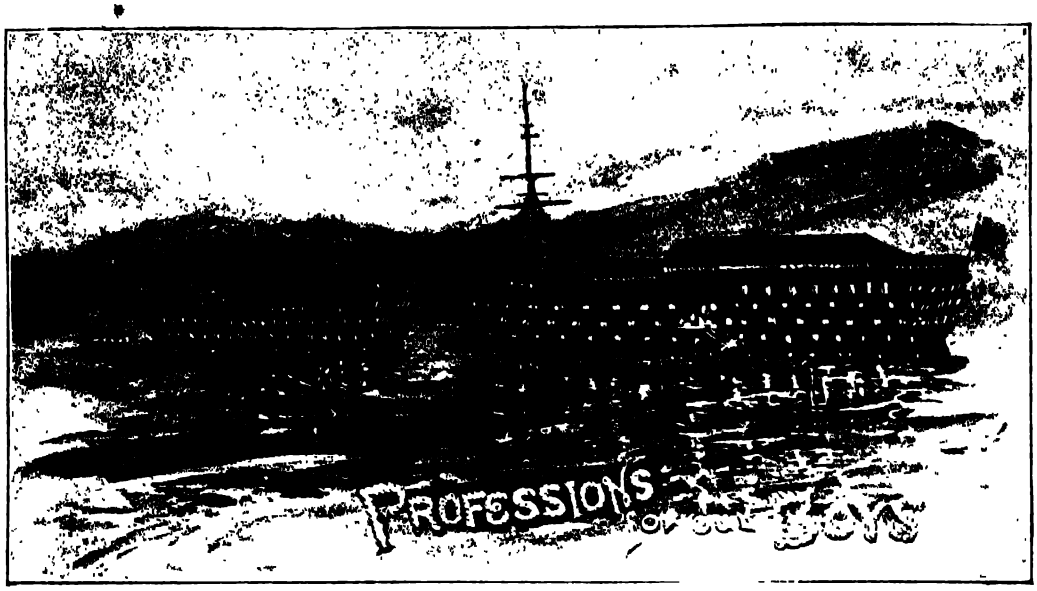
"No. I am all right now. Go in."

Geoffrey was steadying himself against the mantelpiece, to the imminent danger of the green china ornaments. His eyes were fixed upon the door; he expected—he hoped—to see Margaret's face when that door opened.

Polly walked into the room, followed by Margaret in hat and jacket.

"I was coming back to-day, Geoffrey," Margaret said humbly, with downcast eyes and quivering lips.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.



PREPARATION FOR THE NAVY: ON BOARD H.M.S. *BRITANNIA*.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



THE commander of the *Britannia*, the senior chaplain, and I, stood upon the deck of the world-famed training-ship, gazing at the varied and lively scene around us. The waters of the beautiful Dart lay wide and still around us, the green-clad hills were clear reflected in the glassy mirror, the masts of many vessels reached up to the sunny sky, little boats darted to and fro upon the crowded river, all was life and animation, bustle and hilarity. Here is where young England learns the duty of manning her wooden walls.

"Ah! the training of boys for the Navy is very different from what it used to be in my day," said Lord Charles Beresford once to me. "I joined a regular old man-o'-war, and went to work at once. The present system is, however, quite as thorough, and we turn out capital men."

It was to learn what the present system was that I was now standing upon the deck of the *Britannia*, which, together with the old troopship, the *Hindostan*, affords home and shelter to so many of our young British hopefuls.

"We will go below," said the commander, as he led the way, "and you shall see something of our daily life and work."

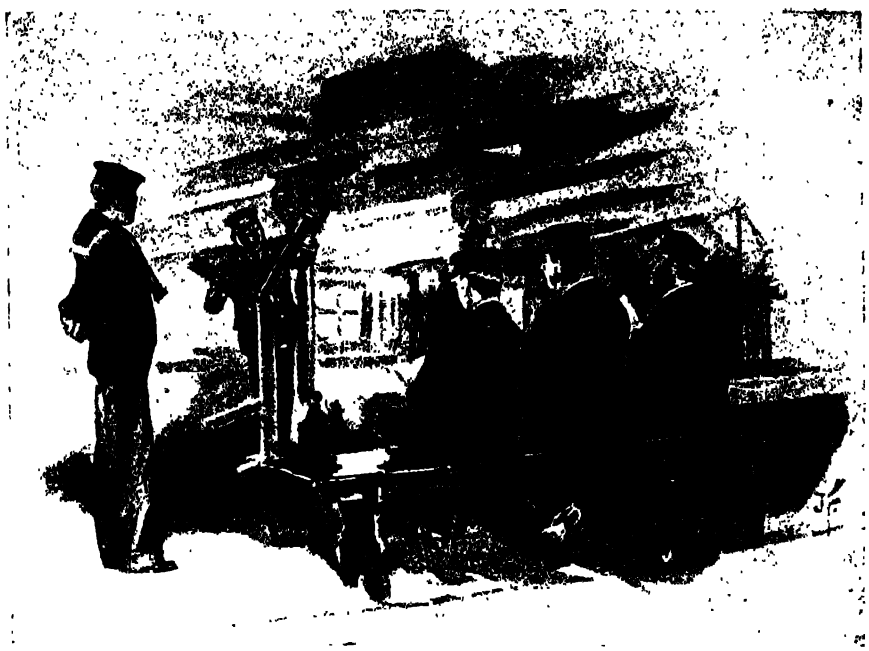
As we passed through the long decks, through the port-holes of which the bright sunshine streamed cheerily in, I caught a glimpse of a group of smart little cadets gathered round an old blue-jacket, who was explaining to them by means of a model the use of certain ropes, the names of different signal-flags, and the like; and round a very handsome model of a mastless ship run on wheels was a group of older boys, who were learning the different and intricate manœuvres to be gone through before a ship can be anchored. In the steam-study was a capital working model of a compound engine, as well as other models dealing with steam vessels; and in the next room were some fine models of modern men-of-war, upon the construction of which the boys are very carefully trained.

"In my young days," said the captain, "we had to learn all this for ourselves."

The mess-room lies wide and open upon the after-part of the lower deck, and is hung round with engravings of old naval engagements. Crossing by a covered way to the *Hindostan*, I was shown the great sleeping deck, upon the floor of which stand long rows of sea-chests, upon each of which a name is painted, and above which hangs the owner's hammock; and close to the dormitory lies a floating swimming-bath, which, when heated by steam, is used to teach the boys swimming in winter weather.

I asked the captain if discipline was easily maintained—if the boys were as easily managed as at a good public school.

"Oh yes," he replied; "we have but little difficulty, though I confess the lack of anything in the shape of a Sixth Form, which so often exercises a wholesome restraining influence at a large public school, is a somewhat serious defect. We have consequently to



SEMAPHORE INSTRUCTION.

be very particular in the choice of our cadet captains. Almost everything depends upon them, for they are the connecting link between ourselves and the great mass of cadets. Again, I believe much in personal communication with the boys. I have some boys dining with me every night, and our officers are chosen with a special regard to their capacity for joining in the boys' games and amusements."

"And what is your daily life here?" I asked, as a bugle sounded and a number of uniformed cadets passed us hurriedly by, carefully saluting the captain and chaplain, who smilingly nodded or spoke to each boy as he filed by.

"Well," replied the captain, "at 6.30 they turn out, bathe, and dress. At 7.10 they are mustered for work before breakfast; some drill on land, others go to their class-rooms: seamanship, knotting, splicing. Others go on board the little steam-yacht which you see lying close by, and lay the fires and get steam up, and so on. After prayers have been read by the chaplain, comes breakfast. From 9 to 1 is work, with a short interval for rest, and the afternoon is given up equally to work and recreation."



PRACTICAL SIGNALLING.

At this moment the captain was called away, and the chaplain took up his parable. And this is what he said:—

"The *Britannia* has been established since 1859 as a training-ship for the cadets of the Royal Navy. The work

was begun at Portsmouth, and after a removal to Portland in 1862, she finally found a resting-place in Dartmouth Harbour on September 30th, 1863. Though the ship is not the same, the training establishment has been continuous. There have been only two or three serious changes in system since the course of study reached its present limit of two years, in 1870. Entry has always been a matter of competition between a large number of candidates selected by nomination, except in the years 1875 to 1880, when there was no competition, but only a trifling test exam. to pass, after obtaining a nomination. This has been one change—or rather an attempted change—for the effect on the work was prejudicial and the competition was restored. A great change was made in 1888, when the age of entry, which had up to that date stood at an average of thirteen, was raised a year, and now stands at fourteen, the limits of age being between thirteen and fourteen and a half.

"The nature of the study has always been to a great extent technical, and framed with the view of rendering the young officers well instructed in the practice of the profession they have entered on. It is very little use attempting to advance the general education of the cadets in a classical education, such as their fellows in age are carrying on at the public schools. An attempt was made to teach classics, but it was impossible to give more than two hours a week to it, consistently with attention to the professional subjects, and it suffered the fate of many recommendations made by committees, and after being given a fair trial, classics ceded its time to history and geography. Education for the naval profession must be compromised among the conflicting claims of many subjects, and committees of the most eminent educationalists have only concluded that experience is no guide, and that to make it a system worthy of the name it should be entirely re-constructed on sound principles, which principles would contain no part of the present system. This is, no doubt, scientific, but it is not practical. The *Britannia* course has been a growth slowly following the needs of the naval service, and adapting the materials of youthful mind provided to their best uses in the service afloat. The best court of judgment for the results of the work of the ship will always be the commanding officers and commanders-in-chief of the various fleets to which the young officers go from the *Britannia*, and these have nothing but the highest praise for the style of youngster and his attainments.



READING THE SEXTANT.

"The life in the ship is arranged with the view of increasing self-reliance and independence. The nature of the country round Dartmouth is such that the cadets can be set free from all supervision and surveillance during the time they are ashore, and they are allowed to run free for six hours at a time on a summer afternoon—a privilege which no school in England enjoys. And it is natural to ask: What do they do? As they are not looked after, who should have a right to say what they do? Two or three things may be noted on their behaviour. Supposing they get into mischief, and one of the farmers complains that they have been throwing his hurdles over the cliff or stoning his ducks, and a complaint is made to the captain of any of their misdemeanours; the cadet captains are told that the offenders in such and such respects must give themselves up, and the next morning the whole thing is cleared up on the 'aft deck,' as the place of judgment is called, the pocket-money of the raiders is stopped, and the farmer reimbursed, and good feeling is thus restored between the boys and their neighbours. In winter a pack of beagles belonging to the cadets hunts the country two days a week, and the farmers enjoy riding after the little dogs; they will stand a good deal of annoyance connected with open gates and uprooted turnips to keep on good terms with the lieutenant who acts as Master of the Hounds, and to get him to run their hares. The regulations of the ship expressly state that cadets are warned to avoid climbing about the cliffs at Stoke Fleming, which are very dangerous; this takes the place of an old regulation which forbade their climbing, and is for that reason presumedly considered as a permission to climb, and even as a kind of challenge to do so at the peril of their necks.

"They hardly ever come to grief, however; and when they do, it gives an opportunity for the display of courage such as that shown by Hugh Stucley, naval cadet, who went down with the help of a rope to rescue his comrade.

"Dartmouth Harbour is a splendid place for

of all kinds, and the boats at the cadets' disposal are ample to provide all who wish it with a chance to pull or sail about for the afternoon. There are two schooners in which they can go outside the harbour with a warrant officer in charge, but the other boats are taken out without any guidance, and are not allowed to be taken beyond the harbour mouth.

"The tender *Wave*—so called jocosely because



PAYING POCKET MONEY.

Britannia rules her—is a small steam yacht, barque-rigged, and fitted for instructional purposes. She is not used for pleasure purposes except on such occasions as the whole holidays, when a party of cadets is taken round to Devonport to see some ships in course of construction in the dockyard, or to visit some of the matters of interest in the gunnery and torpedo instruction ships in the port.

"At all other times the *Wave* is a school-ship, a technical model, and during the summer months a very hard-worked craft. She is taken out of the harbour every week-day for one purpose or another, and the drills aloft begin early in the morning. The navigating officer takes her out with small parties, to learn and practise pilotage and the navigating a vessel by the use of Admiralty charts. The cadets, in turn, are put in charge of the bridge, actually to take her out, the navigating officer naturally keeping an eye on the performances, to see that his vessel is not left on the rocks. If he go below for a minute, the feelings of the youthful pilot have doubtless been well described by Mark Twain in his 'Mississippi.' The first lieutenant takes a watch of one term of the cadets out in her for instruction in the management of the vessel under sail, and morning sail drill is also part of his work in her. The engineer uses the engines for practical teaching in the management and construction of engines; each cadet, in his turn, is regularly taught how to lay and light fires, the operations and precautions necessary when getting up steam, besides the very thorough course of practical and theoretical teaching which he gets in the steam-study in the *Britannia*.

"The object always aimed at in dealing with cadets is never to teach them anything of which they are not taught also to make a practical use. The Navy is essentially a service of action, and in addition to the gain to the general service in always accustoming the cadets from the first to be up to any work, there is the gain that in so dealing with boys you are also following the grain of their minds. We often hear a boy at school asking, 'What's the use of this or that?' This question could never be asked in the *Britannia* without the complainant running the risk of spending an extra hour in the practical application of the said lesson. A boy is usually more matter-of-fact than his teachers, and it is a good instance of this that the cadets now give very little attention to teaching in masts and yards, which used to be the staple commodity of seamanship instruction, and think that steam is the really important branch. They are about right in this, but it is curious that they should be so far sighted as to have noted it. The beautiful rigged and working models connected with the seamanship of former days are always attractive to the small boy who visits the ship, but when he enters as a cadet he finds that this is not considered 'up to date.'

"Great importance is attached to boat-sailing and signal-work; a midshipman should be thoroughly proficient in these before he goes to sea, if he is to find favour in the eyes of his commanding officer. A smile is often observed on some visitor's face when he is told that a party of cadets out in a boat on a lovely summer afternoon, skimming over the harbour

in a good breeze, are at study. A very pleasant form of study, no doubt, but a very necessary one; for directly the lads leave the *Britannia* to go to sea, they may be called upon at once to take charge of a boat and sail her off on some duty.

"There is, of course, a great deal of hard mathematical work to be done by a boy on board, and if he is idle and neglects it, he is as likely as not to fail, and be returned to parents as the result of not passing an examination; but the work is splendidly taught, and no cadet need ever fail if he works decently well; supposing that he has been able to pass in, he must have enough ability to pass out. The naval service depends on a sound mathematical knowledge applied to practical work, and this knowledge admits of direct test by examination: so that it is only right that the naval officer should be expected to pass at certain times without trenching on the vexed question of the suitability of examinations as a test of suitability to defend our country.

"The social life of cadets in the *Britannia* is to a great extent responsible for the strong coherence between the members of the 'Executive' in the Navy; they have all passed through the same mill, they know that their messmates have the same traditions, and have been trained from the first in the same school of manly independence and straightforwardness. Nothing could be pleasanter than the two years which a cadet spends in the old ship; nothing is spared to give him every opportunity of enjoyment. Captain after captain has thought his term of office incomplete if he has not devised some new mode of amusement or extension of some existing one. No school is fitted with so complete a scheme of games and employments ashore and afloat. No one can say that the boys are overworked when they are free any summer day after study is over, at 3.30, till they must come on board again to tea at 7 to 7.10, while the summer half-holiday is unequalled anywhere for its freedom from any muster or 'call.' The *Britannia* is admitted by everyone who has looked into the life on board and ashore to be the finest school in England, and it is likely to be so when a series of the finest naval officers who have been chosen to command have given their best thoughts to improve the life. The Prince of Wales has always been commended for his judgment in sending his two sons to begin their life in public by taking equal shares with all the cadets who were going through the *Britannia* at that time.



INSTRUCTION IN SEAMANSHIP.

"The late Duke of Clarence retained a very strong affection for the old ship, and a lively recollection of the various episodes of his life at Dartmouth. The Princes' life was so completely free from affectation or from any difference in their treatment, that a visitor coming here would never have noticed any difference; and this constituted the charm and value of the training to them.

The records of the time show that they acted all the while thoroughly in the spirit of the regulations, and appreciated, as the better-minded always do, that there is nothing forbidden for the mere purpose of annoyance or restriction, as schoolboys often think. When idle or unprepared with work, they took their drills, but any insubordination, which would have been impartially dealt with, did not exist.

"The *Britannia* Eleven plays an out match every summer half-holiday, and their opponents, the surrounding schools, the regiments at Devonport, and the naval teams as they can be arranged, as well as the county, find the boys worthy foemen, and mostly return beaten; some of the recent years have shown extraordinary successes. The band plays up in the fields, and the scene is lively in the extreme. Three matches are played at the same time, and one match at least is played against three elevens of a neighbouring school. In the evening the band plays on board, when the youngsters can let off some of the steam pent up during the hour of evening preparation for the next day's work. The band is composed of the personal servants of the cadets, who are entered from the shore, and chosen for their ability to play some instrument. The whole scene on board at night is very striking, and should be seen if the cadets' life is to be appreciated.

"The progress in the establishment in the last fifteen years has been nothing short of a revolution; the rapidly changing forms of vessels and the needs of the general service have called for complete change in the scheme of teaching; the internal and outside fittings continually being improved and added to make almost a new ship of the old craft, though she remains safely moored, with her companion *Hindostan* ahead of her, in the same old place.

"Everything connected with the Navy must be level with the times, and most of all in the *Britannia* it is necessary for all the teaching to be, if possible, before the times, so that a youngster going to sea may not find himself a fossil before he has begun. God grant that our Navy may ever continue to be the Englishman's ideal of the profession for a Christian and a gentleman!"

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.



A NEW DRESS CAP.
(From a photograph by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

APRIL.

THE capricious month of April has arrived, and the perplexing question, Shower-proof cloak or sunshade? has to be decided. Appropriate to the season is the beautiful waterproof plush manufactured by Messrs. Lister, which, made either as a three-quarter mantle or a semi-fitting jacket, looks costly and is most serviceable; but it requires the skill of an adept in the art of mantle-making to insure a successful garment. April's varying moods would also seem to have influenced the selection of the leading colourings for materials; for we now see side by side an "Amazon" cloth of smooth and silky surface in bright blue with one dyed to the hue of the sunny lawn refreshed by a shower.

Covert and faced-cloth in colourings of drab, tan, putty, and fawn have numerous admirers, whilst a grey cashmere, with an infinitesimal check in blue, green, or pink possesses a grace all its own. Ere this you will have arrived at the correct conclusion that all the materials for the Spring season, with few exceptions, are smooth on the surface and of a clothy texture.

Moiré silk was arranged in an excellent manner on a new style of costume, the skirt, which was cut short and round, was made in bright blue faced-cloth, each width of material forming a box-pleat tapering towards the waist; the under portion of each pleat was composed of black moiré silk, the huge sleeves and folded



SILK TENNIS BLOUSE.

bodice, terminating at the jet embroidered waist-belt, were also of moiré. Associated with this costume was a deep shoulder-cape outlined with black, having a handsome collar, turned down over a scarf of the moiré silk, tied in a large bow with broad ends fringed with jet. A bonnet of gold-coloured fancy straw, with wide bows of black ribbon and tips frosted with gold, completed this stylish costume.

Now that the days of fur trimmings are numbered, jetted galloons and embroideries, combined with ribbon, step in to take their place. Lace will certainly gain in favour as the summer advances, and now appears on cloth or moiré silk, in écru or straw-coloured tints of Venetian and Maltese design, particularly in the form of an insertion, straight lines being one of the characteristics of the mode of to-day.

Lace in its finer qualities of Brussels or Chantilly will be utilised by milliners on large hats and also for matrons' caps, the latter ornamented with ribbon and fancy pins. The dress cap we illustrate on p. 391 is a new and becoming design, gracefully drooping behind the ears, and yet giving dignity and height to the wearer by the raised crown and erect bows of ribbon. Ivory-tinted lace may have the pretty addition of ribbons of vieux rose, mauve or violet purple.

Tennis Blouses.

No abatement is indicated in the enthusiastic following of the old favourite game of tennis, although the breezy down offers a strong counter-attraction in the invigorating pastime of golf, and the fascinations of boating claim attention. For each or either the becoming blouse is appropriate. Our illustrated example is made in a shot blue and green silk—two colours that have combined their contrasting charms with pleasing effect. The full bodice and shoulder-cape are drawn into a small square yoke over which the deep square collar turns down, and is fastened in front with a large scarf bow and ends. A puff and frill to the elbow is repeated again to the wrist, where it turns back and forms a cuff. The bodice is shaped to the waist by tiny perpendicular tucks sewn to an underneath belt, and forms a frill below; an embroidered line of feather-stitching in dark blue outlines collar, cuffs, and frills.

If this blouse were made in cream-white cashmere or flannel embroidered with two or more tones of colouring identical with the Club colours, and bow of silk in corresponding shades, it would then have a distinctive style of its own.

An old favourite is still with us in the close-fitting blouse, with fulness drawn up high to the throat and collar turned down. The large sleeves, cut like a man's shirt-sleeve, with stiffened cuff, and straight waist-belt sewn to the skirt, and fastening with it at the left side of the front width, a welcome fashion to those who retain memories of skirts and belts that refused to "pull together." In almost every instance, the plain short tennis costume of either tweed or cloth is made to fasten at the side of the front and ornamented with a lappet, which is repeated also at the opposite side and forms a pocket.

The hat worn with the blouse in our illustration is of coarse fancy straw, the crown burnt cream in colour, with a brim of dark blue and green plaited straw and rosettes and aigrettes of blue.

A covert coat is an acquisition, and has much to recommend it both for style and usefulness, and may be worn fastening invisibly straight down the front or opening over the blouse. It is cut semi-fitting in front, tightly fitting at the back, with basque twelve inches below the waist and each seam strapped and double-stitched, and should be made either in fawn or putty-coloured cloth. Let me here mention that the basques of jackets are not worn so deep as they were last season, and in some designs are raised at either side and longer at the back and front. Also that the fulness of sleeves is arranged to the back of the arm and droops away from the shoulder.

Tea-gowns and Morning Wrappers.

An incalculable advantage is gained when a gown will serve a double purpose and look to advantage. The tea-gown holds first rank as such, lending a hostess a charmingly graceful appearance when welcoming friends to a social cup of tea or genial home dinner party.

I will describe one that is undoubtedly elegant in colouring and design. On a tightly-fitting lining was arranged a soft satin robe-front of turquoise blue, crossed at intervals with lines of tinted lace insertion,

and fully gathered to a pleated yoke of satin and lace, with trim little collar shaped to the throat. The straight overfronts and back of the gown were made in Ondine silk, shot blue and faint yellow with an opalescent effect; unlined were these overfronts, the looped edge of the selvedge forming a pretty finish.

A deep cape of tinted lace encircled the yoke, and the sleeve was composed of a large puff of satin, and lines of insertion, finished with a lace frill below the elbow. At the back, the gown fitted close to the figure and was cut with a short train.

A lovely tea-gown for a bride—see illustration—is made in grey cashmere and ivory satin veiled with net and trimmed lace and moiré ribbon. The lining must be exactly fitting to the figure. The whole of the front is draped with satin and net, a deep flounce of lace festooned with ribbons trimming the hem, lace also forms the square and falls in a graceful jabot at either side of the front; ribbons are brought from the side seams under the arms to a centre at the bust, giving an Empire effect to the design.

Cashmere shoulder revers terminate half-way down the front, and the back is cut either with a wide pleat or plainly fitting to the figure. The cashmere sleeves are fully pleated, and lines of ribbon finished off with bows are sewn from elbow to wrist, a frill of lace falling over the hand.

This design would make a handsome gown in black silk with a front of amber veiled in black net, lace, and ribbons.

Those who wish for ease and economy combined would do well to invest in cashmere of a soft petunia colour and convert it into a tea gown, cut straight and full from neck to feet, girdled at the waist with satin ribbons, also tied at the throat with a bow of the same. The back to form a Watteau pleat and the hem trimmed with a gathered frill bordered with lace insertion, a deep frill also edged with insertion is inserted into the arm-hole; a long puff to the elbow and thence tight to the wrist is the fashion of the sleeve.

Warm, cheerful-looking flannels in broad stripes of pink and white patterned over with a design in grey, or blue with a moiré effect in a darker shade, are the materials of which the morning wrappers are made with the addition of deep turned-down collars and cuffs of quilted silk and silk cord girdle.

A dressing jacket looked fresh and pretty made in pale blue, and was successfully trimmed with lace insertion; the sleeve was bell-shaped, and rosettes fastened the lace insertion that formed the round yoke.

A tea-jacket for a young lady in pink Surah silk had a square yoke outlined with a frill of écru lace, high collar and scarf belt with long streamers of silk. The sleeve was made with fulness, at the back of the arm from shoulder to wrist, and finished with lace.

Children's Garments.

The Empire mode influences the designs for children's frocks with charming effect.

Lace, both as an insertion and also an edging, plays an important part, with white muslin either plain or with pin spots or tiny sprigs scattered over the surface.

Nothing could be prettier for a child of three years than a little frock of white muslin, cut with a small round yoke, into which is gathered the short-waisted bodice, the skirt, hanging straight and slightly full to the ankles, had a gathered frill of embroidered muslin headed with a row of insertion and minute tucks. A line of insertion at the waist had a pretty effect, and the deep collar frill and puffed sleeves were formed of embroidered muslin, lace, and tucks.

A favourite style is the daintily-coloured silk slip worn under the transparent muslin and lace frock. A pretty effect was attained with pink silk and white muslin, the little bodice, entirely composed of alternate rows of



TEA-GOWN.



FROCK FOR CHILD YEARS.

Valenciennes lace and muslin, opened in front to show a vest of pink silk drawn in tiny tucks; lace was inserted around the short waist and headed the frill at the hem of the little skirt, which was tucked and edged with lace. Sleeves of lace and muslin were made long to the wrist, with an Empire puff at the shoulder. A charmingly pretty frock, and if made in yellow silk and white muslin and lace, with the addition of a large drawn hat of muslin and a tuft of yellow feathers, would look perfection for bridesmaid or garden-party frock.

An exquisite christening robe was made in ivory-tinted satin covered with dainty Brussels lace; another was one filmy haze of finest cambric and dainty lace.

I will describe a couple of fascinating little frocks for children of two years: one in finely spotted muslin with lace beading at the waist, through which was drawn a pink ribbon tying at the back in long bows and ends; a soft full sleeve of muslin had a wrist-band of lace, and around the neck was a dainty frill of muslin with a vandyke edge, and a corresponding frill trimmed the hem of the frock. Another pretty variety, but less simple in design, was made with a square yoke of alternating rows of Valenciennes and embroidered muslin insertion, the short sleeves were fan-shaped frills made in the same way, and rows of insertion encircled the waist. The skirt was richly tucked between each insertion and edged with a frill of muslin, with tucks and edging of Valenciennes lace.

Dainty and picturesque are the outdoor garments provided this season for the little children, and the spring-like freshness of the colouring of materials is peculiarly adapted to their requirements; but no doubt we all specially connect the purity of white with the simplicity of childhood, and it is in an ivory-white faced-cloth that the design we illustrate is made, lined throughout with gold-coloured silk and embroidered in the same shade of colour. The quaint little shoulder-cape is bordered with embroidery and a frill of silk, and almost covers the short-waisted bodice, which is little more than a deep yoke; to this is sewn the coat in slight fulness in front, increasing towards the centre of the back. A broad scarf-belt of silk passes around the waist and fastens at the back in a large bow without ends. The sleeves are set full in a large puff and continued tight-fitting to the wrist.

This design would look exceedingly quaint if made in dull blue cloth and embroidered with golden-green silk.

The bonnet is of drawn white silk with a broad bow and ends of silk fastened under the chin. The outside brim is covered plainly with silk and a full crown and tuft of feather tips.

Those useful little adjuncts to children's costume, the silk blouses, made in a variety of designs with or without sashes, ornamented with either Valenciennes lace or ribbon rosettes, will certainly obtain throughout the summer season. Our illustration shows an example of the little silk blouse, and is made in almond-blossom pink Surah silk. A pointed yoke effect in tiny perpendicular tucks has a soft scarf collar fastened with rosette, and a full puffed sleeve finished at the wrist with tucks and a narrow heading. A draw string confines the blouse at the waist which droops over the broad silk sash: this is "made up" into a large knot in the centre of the back, and the two ends hang down to the edge of the frock. Thus the blouse is complete, and may be worn with any frock either of bronze green velveteen, olden brown cashmere, or white crépon.



BLOUSE AND FROCK HELD OF FOUR YEARS

In our design is shown a frock of cream-coloured cashmere, cut out in vandykes at the hem and edged with a flat pleated frill of the pink silk.

A pretty blouse of pale blue silk had a yoke with deep turned-down collar frill of flat pleated silk and lace; the sleeve was one large puff with a dainty cuff at the wrist.

A. LL. G.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original design illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the blouse and the children's frocks). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

AGAIN we have a story by Mr. Stanley Weyman to speak of in our "Gossip." "The Man in Black" (Cassell) is not so lengthy a story as that which we referred to before, but it is strong and with a well-sustained interest. The adventures of the little Sieur de Martinbault both before and after he fell into the clutches of M. Solomon Nôtredame are well told, and cannot but arouse and hold the reader's attention. It would not be fair to tell how the mystery which surrounds the lad is unravelled, but the dramatic manner in which the *dénouement* is brought about leads to a scene which is more than powerful. The little touch of anti climax, in which we are shown how "poetic justice" was meted out to "Master Crafty Eyes," is quite excusable. For, after all, the tale is of France under Richelieu and not of nineteenth-century Britain. I must not pass by this story without a word as to its illustrations—strong and vivid drawings by Mr. Wal Paget and his brother Mr. H. M. Paget.



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE MAN IN BLACK."

To the "Masters of Contemporary Music" series (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.) Mr. Charles Willeby has contributed an excellent volume on the "Masters of English Music." As far as possible, the biographical data have been gathered from the composers themselves, and when I point out that the musicians included in the work are Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Dr. C. Hubert Hastings Parry, and Professor C. Villiers Stanford, I have said enough to whet the appetite of all lovers of English music and musicians. The portraits of Sir Arthur Sullivan—first as Mendelssohn scholar in 1856, then as a young man of two-and-twenty (though, after the manner of portraits taken thirty years ago, this does make Sir Arthur look little younger than his present age would warrant), and, lastly, as he is to-day—form an interesting series. Titles and honour have done nothing to add to the value of Sir Arthur's work. As thorough as he could make it, he always sent it from his hands. In Mr. Willeby's pages we see him struggling, rising, succeeding, but in himself always the same, kindly, courteous, and considerate to all with whom he had dealings. A journey to the Far West, undertaken a few years ago for family reasons, led to a scene which can only properly be told in Sir Arthur's own words, quoted by Mr. Willeby:—"I was travelling," he says, "on a stage in rather a wild part of California, and arrived at a mining camp where we had to get down for refreshments. As we drove up, the driver said, 'They expect you here, Mr. Sullivan.' I was much pleased, and when I reached the place, I came across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky store. The foremost of them came up to a big burly man at my side, and said, 'Are you Mr. Sullivan?' The man said 'No,' and pointed to me. The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously, and, after a while, said, 'Why, how much do you weigh?' I thought that was rather a curious method of testing

the power of a composer, but I at once answered, 'About 162 pounds.' 'Well,' said the man, 'that's odd to me, anyhow. Do you mean to say you gave fits to John S. Blackman down in Kansas City?' I said, 'No, I did not give him fits.' He then said, 'Well, who are you?' I replied, 'My name is Sullivan.' 'Ain't you John Sullivan the Slogger?' I disclaimed all title to that and told him I was Arthur Sullivan. 'Oh, Arthur Sullivan!' he said. 'What, are you that man as put "Pinafore" together?'—rather a gratifying way of describing my composition. Nevertheless, I said 'Yes.' 'Well,' returned the citizen, 'I am sorry you ain't John Sullivan, but still I am glad to see you anyway—let's have a drink.' I had a drink, and received an invitation to pass as many days as I liked with them." Perhaps this is not in every respect a sample of the anecdotes in the book, but it shows that anecdotes are there. And they are mingled with criticism that strikes one as being both just to its subject and helpful to the general reader. And in that lies the value of all such work.

What an admirable idea it is to give children at school lessons in the practical working of the constitution of whose history they have been taught. Messrs. Cassell have just published a second edition of "Lessons in our Laws: or Talks at Broadacre Farm," which deals with the makers and carriers-out of the law, explains the relation of one branch of the State to another, and shows the quarter from which each derives its power. Lessons like these are an admirable training for future citizenship.

If literary style were the only test of a book's excellence or claim to the consideration of readers, then "Gunner Jingo's Jubilee" would have short shrift in any "Gossip from Bookland." But the volume under this strange title which Messrs. Remington & Co. have just published is so full of good stories and chatty reminiscences that one can forgive its bulk and its technical faults. Its author is a retired officer of the Royal Artillery, Major-General T. Bland Strange, who has seen service in a good many portions of the Empire and retains a clear recollection of places and incidents. He was a Woolwich cadet at the same time as Chinese Gordon, and in later years was on the educational staff at Woolwich when the Duke of Connaught was a gentleman cadet there; and he says that "there was no smarter, steadier gunner in the squad than the gunner of the blood royal." Perhaps in Gunner Jingo's student days classical knowledge did not play so large a part in the entrance examination for Woolwich as it does now, or he would not—even in retirement—have twisted his Horace about as he does when he tries to recall the famous *Pallida mors* lines. But that is one of the lapses I am disposed to forgive in consideration of the good stories he tells of "the Rock," the West Indies, the Mutiny, and of Canada. His tale of the very accessible Colonial Governor is better than usual. "One of the most popular of Colonial Governors," he says "a man who despised sentries and the usual paraphernalia of a prancing proconsul, and who never had his hospitable doors shut except to a 'brickfielder' (hot wind), found himself invaded by an Antipodean politician in a hurry, who, seeing a neat damsel coming down the great staircase in the coolest of simple costumes, beckoned her, and said, 'My dear, I am in a hurry to see your master,' and slipped a coin into her hand. With perfect composure, she conducted him to the study door, which she threw open. 'Bob, here is a gentleman very anxious to see you. He has just given me a half-crown.'" I am obliged to limit myself to short anecdotes from our author's rich store; and I confess that I have enjoyed "Gunner Jingo" not a little, despite the old soldier's weakness for dropping into political remarks (which must fail to please *all* his readers) and the discursive character of his book.

Despite the repeated visits of its ruler to Europe, and the fact that its products are to be found in almost every town in our land, I doubt whether there is another half civilised country so little known to the "man in the street" as Persia. But signs are not wanting that "the Land of the Lion and the Sun" has a brilliant future before it, politically and from a commercial point of view. The latest book on the country is one of the best. It is entitled "A Year amongst the Persians," is written by Dr. Edward G. Browne, and published by Messrs. A. & C. Black. Dr. Browne writes temperately, and describes with great care what he saw. There is a dry humour apparent in many of the frequent arguments in which he indulged with his native friends that does not in any way detract from the value of his work. As a rule, our author devotes his space to the people rather than to the places in which he found them. Speaking of Kashan, however, he says, "Almost every town in Persia is celebrated for something, and Kashan is said to have three specialities: first, its brass-work; second, its scorpions (which are said never to attack strangers, but only the natives of the town); and thirdly, the extreme tumultuousness of its inhabitants. Concerning the latter, it is currently asserted that there formerly existed a Kashan regiment, but that, in consideration of the cowardice of its men, and their obvious inefficiency, it was disbanded, and those composing it were told to return to their homes. On the following day a deputation of the men waited on the Shah, asserting that they were afraid of being attacked on the road, and begging for an escort. 'We are a hundred poor fellows all alone,' they said; 'send some horsemen with us to protect us.'" From other stories which Dr. Browne tells, I am obliged to admit that the *sobriquet* which Anglo-Persians of my acquaintance give Persia is justified. They call it "the land of the *liar* and the sun."

In handsome single volumes Messrs. Cassell have just published new editions of those two clever stories, "Tiny Luttrell" by Mr. E. W. Hornung, and "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane" by our old contributor Mr. Frank Barrett. Both stories deserve a wide circle of readers, and in this handy and portable form should be sure of popularity. Mr. Barrett's story is accompanied by a number of telling illustrations.

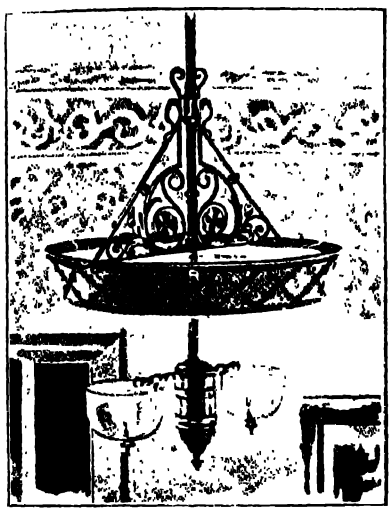
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Reservoir Reflector.

Our figure shows a reflector for gas lamps indoors, which at the same time absorbs the heat of the flames, and tends to keep the rooms cool. The reservoir, R, contains water, and is open to the air, so that the heat is absorbed in evaporating the water, which renders the air sufficiently moist to be pleasant. Tobacco-smoke and the gaseous fumes are also absorbed, and, if required, a disinfectant, such as permanganate of potash, can be added to the water. By means of a siphon arrangement, the reflector can be emptied and filled with fresh water in a few minutes without having to touch the water.



RESERVOIR REFLECTOR.

Indiarubber Curtains.

Curtains of an indiarubber composition, containing 75 per cent. of the gum, 3 per cent. of wool dust, 5 per cent. of pulverised fruit stones, 10 per cent. of bleached amber varnish, and 5 per cent. of bleached leather waste, with a little infusorial earth, have been introduced on the Continent. The ingredients are worked into a paste by means of bisulphide of carbon and rolled into thin sheets, which are decorated with pleasing designs.

Poison in Dolls.

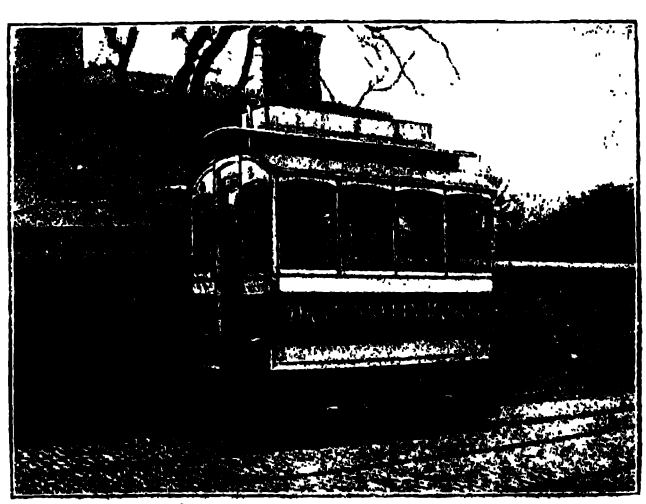
M. A. Bulowsky, a foreign chemist, has recently shown that children's india-rubber toys—such as are used on the Continent at least—sometimes contain harmful pigments. Black dolls, for instance, are often coloured in the mass with lead salts, and red rubber articles with sulphide of antimony, which, however, does not dissolve in the saliva. Grey rubber goods usually contain zinc oxide, and are therefore dangerous, especially if brought to the mouth. Surface colouring is also effected by injurious pigments, and it is probable, he thinks, that many childish ailments are really due to this unrecognised cause.

A Glaze Frost.

A remarkable "glaze frost" occurred during the past winter in Roumania. This natural phenomenon is attributed to rain falling and instantly freezing on the surface of the ground cooled below the freezing-point, and it covers them with a smooth coating of ice. In Roumania, however, the cause seems to have been that the raindrops were already cooled below the freezing-point and only needed contact with some hard surface to freeze them, as the surface of the ground was above the temperature of the freezing-point. The frost coated the telegraph wires near Bucharest with ice and icicles to the diameter of an inch or more and broke them down. Trees were also snapped across and branches torn off by the weight of the ice.

A Gas-motor Car.

A new motor for drawing tramcars, in lieu of horses, has been introduced into England from America. It is the invention of Mr. Connelly, and the motor is a gas-engine worked with compressed coal gas or with oil gas. The explosions of the gas are noiseless, there are no disagreeable fumes, and the speed is easily regulated. Our illustration gives a general view of this locomotive, which can also be combined with the car in one vehicle.



THE CONNELLY MOTOR. (*From a photograph.*)

The Roof of Asia.

The great Dapsang Plateau, in the Pamirs, has been called the "roof of Asia." It was visited by Lord Dunmore during his travels in that region, when, by the aneroid barometer, he found its elevation no less than 16,000 feet above the sea. Nevertheless, no discomfort was experienced from the mountain sickness caused by exertion in the rarer atmosphere of high altitudes.

The Moth as a Mimic.

An interesting case of protective mimicry is related by Mr. G. H. Cotton, of Hiram, Ohio, U.S., in an American scientific journal. One day he observed the stub of a branch projecting from the trunk of a young cherry tree which he had recently pruned, and, wondering how he had overlooked it, drew out his

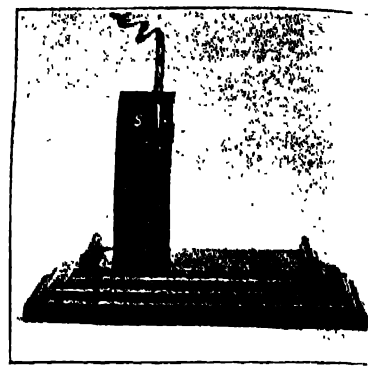


THE MOTH AS A MIM

pocket-knife to cut it away, but found that he had startled a moth. The insect was attached by its head to the bark, which it closely resembled, and at the usual angle of the branches as shown in the sketch above. Moreover, the abdomen being white resembled the end of a decaying branch.

A Great Fireball.

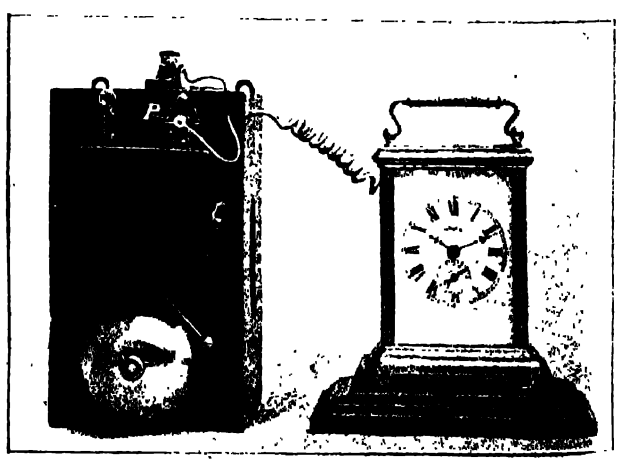
On January 25th last, about 10 p.m., a magnificent fireball or meteor was seen in the heavens over a great section of Worcestershire and other adjacent parts of the country. It appeared to travel from north-north-west to south south-west, and is described as having been double-headed, of a bluish lustre in the heart, and yellow at the edges. Its brilliance is said to have equalled that of the electric arc, and when it finally exploded, at a point estimated as being near Tewkesbury and sixteen miles high, it emitted flashes which turned the night into a kind of day, and left a long luminous trail of fire. Several detonations followed its disappearance, the last of which was so violent as to rattle crockery and shake horses in the manner of an earthquake. Whether it was an instance of globular lightning or a meteoric stone is not quite certain, as no traces of any fragments have been found, but it was probably the latter. Next evening, about eight p.m. a curious meteor was observed at Croydon by Mr. J. Munro, who has described it as a "black aurora." Five dark rays or streamers, like the blades of a fan, extended from a point above the northern horizon nearer to the zenith or the magnetic zenith. Seen against a hazy sky illuminated by the glare of the metropolis, they resembled streaks of a gigantic brush dipped in Chinese ink, and the whole system wheeled slowly towards the east through an arc of 30 to 40, then faded out. We may add that about the end of the past year, a ship bound from Australia to San Francisco encountered a severe hurricane, and suddenly found herself in a part of the sea which was dead calm. At the same time she became enveloped in a sheet of bluish light up to the very tops of the masts and of blinding lustre. The phenomenon, which was doubtless a remarkably fine display of St. Elmo's Fire, disappeared as suddenly as it came



ELECTRIC CLOCK ALARM.—FIG. 1

An Electric Clock Alarm.

Our illustrations show an electric clock alarm which is the invention of Mr. Fielder, and is at once simple and efficacious. The clock may be of any shape, the only qualifications being that it shall fit the stand provided (or have the bottom of the stand adapted to it) and that the winder of the alarm shall project at the back of the clock. But the clock is not connected with the apparatus, and may be used, apart from it, in another room, if desired. When the alarm is to be used, the clock is wound up, the alarm set, and the clock placed firmly on the stand, so that the winder of the alarm is pushed inside the slot, S, shown at the back of the stand. When the time arrives for the alarm to come into action, the bell attached to the battery will ring until the peg, P, is taken from its place in the battery case, an arrangement which, in



AN ELECTRIC CLOCK ALARM.—FIG. 2.

the case of the bell being used to awaken a servant, ensures her being compelled to get out of bed to silence the alarm. The electric current does not pass through the clock or any part of its mechanism, and by an ingenious arrangement the metal contact plate at

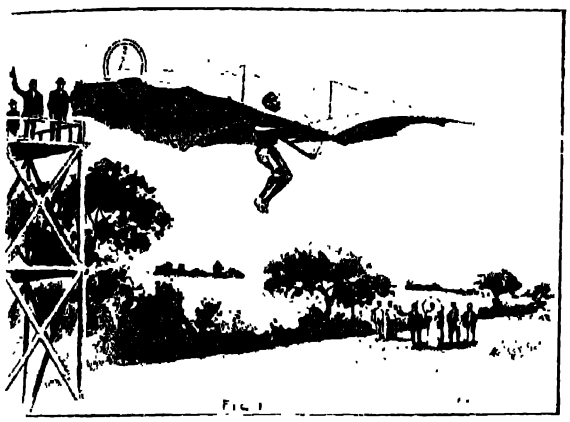


FIG. 1

AN AERIAL

the back of the clock stand may be used as a "push" and the bell used for calling assistance of any kind, irrespective of the alarm.

An Aerial Toboggan.

The legend of Dædalus and Icarus of Crete is the mythical germ of aeronautics; but it is on record that one Besnier, a Frenchman, attempted to fly, or rather float, through the air in 1678. According to the *Journal des Scavans* of December 12th that year, he made several trials with four inverted V-shaped floats attached to his person. Again in 1742 the Marquis de Bacqueville, a French courtier, attached floats or wings to his arms and ankles, and jumped from a balcony of his house on the Quai des Theatins, Paris, with a view of floating over the Seine to the Jardins des Tuileries, but fell on the roof of a washing-boat moored near the riverside, and broke his leg. It may now be said that the problem of flying has entered on the scientific stage, and is attracting the attention of serious and able theorists and inventors. Professor S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S., recently declared that he saw nothing to hinder us from constructing a flying machine, which could fly round the world, by simply utilising the force of the wind itself, with an occasional help from a steam or other engine carried by it, when there was little or no wind. This remarkable deduction is based on his discovery that a wind consists of irregular puffs or beats, and that a bird is able to soar by adjusting its wings and body so as to catch and profit by the impulse of these gusts. His idea is to construct a machine, or "aerodrome," on this principle, with means of adjusting the wing or catching surface to reap the full advantage of the irregular air-currents making up the wind, and provided with spare engines to drive the machine when the wind fails. We may also add that M. Tshernoff, a Russian physicist, recently brought a new theory of flight before a scientific society in St. Petersburg. His paper has not been published in this country as yet, but he endeavours to show that the flight of a bird depends on the principle of inertia rather than on the resistance offered by the air to the surface of the wings. Of practical experiments in the same direction the most interesting are those of Herr O. Lilienthal, at Steglitz, near Berlin. The German has constructed an apparatus consisting of two large wings, curved like a bird's and made of linen stretched on a wooden frame with an aperture in the middle of it, as will be seen from our illustrations; and having put the wings over his head so as to rest on his shoulders he takes hold of the frame and leaps from the top of a hill or high building against the wind, and thus getting the benefit of the upward or bearing force glides gently down to the ground at a slope of 10° or 15° from the horizontal. The surface of the wings is about 15 square metres, and they are able to carry him about 250 metres, or, let us say, yards, before he touches the ground. He can incline the wings' surface a little, and thus quicken and slacken his speed, or change his direction. If the wind is not too strong and the wings too large, there is apparently little danger in this kind of aerial tobogganing, which may yet become a novel form of recreation. Even the aged Professor Du Bois Reymond has in this way jumped from a height of 100 feet and landed safely, a feat which suggests the use of the wings as a fire escape.

The Mammoth Crystal Cave

America can boast of the finest caves in the world, so far as known. She has not only the mammoth cave of Kentucky, one of the natural wonders of the world,

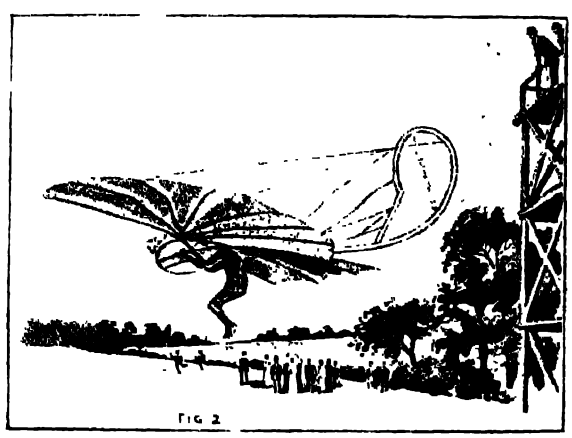
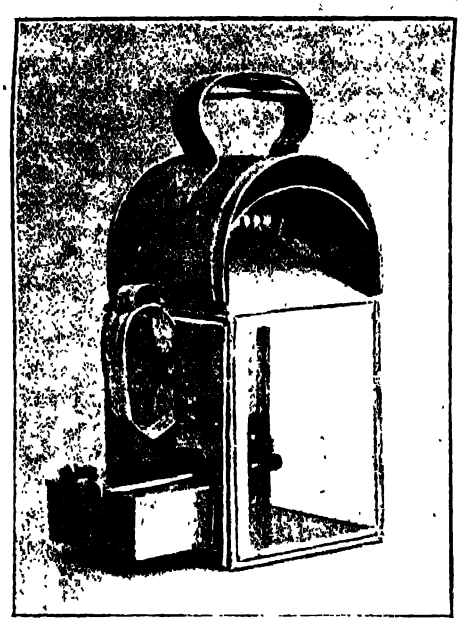


FIG 2

but the marble cave of the Ozark Hills, the Wyandotte Cave, the Luray Cavern of Virginia, and others of the stalagmitic formation, but she has a crystal cave, discovered in the Black Hills by a party of miners, and not yet explored to its full extent. It is estimated that this cavern comprises forty or fifty miles of underground passages in several tiers, forming a natural labyrinth. It has been formed in strata of



A DOWNCAST LANTERN.

corniferous limestone by a creek which pursues an underground course for eleven miles at this spot. The peculiarity of the cave is that it is lined on walls, floor, and ceiling with crystals of dog-tooth spar, which, when lighted up, present a glittering spectacle. The cave is surrounded by beautiful scenery, and will, no doubt, become a favourite resort of the tourist.

A Downcast Lantern.

The portable hand-lamp which is shown in our engraving sheds its light below as well as in front, and fulfils the requirements of the fire insurance companies in the case of corn-mills and other classes of factories—that is to say, it is locked and burns vegetable oil. Moreover, the oil reservoir is on the outside of the door, and will be seen on the left of the figure. The burner projects inside, and the reflectors throw its light through the glass front and bottom. The lamp is therefore quite safe, especially as the door locks itself on closing, and cannot be opened except with a key, which may be kept by a responsible person. The supply of air is regulated so as to make the flame burn nearly all its own smoke, and the oil burned is colza or other vegetable oil. The lamp is not only useful in mines where there is little gas in the atmosphere, but in flour- and other mills or factories, not to speak of ordinary premises.

A Lantern Stereoscope.

There has long been a want of a magic or optical lantern which would project pictures on a screen and make them appear solid, like photographic images seen through the stereoscope. This has now been invented by Mr. John Anderton, and the apparatus is virtually a double lantern, projecting the images of two stereoscopic transparencies and superposing them on the screen. When seen by the naked eye the combined images on the screen are blurred and misshapen, but when the observer looks through a small eyeglass provided for the purpose, the true proportions, distinctness, and solid effect is obtained. This result is brought about by polarising the two beams of light which project the images in planes at right angles to each other, and the eyeglass or lorgnette contains a pair of analysers. The lantern can be used for projecting in the ordinary way by a simple manipulation, and it is capable of giving ten-feet pictures.

The Oldest Book.

The "papyrus prisse" found by M. Prisse in a tomb at Thebes, Egypt, is the oldest book in the world. Written about 3350 B.C. by the Prefect Ptah-hotep, it is a collection of golden precepts and meditations on life and government which are as modern in their spirit and wisdom as the best sayings of Marcus Aurelius or the finest moralists. In fact, they show that in Egypt 5000 years ago there was a tone of culture and refinement equal to that of the best modern ages. The papyrus is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, and is very well preserved. It is written in the hieratic character, and was finished when the author attained the patriarchal age of 110 years. Ptah-hotep, as a prefect, filled an office only second to the Pharaoh of his time, King Assa, namely that held by Joseph. He was Keeper of the Royal Granaries, Chief Justice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Chief Justice all in one.

PUZZLE MAZE COMPETITION.

AWARD.

The Prize of ONE GUINEA has been awarded to

S. V. HORTON,
Llanbadarnfawr,
Aberystwith.

Extra Prizes of HALF-GUINEA each have been awarded to

WILLIAM L. FRENCH,
75, East Hill,
Colchester ; and

GERTRUDE GOODMAN,
94, Oakfield Road,
West Croydon.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to

WILLIAM H. SORBY,
72, Alexandra Road,
South Norwood.

DEBATE COMPETITION.

The Prize of TWO GUINEAS has been gained by

The Rev. J. M. DRYERRE,
The Manse,
Innerleithen, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to

JAMES ALEXANDER, Huntly ;
F. AUSTIN, Petworth ; and
AMYAS SELWYN, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The work of the successful competitors will be published in our pages in due course.



(*Drawn by* PERCY TARRANT.)

BLOSSOM AND PERFUME.

THE ACAPULCO GALLEON.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.



I WAS leaning over the rail of one of the finest of the Cape Mail steamships, viewing the great far-off heap of Table Mountain, which was rapidly dwindling into a blue shadow in the windy atmosphere as our vessel thundered northwards through the long frothing ridges of the South Atlantic, when a sailorly-looking man came and stood at my side, and, after gazing a moment, exclaimed —

"'The old peak grows dim, sir. Another hour of this travelling will give us a clear horizon the circle round.'

"I wonder," said I, following with my eye the startled flight of a shoal of flying fish, "what would be the sensation if one could dive from the bows and let this great roaring steamer, churning up a perfect snowstorm of foam, pass over one's head?'

"If you were to go three fathoms below the keel of the vessel, you would be unconscious, except for the shadow of her eclipsing the sort of twilight that comes sifting through the green water, of anything passing above you. I speak with some little knowledge, for, curiously enough, my calling is that of a diver."

"Really!" said I, looking at my companion with some interest, for I own to finding a considerable fascination in the vocation of the men who explore the bed of the sea. "And, pray, may I ask whether you have been pursuing your submarine investigations in the waters off the Cape?'

"I have, sir," he answered, "in Table Bay itself. And, if it would entertain you to hear it, I will tell you a very curious yarn of my experiences below the surface of the historic anchorage.'

"I shall indeed be most interested to hear the story," said I.

"Then, let us go and sit under the lee of the chart-house, for the rush of the wind here makes talking difficult. Ah! this is more comfortable. Well, sir, I must begin by telling you that before I became a diver I was a sailor, and for some years had command of a little barque trading between London and South Africa. I used sometimes, when at Capetown, to hear an old tradition of an ancient Spanish treasure-ship, said to be sunk in Table Bay, and which might even at times be seen shimmering fathoms down under the water, that is glass-clear, when the weather was quiet and the sea still. One day I met with an old Dutch settler, and he told me a wonderful yarn about the wealth of this sunken galleon, which made a good deal of impression upon my mind at the time, for I couldn't help thinking what a pity it was that so much treasure should be lying at the bottom of the bay without an effort being made to recover it.

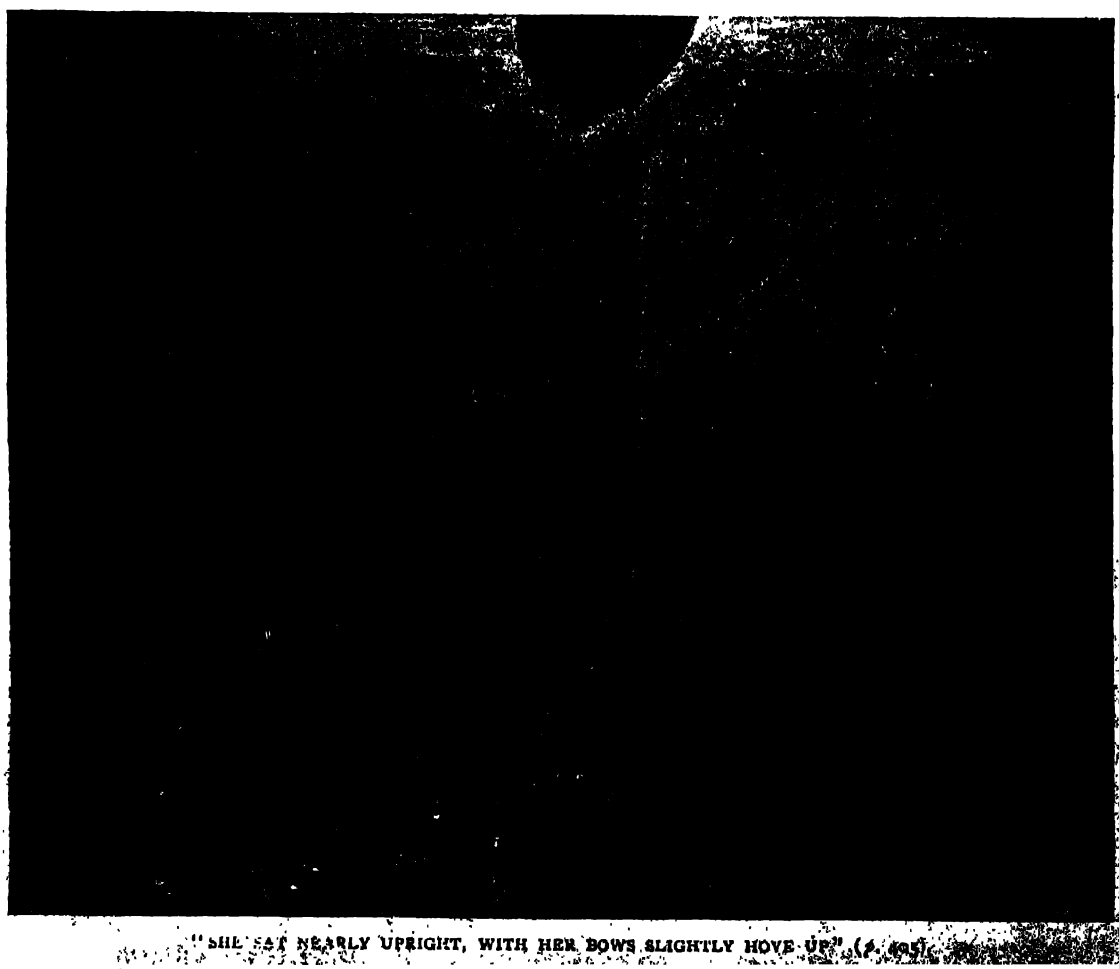
"I returned to England, and fell ill of a lingering malady, which forced me to give up my berth of command. When I got well again I found no small difficulty in obtaining a fresh post; till, one day, happening to meet with an old shipmate, he told me that he had given up going to sea and become a diver; that he made about five pounds a week at the business, and strongly recommended me to take to it. I told him that I doubted whether I should have the nerve to go down to sunken wrecks and witness such ghastly spectacles as I knew it must often fall to the lot of the diver to behold; but he assured me I should soon grow accustomed to the whole thing, and invited me to go out for a trip with him, that I might make a trial. A few days afterwards I accompanied him in his cutter to the scene of a wreck, from which he was recovering the cargo: he lent me a diving-dress and a head-piece, and I made my first descent in about eight fathoms of water. It was a most curious sensation walking upon the bed of the sea in the greenish glimmering twilight, through which every object loomed vague and large, but I got quite used to it before I had been down half an hour. To cut short this part of my story, I equipped myself with the necessary outfit, and started in the diving business, out of which I did a very great deal better than as a shipmaster.

"Meanwhile, there frequently ran in my head the recollection of the Dutchman's story of the sunken treasure ship in Table Bay. It chanced one evening that I was in the company of a little assemblage of sailors and shipowners; the conversation turned upon valuable wrecks, and I talked somewhat freely about the traditional galleon supposed to be lying under water off Capetown, regretting that I had not got the means to go out, and try and recover some of her rich freight. I suppose I ran on in a pretty fluent strain, dwelling upon the fabulous wealth of the ancient Spanish ships, for I found them all listening to me with the greatest attention.

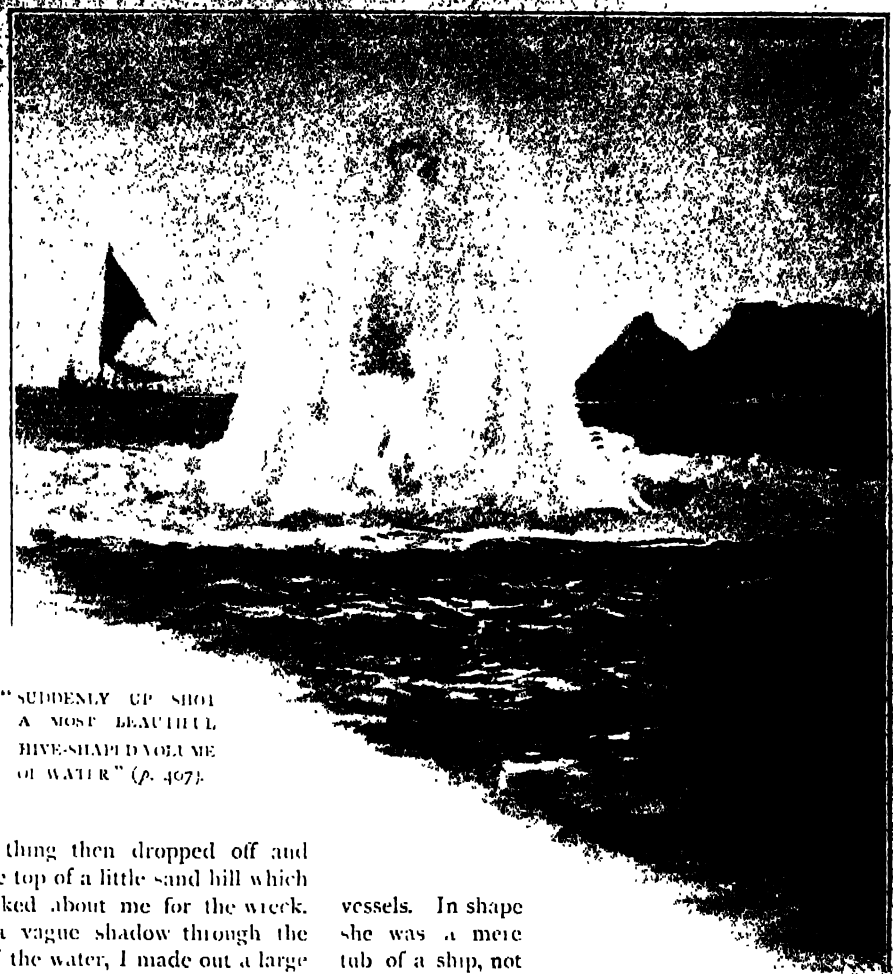
"Next morning a man named Bury called upon me: he was a Thames barge-owner, reputed to be worth fifty thousand pounds. He said he had been thinking over the subject of our conversation on the previous evening, and wished to know whether I really meant that, providing I had the means, I would go out and

explore the submerged galleon? I answered, certainly; that these sort of traditions about sunken ships and buried treasures are, with scarcely an exception, based upon some degree of truth, and so likely did I consider that there might lie a great fortune in the speculation to any man who would hazard some little capital upon the project, that I only lamented my own inability to make the venture. He then came directly to the point; said that those views were exactly his own, and if I would carry out my scheme he would find the necessary funds, the condition being that he was to have half of whatever I might recover. I closed with his offer, and a week later was on board a steamer bound for Capetown.

"On my arrival, I went to work to gather all the intelligence I could concerning the supposed whereabouts of the sunken wreck, and presently met with a very old waterman, who said he had once dimly seen the outline of a ship resting upon the bottom many feet deep, but couldn't say whether it would be the vessel I was in search of. He pointed out the exact spot, which was at the entrance to the bay, betwixt Green Point and Robben Island, and, as I found, beyond the jurisdiction of the port authorities, so that I had nobody's permission to ask before starting on my scheme. I hired a large sloop suitable to my purpose, and engaged half-a-dozen Cape Malays, whom I instructed in the use of the air-pump, and the meaning of the signals which a diver makes by tugging at the life-line attached round his chest. With the exception of these blacks, nobody had any idea of the object of our mission when, shortly after daybreak one morning, we got under weigh, and stood out towards the entrance of the bay. We arrived at the spot, the bearings of which my old waterman had told me to take by bringing the lighthouse on the island directly into a line with the blue shadowy range of the far-off Hottentot Holland mountains, and let go our anchor in about twelve fathoms of water. This is a tolerable depth to dive to. I've been down eighteen fathoms, but the oppression on my chest caused by the pressure of water was so insufferable that I couldn't remain under more than five minutes. Well, having moored our craft, I adjusted my head-piece, first of all repeating my instructions to the Malays; set a brace of them to work at the air pump, with directions to keep it ceaselessly going, and then quietly dropped overboard into the clear water, and floated slowly down till I alighted upon the bottom. It was a brilliant South African morning, and the sunshine, lying bright upon the surface of the bay, penetrated to the depths in a kind of misty green twilight.



"SHE SAT NEARLY UPRIGHT, WITH HER BOWS SLIGHTLY HOVE UP." (p. 405).



"SUDDENLY UP SHOT A MOST BEAUTIFUL HIVE-SHAPED VOLUME OF WATER" (*p.* 407).

"The spot where I came down was a bed of soft sand. Surrounding me was a most wonderful growth of marine plants — a perfect forest of weeds, most of them looking like huge fantastic ferns, their shapes as motionless as paintings on glass, with the silvery flashes of fish darting in and out among them, and the crawling bodies of great crabs stirring up little clouds of ooze as they burrowed themselves out of sight. A monstrous transparent starfish floated blindly up against the glass of my helmet and attached itself, so that I could not see, but I drew my knife and stuck it, and the thing then dropped off and settled. I climbed to the top of a little sand hill which stood close by, and looked about me for the wreck. Presently, looming in a vague shadow through the glimmering fogginess of the water, I made out a large black object, which I knew was a sunken ship, and in all probability the vessel I was seeking. But she was too far off for the scope of my pipe to enable me to reach her, so I signalled to be hauled up again. The darkies dragged me up with frantic zeal, and I told them to get the anchor. We stood on until I guessed the sloop to be nearly right over the wreck. I then gave the word to bring her up again, and taking a cup of hot chocolate to put some warmth into me - for the water struck cold at that early hour of the morning - I once more descended.

"I had so well calculated the spot where the hull lay that this time I came down close alongside of her. What I first beheld looked to me like a great unrecognisable mass, covered with weeds and sea-moss, with patches of shell encrustation showing between. But standing awhile and gazing, the shape of the bulky object presently grew clear to my perception. I am not well versed in the marine architecture of bygone ages, but I would willingly have staked that the craft I was viewing could not have been resting down in that green and oozy sepulchre for much less than a couple of centuries. She sat nearly upright, with her bows slightly hove up. The stumps of three masts still stood, together with a queer-looking contrivance aft, which I have since thought was probably the great lanthorn you will see in pictures of ancient vessels. In shape she was a mere tub of a ship, not very much more than twice as long as she was broad, with great bulging quarter-galleries, an immensely tall stern, narrowing atop and castellated with ports, descending in a succession of breaks to a very low waist, and thence with a sudden spring to prodigiously raking bows. I could not regard her without a feeling almost as of awe when I thought of her as the relic of a romantic past; but that she was the traditional treasure-ship I felt very little doubt, and the elation I experienced over my discovery of her rendered me very little disposed to moralise.

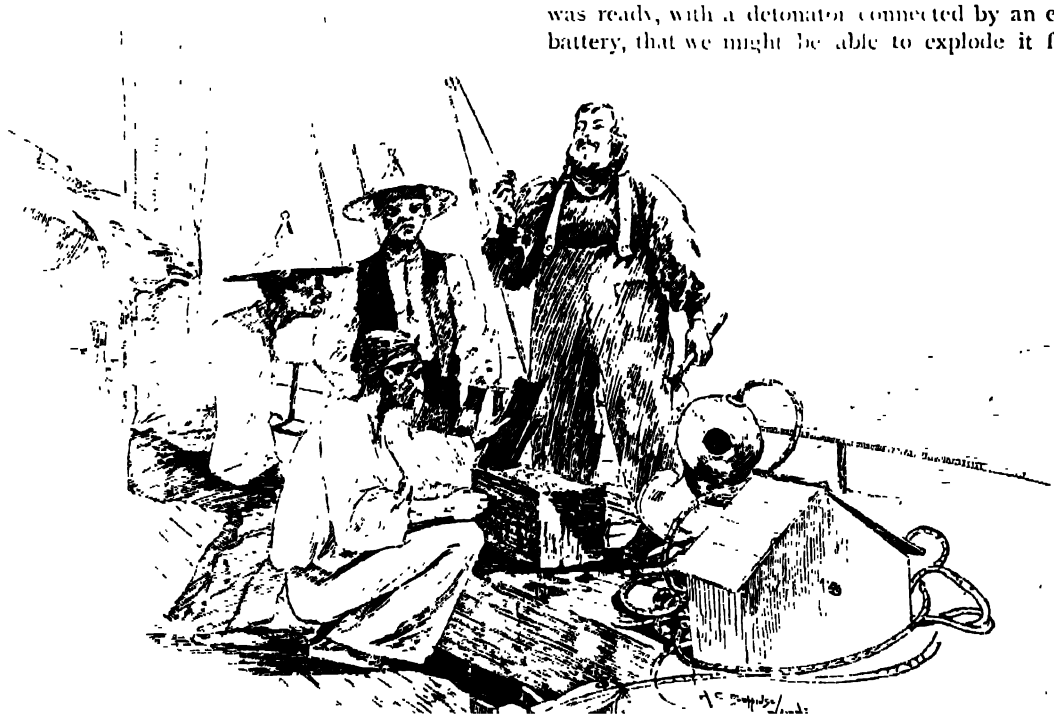
"I had no difficulty in getting on board. A man is feather-light under water, especially with a helmet full of air upon his head, and it needs weighty leaden-soled shoes to keep one from shooting up like a cork. I walked close under the lowest part of the hull, and gave a spring which carried me above the level of her rail. A stroke of the arms then propelled me over her decks, upon which I alighted. The sight between the bulwarks was far more surprising and lovely than the spectacle of the wreck outside. Not only was it that the deck seemed formed entirely of shells of many hues; there was a rich abundance of coral growths, pink and white, sea plants of wonderful beauty and gay colours, weeds of the daintiest configuration, delicate green moss, soft as plush—in short, the whole

scene struck me as forming a very fitting marine garden for some mermaid queen. Whether the hatches were on or not, I could not say, so thick and massive was the coating of the decks, and, indeed, I feared it would take me a very long while to break through that shelly surface of deposit into the hold beneath.

"I had read a bit in the literature of the old freebooters of the Spanish main, and knew a little about the value of the treasure-ships which used to sail once a year between Acapulco, in Mexico, and the island of Manilla. We get a good idea of what such vessels as these were like from the account given in 'Anson's Voyages' of the galleon which the *Centurion* captured. I can tell you from memory the contents of that famous ship's hold, for I used to read the romantic story again and again when a boy, till I came to get it nearly by heart. First of all, they discovered hard upon one million three hundred and fourteen thousand pieces-of-eight, and whilst they were staring with speechless wonder at the hundreds of cases, brimful of the sparkling white dollars, a party of seamen rummaging yet further into the hold came upon a matter of thirty-six thousand ounces of virgin silver, to say nothing of an enormously valuable cargo, composed of arrobes of alpaca wool, serons of cocoa, quintals of tin, and bales of cochineal, indigo, silk, and coffee. Why, sir, there was the wealth of an Oriental principality in the hold of one of these Spanish galleons, and the recollection of what I had read concerning them worked in a fever of impatience in me as I stood upon the weedy deck of that sunken wreck, and realised that she was, beyond doubt, one of that ancient fleet which used to inspire the dreams of such buccaneers as Dampier, Rogers, Shelvocke, Stradling, and a score of others whose names you may be better acquainted with than I am.

"After having made a long and thorough survey of the queer-looking old craft, I gave the signal to be hauled up again, and was brought hand over hand to the surface by my zealous Malay boatmen. I removed my head piece, dried myself, and sat down to consider how I should set to work to get at the inside of the wreck. A little Revenue cutter came sheering alongside, and an official in a gold lace cap and brass buttons hailed to know what we were doing. I told him seeking for treasure, which lay hidden below. He laughed and waved his hand, wishing me luck. I had no motive in concealing the truth, knowing that we were beyond the limit of all local authority, and within no jurisdiction short of that which the British Admiralty exercises upon the high seas, so that I was aware of my title to keep anything I might recover.

"There was but one plan which I could hit upon for breaking through the barnacle crusted walls of the submerged galleon, and that was by blowing her up. To have attacked the steel like surface of shells and stones would have been as futile as trying to kill a turtle by stabbing its covering with a table knife. I accordingly gave orders for the sloop to be got under weigh again, most carefully noting the exact bearings of the spot, and we returned to Capetown. I had no difficulty in procuring the materials I needed for constructing an infernal machine which I guessed would answer my purpose, and in a couple of days it was ready, with a detonator connected by an electric battery, that we might be able to explode it from a



"I UTTERED A CRY OF TRIUMPH, FOR I KNEW THOSE COINS WERE SPANISH PIECES-OF-EIGHT" (p. 407).

safe distance. "Early on the following morning I assembled my little black crew on board the sloop, and before the sun had shown above the level ridge of Table Mountain we were once more anchored in the same position. I dived to the wreck, and on my signalling, the infernal machine was lowered down to me. It was a small metal cylinder, of no very great weight, and by dint of a little manœuvring I managed to deposit it snugly among the weeds upon the ancient hulk's quarter-deck. When this was done I signed to be hauled up. We raised our anchor and shifted our berth far enough away to be out of danger, and then I exploded the thing. The effect of it was strange. First came a dull muffled report like thunder heard in a cellar; the smooth surface of the bay grew very agitated, and suddenly up shot a most beautiful hive-shaped volume of water.

"I waited for nearly an hour, in order to give the water time to settle again, and then I once more descended the depths. The first thing I saw was that the force of the explosion had caused the galleon to shift her posture. From an almost level keel she had been hove over until the slope of her deck was as sharp as the incline of a house-roof. I got on board, and then I discovered that my machine had blown a great yawning hole in the front of the poop royal, as I believe the aftermost superstructure used to be called.

"Carefully gathering several folds of my india-rubber air-tube over my arm, to provide against its getting foul of the wreckage, I stepped through the chasm into the black gleaming water within. I sank a little, and then alighted upon what I supposed to have been the floor of the state room. It was not so dark as I had expected, which I can only account for by supposing that the phosphorescence with which the walls of the ancient craft were acrawl gave forth a dim light. The interior was quite empty.

"I had been prepared to find it silted up with slime and weeds, but whether the fact of its having been hermetically sealed prevented the accumulation of deposits, I cannot say, certain it is that, so far as I could make out, the bulkheads and decks were as bare as a barn.

"It was lucky for me that I had entered the ship in the after-part, for I knew that the lazarette would probably lie directly under my feet, and it was here that the Spaniards invariably stowed the valuable part of their cargo. I very soon found that there would not be much trouble in breaking through this second deck to get into the hold below: the planking was so rotten that twice I struck my foot right through it. I stepped outside again, and getting hold of a long piece of shell-crusted wreckage, hard as iron, which had been ripped away from the bulwarks by the explosion, returned with it into the state-room, and began to pound at the floor.

"It broke away readily enough, and in less than half an hour I had made an orifice several feet square. I floated down through this opening, and found still the same phosphorescent glimmer in the water. When I had alighted and begun to grope about me, I discovered the place to be stored with many piled-up square shapes, undoubtedly wooden cases. My heart began to beat swiftly with excitement. I laid hold of one of the square shapes, but could no more raise it than I could have raised the wreck herself. Guessing it was impossible for me to deal with these things single-handed down in the gloom of that hold, I again returned to the upper deck, and signalled with my life-line for a stout rope to be sent to me. In a moment or two the coil of it came swimming down like a wriggling sea-serpent; I re-entered the lazarette, groped about for a conveniently-situated case, securely fastened the rope to it, and signalled for it to be hauled up.

"The thing broke away, and went gliding upwards in a dark shadow: I waited till I guessed they would have got it on board, and then signed to be pulled up too. I came to the surface, scrambled on to the cutter, and in mad haste whipped on my helmet. There lay the wooden box safe enough in the middle of a little pool that had drained from it, covered with a sort of green fur or sea moss.

"My Malay crew gathered around, agitated with expectation and excitement. I called for an axe, and one was almost immediately thrust into my hand. At the first stroke of the weapon the sodden and decayed wood was shivered, and the steel blade struck upon something which gave back a metallic chink. Trembling with anxiety, I tore away the splintered fragments, and disclosed a level layer of large coins, of the colour of bronze.

"I uttered a cry of triumph, for I knew those coins were Spanish pieces-of-eight, and the rusty appearance of them was merely due to tarnish. I drew my sheath-knife, dug out one of the pieces—for they were very tightly packed—and scraped it. The surface came out as white as a new crown-piece!

"But there goes the tiffin bell, and, bless my heart! sir, I am detaining you so long that you will be putting me down as one of those dreadful shipboard bores. Yet spare me another couple of minutes, whilst I tell you the sequel to this singular and somewhat romantic experience. For three days was I at work on that old hulk after I had succeeded in entering her interior, and during that time I sent up seventy-five cases, each exactly like the first, and containing four thousand pieces-of-eight, or old Spanish dollars, apiece.

"I emptied the lazarette; that I might have discovered further treasure by searching for it, is possible, but I was satisfied. Reckoning at the rate of five pieces to an English sovereign, the value of the ancient money cannot be worth a penny less than sixty thousand pounds.

"What did I do with it, sir? Why, it's all packed in cases, deep down in the hold of this very steamer. I'm carrying it to England to share with the gentleman but for whose enterprise it might still be lying at the bottom of Table Bay; and I reckon," concluded my interesting companion, rising, with a smile, "that unless we're shipwrecked and all the money is lost, I've made my last dive to the bottom of the sea."

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WEDDING

(DRAWN FROM LIFE
BY J. W. COUDERY)



THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER



THE BRIDE



THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER



THE FATHER OF THE BRIDE

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WEDDING—(*continued*).



AT THE CHURCH DOOR.



THE YOUNGEST GENTLEMAN PRESENT RETURNS THANKS ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES.



BRIDESMAIDS.



THE REJECTED ONE.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS.

LIFE AT GIRTON COLLEGE.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



GIRTON COLLEGE, EVENING.

THOSE who have read Miss Beatrice Harraden's charming little book, "Ships that Pass in the Night," will remember that her quaint little heroine one day expounded to her lover—surely the most odious lover that ever walked through the pages of a novel—her views upon the "Eternal Feminine" question. In the course of this exposition she touched upon the education of women, and thus delivered herself concerning the Girton girl:—

"The Girton girl of ten years ago," said she, "was a sombre and spectacled person, carelessly and dowdily dressed, who gave herself up to wisdom, and despised everyone who did not know the Agamemnon by heart. She was probably not loveable," continued this amiable little woman to the grim and stingy person stalking solemnly by her side: "but she deserves to be honourably and thankfully remembered. She fought for woman's right to be educated. The fresh-hearted young girl who nowadays plays a good game of tennis, and takes a high place in the classical or mathematical tripos, and is book learned without being bookish, and who does not scorn to take pride in her looks because she happens to take pride in her books, is what she is by reason of that brave and loveless woman who won the battle for her."

A brave and generous defence of a hitherto much unloved, possibly unworthily despised, specimen of womanhood fast passing into the dim and distant past. But the words came to my mind as I drove along the road that leads from Cambridge to Girton; and the beautiful red building came slowly into my vision, with its massive towers and tall chimneys stretching up into the quiet autumn sky, whilst the main building itself, clear outlined against the distant blue, compelled the senses to regard it and consider. Consider what? Why, the whole revolution that has taken place that is even now taking place—in our midst concerning the up-bringing of our girls, and the position they are for the future to occupy in this vast body politic.

As I drove up to the main entrance, the life of the college already began to unfold itself; in a moment, as it were, I felt that I had stepped into a new sphere; at any turn fresh revelations lay awaiting me. To begin with, a number of girls in red jerseys were rushing here and there, hotly and vigorously—I will not say inelegantly—contending for the mastery in a game of hockey. "Life is not all study at Girton," thought I to myself, as a neat-handed maiden preceded me down the long corridors to the rooms of the lady who was to take charge of me during my brief visit, and expound to me the mysteries of the vast establishment. For a few moments we sat in conversation, and then we commenced the round of the building. The Antiquities Room had a certain fascination of its own, inasmuch as its ancient Roman and British remains, dug up in the immediate neighbourhood, were in some respects quite unique; but the hurried entry of a young man, a lecturer from the University, and the following up of a large class of youthful maidens, caused us to beat a hasty retreat. In the Chemical Laboratory I caught a glimpse of white aprons, knitted bows, and dismayed regards at a huge bottle, whence certain



THE LIBRARY

fearful odours were issuing in a cloud of dun smoke. I thought of the humorous and appropriate name applied to this department of their practical education by the brothers of these young women at Oxford, and I smiled quietly to myself.

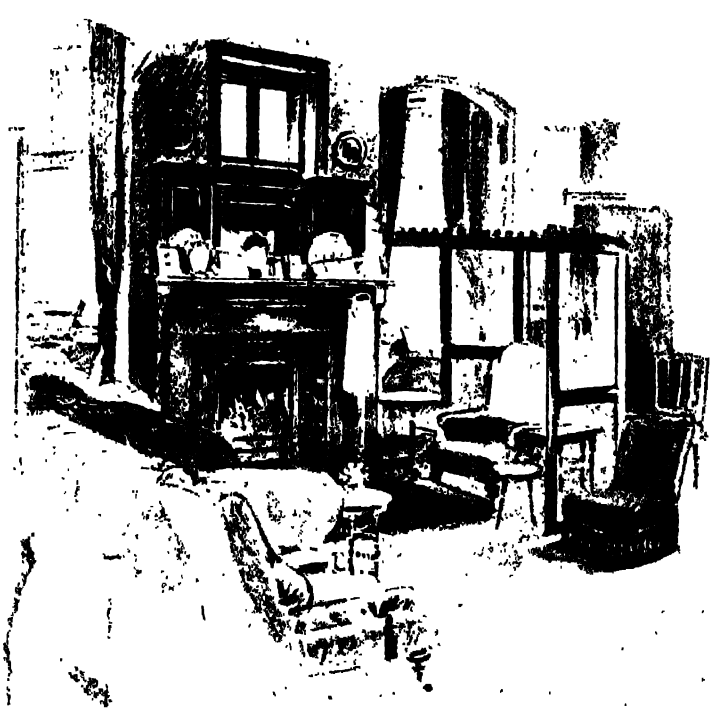
"This is the Chemical Laboratory," my companion informed me.

"I smell it," I replied; and we passed amusedly onward.

Then came a glimpse of an empty hospital.

"We do not have many patients, I am glad to say," continued my guide, as we entered the beautiful Dining Hall; "the life here is too regular and too healthy; and indeed," she added, with sarcastic meaning, "we have no time to be ill in Girton."

"The High Table" fascinated me. It was so curiously reminiscent of the adjacent University and its centuries-old life and habits: so true is it that there is nothing new under the sun. The new is but a continuation of the old. Even our public libraries are but replicas of the libraries of Nineveh and Babylon. But this is a



THE MISTRESS'S ROOM.

digression—or, if you like, a preliminary—to my glimpse of the lofty library, in which silence and a certain stately contemplativeness reigned supreme. A Girton girl sat reading here.

"She is a classical student," remarked the lady at my side; "for the classical students read here more than any of the others. But that generally means a majority in Girton, although at the present moment there are more students taking up mathematics than any other subject. The classics they take up are, of course, what would be required for the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, for as a general rule few girls come here who are not prepared to read for honours."

"Which is one reason," I replied, "why the girls, as a rule, do better than the men. You have, in fact, a pick of the flock, while all sorts and conditions of men go through the University life."

"Certainly," was the reply; "it is understood that a girl comes here to read, whilst," rather caustically, "it has hitherto been almost equally understood that men go up to play. I am bound to acknowledge that in Cambridge things are much altered for the better."

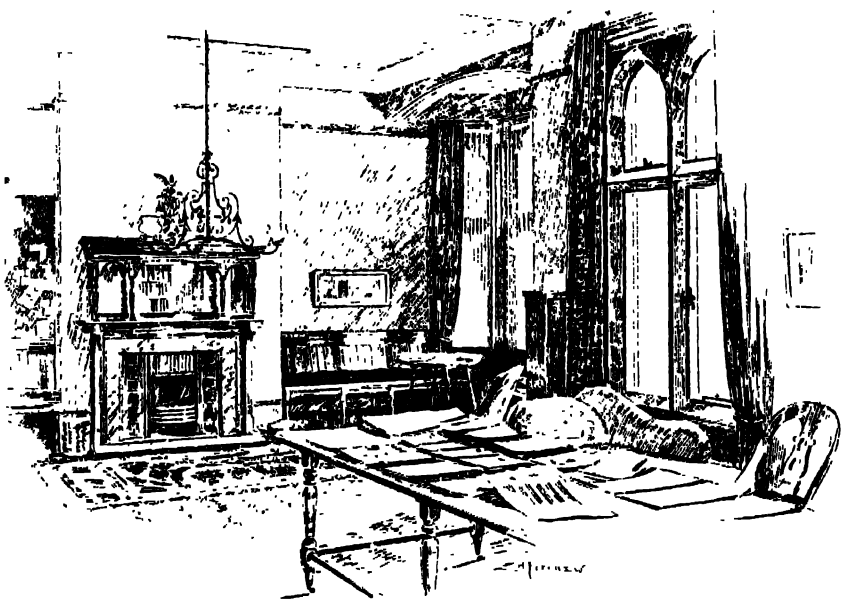
"But you don't neglect athletics?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Golf, hockey, tennis, and the like, enter very largely into our college life. The yearly tennis match with Newnham always creates great interest and excitement."

A glimpse I caught at this moment of some special shelves devoted to the works of George Eliot, Tennyson, and Ruskin, which had been presented to the College by the authors themselves, led to a conversation on what the girls themselves generally read.

"Are they what I may term 'up-to-date' in their literature generally?" I asked.

"I think," replied my hostess, "that they read specially what is talked about at the time. They read all the good novelists of the day, but I don't know that their general tenor of thought is much affected by it. I don't think that they follow much in the line of the new religious thought of the day, for instance," she explained, in reply to a remark I had made. "But then, again," she continued, "they are very keen on all questions of economical politics. They are well up in the labour disputes; but I do not think they have a very keen appreciation of all questions affecting their own sex. We have here, you must know, a good many Discussion Societies—Societies for discussing Social questions, Ethical Societies, Debating Societies. Last night we went into the question of the 'Abolition of the House of Lords.' We are rather conservative here, perhaps, and so the Bill was thrown out by a large majority. On another night the subject for discussion was 'Should Specialisation at the Universities be encouraged?'"



THE READING-ROOM.

My hostess then led me into one of the little rooms in which these young ladies live, exactly as their brothers would in the University, and I found myself in a charming room, with a balcony outside, from which a glimpse of far-reaching low-lying country was obtained. Long level beautiful stretches of fen country met the gaze on all sides, country across which the shadows lengthily and lazily stretched themselves, and over which the great white sunlit clouds climbing up over the horizon hung in round or rugged masses of splendour. These the setting sun reddened and gilded; the rays of dying day fell upon the autumn foliage, the birds wheeled in the air, and the evening breeze poured in through the open

window, bringing with it a delightful sensation of freedom and vastness curiously in harmony with the mental atmosphere by which I felt myself surrounded and pervaded. For I was the only man in this little group of feminines; and it was interesting to an outsider to note the bearing and the distinguishing characteristics of the little group.



THE DINING-ROOM.

For one thing, there was a gentle severity in each member of the party. Some have called that the Girton tone; however that may be, I know not. But those who know the University type well know that such a tone is characteristic of the undergraduate of Keble, in a broader and less restricted sense of the Trinity don in Cambridge, and, as I say, with the added charm of femininity of the student of Girton or of Newnham. They may not be aware of it - indeed, they may indignantly deny it, but it is there, and it is well that it should be so. It is the characteristic which at once differentiates them from their less thoughtful, less earnest, less occupied sisters in the butterfly world of fashion, from which they have by no means made a final exit; but to which, on the contrary, they return now and again with a certain undefinable *cachet* of superiority stamped upon them. One of my companions, entering into conversation with me, told me something of the daily life at Girton.

"Some of us," said she, "who are reading very hard, get up at five o'clock. We have an early cup of tea, and work till eight, when the mistress reads prayers. We are not obliged to attend prayers, but I think most of us do. Breakfast is on the tables in hall till nine o'clock. From twelve to three we have luncheon; both of these meals are quite informal. Afternoon tea is taken round to our private rooms and to the lecture rooms at four o'clock. We dine all together at six o'clock. Many of us attend lectures in Cambridge, and I think we specially enjoy the walk or drive in. After dinner come our coffee parties, our club or society meetings, our committees, and all forms of social life generally. Now and again the fire-alarm is very unexpectedly given, and the Girton College Fire Brigade turns out for practice. Oh, yes!" she continued, replying to an exclamation of surprise on my part, "the Fire Brigade is quite an institution here. It was established in 1879, and we have three corps, consisting of the majority of the girls, with properly-appointed captain and officers. We have, of course, a system of registration, called 'Marking,' which shows that the requisite number of days in residence has been put in to enable us to keep our terms according to the University regulations; and we may not miss this marking or be absent from any lecture without special permission from the mistress."

The conversation going on around us now became interesting, for it began somewhat discursively to touch on the general effect on college life upon feminine character. I brought forward the opinion of certain thoughtful outsiders that the tendency was, frequently, towards a certain inevitable hardness of

character and towards selfishness in many individual women. This was vigorously overborne.

"No," said they in soft clamour; "it teaches a woman to be thoughtful, to be public-spirited, to be punctual; what is more selfish than unpunctuality? It gives them new ideas of honour—the outside woman's ideas as to honourable dealing both in herself and in others is frequently somewhat vague: it gives us new ideals."

"I must enter my protest," here interpolated my guide, "as to the assertion that women generally are wanting in strict ideas as to honourable dealing. I know so many who have never been to college who are most scrupulously honourable. At the same time I think that very strict ideas of honour are commoner among college girls than others."

"But does not college life tend to do away with the woman's usefulness at home? At least, so I have been told," I somewhat timidly urged.

"A woman loves her home even more after her life at Girton than she did before."

Indeed, it was universally conceded that the Girton girl of to-day—whatever she may have been in the past—is a pattern of all the domestic virtues. For though now and again those stately halls resound to the chanting of the college song, in which they ask the one the other

"What in joy surpasses
A college life so free?"

Yet in actual experience the Girton girl despises not, but makes the best of, and endeavours to improve upon, the simple, if somewhat narrow and uneventful, life of the home. Nor was I sorry to learn of the Settlement mutually established and supported by Girton and Newnham, which is doing such a good work in far off Southwark, and in support of which a weekly sewing party is held in each college, the Settlement itself and its work being supervised and directed by a Newnham student.

I stood that evening in the quadrangle of King's College. From King Henry VII.'s exquisite chapel there poured a rush of music, the organ pealing triumphantly, the beautiful voices of the boys now and again distinguishable through the soft thunder. The fountain splashed and glittered in the dying light; white winged pigeons dipped now and again in the translucent water; a little kitten seated on the mossy stone basin gazed admiringly at its own reflection in the wave beneath; a grave professor passed me by, his gown rustling in the evening breeze.

The scenes of the evening and the afternoon were in striking contrast.



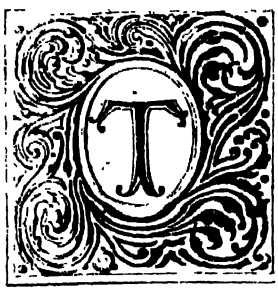
A STUDENT'S ROOM.

ON A LEE SHORE.

By CLARA E. CHEESEMAN, Author of "Had He Known," etc.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"Lo! in that dell, behind a singing bar,
Where deep pure pools of glittering waters are,
In flowerful shades, where green and gold are rife
Still rests the shell of his forgotten life."



O-MORROW it will be eight months since."

"Yes, I remember," Miss Ferrars answered, without looking at her cousin.

As was their rule in pleasant weather, they sat on the verandah. The little table between them was piled with books and work—little trifles of lace and embroidery; but at the present time neither of the ladies was actively engaged. Ida leaned back in her low cane chair, and from beneath languidly drooping eyelids looked towards the bay that shimmered through the open spaces between the trees. Miss Ferrars appeared to be reviewing the work of the past half-hour, criticising large stitches or irregularities in the pattern.

Yet, from her expression, one might have sworn that she was thinking of no such trifles. Lately her face had worn a strained and anxious look, and a few lines had marred the smoothness of her forehead. There was some change in Ida also. The warm tint of her complexion had faded; she had grown quieter and more thoughtful; her little caprices and lively nonsensical fancies had been put away out of sight. There was something pathetic in this, as the sudden ageing of a child might have been.

"The *Kenilworth* was six months out," Ida said. "She was supposed to be lost; but the mail yesterday brought news of her arrival."

"She must have been disabled in some storm. I have heard of ships being as long as that before; but never of one that spent eight months on the voyage. And the *Hirondelle* has always made such quick passages."

"Do you want me to believe they are lost?" Ida asked, with a touch of her old petulance.

"Oh, my dear! I don't want you to believe anything that grieves you. How can we know what has happened? They may be safe. I pray that they are. Men have been saved and brought home after a longer time than this. We have every reason to hope for the best."

"You always say what is right; but there are others who seem to think I ought to give up all hope—that I should put on mourning. Your visitor, Mrs. Wigton, who comes to condole with us, looks upon me as unfeeling, frivolous, and worldly-minded because I don't burst into tears in her presence, and tell her all I think. I never will put on black, Mary—I couldn't bear to do that, even if I knew there was no hope left. You need not try to persuade me."

"I am sure I never thought of such a thing," Miss Ferrars declared. "Do you think I would vex you with that? So soon, too! It seems wicked to speak of it. Mrs. Wigton ought to be ashamed of herself. If we loaded ourselves with black, what good could it do?"

A long silence. Miss Ferrars made a few stitches, then stole a glance at the girl sitting beside her. When she bent her head over her sewing again a tear rolled from her cheek and made a little damp spot on the embroidery, at which she gazed for a moment, as if wondering how it had come there.

"I wonder why Dick doesn't write to you?" Ida said.

"Why, Ida, he never does write unless he is obliged. He hates letter-writing, though he says he likes to get a few lines from me, and to hear how we both are. When he was leaving he said, 'You must write to me now and then, old girl.'"

"If I had a brother I wouldn't allow him to call me old girl."

"Oh, I don't mind that," Miss Ferrars said, with a little laugh. "Who is this that has just come in at the gate?"

Someone was coming up the path—a brown-faced man, tall and lithe of figure, and with the step (to one who knows it) of the Maori or Polynesian: the easy, indolent gait of one to whom hurrying against time has always seemed an utterly foolish and useless exertion.

"Why, I believe it is Charley!" Miss Ferrars cried. "My brother must be back again. He has had quite time enough."

It was Charley Ferrars' Man Friday, whom by some chance he had picked up a year or two ago, and who had been faithful to him ever since. The man was a Samoan, and had the pleasing cast of features which is common among the natives of that island group: the light brown skin, the large, long-lashed black eyes, the brilliantly white teeth, which he showed in a smile that answered Miss Ferrars' greeting. But his face immediately assumed a more serious expression.

He carried with him a bundle done up in a gaudy cotton handkerchief, which no doubt at one time had been amongst his master's trade goods. Either her agitation or his incoherence prevented Miss Ferrars from understanding him aright; but she guessed that the parcel had come from her brother, and taking it in her hands, began to unfasten the knotted corners of the handkerchief.

A strange jumble of things rolled out on her lap, and

the sad significance of this began to make itself felt. A little book or two which she had given to her brother, his watch and chain, a bundle of letters, some rough sketches, some old charts, soiled and worn through in the folds; and besides all these, a number of such little articles as a servant might hastily have collected from amongst his master's property—scraps of paper, with memoranda or accounts, handkerchiefs, neckties, studs and rings, and a purse that was heavy in the hand. There could be no doubt of Charley's honesty.

Miss Ferrars looked at the man, wishing to question him; but for the moment words would not come. He was telling her that this was not all; there were other things of the captain's which he had not been able to bring.

As if to remind her that she had overlooked something, he pointed to a little portrait-case—an oval of about the size of an ordinary locket, silver, with a crystal front. Mary had never seen this in her brother's possession; but when she turned it over, it showed her a face she knew well. With a desire to conceal what he himself had kept secret, she covered it with her hand. Ida, perhaps, had not seen. But her cousin, who had been leaning on her chair, had drawn back suddenly, and the pale olive of her face was tinged with an unusual glow of colour.

"I never gave it to him," she said, a sob breaking her voice.

"Hush!" said Miss Ferrars. "Oh, Charley! what is it? Tell me. Where have you come from?"

And then, with every sign and token of grief, the Samoan told his tale. He spoke English—that language which missionaries, traders, and beach-combers have spread through the Pacific—fairly well, interlarding it, however, with many an island phrase, slurring over the hard consonants, clipping the long words. With rapid gestures he traced the schooner's passage from place to place, and as he pronounced the musical native names of the different islands, he checked them off on his fingers. They had traded here—traded there. Samoa had been the first place visited, and when the cruise was finished they had returned there, to lie in the port at Apia a long while.

"The captain he like to stay," Charley said. "Plenty people like Samoa."

The first time they had been there, sailing from island to island, they had slipped into the sheltered lagoons of one of the many atolls or coral reefs. There were two or three small islands connected by the ring of reef. The captain anchored here, and landed some boxes. No one knew why he brought them here, for the island was uninhabited. Afterwards he went on shore, taking only Charley with him, and together they dug holes and buried the boxes. They were not big, but very heavy. The next day the schooner sailed away again. Charley said nothing about what had been done with the boxes to the sailors, because the captain had ordered him not, and had threatened him if he dared to speak of it.

But when for the second time they were in Samoa, after two months the captain had said that he was tired of Apia, and again they left the port and sailed from one island to another of the group. Till at one place, where the captain had gone into the bush to shoot birds, it happened. For when he was amongst the trees, something caught the trigger of the gun a man carried for him, and it went off, and he was shot in the arm—a great wound, for the one who held the gun was near. Only at first he said it was nothing, and, at the mission station, where he was taken, they dressed the wound, covering it with soft cotton. But when he came to the schooner again he was sick and ill, so that he lay down in his berth. And the next day he was in much pain, and the arm was red and swollen to a great size. So it grew worse, until we knew that he must die, for the limb was dead already. Then, as he had ordered, the schooner came again to the lagoon, and there he died and we buried him. But in passing out again, by the mate's fault, the schooner grounded on the reef, and could not be moved. The sailors put all they could in the boat, and in that we reached Tutuila, and from thence came to Upolu.

This was the substance of the story Mary Ferrars listened to. On the piece of paper she held before her swimming eyes were the few words her brother had written.

"The last stage, Mary. Dying here from a gunshot wound in the arm—an accident. Not in pain now; but that is a bad sign—mortification set in. Can just scrawl this. Charley will tell you about the gold. There are twelve small boxes four in each of those we buried—£60,000 altogether. Ask Birkwood where that came from—if you ever see him again. I have my doubts. You can tell Ida——"

But he had not been able to write more, or perhaps had decided to leave the sentence unfinished. Lower down in a still feebler hand was scrawled the words—

"Get rid of the treasure. It has cost plenty of lives. Good-bye."

So to the end, Charley had unburdened himself of his evil tidings. When Miss Ferrars questioned him on the subject, he told her that Ferrars owed him no money; for, in addition to his wages, he had made him a present of what in the Samoan's eyes must have seemed a small fortune. However, he had worked his passage from Apia, probably because he was unaccustomed to any other way of voyaging. Now that he had done as he had promised, he would go back to his own people. Moreover, when he was in Tutuila he had married a wife, and so was under a pledge to return.

"You shall go back, Charley," said Miss Ferrars, "and take a present from me to your wife. And something more of your own; for my brother knew I should give you more, and you have come a long way to tell me. But I am going to Samoa too, and I want you to come with me, or I might not find the place you have told me of."

She shook hands with the honest fellow, and thanked and praised him for his faithfulness. It was bad news he had brought her; but her brother had been tended

by him to the last, and had died in his arms. When she had gone she sought Ida, who had left her some time before, and told her of the intention she had formed. But Ferrars' last letter she kept to herself, on account of that reference to Ida, and also the enigmatical sentence about Birkwood, the meaning of which had suddenly become plain. She almost reproached herself for the swiftness with which her mind had jumped to the conclusion that the gold was that which the *Hirondelle* had carried. She had never understood her brother's character, yet at times she had been vaguely conscious of deeps which it might be as well to leave unsounded. He had lived a double life; and in fear of some other revelation as painful to her as this of his dishonesty, she burnt the whole of his private memoranda unread. To pry into affairs which he had never intended her to know, to read what was meant for no eyes but his own, was more than she was capable of. Better to cover tenderly the face of the dead.



"HE POINTED TO A LITTLE PORTRAIT-CASE" (*p.* 419).

"Must you really go?" Ida asked.

"Oh, yes. He almost asks me. There is some property on the island where he died"—she had resolved that as yet she would not explain to Ida what it really was—"which, from the way he writes about it, I feel sure he meant me to take care of. And there may be other affairs—I can't tell what. He was only able to write a few words, or he would have told me all."

"And do you mean to leave me here?" Ida said. "I shall be miserable without you. I know that is a selfish way of putting it, and when you are in so much trouble I ought to be ready to do anything you wish. But just now I dread being alone. If one were moving about, going from place to place, there would not be much time to think about what might have happened. If you go, Mary, I am going too."

"It would be a rough journey for you," her cousin said; "and if news were to come—as I hope it will, long before my return—you would be out of the way. Of course, you would not be alone. You might stay with some of our friends. Indeed, I think that you had better stay."

"Not with anyone but you, Mary. When the news does come, it will be sent after us. The journey will not be any rougher for me than for you, and if I am not to be alone, neither ought you. You might be ill; and what should I think of myself then, if I had let you go without me? If my father and Alfred were to

come next week, I would go, for I know they would think I had behaved shabbily in deserting you. It is quite settled that I am to go."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

WHEN the boat's keel touched the shore, Weldrick, stiff and cramped from the long time that he had remained in one position, stumbled forward, and fell rather than sprang out of her. Until he attempted to walk, he had not known his weakness. After a few yards he sat down on the bank. The children playing on the beach seemed frightened of him—not without reason, for his appearance was ghastly enough. They ran to a boat-shed, and a man who had been working there came to him and helped him to reach the house.

There they were very kind to him. They would have him sit to the table at once, and were distressed because he was too exhausted to eat much. But he drank that proverbial cup of tea which, in colonial homes, is always ready, and always proffered as a cure for any sickness, fatigue, or privation. More refreshing even than this was the warm bath which they made ready for him, after which—still acting on the advice of his host, an old sailor, who spoke with the authority of one who had experienced all the hardships of the sea—he went to bed, and, even as his head sank on the pillow, fell into such sound, satisfying, healing slumber as he had never known before.

When he awoke, he was another man. Such at least was the testimony of his host, whom he overheard delivering the following statement:

"When I saw him on the beach, staggering about, bent double nearly, I thought, 'Here's some poor old fellow who's drifted to his last port.' Afterwards I said to myself, 'Not so old neither: forty-five or fifty, maybe.' But now, I'm blessed if he's seen thirty!"

His good friends would not hear of him going away until his strength had fully returned. They were some distance from town or settlement; but a servant boy was sent off on horseback to the nearest post-office with the letters Weldrick had written. He could not telegraph, for the lines had not yet been made. The people in the house took a weekly newspaper, and at his request all the numbers which were still in their possession were sought for and brought to him. In one of these old papers he found a notice about the *Hirondelle*, a reference to the long passage she was making. She had been four months out. At a later date she was again referred to, and it was stated that all hope of her return had been abandoned.

The boy had come back from the post-office, and brought the latest news in the form of another paper, which Weldrick had scarcely opened before his eye was caught by the name *Hirondelle*. In glad astonishment he read that a whaleboat with a crew of fourteen men had been picked up by a ship bound to Callao. These men were survivors from the wreck of the *Hirondelle*, which had been lost on the coast of Auckland Island. They were taken to Callao by the ship that rescued them, and, after some time, the second mate of the *Hirondelle* had reached London and told his story to the owners of his ship. He had not thought it possible that anyone could have got ashore from the wreck; but Mr. Weldrick, whose son had been passenger by the unfortunate ship, had resolved to have search made, and had come out to New Zealand for that purpose.

"It is just like him! I ought to have known he couldn't rest without looking for me," Weldrick thought.

He dashed the paper from him with such vigour that his hostess looked at him in amazement.

"I must leave you at once, Mrs Blundell."

"My word, sir!" returned that person, "you are not fit to put on your boots."

"Then someone shall put them on for me. My father is in New Zealand. He is going to Auckland Island to look for me. If I don't make haste, he will have started before I can meet with him."

He wondered then—he wondered afterwards still more—at the good nature with which the family, who already had done so much for him, ran this way and that to execute his orders, and hurried and fussed over his departure. How they gave him Blundell's finest linen and his best clothes, which were worlds too wide, and set him on a horse, which they told him was all fleetness, and which seemed likewise to be all bone. How Blundell rode with him as a guide, shaking to and fro in his seat and steering wildly, after the style of a man o' war's man on horseback; and how, when they parted at the town, with the heartiest goodwill on each side, and hand-shakings that a weakly man might have succumbed to, Weldrick was warmly pressed to visit them again, if he should be "down that way." There was not much fear indeed, that he would forget these friends.

Then, immediately after—for it all went with the swiftness of a dream—he flung himself aboard a steamer, which bore him northwards at the usual rate of coasting vessels in those slow going days. He had money with him. The bank-notes in his possession, after all they had gone through, were still a legal tender. At the first port he came to he bought himself clothes, and, having no more need of Blundell's voluminous suit, made a large parcel of it, and returned it with his grateful thanks.

With all his haste he was some days on the road, for to run from south to north of New Zealand means a journey of several hundred miles. But at length the steamer was entering her last port of call. It was quite impossible that his father could have known he was hurrying to meet him. But surely he stood amongst that crowd on the wharf? He could not mistake that tall, upright figure; he saw the face turned towards the advancing steamer, but with no look of expectancy, no searching glance amongst the group of passengers. Weldrick did not wait to be identified. He pushed through the throng of people on deck, and, before the gangway was put out, jumped to the wharf and caught his father's hand. And what a pleasure it was to feel that warm grasp, to look into that honest, Engli

face! It was like coming home all at once—it was home, though he found it in a strange land.

Mr. Weldrick had a calm and dignified manner; but for once he was thrown completely off his balance.

"God bless you, my boy, I am glad to see you," he said, when he was able to speak connectedly. "How are you after it all?"

And again they shook hands. This was all that custom and nationality permitted. But if they had fallen on each other's necks and kissed each other, it would have meant no more.

They went to Mr. Weldrick's hotel. There, as they dined together, and all through the hours of an evening that almost met the morning, Alfred had to answer questions, to tell his adventures, and describe his experiences and sensations. Mr. Weldrick had so great a curiosity for details that it was not to be satisfied in one night. When they met again at breakfast, he attacked his son with more questions, and continually, during the time they were together, he was urging him to gratify that desire for knowledge which is recognised as the sign of an active and healthy brain.

There were others who desired to know. For the first time in his life, Alfred was interviewed by the representatives of the Press, and on the next day read in their respective papers the answers he had not given.

His father had come by the direct line of steamers to Sydney, and by a strange chance had met with Ida and Miss Ferrars, who were leaving for Samoa. On account of business connected with the settling of her brother's affairs, Miss Ferrars was travelling by way of Auckland, and Mr. Weldrick also had taken his passage for that port. The starting point of his expedition should have been from the southern part of the colony; but at this date the routes followed by intercolonial steamers, the delays and the frequent changes from one boat to another, were such that he was losing no time by going direct to Auckland.

"I may confess to you now," he said to his son, "that when your mother and I heard of your engagement, we were a little disappointed. We were surprised. I don't know what we had wanted or expected, but we never thought of your marrying out here. Well, I found this young lady whom you have chosen very charming. I don't speak of beauty alone, though I might praise her for that. A good, true-hearted woman, who ought to make you happy, and who, for all I know, may be more than you deserve; for when we have only one son, we're inclined to think a great deal of him. But you laugh in my face when I talk like that. I congratulate you, Alfred."

"I feel as if everyone ought to congratulate me," his son said. "I am very pleased that you have seen Ida and like her so much already, although, of course, I knew you couldn't fail to do that. But we have so much to talk of, there is one thing I keep forgetting, though I have wondered about it ever since your last letter. I hope that you have no need to be anxious about the business."

"The business," said Mr. Weldrick, "is now on a sounder basis than ever."

"But you told me——"

"I know, Alfred, I know. I am ashamed that I should have been such an alarmist. There was a crisis; several firms were involved; but I am proud to say that ours was never less than head and shoulders above water. But you know how it is at such a time—one gets to wondering what will happen next; and there were difficulties; until with work and worry I was so low and despondent that I might soon have persuaded myself I was a bankrupt. However, I was driven to consult Sir Anthony, and he said, 'My dear Weldrick, this is nothing but nervous exhaustion. Take a holiday; try to forget all about your ledgers and bank-books.' Then came the news of your shipwreck, and to look for you I took a sea voyage, and it has set me up again. But now, what is this about Captain Birkwood? Your account of him puzzles me. I don't understand why he left you."

"He has stolen a march on me," Weldrick said.

And then he told how the treasure on board the *Hirondelle* had been stolen, how it had been taken to Samoa, and how, without doubt, Birkwood was already on his way to that place.

"I think it very probable," he said, "that Ferrars made some statement or confession before he died, and that his sister has gone to Samoa for the very purpose of recovering the gold. No one can tell whether the captain may not have the start of her as he had of me. Now, I don't mean him to succeed in this. He knows that I shall do my best to spoil his plans. He is Ida's father; and, for her sake, I would rather that he shouldn't have the punishment he deserves. After all, he must go scot free; but if I can hinder it, he shall not carry his plunder away with him. Nothing can make it right to allow that."

"Certainly not," his father agreed. "He can't be allowed to elope with that. But it is always difficult to spare the criminal. If the bank cares to have pursuit made, he is tolerably sure to be caught. You can't hush up a thing like this, however you may try. An unscrupulous villain, this Birkwood, and he will be known for what he is."

It was certain that Birkwood must have taken his passage by one of the vessels that had sailed for Samoa during the week. The schooner by which Ida and Miss Ferrars had left had been gone three days. But a day previous to this, a trading cutter had cleared at the Customs for Apia. She carried one passenger, whom, from the description given, Weldrick easily identified as Birkwood.

"About your height, sir," the clerk in the office said, "but broader and stouter, and very dark. I never saw a darker face on an Englishman. I happened to remark to someone who had come in at the same time that the man looked like a Spanish Creole, or something of that sort. He heard me, though he was half out of the door, and took the trouble of coming back to say, 'Don't you put any of that foreign stuff on me, my good fellow. What you are, I don't know and don't care; but I am an Englishman!' and with that he walked away."

"What is to be done now?" Weldrick said to his

father. "With the five days he will have to the good, I don't see how we can hope to overtake him."

"He left in some little ketch or cutter, didn't he? and he has fifteen hundred miles before him, and possibly bad weather and baffling winds to fight against. We have a good chance yet."

"I don't see it. Those trading cutters sometimes sail pretty well. I suppose that any vessel we might charter would be subject to delays of wind and weather as well as the one we're following. And I find that there is some difficulty in getting anything that would suit our purpose, especially as we want it at such short notice."

"It would be no use chartering a sailing vessel," Mr. Weldrick observed. "But we might take the *Wanderer*—I mean the steamer I engaged for my expedition in search of you. When you appeared on the scene, she was all ready for the voyage. As in any case I shall have to pay the owners a smart sum for detaining her, and putting them to expense in fitting her out, I don't see why we shouldn't renew the charter—with a difference. 'Change the venue,' as they say in law. We'll take her to Samoa instead of the Aucklands."

"But surely you are not thinking of going?" his son asked in surprise.

"Oho! you would keep all the adventures to yourself, would you? Why shouldn't I have my share? I am not so old yet. But you young men would shelve everyone over sixty."

Alfred laughed.

"To shelve a certain gentleman whom I know would be a serious undertaking. By all means, sir, if we can have this steamer, let us be off at once, for a stern chase is a long one."



"UNTIL HE ATTEMPTED TO WALK, HE HAD NOT KNOWN HIS WEAKNESS" (p. 418).

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"It lay asleep upon the horizon line,
And like some lovely amethyst did shine.
But this was land, and eager eyes were bent
To take the wonder in. Even then a scent
Of something sweeter than the salt sea breeze
Seemed in the air: odours of spicy trees,
And sweet green grass, and fruits, and flow'rs the eye
Sees only 'neath the hot Pacific sky."

THE steamer had been secured, and all necessary arrangements made for departure. With his father, Weldrick had embarked on another voyage, which he hoped might be less adventurous than his last year's journey. They were going northwards, to within a few degrees of the line. It was the same ocean still, but bluer, warmer, and sown with islands as the sky with stars.

The time went swiftly. It did not seem to be life: it was a vision, an intoxication of the senses. To be moving on this swimming, panting blue; to have above one this sky of exquisite painting, whose soft white clouds seemed to have in their folds something of that delicate rose that tinges the breast of the tropic bird; to feel through the burning noontide, through the night, the same cool breath of the trade wind; to watch over and over—and each time with a keener wonder—the gradual uprising of some marvellous garden of the sea, some island crowned with forest, decked with such lights and colours as no other part of earth might show; and to come near to one of these—in their fancy loveliest of them all, a land that overflowed with richness from the high-peaked mountains to the sea—to pass beyond the foam-fringed reef into a harbour that lay with all the peace of heaven on its breast, so still and clear that from the boat one looked fathoms deep into another garden there below, where brilliant colours gleamed, where rainbow-tinted fishes passed to and fro above the floor of white coral sand; to gain that shore where the endless growth of cocoanut, bread-fruit, and banana followed all the bays; to wander among palm groves so dense that the darkness and coolness beneath were as of night; among grand, glossy-leaved trees yielding all manner of fruits; among flowers of a scented breath, flung and wreathed in prodigal luxuriance: was not all this—no, not a dream, but something better than dreams—a foretaste of Paradise?

But whoever desired a solitary Paradise? The whole seemed to be complete, to be crowned and garlanded, when he found here the one who was first in his thoughts and had her welcome. Now he must tell his adventures over again, and however modestly he might speak of these, the listener, whose eyes watched his face, whose hand pressed his arm, would be sure to think him a hero indeed, a man who had dared and suffered more than most. What if he knew it to be flattery? It was none the less delightful for that. It was not in human nature to resist such sympathy, such admiration.

With telling this story of his so often he was getting a very dramatic way about him; so now at the end he took from the case in which he had kept it all this while a portrait, stained, spotted, and smirched by the vicissitudes it had passed through.

"I have carried this into some strange places," he said. "It has been down in the depths with me, and there were times when I never expected to see the original again. I think," and he looked at her and smiled, "I never knew until to-day how much better that is than its copy. Perhaps you'll call that a left-handed compliment."

"I thought you didn't deal in compliments," she said, with a laugh.

But her eyes glistened as she looked at the poor disfigured likeness of herself. Nor could she help being reminded at this moment of the other portrait which, after long wanderings, had come back to her.

"Why did not my father come with you?" she asked after a pause.

Weldrick had anticipated the question, but for all that had not been able to find any satisfactory answer.

"He left me as soon as we reached New Zealand," he said evasively. "I dare say we shall see him soon."

"I wonder you did not keep together," Ida said.

"Well, the fact is I was a good deal more exhausted by the boat voyage than Captain Birkwood, and I suppose he thought it better to push on. He knew I was in safety. Indeed, but for him I should not have got ashore at all."

There was truth in this, no doubt, but not the whole truth, and he felt himself a little deceitful. But to have answered otherwise might have led to other questions, and he was not capable of telling Ida of her father's dishonesty, or of suggesting it.

Another had to do this. It was not possible, even if it had been right, to keep Ida in ignorance of what had happened. To have hidden it any longer would only have been a cruel kindness. Already she suspected something, and was uneasy and troubled in mind.

"I ought to have told her before," Miss Ferrars reproached herself. "Putting off the evil hour has made worse of it. But she had another trouble then, and to add this to it was more than I could bear."

Poor Ida! At first she refused to believe what was told her, protesting against it with passionate incredulity. It was impossible! she cried; her father could never have done this. Who could fancy such a thing? Who had brought this accusation against him? But when conviction forced itself upon her, she bent nearer to the gentle, pitying woman who shared this grief with her, and hid her face upon her shoulder. They cried together, which, whether it may be considered foolish or not, was, under the circumstances, the most relieving, most comforting thing they could have done.

Miss Ferrars knew upon what errand Weldrick was bent. They had exchanged confidences, painful as it was to her to speak of the matter in which her brother had been so deeply involved. From the papers which Ferrars had left, it was easy to ascertain the exact position of the island on which the gold had been buried. At the mission station and small settlement in this bay there were several people who knew the

place well, and they assured Weldrick that there would be no difficulty in taking the steamer into the lagoon. To be on the safe side, however, the skipper of the *Wanderer*, who very properly had the interests of her owners at heart, had engaged a pilot, an ancient beachcomber, who had been long enough in the islands, so he said, to have learnt all the reefs by heart. After a stay of twenty-four hours in port they weighed anchor and steamed out of harbour. On this trip the *Wanderer* had five passengers, Ida and Miss Ferrars, with her brother's Samoan servant, Charley, having joined the other two. Miss Ferrars could well have left the work of recovering the gold to Weldrick and his father; but naturally she had a wish to visit her brother's grave. She came with them, therefore, and Ida had preferred to accompany her rather than remain at the mission station until her return.

Nothing had been heard of Birkwood. The vessel in which he had sailed had been bound for Apia, so that to reach this part of the group he would have had to find another boat. Whether he had anticipated them in their expedition, or whether they were in advance of him, it was impossible to say.

At sunset they cast anchor in the lagoon, a basin of still water five or six miles in diameter. The reef, by whose outer edge ran the creamy edge of the ocean surf, bent round in almost a circular form, along which, and nearly touching each other, were the islands, like beads on a silver thread. Except at the entrance, where some rocks rose steeply from the water, they were low and sandy, covered in most places with the tall-plumed growth of cocoanuts, and with a thick jungle of pandanus or screw-pine, whose twisted stems threw out in all directions the long roots and stays that anchored them in the loose coral sand. On the largest island only was there any growth of forest trees, and its few groves had been broken into and spoiled, as if, notwithstanding the desolation and solitude that brooded over the place, men were in the habit of visiting it.

The red ball of the sun had rolled westward, and, with the swiftness of the tropic night, a dull shade spread over the lagoon. The islands were dark against the sky, dark above the white beaches. But as if weighed in a pair of scales, when one light fell the other arose. Above the ridge of a low islet came the moon, and for some brief space seemed to rise no higher, but stand trembling there, the straight stem of a towering palm tree dividing by a deep black line the disc of silver.

"We may be said to scent the adventure now,' Mr. Weldrick observed to his son. "I wonder what your mother would say if she knew my exact position. It's the unexpected that always happens. I thought to go down towards the South Pole to look for you, and I am up here almost under the line. I have done what I, as a steady business man, never hoped to have time for: I have seen the tropics. And though, of course, I regret the business that brought us here, I must say that every day of our trip has been brimful with enjoyment. Look at the place—was there ever anything more wildly romantic? Do you mean to say it doesn't make you think of all the stories of islands and pirates and stolen treasures that you ever read? And to know that there actually is a treasure on that island, and that, for all we can tell, some piratical fellow may have been in here with his schooner! You would have kept me out of all this, Alfred—yes, you grudge me one poor adventure out of your superfluity."

"Why," Alfred returned, "how was I to know you had such a craving for the romantic? Yes, it's a wild place, though a pirate may never have been within a thousand miles of it. Perhaps no white man ever has sailed in here, unless it was some trader looking after *bêche de mer* or pearl shell."

"Oh the poor fellow who had his gold here, and came afterwards to lie beside it. But speaking of traders, Alfred, I wish I could have known of this voyage beforehand. I should have prepared myself by reading and making inquiries about the trade of the islands, and studying the statistics. There are wonderful openings here! Give me an agency in some central position, and trading stations on the different islands, and I'd engage to out-German these Germans who are trying to get everything under their thumbs. An English house, my dear boy, conducted on sound business principles, and with unwavering honesty—which, from all I can gather, is not too plentiful out this way—would soon have a clear field. Unfortunately, we can't develop the idea just at present. But if you decide to remain in this part of the world, I don't know that you could lay your hand to a better work."

His son agreed to this proposition, but rather absently, for he was thinking of other matters.

"Do you know," he said, "I have made up my mind not to wait till morning before examining this island? Why should we? It is light as day. I want to be certain that Birkwood has not forestalled us. For all we can tell, he may be hanging about the place now. I shall ask our captain to put us ashore at once."

"I suppose, Alfred," his father said, looking landwards, "there is nothing venomous in that jungle? No snakes or anything of that sort?"

"I believe not. Lizards, landcrabs, or centipedes, perhaps; but nothing likely to molest us. The Polynesian snakes are harmless. I'm afraid the most venomous creatures of these islands belong to our own species."

"Ah, very possibly," Mr. Weldrick replied. "It certainly has more of the flavour of adventure about it—stealing ashore by moonlight. And there is no miasma; nothing to be feared from exposing ourselves to the night air?"

"Nothing of the kind. At least, the people who ought to know say there is not."

The boat put off from the steamer. Weldrick had told Miss Ferrars he was going ashore to satisfy himself that the treasure had not been removed. He took Charley with him, so that there might be no difficulty in finding the place.

The men rowed swiftly towards the shore. They were interested in this business, especially as they knew no more of its purpose than just sufficed to whet

the edge of their curiosity. The captain himself had made an excuse to come with them.

"Must see after your landing myself," he said. "In a strange place, Mr. Weldrick, one cannot be too careful."

The dimpled face of the lagoon was white beneath the glare of the sky. Like snow was the coral beach towards which the boat was steered. Swaying shadows fell across it from trees and bushes that overhung, and beneath these, in hollows the moonshine could not reach, the darkness lay black and thick. Only at intervals rustled the feathery tops of the palms, and the noise of the surf beating on the windward side of the reef was faint through distance. In this still place, the night stood breathless with her finger on her lip.

They were at the shore. While the men drew the boat higher on the beach, Weldrick said in an undertone to his father

"We don't want these with us. We had better ask them to wait here."

"Just what I was thinking. If we mean to keep this affair quiet, the fewer companions we have the better. We know the place, captain," he called towards the boat, "and we shall not keep you waiting long."

"You don't mean to go alone, Mr. Weldrick, you and your son?" the captain cried, rushing after them, panting with haste and curiosity.

"Why not? There's nothing to harm us," the elder Weldrick said briskly.

"I dare say not, sir, but I've reason for wishing to be of your party. I'm a British subject"—the captain proudly inflated his chest "and I don't hold with anything that doesn't square with the law, or that's secret or underhand. How am I to know what you mean to do on this island? It stands to reason that if there's no harm in it, you won't mind a few other people looking on."

"I should have thought," said Mr. Weldrick, with dignified politeness, "that my character and position were a sufficient warranty that I should not be concerned in anything that was illegal or disreputable. In fact, I assure you, on the word of an English gentleman, sir—and I should consider that as firm as a Bible oath—that we have nothing to be ashamed of in what we are about to do. It is really pitiable," he added, turning to his son, "that we should be exposed to such suspicion."

"This is one of the natural consequences of adventures," said Alfred, unable to avoid laughing. "Really, Captain Daggers, you can't refuse to believe what my father says. We are serving the law in this, not conspiring against it. But there are reasons why we can't explain our business to you——"

"And very sufficient reasons too," interrupted his father.

"If there's anything to be hushed up," said the captain resolutely, "I'm against it. I may have to give an account of this somewhere else. If the steamer's been employed on queer work, the owners will have plenty to say to me. Yes, and someone else too! You speak of your character and position, sir, but I'm thinking of my own."

"It seems, Alfred," Mr. Weldrick remarked, "that the only way of convincing Captain Daggers that we are not going to commit some heinous offence is to take him with us."

"If that is the case, we had better do so," Weldrick said, "provided Captain Daggers will remember that we don't want this talked about too freely. It makes very little difference, after all," he took occasion to say to his father a moment afterwards. "He must know about this; we can't get it on his steamer without."

The captain promised absolute secrecy. Having gained his point, he would have promised anything.

"I hope you'll excuse the freedom of my remarks, Mr. Weldrick," he said. "To suspect you or your son of anything that wouldn't bear examination seems preposterous, I'll acknowledge. But I'm a cautious man. I like to know what's ahead of me."

This affair settled, they went in single file along what from the boat they had marked as a path or narrow opening through the trees. This was tolerably free from the thick, smothering vegetation that covered the rest of the island. In the blackest shadows of the bush there seemed to be a spangling of silvery spots of light—glow worms in the most dark places. The air was sultrier than on the beach, and loaded with the scent of the white waxy flowers of a tree that grew in clumps on the ridge they were climbing.

Led on by the Samoan, they came into a perfectly open space. Weldrick had been following the guide so closely that, before he could check himself, he had almost stepped on a low mound that had no mark on it, no name, but was unmistakably a grave. He drew back quickly.

Charley pointed to it gravely.

"We bury him there," he said.

In a low wailing tone, he added something in Samoan. It was his lament for the dead. The others stood by in silence.

When he had turned away from the mound, the Samoan went a few paces to the right and examined the ground.

"Look here!" he cried. "The boxes all right."

"I suppose, Mr. Weldrick," said the captain, again asserting himself, "that I'm right in presuming these spades we have brought were meant to dig with. Well, whatever there may be here, I'll help you to unearth it."

Weldrick took a spade, and he and the captain began to dig through the loose sandy mould. Not more than a foot below the surface, they came upon a box, a strong packing-case bound with iron hooping. Almost close to it was another, and at the distance of about a yard another still. These were all, Charley said. For their size, the boxes were extremely heavy. There was some rope knotted round each, by means of which, no doubt, they had been carried up here and lowered into the holes that had been dug for them.

"And what will you be after now, sir?" said the persistent Daggers. "Having them down to the boat? If so, I'd propose calling on the men to help us, for if I'm not mistaken, each of these will weigh over two hundredweight."

"What is that?" Weldrick said sharply. "Listen!"

They all heard it, and knew the sound—the clank of oars in the rowlocks.

"Close in shore, as I live!" whispered the captain. "You expected some opposition maybe, sir?"

"Is there another passage into the lagoon besides that which you brought the steamer through?" Weldrick asked.

"Yes. On the other side of the rocks we passed, a boat might get in. They could come in there, and creep along this side of the islands in the shadows, and never be seen from the steamer."

"One would think that they haven't seen her," Weldrick observed to his father, "or, if they have, they can't have reckoned on us landing to-night."

"They've landed," the captain said presently; "not where we came up; and the point of land will prevent them catching sight of our boat. I hear a sort of jabbering. Island boys, no doubt. If they died for it, they'd have to use their tongues. Friends, sir, or foes? Which do you say?"

No answer being returned to these insinuating questions, Daggers' curiosity remained unslaked.

It was not long before those in the clearing heard the sound of footsteps. Whoever they were, these people were advancing towards them. From the very slight noises of crackling and rustling, it was impossible to conjecture how many there might be. But it would be strange if the man whom they expected ventured here without some company. The surprise was complete when, from the arches of the forest, one man stepped into the open and stood facing them.

He started to find the place already occupied. Then his glance swept round, as if he would mark each face of those who were opposed to him. He folded his arms and laughed.

"I might have known it. You appear to be waiting for someone, gentlemen."

"And it's a near guess to say that's yourself," the incautious Daggers could not help muttering.

Birkwood gave him a contemptuous stare.

"I don't know you, sir; and unless Mr. Weldrick is particularly anxious to keep you in his retinue, I would remark that it's healthy down the slope where the sea breeze comes in, and that it would be for your benefit to take a stroll. At any rate, I shan't open my lips again until you do."

It was very bitter to Captain Daggers to be thrust aside just when his excited interest had reached fever-heat; but as, in this instance, Birkwood was firmly supported by the others, he was obliged to yield to the wishes of the majority.

"I shall keep within call with my men, Mr. Weldrick," he cried, as he went backwards down the path, after the manner of those who retire from the presence of royalty. "I don't like the look of this business, and, before I'm many days older, our Consul at Apia will have a full report of it. As a British subject——"

But being tripped up by a root at this juncture, he was heard to say no more.

"What's the fellow saying about Consuls and British subjects?" Birkwood asked scornfully. "Now he's gone we can talk comfortably. You've won the game, Alfred. I shall not fight with you for the possession of those boxes. You're three to one here, you've men within call, you've a steamer in the lagoon. I didn't know that until I got high enough on the ridge to look across. Then I sent my men back—I'd three Islanders with me—and came on alone to reconnoitre, and found you drawn up here to receive me. An unexpected pleasure, as the society people say. This gentleman, I suppose, is your father. Glad to make your acquaintance, sir."

"I could have wished, Captain Birkwood," said the elder gentleman, "that we had met under happier circumstances."

"Why, yes, sir; but this is a topsy-turvy world, and we must take it as we find it. 'Twas a shock to me"—and his glance sobered—"to hear that poor Ferrars was gone. Who'd have thought I should come back out of that whirlpool and find him missing? Who'd have thought we should all turn up here, on the top of an island which a few months ago would have seemed the unlikeliest place on the globe for us to meet in? But your son ignores me. It isn't so long since we were together day and night, since we took our lives in our hands and started on that boat voyage of ours to a coast we hadn't much certainty of reaching. Now he won't speak."

"What do you expect me to say to you, Captain Birkwood?" Weldrick asked.

"Well, I don't know," the captain answered. "You might tell me that you wouldn't take quite the blackest view of my case. You might say you were ready to let bygones be bygones. I'd rather have your goodwill than not. You see, Mr. Weldrick, I like this son of yours. The way he fought against circumstances down there at the island showed me what stuff he was made of. I liked him all through—even when he stood up and told me to my face what he thought of me, and what he meant to do. There's nothing unfair about him. He's smart too—for a man of his training. If I'd known how smart, I shouldn't have troubled to come here to-night."

"From what I've heard," Mr. Weldrick said, "the smartness doesn't seem to have been all on his side."

"I'll own that I took an advantage of him. But he was close to shore, and in no danger. I'll own that I was tempted—the last night we were on the island, Alfred—to come off and leave you in the lurch. I was tempted, I say—for you had roused the worst in me that night; but when I came near, to make sure that you were asleep, I thought all at once—No! I can't do that. I promised Ida. I've got to see him safe home again, whatever happens. Then you woke up and caught hold of me, and a pretty twist you gave my hand."

"I'm very glad you have told me this," Weldrick said. "You can't understand what a relief it is to me."

"I guess I can," Birkwood said drily. "That's all I've got to reproach myself with about you. That's the only harm I ever meant you, and it wasn't for long. But it would have been too tame to have let you come



"NOT MORE THAN A FOOT BELOW THE SURFACE, THEY CAME UPON A BOX" (*p.* 423).

here and take this without opposition. You'd put me on my mettle. I was bound to have a try for it."

He began to laugh, as if at the remembrance of something amusing, and continued—

"I wavered, though, when I heard on the way here that as soon as they knew in Melbourne where the *Hirondelle* had been lost, they had got up a company to recover the gold. There was an expedition fitting out for Auckland Island. It occurred to me what a nice stroke of business it would be to offer my services to them. I tell you, Alfred, I shook with laughter when I thought of it. Go and help them to fish up a treasure which wasn't nearer than two thousand miles to the spot they fancied it in! It was a rich idea; but I daren't take it up. You'd have been blurting this out to the world while I was down there, and I should have been trapped."

"You do not ask after your daughter," Weldrick said.

Birkwood's expression changed quickly.

"What's my daughter to me now? I haven't a daughter. I've nothing. Look there"—he took some papers from his pockets—"those are my certificates. I might as well tear them across for all the good they are. I daren't show them. I can't say I'm James Birkwood; I was master of the *Hirondelle*. If I ship for another voyage, I'll go as a man before the mast. Serves me right, doesn't it? Yes, but it's no sweeter for that. When you send back that gold, the whole truth comes out, and I'm not safe anywhere on earth. I'm an outlaw; I've the fear of the prison before me till I die. It wasn't worth it. No; but this gold makes men mad."

"Your daughter is with us, Captain Birkwood," Mr. Weldrick said.

"Yes. I heard that she and Mary were here. I supposed you'd all join together," he answered.

His talkative mood seemed to have passed, and he sank into sullen silence.

"You know that you can trust us," said Weldrick. "We are no more anxious for your arrest than you yourself are. Come on board the steamer and see Ida. She would be less troubled if she could only speak with you."

Birkwood smiled. "No, thank you. I have my freedom, and I mean to keep it. I trust you; but I don't trust your captain. A meddling fool like that always makes mischief. If you've anything more to say to me, it must be said here, for my stay won't be long. You've too many people—too many who might remember my face and swear to it afterwards.

But I'd like to see Ida. I'd thought of that. Tell her I'm here, and she'll come."

She did come. At the first sight of her father she had no words to greet him with, but clung to him, sobbing brokenly—"How could you—how could you? And I believed in you so!"

"You may well ask that," he said. "It's more than I know myself. But why should you cry? It isn't as if you'd no one but me to look to. We've come to a cross road, you and I. We say good-bye now, and a long good-bye. It's a general rendezvous, I take it, now that you and Mary come. We're all here now: all I care for, anyway. But I'm the only one that steps out from this circle alone."

"I will go with you!" she cried, and held tightly to his hand. "Not alone—no, I won't leave you!"

He put her away from him with a gentleness he did not often show.

"No, no. You mean it now; but afterwards you would be sorry. There won't be room for two people on the path I'll have to take, there'll be places not fit for you to tread. I wouldn't take you if I could. But when I'm out of soundings of home and friends and all the rest, it will be good to think that you would have come. You're like your mother. She'd have stuck to me to the bitterest end. No more now. Good-bye."

They saw him again, long after this, when Ida and Weldrick were married and had a home in Melbourne. One night he passed the threshold of their door, and came and sat with them, and talked as easily and freely as if it were his habit to visit them every evening. But not a word was said that would have served to fill the blank of those years in which they had heard nothing of him.

"So you've settled down now," he said. "Adventure, and escapades all done with: married people have no spirit for such recreations. All we went through good for nothing now, but a tale to please the children. You were very virtuous about that reward the bank offered you and Mary."

"How could we have touched that money?" Ida said.

"How? It would have come easy to most people. But you must have finer scruples than the commonalty. To my mind, it sets you on a pedestal, refusing that, when they tried to force it on you in so many different ways. But it's a bad plan to be too tender with banks and public institutions. They don't respect you for it. It's so unlike their own policy, you see."

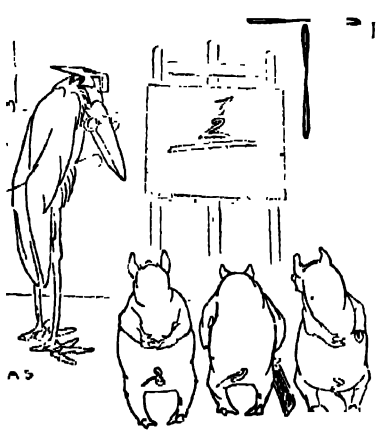
"I'm glad you named the little girl after your mother," he said to Ida somewhat later. "Ay, it makes a lively house when there are children about. I dare say I'll be looking in upon you again."

He kept his word. It seemed as if Justice had winked at the escape of this criminal. His offence was known, and it was generally supposed he was still at large. But no search was made for him, and in the course of years he grew bolder and often visited his daughter's home. He might even, if he had chosen, have ceased his wanderings, and found somewhere a haven for himself. But he was restless to the end a castaway and a vagabond, the thought of whom was the only shadow on his daughter's life.

THE END.

CAN ANIMALS COUNT?

BY A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.



"HAT animals up to a certain point can count is undoubted. Sir John Lubbock's experiments with his dogs are proof enough of this. Bisset, the famous animal trainer, brought several animals up to this point, and even found that by patience and skill the pig could be taught one, two, three, etc. Anyone who doubts this must turn to Bisset's own accounts of his experiences with the lower brethren. His success with cats and dogs and monkeys only surpassed in some degree what others had done before him, but it stirs something like incredulity when we read of his success with turtles and goldfishes, and we only recover faith when we find the facts fully attested. "In the course of six months' teaching he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog, and having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name in the company. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a goldfish, not all unsuccessfully. . . . . In the course of twelve months he made a pig—an animal usually supposed to be the most obstinate and perverse in Nature—become most tractable and able to count simple numbers." Bisset was a native of Perth, and having trained many animals and exhibited their performances in Edinburgh, London, Dublin, and other places, died in 1783.

Then Mr. Hamerton gave an account in the first part of his attractive volume—"Chapters on Animals"—of the dogs of a certain Monsieur du Rouil which certainly could count; and more: could read and do such things as completely mystified Mr. Hamerton, as he very frankly confesses. This Monsieur du Rouil died before his training of his dogs was completed, and we have often wondered what became of the

poor dogs, for no one was found equal to carrying their education to a farther point.

"According to Monsieur du Rouil's account," says Mr. Hamerton—"which was probably quite true as far as it went—the dogs were like actors who had not quite thoroughly mastered their parts, and he himself was like the prompter, near the footlights. To begin with, Blanche really knew the letters of the alphabet and the playing-cards by their names, and Lyda really knew all the figures. In addition to this, he said that Blanche had studied about a hundred and fifty words in different languages—something like twenty in each language—words most likely to be called for, such as duck, dog, horse, cat, pferd, canis, etc. The restriction to one set of letters simplified the business considerably, but Monsieur du Rouil confessed quite frankly that she could not get through a word unless he were present. On the other hand, he could not make her spell a word in public that she had not before practised with him in private. So it was with Lyda and the figures. She really knew the figures when isolated, and this had been satisfactorily demonstrated when he left the room, and she gave me the number asked for up to 9. But he would not tell me the secret of the confederacy. I told him what guesses had been made on the subject, but he simply answered that I must have observed how impossible it was for him to make signs with either hands or feet when he moved neither hand nor foot."



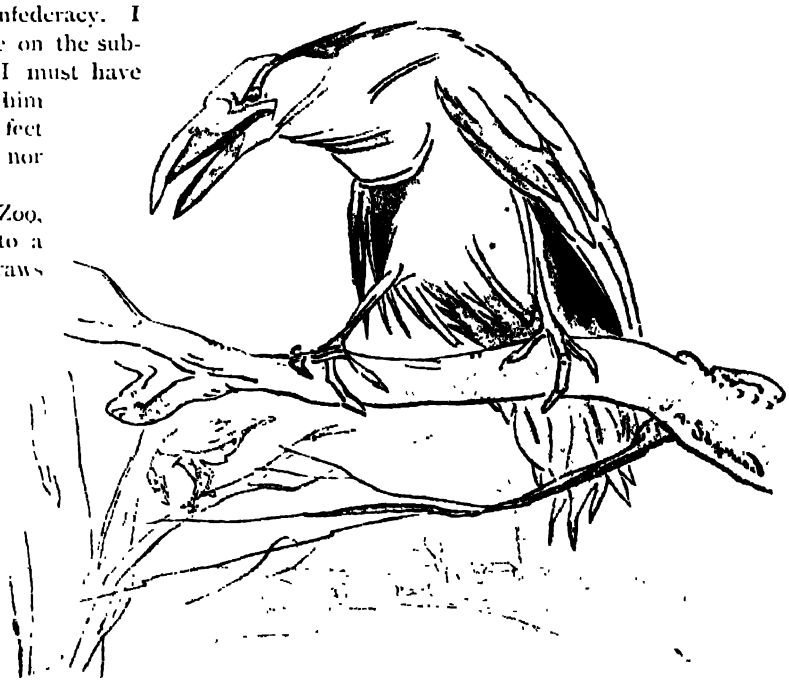
"S Y."

Poor Sally, the chimpanzee at the Zoo, in London, could count clearly up to a dozen at the least, and would bring straws to her keeper to any number under that. And Sally was as wonderful for affection and for sense as for cleverness. She was very fond of her keeper, and when she was dying, found, we do trust, some sense of relief in clasping his hand.

With an accent of the utmost regret, too, the keeper tells of Jack, the ourang-outang at the Zoo, how quickly he was advancing in his training and how docile he had become when he died of that fell plague of those creatures in confinement in our climate—consumption.

Rooks have certainly powers in counting; and so have wood-pigeons, which follow very strict rules of procedure indeed. When feeding in flocks in the fields among the grain or roots, they never forget to post a sentinel or two, and a settled regulated method of interchange of position is kept up. They walk in a compact body, and in order that all may fare alike, the hindmost rank every now and then fly over the heads of their companions to the front, where they keep the best place for a minute or two, till those in the rear take their place in the same manner. They keep up this kind of fair-play during the whole time of feeding.

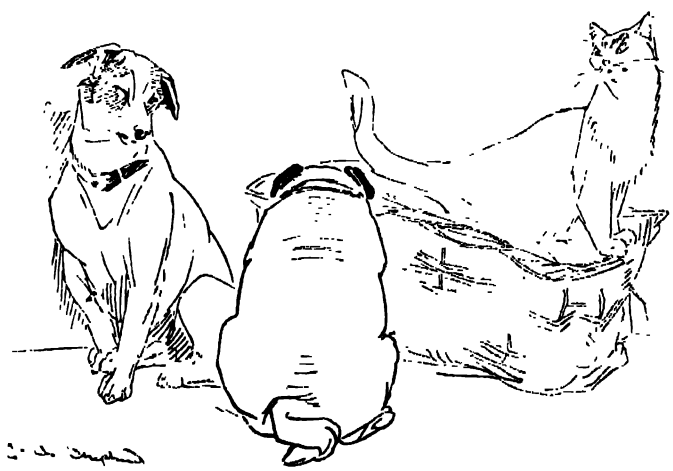
The beaver certainly could not do what he does in the way of architecture and engineering if he could not calculate; nor indeed could the little water-vole, which can run a tunnel right through the dark earth to the exact point it wants: a thing which the cleverest human engineer can only do with the most elaborate helps in the way of levels and instruments of many kinds. Certain species of squirrels must be able to count



ROOKS HAVE CERTAINLY POWERS IN COUNTING."

—by steps, probably—else they could hardly be able to find, on awakening at intervals in their winter sleep, the little hoard of nuts which they may have laid up against this contingency. The mole could hardly construct the very scientific house he does in the dark, dark earth, with its passages so nicely constructed for getting rid of water, unless he had some simple notion of arithmetic. There can be little doubt that ants can count up to a certain point; and it is almost incredible that spiders can spin their webs without some simple arithmetical knowledge.

Yet some birds, it would seem—and these some of the most intelligent and gifted, as regards song—have no notion of numbers, else it would be hardly possible for the cuckoo to play on them the tricks which it is absolutely certain that he does play with respect to



"SHE REGARDED THE DOGS WITH SOME SUSPICION"

eggs—depositing his own eggs in the nests of other birds. Yet it is hardly possible that *he* can be without knowledge of numbers up to a certain point, for his whole plan circles round a definite way of numbering off the nests in which the female lays the eggs: as No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and so on. If it is true as there can now hardly be a doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Cuckoo not only lay their eggs in other birds' nests, but keep a pretty close watch over these nests by regular turns, to see how their darlings fare—indeed, one very good field ornithologist, who has observed much and closely, gives it as his deliberate opinion that the female cuckoo is ready to aid the young blind monster in getting rid of the true progeny of the foster-parents, and in some cases does herself lift them out of the nest, to her young ones' relief. Of course dogs—clever dogs, at all events—can count, as is proved by the anecdote we have already given of that dog which could carry three-halfpence or more to the baker's shop, and get for them his exact number of rolls, declining to go away till he had had a roll for each copper.

That cats can count was proved by an Essex friend of ours in this way. One of his cats had five kittens, which, as they were very pretty, were promised to various friends; but he resolved to try the memory and arithmetical powers of the cat, so he took away three of the kittens to a different part of the farm-building, where it was impossible the cat could find them. She was greatly troubled, almost distracted at first, licked over the two left, and all the rest of it, but would get up and range about distractedly, mewing and searching, and regarding the dogs (which were well known to her) with some suspicion. My friend brought back one of the lost kittens and put it beside the other two. This was welcomed with an extra share of mewing, crooning, and licking, but in a short while the cat was on the move again, seeking and searching. After a little while another of the kittens was brought back, with precisely the same results, and by-and-by the third, after which pussy was quite content, and did not suddenly get up and go ranging about any more.

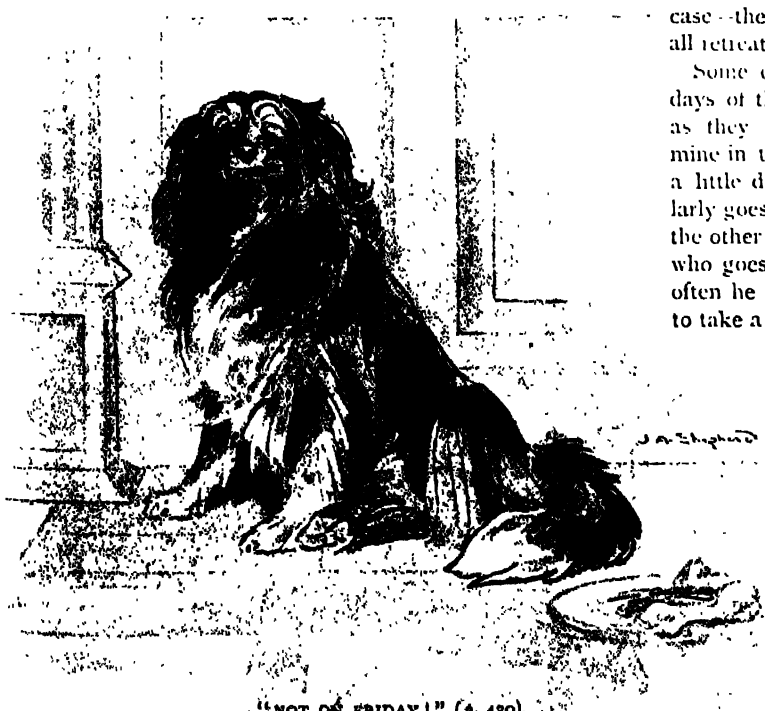
Another case I know of was almost as conclusive. A litter of three kittens was thrown into the pond. The cat, by the oddest chance, went to the pond while they were still making their half-blind efforts to maintain themselves afloat. Overcoming her dislike to the water, she got out one and laid it on the bank, and then another, and, though she could see nothing of the third—for it had been carried down in the freshet and drowned—she went round the borders of the pond for a good way, looking anxiously. At last she gave up the search in despair, went to the spot where she had left the two, took them one by one to a hole in a garden hedge, where she was allowed to bring them up in a nice little nest of dry leaves; and these two kittens turned out little spitfires, half wild in every respect, and, unlike the other cats, never entering the house unless on a run by stealth, and never becoming completely domesticated, though repeated trial was made to bring them round in this way.

Here is an anecdote attesting the powers of cooks in arithmetic so far, which is so good and clear that

we must give it here in the writer's own words, as no paraphrase or epitome could do justice to it:—

"A very large field had been sown with wheat, and in the centre a little hut had been erected to shelter the boy who had to tend the field, and to enable him to reach all parts of it. A gentleman who wished to obtain a few birds to hang up in his own field thought this would be a good opportunity for procuring them, for they thronged around in great numbers, and kept the boy actively employed to drive them off. So, taking his gun, he went into the hut, accompanied by the boy, and through some holes in the sides prepared to pour a volley on the invaders. But he reckoned without his host. The watchful sentinels seemed instinctively to divine the plot. Their warning caw was loudly uttered, and the presence of the ambushed foe was made known. They circled round and round, and settled in the surrounding fields, but not one of them would trust himself within gunshot of the hut. For some time the gentleman waited in vain, and then sent the boy away, with directions to walk straight out of the field; but this ruse did not succeed. The rooks still refused to 'come and be killed,' so he left the field and followed the boy; but no sooner had he gone out of the field than the sentinel gave the signal, and scores of their fellows at once descended and commenced their foray. The sportsman determined not to be outwitted in this way, so he immediately took two persons with him into the hut and resumed his ambush, the rooks having taken flight on his re-appearance. After a short time had elapsed he sent one of the persons away, and after another interval the second, expecting that as soon as they both left the field the rooks would return, but he was again doomed to disappointment. 'Beware!' cawed the sentinels in the most sonorous tones, and none ventured to disregard the warning. Determined still further to test their powers of numeration, he again left the hut, and returned with three persons, all four entering together. Again, one by one, the companions were sent away, and the plan was at last crowned with success. The rooks could count as far as three, but four was beyond their powers, and no sooner had the third person left the field than they hurried to the spoil, but only, alas! to leave two of their number dead on the field, victims to the want of a knowledge of numeration."—"The Birds of Sherwood Forest," by W. J. Sterland (pp. 135, 6).

Some allowance should, however, in this case have been made for possible confusion arising in the course of the action. Even with very correct-minded human arithmeticians, in similar circumstances doubt will often arise, after a lapse of time, whether it is a second or a third that has last been reckoned, and where there is no possibility of clear record at the moment, there is much room for confusion, as anyone will find who will try to keep count of the sacks of coal delivered into the cellar from a cart without the aid of pen or pencil, or anything to make definite mark. We can hardly from this circumstance decide that the rooks' power of numeration absolutely failed at four, though it was conclusively demonstrated that they could not only count, but check and re-check up to three, though, alas! in this case, as in so many others—there was no possibility of re-trying the case—the single slip was enough to make all retreat impossible.



"NOT ON FRIDAY!" (p. 430).

Some dogs certainly come to know the days of the week—probably count the days as they pass. For example, a friend of mine in the country, who has two farms at a little distance from each other, and regularly goes two days in the week from one to the other to do certain bits of business, and who goes on these days for certain, however often he may go in addition, used regularly to take a setter bitch with him as companion in his walk. But circumstances arose which made him wish to leave her at home on these days, and he would contrive to escape without her; but invariably she overtook him before he reached his off-farm, bowing and beseeching his favour in such a way that he could not resist her. Finally, he had to make up his mind that she must be locked up next

time, and said so to his wife as Floss lay apparently asleep in the room. But when the day came Floss was not to be found. She had gone off early in the morning, much to the farmer's wonder and anxiety; but what was his surprise to see her waiting for him at the exact spot where she used to overtake him on the road, and on his approach, her efforts to fawn on, and wheedle, and please him were extraordinary, and after this the interdict was removed. Shepherds' dogs, on the asseveration of many shepherds, know Sundays, and in the Highlands of Scotland enjoy their journey to the church as much as their masters.

The famous French theologian and essayist, M. Rénan, who was a great lover of animals, told a number of stories of animals to a contributor to *Truth*, who gave a report of them in that journal in an article headed, "M. Rénan on our Humble Relatives" (issue for July 28th, 1892); and among them was the following:—

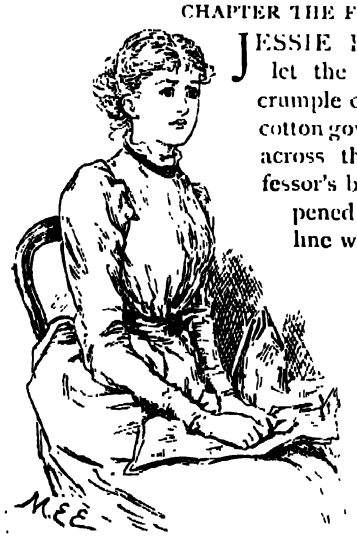
"When a child, M. Rénan had for a neighbour a dog that, disliking the Friday dinners of fish and potatoes, used regularly on Thursdays to go looking about for bones, to hide them for his meals next day. How did he know that Thursday preceded Friday? Another dog associated Sunday with personal cleanliness, and used, as regularly as it came round, to go and take a bath, unless the weather was very cold, when he gave himself absolution. His name was Jocko."

And here is a little passage, with some anecdotes, from Mr. Hamerton's "Chapters on Animals" which may well cap these:—"A lady said that she had known a dog that belonged to a celebrated publisher in Paris, who had a country house at Auteuil. Every Friday his family went to Auteuil, and always regularly found the dog there on their arrival. He went alone through Paris, from the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, and he never made a mistake about the day. The family frequently went out on other days, but on these occasions the dog stayed contentedly at home. Another dog that she had also known had been bred in a strictly Catholic family, and would never touch meat on a Friday. Bets were made, and the greatest temptations used to overcome his conscientious scruples, but always in vain. He was shut up in a room during a whole Friday, with meat in his reach, but preferred to suffer hunger rather than touch it. One of my friends mentioned a dog that he knew quite well which lost its master three years before from small-pox, and ever since then, in all weathers, paid a daily visit to the cemetery, where it mourns upon his grave. The widow goes to the grave on Sundays after mass. The dog knows this, waits for her at the church door, and accompanies her."

BY A GIRL'S HAND.

BY MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



JESSIE PENNIEFEATHER let the newspaper fall in a crumple on the lap of her cool cotton gown, and stared blankly across the room at the professor's bald head, which happened to be in a straight line with her startled eyes.

Professor Penniefeather was at work, as usual, on his projected "Life of Silas Bubb."

Bubb, novelist, dramatist, poet traveller, and all-round talented individual, was the professor's hobby. Bubb had been a celebrity in his time among a certain cultured "set." But as his time had been full thirty years before the opening of our story, those who once knew him might be forgiven for having nearly forgotten him, and those who had never known, perhaps hardly heard of him, might be forgiven faces of ill-concealed boredom when the professor descanted on his favourite theme. Strange as it may seem, no fellow-celebrity had written the life of Silas Bubb. This labour of love Professor Penniefeather had undertaken.

But it would never be written—published, at least, Jessie thought sorrowfully, with a sidelong glance at the fatal newspaper paragraph.

And then, with a quick realisation of the misery that hateful, hateful paper might cause the poor professor, his daughter stuffed it hastily under the sofa cushion as the maid brought in the tea-tray: signal that biographical labours were over for the nonce.

Jessie Penniefeather was a very pretty girl, if grey eyes, golden hair, and a skin fresh and downy as a ripe peach, are constituents of beauty. She was so pretty that she absolutely glittered in the dim setting of the panelled room. They lived in Bloomsbury: the professor had to be near the Museum for literary purposes. He loved, too, to prowl about the old book shops with which Bloomsbury is thickly studded, picking up rare "Bubbs" to add to his collection, and facts to enrich his biography.

In Bloomsbury, too, but in a glorified corner, in Russell Square, where Jessie filled the post of daily governess to the two little girls of Mrs. Abrahams.

Professor Penniefeather had an income which would have kept him and his daughter comfortably in a country cottage. As it was, they barely made both ends meet. Silas Bubb, poor man, was a great expense. Hardly a day but the professor brought home in his pockets—made specially deep for the purpose—books, prints, or autograph letters, picked up, as he gleefully told his daughter, for a "mere song." This might mean anything: from a threepenny-bit to thirty shillings. Jessie sometimes felt a disposition to sigh over these bargains. She had a mundane preference for a full larder in place of a room overflowing with books and MS.

But when the "Life of Silas Bubb" was published, the Professor assured her, fame would come, and with it fortune. "The bibliography alone is enough to establish my reputation," he wound up enthusiastically. "It has taken me years to compile."

And it had.

When the "Life of Silas Bubb" came out, the dingy Bloomsbury rooms might find another tenant; the little girls in Russell Square another governess.

It was nearly done.

"Another month's hard work," said Professor Penniefeather that very afternoon, as he gulped his tea, one eye meanwhile on some stray sheets of his beloved MS., "and the book will be ready for the publishers. Let me read you the Alpine chapter, my dear. I've a high opinion of your critical faculty."

So he read, and his daughter listened, but she replied at random when questioned on certain trenchant points.

The girl's grey eyes were glittering feverishly, there was a circular crimson spot burning on either cheek. When the postman gave a loud rat-rat, she ran herself to the door. She was startled at the wild unusual beat of her heart. It died down into calmer thumps as she saw in the letter-box only a bookseller's catalogue. *That*, at least, could not carry fatal intelligence to her father. But he tore the wrapper off eagerly, ran his eye through, and started to his feet impetuous as a boy.

"Dawson's got a first edition of 'Miss Cranbourne,'" he almost shouted; "only a guinea!" ("Miss Cranbourne" was a rare novel of Silas Bubb's.) "Excuse me, my dear; I must be off to Holborn at once and secure it."

He started up from his half-finished tea. Jessie fetched him his slouched hat and strong stick. Professor Penniefeather's spare and shabby figure was well-known in book haunts.

She kissed him rather lingeringly, and noticed with a pang how worn the dear face was. She knew how greatly he was excited at the prospect of completing the book on which he had lavished much time and labour. She knew, too, that with completion would come reaction. How would he bear the shock of utter failure? of that most bitter failure—being forestalled!

She watched him down the street through a blur of quick rising tears. She thought—probably only fond and foolish fancy—that he leaned more on his stick than usual.

Then she turned from the window, dashed away her tears rather impatiently, pulled the paper from under the sofa cushion, and read the paragraph again.

"We learn with pleasure that Mr. Reginald Halsbury, the clever and rising young journalist, has a 'Life of Silas Bubb' ready for the press. Considering the versatile talents of 'Bubb,' it is marvellous that he has not found a biographer before. In the able hands of Mr. Reginald Halsbury, he will find one not only conscientious, but brilliant. We await the publication of the book with interest."

Jessie fiercely clenched her little hands, and set her even teeth.

A bitter, bitter sense of rebellion rushed over her. For the moment, being but a woman—and a fond daughter—she felt impotent anger and hatred for this successful young writer, who, all unwittingly, would break the poor Professor's heart. The hobby of years cannot be torn up without evil effect.

"He cannot do it one-half so well as papa," she said to herself. "He has not half the facts—it is not to be expected." She looked across at the old-fashioned open bureau, strewn with papers and bulky portfolios of notes.

"He will omit the bibliography, or scamp it. He will write in a dashing, superficial way. His book will be well reviewed—he is well known: papa obscure—and this," she went across and touched, almost with reverence, the professor's nearly completed "Life," "will be burned or shelved. I know papa's pride too well. He will never consent, where 'Bubb' is concerned, to be second in the field, nor to collaboration.'

Jessie went back to her chair rather hopelessly.

What could she do—a mere girl, a poor little governess—to circumvent this brilliant and all-powerful young man?

"Oh, how I wish," she said *sotto voce*, and in desperation, "that we had never come to London, never heard of 'Silas Bubb'—bother him! I really do not know which man I dislike most, him or his new biographer."

She poured herself out another cup of tea, and drank it with a vague sense of comfort. She had drifted back, in thought, to the country home she dimly remembered as a child, before her mother died or her father became bitten with bibliomania.

Then she sharply pulled herself back to contemplation of the present crisis.

"There is one thing I can do. Throw myself on this Reginald Halsbury's mercy; tell him all."

She blushed vividly with excitement and nervousness.

There was just a chance, she thought. He might be kind-hearted, generous, this successful young man. He might, when he heard the pitiful story of the dear patient professor's probable shipwreck, consent to withdraw his book. "Surely," said the girl, strong with love, "a book more or less to so successful a writer will not matter very much."

She sat until the room grew gloomy, perfecting her plan. She would call next morning on Reginald Halsbury. She knew his address—a paper which had interviewed him told her that. Fortunately for

her scheme, it was August holiday time. Her pupils were with their mother at Westgate. She would be able to start quite early, directly breakfast was over, and her father settled, all unsuspecting, at his biography.

It would be an ordeal. It all depended on the young man. He might be brutal and laugh in her face, with sheer contempt of her bold entreaty. He might be sarcastic, which would be harder to bear. He might absolutely refuse to listen to or even see her.

Jessie's up-bringing as a young woman had been so unconventional—quiet days in the dingy, unfashionable street, varied only by mornings of dreary routine in Russell Square—that any idea of over-boldness never occurred to her.

It was all settled—even to which of her scanty store of frocks she would wear—before the professor came in radiant, with "Miss Cranbourne" weighing down his pocket.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IT was into a little room at the top of a small house in South Kensington that Jessie was ushered. Reginald Halsbury turned quickly round from the desk, and advanced almost nervously to meet her.

She decided, with relief, that he was not at all formidable, and she wondered, with a sore heart, if those sheets scattered on the desk were "Bubb."



"REGINALD HALSBURY ONLY STAMMERED CONFUSEDLY."

Reginald Halsbury, indeed, seemed disposed to be timid of her. He was a retiring, reticent young author, very plain, and very ill at ease in the presence of a pretty woman. And poor Jessie looked very pretty. She had that morning been not absolutely innocent of coquetry. She knew enough of human nature to feel sure that she had more chance of softening Mr. Halsbury in her best grey cashmere and hat trimmed with eglantine than when wearing the demure, if rather dowdy, black hat and jacket which was her governess livery.

But Reginald Halsbury only stammered confusedly

at this dainty vision of girlhood. He apologised, with diffidence, for receiving her in his work-room, and asked, perhaps with a slightly eager glance at his deserted MS., what he could do for her.

She looked up in his face. Those were kind grey eyes of his behind the spectacles, and the mouth under his straggling sandy moustache was tender. Coming along, she had rehearsed the pretty pleading speeches she had meant to make, the conversational artifices by which Halsbury might be turned from monopolising "Bubb" and discomfiting Penniefeather.

In his presence she forgot them all, and only said, sitting in the chair he had placed opposite to his own, and resting two nervously clasped hands on the desk:

"I came to ask you—please—not to publish the 'Life of Silas Bubb.'"

The rising author started: hot blood surged up his face to his hair-roots, as he turned puzzled eyes on the fair quivering face, crimson too, so near his own.

"But I—do—do not un-d-d-er-stand," he stuttered, greatly excited, and losing fluency in consequence, "what t-the bio-graphy has to d-do with you."

"Just everything," said Jessie simply, and tears welled up to the blue depths of her eyes. She winked them vigorously away, and hugged to herself the notion that Reginald Halsbury had not seen them. "My father has written a 'Life,' too. He has devoted years to it. He has it nearly ready for publication. All his hopes and ambitions are set on it. Oh! it is so clever, so complete—he reads me bits. I am sure," she concluded earnestly, and with unconscious disparagement, at which young Halsbury quietly smiled, "it is a much better book than yours."

"I am sure it must be," he said heartily, "if, as you say, your father has devoted years to it. I have only given months. Of course, I cannot withdraw my book at the request of——" he was going to say "a comparative stranger," but broke off abruptly. "If you would put me in communication with your father, we might manage some joint and satisfactory arrangement—both our names on the title-page, you understand."

Jessie shook her head, not because she was too dense to grasp his meaning, but because she was too well acquainted with the professor to derive any comfort from the prospect of a double-barrelled authorship.

"Papa would never consent," she said mournfully, adding perhaps a flicker of spirit. Who was this young man—almost a boy—to ride rough-shod over a father whom she idolised, and of whose talents she had the highest possible opinion?

"If you think his consent unlikely," said Mr. Halsbury, perhaps a shade huffishly, "he can publish his 'Life' separately, you know. Plenty of room for two."

Jessie felt keenly his curt change of tone. She rose from her chair with a touch of girlish dignity.

And yet excuse might have been made for Reginald Halsbury. Her request was unusual, to put it in the most kindly light. To ask a man to abandon a book to which he has devoted months of a little trying—to the man—even when a pretty girl pleads. Yet he had made a generous suggestion. She had flouted it. She was absolutely ignorant of the enthusiasm of an author for his work—any author, that is, save Professor Penniefeather.

"Thank you very much for your kindness—your offer of collaboration," she said timidly, "and please forgive me this intrusion. I see now that I ought not to have come—that I have asked too much of you. I acted on impulse. When I saw the announcement of your coming book, I felt that no course could be too desperate to save papa's heart from breaking."

She had taken up her umbrella, pulled down the little spotted veil over her twitching lips.

Reginald Halsbury rather deprecatingly held out his hand. It is not pleasant to be told you are on the high road to breaking a heart—even though it be a stranger's.

Jessie took the hand. He pressed it sympathetically. "I am sure," he said stumblingly, "s-some-thing could be d-done, arranged, if I h-had an interview with y-your f-father. You—pardon me—probably exaggerate his enthusiasm."

She shook her head again.

"You are very good, but I do not over-estimate. Papa would rather fling his book into the fire than play—pardon *me* this time—second fiddle to any man. He is working hard at it now. Of course, he does not know I am here. He does not even know of the disappointment awaiting him. How am I even to tell him? He simply lives for 'Bubb.' I wish," with a momentary triumph of emotion over diffidence, a little stamp on the floor, and a vicious dig at a dead man, "we had never heard his name, that he had never lived—or died. He was to have made the name of Penniefeather, and now——"

"Penniefeather!" young Halsbury's grasp of Jessie's hand became a grip. "Are you the daughter of Professor Penniefeather?"

"Yes"—a gleam of hope glowed on her face when she saw the change in his—"but I do not see what difference that makes."

"It makes all the difference," said Reginald Halsbury. "And you," with a sudden jerkiness and a keen glance in her wide eyes, "are Jessie?"

"I am Jessie," she returned, mystified; "but who are you?"

"Is it possible that you have clean forgotten Reggie Trimmer—your father's pupil when you lived in that dear little sleepy village of Hollow Fen?"

All his diffidence departed. Jessie, scanning his pleasure-flushed face, certainly traced a strong resemblance to a big boy of fifteen, who, when she was ten, had made her life by turns a torture and an ecstasy, and who had been the constant enemy of her army of dollies.

"But your name is Halsbury," she demurred.

Reggie threw back his sandy head and laughed joyously. Evidently the discovery of identities had given him keen pleasure and great relief.

"That is explained very easily. When I adopted



"'SERIOUSLY, REGGIE, HELP ME IF YOU CAN" (*p. 433*).

literature I changed my name. I fancied that as Trimmer—fit cognomen for a tailor or a tripe-seller—I should never achieve success. I imagined 'Trimmer' on a book back, and shivered. Even Reginald did not save it. So I called myself Halsbury. It was a mistake. I did not then know the present fashion—that the possession of a hideous name is a long step towards fame.'

He had let go her hand, and was hustling his papers together before closing the desk.

"You will let me see you home," he pleaded. "let me pay a visit to the dear old professor. How completely you hid yourselves, Jessie—little Jessie no longer. When first I came to London I looked high and low for you. I made inquiries in every direction, and hunted through the directory. I knew that after your mother's death the professor brought you to live in London, and I was so anxious we should be friends. What made you live such secluded lives?"

"Put it all down to 'Silas Bubb,' she said demurely.

Reggie sighed.

"Poor Silas Bubb! I had grown quite fond of him."

"Surely you can be fond of him still?'

"I must be second in his affections.' He smiled in her blue eyes.

Jessie gave a big sigh of great relief. Dear child! she knew the professor was saved.

"It is not likely," said Reginald Halsbury, as they went through the Park on their way to Bloomsbury, "that I should be impertinent enough to compete with the professor."

He said it humbly. He had a hearty appreciation of his old tutor's solid attainments.

"Your father first gave me a taste for literature. Any small success I may have attained I owe greatly to his training.'

"You are very good. You have made me very happy," she said gratefully; then, with compunction, "It is a long walk. I am afraid I have spoiled your morning's work.'

"Not a bit too long for me. I enjoy this stroll through the Park immensely.'

He sniffed at the flowers with keen appreciation.

"As to work,' with a glib perversion of hard facts, "I was not quite in the mood for it this morning.'

CHAPTER THIRD.

JESSIE came down the steps of Mrs. Abrahams' house in Russell Square rather despondently. Yet the professor was putting the finishing touches on his book—a task in which he was ably and humbly seconded by Reginald Halsbury.

Reggie, as Jessie had slipped back into calling him, was now a daily visitor at the dingy Bloomsbury house, and Professor Pennefeather spoke with compliment and slight amazement of his erudition on the complicated "Bubb" subject. He did not know how nearly Reggie had forestalled him. That fatal newspaper paragraph Jessie had promptly popped into the kitchen fire.

That afternoon—it was chill and wet—as she came down the broad steps of the Russell Square house, Reginald Halsbury, in a mackintosh, was rounding the corner of Keppel Street. He saw the dejected little figure, mackintosh too, descending the steps, and stopped.

"Jessie!"

"Oh, Reggie, how glad I am to meet you!"

The voice was a little hysterical, the eyes behind the veil were slightly reddened.

"You've been crying," he said, with a flush and an indignant glance at the discreetly curtained windows of the respectable "family residence" which formed the girl's background.

"Suppose I have," she returned lightly, as she crossed the Square under the shelter of his umbrella, "you need not comment on it. It is only a round about way of telling me I look a guy."

"Tell me, Jess"—his voice was earnest; he flung another fierce glance in the direction of Mrs. Abrahams' doorstep—"what they have been doing to you."

"Oh, nothing much: just the ordinary naughtiness of the children and fond interference of their mamma. It was the culmination made me cry. Mrs. Abrahams she has been upset to-day: the dressmaker has spoiled a new gown and the cook broken a dozen plates of the Derby dinner service gave me notice. The girls are going to boarding school."

"The best place for them," commented Reggie, with rather savage stress. "I always hated the idea of you being under the thumb of any woman."

"But I shall have," she said, with a tearful little laugh at his frowning face, "to look out for another situation. Perhaps you know of one—of a woman whose thumb might press a little less."

"I do not—and if I did, I would not recommend you to. You are too good, and sweet, and pretty."

"You are too complimentary. Even if I were all you say, it would not help my arithmetic, which is woefully weak. Seriously, Reggie, help me if you can. I must earn some money, or who will dress me and meet tiresome little household exigencies?"

"But surely the professor has an income?" he said, feeling the first faint stir of rebellion against the dear old man, whose head was a trifle too much in the clouds.

"But he has a hobby," Jessie reminded him sweetly. "He does not know how fast the money goes. I will never forgive you, sir, if you tell him."

There was a fire in her meek eyes. She read something of Halsbury's determination to "have it out" with Professor Pennefeather.

Reggie had a sudden fit of stammering.

"W-will you f-forgive me if I t-tell *you* something?" he pleaded.

"That depends on what it is."

Why, oh! why did Jessie blush and draw so far away from the shelter of the umbrella that rain-drops splashed on the ribbons of her hat?

"You are getting wet."

He drew her arm through his with an air which savoured alarmingly of proprietorship.

"We both are," she replied nervously, her heart thumping dangerously close to his. "We have walked round the Square three times."

"Have we? I am sorry you were collected enough to observe it."

"Sorry that I am in possession of my faculties?"

"If they were a little less keen just for a moment—you might listen more favourably to what I have to say. Don't take aside, dear. It is very harmless. Just three words—*I love you!*"

* * * * *

He never skipped on. In the parlour of the house a few streets off the professor was waiting with mild impatience for his tea-maker. And under the umbrella were two faces—one radiant, the other shy.

* * * * *

Pennefeather's "Life of Silas Bubb" was a great success, and ran into several editions. Since its publication there has been an added run on "Bubb" books, and the professor's collection is, he declares, invaluable. When he dies—let us hope a long day hence—he will bequeath it to a, let us hope again, proportionately grateful nation.

It was the happiest moment of Jessie's life, not excepting that momentous moment under the umbrella, when the professor came up from his study into the fire-lit room where she and Reggie sat, with his work, in all the glory of three volumes, in his hand.

It pleased the dear old scholar, in the fulness of his laborious-won triumph, to think Reggie with dignified if grateful patronage, for the help he had given, the valuable matter with which he had enabled its author to swell the biography.

That young man swallowed his flattery very modestly.

To Jessie were accorded no special thanks. The professor had been spared knowledge of the heroic part she had played.

And if his daughter had ever felt compunction for the first and last secret she held from the dearest of fathers these qualms died down as she kissed his lined face, and saw a glow, almost of youth, but born of success, in his kind eyes.



Words by ROBERT RICHARDSON. *Music by* J. W. HINTON, M.A., Mus.Doc.

Allegretto.

ACCOMPT.

p
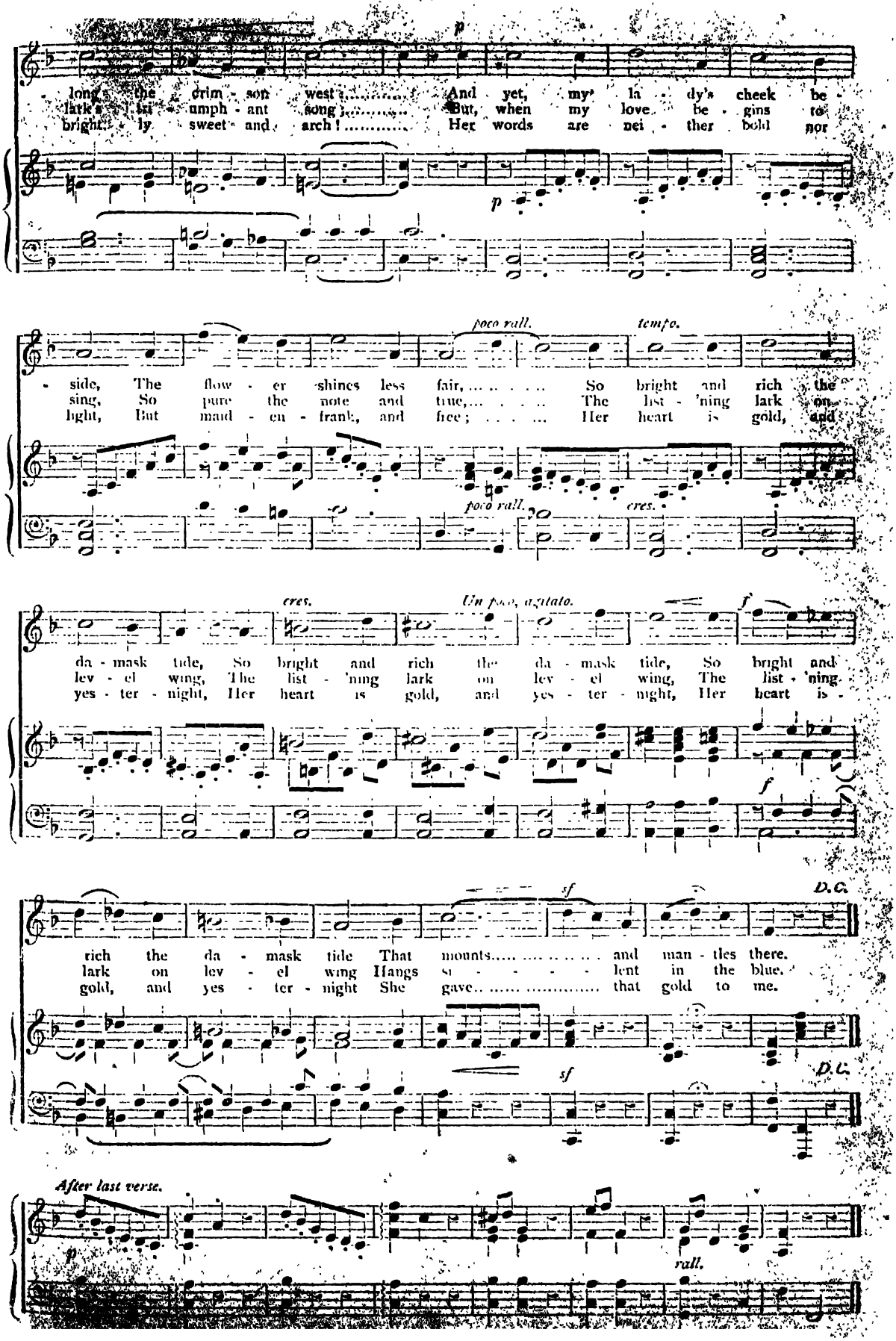
1. My la - dy plucks a red, red rose, And pins it
2. My la - dy walks at dew - y dawn The haw - thorn
3. Her hair is like a sun - kissed cloud, Her bo - dy

ben legato.

dim. *pp*

on her breast, With pa - ler fire the sun - set glows A
lanes a - long, And hears, a - bove the glim - mer - ing lawn, The
like a larch, Her looks are nei - ther shy nor proud, But

dim. *pp*


p
long the crim - son west ..... And yet, my la - dy's cheek be -
lark's tri - umph - ant song ..... But, when my love be - gins to
bright - ly sweet and arch! ..... Her words are nei - ther bold nor
p
poco rall.
tempo.
- side, The flow - er shines less fair, ... So bright and rich the
sing, So pure the note and true, ... The list - 'ning lark on
light, But maid - en - frank, and free; ..... Her heart is gold, and
poco rall.
cres.
cres.
Un poco, agitato.
f
da - mask tide, So bright and rich the da - mask tide, So bright and
lev - el wing, The list - 'ning lark on lev - el wing, The list - 'ning
yes - ter - night, Her heart is gold, and yes - ter - night, Her heart is -
f
sf
D.C.
rich the da - mask tide That mounts ..... and man - tles there.
lark on lev - el wing Hangs si - - - - - lent in the blue.
gold, and yes - ter - night She gave ..... that gold to me.
sf
D.C.
After last verse.
p
rall.



ROYAL AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS.

II.—FROM RICHARD I. TO ELIZABETH.

THERE seems every reason to believe that Richard Cœur de Lion was a ready versifier; indeed, we are told by a contemporary that the king could make stanzas on even such an inconsiderable subject as the eyes of gentle ladies. His best known poem, written in the Provençal dialect (translated by Mr. G. Ellis), sufficiently explains itself in the first two verses:—

"Ha captive wight among the foemen's train,
His voice to lyke, and friendly will to see!
Yet, to the sad, its comfort to complain.
Friends have I store, and promises of gold,
Shame on the lord and vassal, they who leave a man
Unfriended, still I bear exhaustless heart.

"Full well they know (who have tried my faith)
Of England, Normandy, Guienne, Poictou,
Ne'er will I shrink my right, or cross the foam
But I whom well they know, by every token,
Not to reproach I speak, nor idle vaunt,
But I alone, unpraised, count the cost."

Everyone knows the story of Blondel finding the king in an Austrian prison. The minstrel sang the first verse of a song which he and the king had composed together, and Richard replied with the second verse. Here are the two verses, according to tradition—Englished, of course:



KING HENRY VI.

(Blondel.)	(Richard.)
Your beauty, lady fair,	"No thing" may be but can we mend
None views without delight,	If heaven be cried
But still so coy I ween	And such on all around
No pleasure can we take,	Unwearying to dote we
Yet this I patient see	Let faith's hatred bear
While all are friended [illegible]	Then leave with others strife."

If Richard himself did not write much, an immense amount was written by others about him, and some of it fathered on him.

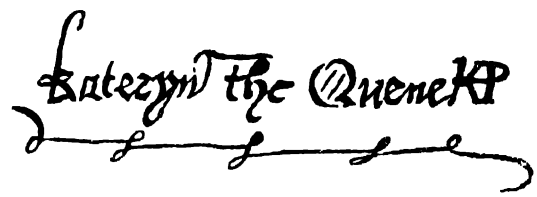
Edward II. is reported by the chronicler Fabian to have written a long Latin poem during his imprisonment at Kenilworth, in which he mourns over the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

"On my devoted head
Her bitterest showers
All from a wintry cloud
Stern fortune pours."

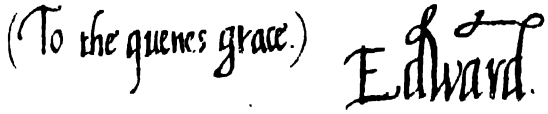
Richard II. is supposed to have known something of poetry, but none of his efforts to cultivate the Muse has been preserved.

Our next Royal author is Henry VI., that remarkable monarch who, by his tribulations, hoped to "make his election sure," and welcomed pain as an easy means of escaping the wrath to come. Sir John Harington, the immortal epigrammatist and translator of "Orlando Furioso," long afterwards sent the following "prettie versse," by Henry VI., to James I.'s son, Henry (with the evidence of its authorship), adding that the poetry "well suteth the temper and condition of him who made it":—

"Kyngdom are but cares,
State vs devoyd of rate,
Ryche the more feare,
And wisdom to decree."



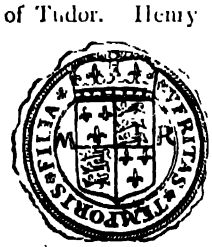
CATHERINE, LAST QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.



KING EDWARD VI.

"Who meet the to remoofe the rocke
Owte of the clymie muddie,
Shall myre hymselfe, and hindre scape
The swellynge of the floddie."

From the House of Lancaster we come to the House of Tudor. Henry VIII.'s chief achievement in the world of letters was his "Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther." For this the Pope Leo X., made him Defender of the Faith, a title the our sovereigns have ever since held. The king had

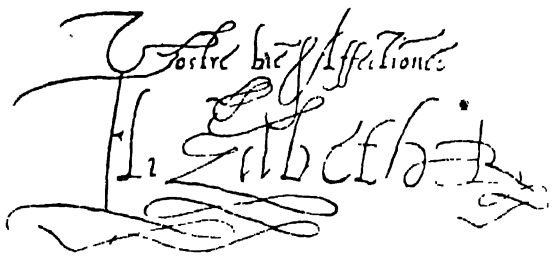


QUEEN MARY.



KING HENRY VIII.

none of an author's obstinacy, for in the epistle dedicatory he prays the Pope: "If we have erred in anything, we offer it to be corrected as may please



QUEEN ELIZABETH

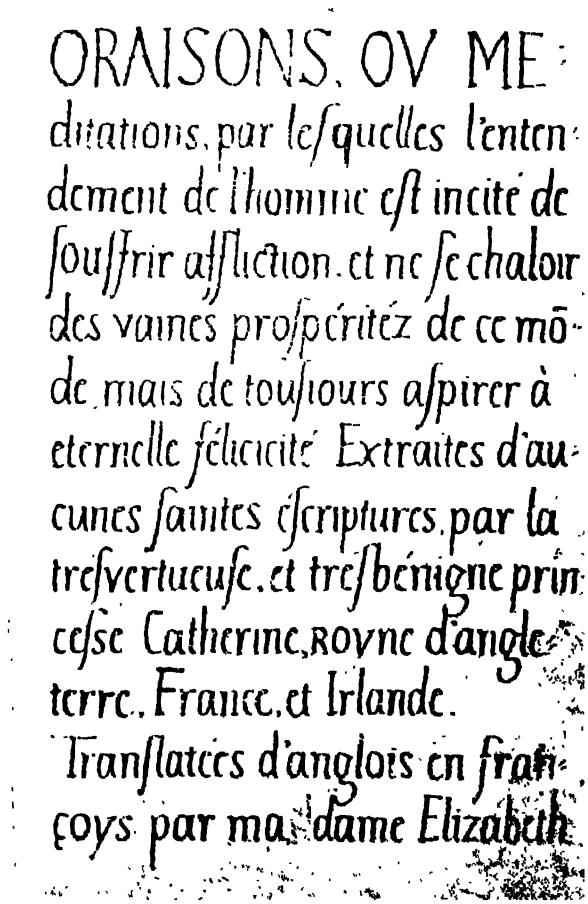
your holiness"; and addressing the reader of his pamphlet, the monarch explains: "Although I do not reckon myself amongst the most learned and eloquent, yet (shunning the stain of ingratitude and moved by fidelity and piety) I cannot but think myself obliged (would to God my ability to do it were equal to my good will!) to defend my mother, the spouse of Christ." In his tirade against the great reformer (written, of course, in Latin) the king shows pretty powers of invective, and adopts a sledge-hammer style. He says of Luther: "This little brother is a scabbed sheep," and that this new Momus becomes "like the devil that is a slanderer; he rails, he blasphemes, he slanders, he rages, and he who is filthy becomes more filthy still." Finally the king urges the faithful to "stand up against "this daring brother, who, however weak in power, yet in mind is more pernicious than either Turk, Saracen, or Infidel."

Was Luther much troubled by this? Not in the least degree. He simply was rude enough to suggest that the king could not have written the attack himself, but that he must have employed some literary "ghost." Henry soon replied, defending himself, and it is only fair to remember that according to tradition he had been intended for the Church, and would have entered the sacred calling had not his elder brother, Arthur, the Prince of Wales, died. Sir Thomas More has often been mentioned as the author of the "Defence." Henry's letters to Anne Boleyn have been collected and published. They are very interesting. Sir John Haringto, to whom I have already referred, also sent to Prince Henry "an example of royal poetrie," which Sir John's father had often assured him was by Henry VIII., composed when courting the fair maid of honour:—

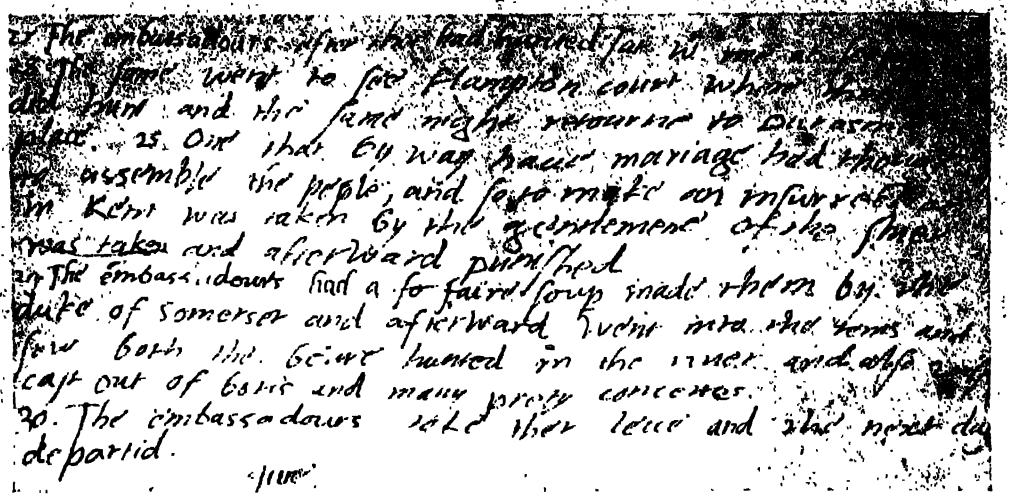
"The eagle's force subdues eache fyrd that flyes;
What metal can resyst the flaminge fyre?
Dothe not the sunne dazle the cleareste eyes,
And melte the ice, and make the froste retyre?
The hardest stones are perced with tools;
The wysest are, wyth princes, made but fooles."

And we know that Henry VIII. is reputed to have been a composer of anthems. In both poetry and music a nice ear is necessary. There is an ante-mortem dirge attributed on very slight grounds to Anne Boleyn; but Queen Catherine Parr, Henry's last consort and fortunate survivor—has left a grateful posterity a "Lamentation of a Sinner Bewailing the Ignorance of Her Blind Life" (forty-seven solid quarto pages), to say nothing of a small manual of prayers.

The "British Josiah," as admirers of the ill-starred Edward VI. call him, takes an important place amid Royal authors. The young king was very accomplished,


ORAISONS, OV ME-
ditations, par lesquelles l'enten-
dement de l'homme est incité de
souffrir affliction. et ne se chalour
des vaines prospérités de ce mõ-
de, mais de tousiours aspirer à
eternelle félicité Extraites d'au-
cunes saintes escriptures, par la
tresvertueuse. et tresbénigne prin-
cesse Catherine, royne d'angle-
terre, France, et Irlande.
Translatees d'anglois en fran-
çoys par ma dame Elizabeth

FACSIMILE DEDICATION PAGE OF BOOK OF PRAYERS BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



FACSIMILE OF ENTRY IN THE AUTOGRAPH JOURNAL OF EDWARD VI.

and perhaps somewhat precocious. Very interesting is Edward's "Discourse on the Reformation of the Nation," in which "the chief pointes that tend to order well the whole commonwealth" are set forth as "good education, devising of good laws, executing the laws justly without respect of persons, the example of rulers, punishing of vagabonds and idol persons, encouraging the good, ordering well the customers, and engendering friendship in all parts of the commonwealth." This is also written in French, and dedicated to his uncle.

But the "British Josiah's" most abiding work is his diary. He began it when he was twelve years old—in 1549—and continued it till November, 1552, a little more than seven months before he died. Thomas Fuller, in his "Church History," thus writes, carried away by enthusiasm for the chronicle: "He kept an exact account, written with his own hand—and that a very legible one—of all memorable accidents, with the accurate date thereof. No high honour was conferred, bishopric bestowed, state office disposed of, no old fort repaired, no new one erected, no bullion brought in, no great summes sent forth of the land, no ambassadors despatched hence, none entertained here, but by him, with his own hand, it was recorded."

Mary was not a literary character. Erasmus says she wrote Latin letters well, and Queen Catherine Parr, with a view to converting her, made the princess begin to translate Erasmus's "Paraphrase of the Gospel according to St. John." But Mary is said to have overworked herself at the task; at any rate, she never finished it. A time-serving confession of faith written to the king her father does not come within the limits which I have laid down for this review.

Queen Elizabeth was a much better scholar, as she was also a much greater woman. She translated a great deal from the Greek and Latin classics, and as a specimen of her work I quote a few lines from one of Seneca's epistles, which her majesty sent to Sir John Harington:—

"Destenes guyde the willing, but draw the grudging sorte. So let us live, so doe we speake, that theye maye ever fynde us readie and not unprepared. The greatest hart is it that bequeaves to God his parte."

Her version of the same old master's tragedy, "Hercules Octæus," is interesting, but only from the fact that it is written in blank verse.

While her majesty was a prisoner at Woodstock, she is said to have written the following lines with charcoal on a shutter—a copy having been preserved by Hentzner:

"Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath wrought with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltless to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte."

This is signed "Elizabethe, prisonner," and dated A.D. MDLV. Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie," includes in addition to much fulsome flattery of "the most bewtifull or rather bewtie of queenes," a "sonnet" which is interesting as containing an allusion to Mary, Queen of Scots, in these lines:—

"The daughter of debate that discord ay doth sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule hath taught stil peace to growe:
No forreine banisht wight shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no strangers force, let them elsewhere resort,
Our rusty swords with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll the toppes that seeke such change, or gape for such like joy."

Elizabeth also translated—as Alfred the Great had done before her (see Article I.)—Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," and wrote prayers in French, Italian, and Spanish—in all of which languages she was proficient. Camden, the great antiquary, says that she either read or wrote something every day; and really I have not room for a bare list of the things she did.

In my next article I shall deal with the Stuarts and their successors to the present day.

R. MAYNARD LEONARD.

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

MR. BEN WALLER'S description of the pearl necklace in the Birmingham papers had borne fruit. A trader in a small way of business had come forward and produced the necklace. He had received it, he said, from his cousin, a Miss Polly Smith, who, in her turn, had been given it by a Miss Lyall, who lodged with her.

Miss Lyall wanted money, and he had lent her twenty pounds upon the necklace. He knew nothing about Miss Lyall: Polly had met her in the train on her way to London. She had taken a fancy to the girl, and since then they had shared lodgings.

The necklace was a valuable one, and seeing the advertisement and description in one of the Birmingham papers he had thought it better to come forward and produce it at once.

The necklace was Margaret's; Mrs. Lester and Mary were positive that it was the one she had worn when staying in their house.

"Then Miss Lyall is Margaret Lester, or I'm a fool!" said Ben Waller, slapping his leg. "She got into the same carriage in the train with this Miss Polly Smith, and that's what put us off the scent. We always looked for her alone."

Geoffrey was telegraphed the news. He was scarcely in a fit state to leave his room, but he defied his nurse, and Mrs. Jones ordered a carriage to drive to Miss Smith's address.



"'I DID NOT THINK,' SAID MARGARET, HANGING HER HEAD."

"Run to earth at last," he said, when Margaret's eyes met his.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, whatever were you thinking about to lead us this dance after you? Detectives and police after you, your name in all the papers, and Mr. Geoffrey worrying his heart out. I never thought you'd have the heart to go and do such a thing. Night after night I've lain awake crying and wondering where you might be."

"I did not think," said Margaret, hanging her head.

"And Mr. Geoffrey, he so ill!" continued Mrs. Jones.

"Ill? Geoffrey ill?"

"Yes; he must needs go tearing about looking for you when he might have been resting with his bad foot. Sit down, sir, in the easy-chair."

Margaret glanced at Geoffrey, then quickly looked away, but that short swift look had shown her the traces of illness.

There were lines about his mouth and eyes that had not been there a few weeks ago.

Miss Polly Smith gave an account of meeting Margaret in the train and bringing her to share her lodgings.

"If I hadn't been very hard up I should not have asked her," she owned, with a bright laugh and daring honesty; "but I took a fancy to her. You see, she has a different look from the girls I know—a sort of—of—Dresden china look. I wanted her to tell you where she was, or to let me tell. I should have

had the reward you offered then; now of course nobody will get it."

"We shall see," said Geoffrey, smiling.

Margaret stood with hanging head in the centre of the room. The talk surged round her, question and answer: Polly's quick Cockney accents and Mrs. Jones's slower provincial tongue, mingled with a few deeper notes from Geoffrey.

Mrs. Jones's heart smote her for her hard words to her pet.

"Never mind, Miss Margie, you're found now; and you'll never run away again, will you?"

"Never."

"You're young, and never thought, I dare say. Mr. Geoffrey will forgive you for all the trouble you've caused, won't you, sir?"

"She will have to show her penitence first," he said, with a peculiar smile.

Margaret's head dropped lower on her breast. She had lost everything by her fight for independence. Mrs. Jones was angry, Geoffrey would never forgive her. Well, she deserved it all.

She turned to the window, and stood looking out upon the crowd of children gathered round the carriage and pair of horses. Geoffrey was making arrangements for her, settling where she was to go until something definite could be decided. They might do what they pleased with her, she did not care; she had no interest in the matter. Mrs. Lester's house, lodgings in London, or a chaperon and Bridge End, what did it matter?

It would not be Fen Court, and nothing else was of consequence.

"She must sleep here to-night," said Geoffrey, in a discontented tone of voice; "it is too late for her to go to her cousins in Birmingham, and she has no friends in London. The Seymours have gone into the country. No; she must stay in these lodgings until to-morrow."

He looked round the small parlour and out of the window. The gas had been lighted in a butcher's shop opposite; the wife of the butcher and two untidy women stood at the shop-door gossiping, and watching the carriage and pair. This was no home for his naughty princess, and yet for one more night here she must stay.

"You and Margaret will dine with me at my hotel," he said to Polly. "You will drive back with me now, and I will send you home safely after dinner."

Polly was delighted.

"I think Mr. Fenham a regular dear," she said, while she and Margaret were upstairs preparing for the drive. "I'll put on my prettiest blouse for him. He looks so jolly, and kind, and handsome—so—so—I can't describe what I mean. He was watching you all the time you stood at the window, and you never looked at him once. He must have been pretty ill, I should say. Are you sure he is engaged?"

"Yes."

"Hm'm! Well, I shouldn't like my young man, if ever I have one, to look at another girl like he looked at you. Aren't you going to brush your hair and put a bit of frilling in your dress?"

"No."

"I shall be ready in a second. You are looking white and done-up. What a state that old woman was in about you! You must have caused them a lot of worry and bother."

"I wish I could die!" said Margaret.

"Not before dinner," said Polly, with her cheerful laugh. "I'm looking forward to that dinner and drive in the carriage and pair. I've never been behind a pair of horses except in an omnibus. I'm hoping we shall meet some of the girls from the club. They will stare to see me so grand!"

Mrs. Jones was having a confidential talk in the passage with Mrs. Yokes when they came downstairs. Mrs. Yokes curtsied to Margaret; she was being duly impressed by the tale of her grandeur.

"Ready?" said Geoffrey. "Lend me your arm, Margaret. I cannot walk without help."

He waved aside Mrs. Jones's substantial form.

"Margaret is enough," he said.

He put his hand upon her shoulder and limped towards the door.

"You might have trusted me, Margaret," he said in her ear.

She turned her head away, but he saw a crimson flush creep up from the edge of her collar to the fair hair on her forehead.

Polly was bubbling over with excitement. She stood by the door of the carriage, calling the children by their names, nodding to the men and women standing at their shop windows, and altogether behaving in a way "that stamped her as no lady," Mrs. Jones said afterwards to her husband, when describing the scene.

"How d'you do, Mrs. Brown? Is your husband better? Has Gus got over the whooping cough? I'll come in and have tea with you to-morrow, Mrs. Robins, and tell you all about my grand doings. How are the measles, Annie? You don't look yourself yet."

She put her head out of the carriage window, and nodded right and left as they drove down the street. The one drawback to her pleasure was that they met no girl whom she knew from club or office.

Her talk and ready laughter carried off the awkwardness of Margaret's return. She told Geoffrey amusing tales of girls she had met, covering Margaret's silence with her ready chatter.

Margaret sat through the long dinner, pale and silent. She was on Geoffrey's right hand, Polly on his left. He avoided looking at or speaking to her, but her wants were carefully watched; and once, when Polly turned her head and was looking another way, he said beneath his breath—

"You are not eating, little one."

Little one! How could he call her "little one" in that voice and with that look when he was engaged to Enid? But he meant nothing. Dear, kind Geoffrey! He could not, he never should, guess what a silly girl she was. How she had mistaken his word and looks for something more than friendliness! How



"'IS THE OLD MARGARET QUITE DEAD?'" (P. 444)

he had taken his kind speeches for more than he meant!

She forced herself to meet his eyes, to smile amiably, answer his words in her usual voice.

"I am not hungry."

But she was grateful that he did not press her to eat, that he did not expect her to talk, that a word now and then was all that was wanted from her. No questions were asked, no remarks made on the trouble she had caused; she was found when he had returned, and that for the present was enough.

He turned his shoulder and devoted himself to Polly. Perhaps he saw that a word or a glance might break down Margaret's self-control; perhaps he guessed what the steadily erect head and pale lips meant.

"I want to speak to my cousin," he said to Polly, when dinner was ended. "Would you mind sitting alone, or shall I send Mrs Jones to you?"

Polly decided to sit with Mrs Jones. She had an inkling of the rights of the story, and she was ready to help Geoffrey, who had won her heart, by any means in her power.

She almost winked when she answered his request.

Geoffrey was impatient to speak. He had scarcely known how to endure the long dinner, with Margaret's face growing paler every moment, to keep his attention fixed on Miss Smith's stories, and to show a proper interest in them. But it was ended at last; Polly was gone, and he might tell everything.

Margaret, meanwhile, was bracing herself up to bear with outward calm the tale she believed was coming.

"Perhaps he wonders that I have not congratulated him," she said to herself. "He will know from Mary

or Mr. Waller that I have been told of the engagement. He has said nothing about Enid; perhaps he thinks I should not like it."

The thought stung her into speech.

"Geoffrey?" she said.

"Yes?"

He was leaning back in his chair, looking at her with a smile on his lips. She stood by the table on which were the remains of the dessert, her fingers playing with a fork.

"I have not congratulated you."

"You have not."

"I hope you will be happy."

"I hope I shall. But before we begin congratulations, I want you to talk business. What do you mean to do?"

"What you wish," in a low voice.

"I wish——. Well, my wish shall come later. You have given up all nonsensical ideas of independence?"

"Yes. I was going to the Lesters to-day when you came."

"You are sorry for what you have done? You will not run away again?"

"I am sorry for what I have done, and I shall not run away again."

"You have come back a good child, ready to do as you are told?"

"I am not a child," she said steadily.

"You will take the allowance I choose to make you, and settle down with the lady I have chosen to live with you at Bridge End?"

"Why Bridge End?" she said, with a sharpened note in her voice. "Could I not live somewhere else? I—I—Bridge End is lonely, and - "

"The house is ready for you at Bridge End. Why do you object to it? You will be near Fen Court. Would you not like that?"

"No"—passionately—"I never want to see Fen Court again! At least, I—I——" trying to speak calmly. "But if you want me to live there, I will do what you please, Geoffrey."

"Good child! Come here, Margaret—you need not stand so far away; there is a chair by my side."

"I am not tired."

"I shall have to stand if you will not sit, and standing is uncommonly bad for my foot. You owe me something, after what I have gone through these last weeks. No, not that chair: this one, close to me. That is right; now we can settle everything comfortably. It is arranged, then, that you live at Bridge End, and that you will accept from me five hundred a year and the house?"

"If that is your wish."

Margaret refused to meet his eyes; she kept her head averted. Her hands she clasped together in her lap, that he might not see their trembling.

"Is the old Margaret quite dead?" he asked, with a laugh in his voice. "I should not like to think that I am never again to see those eyes flash, that head go up, those lips say something scornful. Do you remember the teacup that was broken by a certain young lady one afternoon at Fen Court?"

"Yes," said Margaret, drawing a long breath.

"I see the china will be safe at Bridge End. Do you know," in a sudden change of key, "you are thinner, Margaret; your hands are even smaller than they were."

She moved uneasily; he had no right to speak of her hands in that petting, teasing fashion.

"You cannot afford to lose flesh; we shall have to feed you up and look after you well."

"Shall I ask Polly to come back?" interrupted Margaret.

She felt that her endurance was reaching its limits, and to break down would be to disgrace herself for ever.

"Miss Smith is all right. I have not finished yet, and you have asked nothing about your friends the Lesters. Do you know that Nell is ill—dying?"

"I did not know. Poor Nell!"

"Waller tells me it will be a good thing for everyone - herself, poor creature, and her people. I mean to do something for Waller; he worked hard looking for you. It was his idea putting in the papers the description of the necklace. I hope I shall never have such a six weeks again in my life as these have been."

"I am sorry," said Margaret stupidly.

It was all she could utter, that stupid parrot cry: "I am sorry."

"You might have trusted me, Margaret."

She shrank back when he touched her hand.

"You might have let me know that you were safe. Why did you run away from the Lesters?"

"You had been deceiving me, paying for me to live there and -and - I was deceived——"

"They would not have had you without being paid. Perhaps I was wrong—I should have told you; I meant to do so in the end. But I thought everything was coming right, and that you would forgive me afterwards. Why could you not trust me, Margaret? What did you think I meant that Sunday when we walked in the fields and watched the sunset?"

He held her hand, and would not let it go.

"Let me go," she said, rising.

"Tell me what you thought I meant that Sunday evening," he repeated, holding fast her hand and wrist.

She turned away her head, and a long shuddering sigh shook her from head to foot. She bit her lip until the blood came, that pain might prevent a burst of wild, foolish weeping.

"What did you think I meant?"

She pulled her hand from between his, and covering her face, began to sob—not loudly or vehemently, but with long silent shudders, infinitely more pathetic than passion.

"Margaret!" he said, "Margaret!" and stopped, choked by a sudden emotion.

"I am so tired!" she said brokenly.

He pulled himself from the chair, and leaning his weight upon the table, stood by her side.

"What made you think I was engaged to Miss Seymour?"

"They told me you were."

"And you believed them? Margaret, you should have trusted me better than that!"

She looked up at him, wondering.

"I and Miss Seymour are friends, the best of friends, but that is all. We are not engaged, and never shall be."

"What did you mean, then, when you said you hoped you would be happy?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Mayn't a man hope to be happy with someone else than Miss Seymour?"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

MARGARET'S hands dropped to her side; she looked up to meet his eyes, and down to hide her confusion.

"Margaret! Margaret! you child! Did you believe that story?"

"They were so sure," she muttered.

"You should have been surer still. I thought you understood; but I would not speak because I wanted you to be sure of yourself. You were so young. Margaret, will you marry me?"

"Come, Margaret," he said, when no answer came. "I am waiting."

But he had taken his answer before she spoke.

His arm was round her waist, and he was kissing the quivering mouth and wet cheeks long before she gave an answer in words.

"You will not treat me as a child again, Geoffrey, will you?" she asked, when he was seated in his chair, and she was kneeling by his side. "You will not deceive me again, for you know it was deceit"

"I thought my naughty Margaret would soon find something to scold me for," he said, pressing her head back against his shoulder.

"Oh! I am sorry, Geoffrey—so sorry, I cannot say it—for my foolishness and all the trouble I have given. You have been ill, Mrs. Jones says, and it was looking for me that made you ill. Was it?"

"It helped," he said evasively.

She pressed her soft face against his.

"I will try to please you, Geoffrey," she said softly.

"How could you pretend you were engaged to Enid when I congratulated you?" she continued, after a long pause. "That was cruel."

"So it was, my sweet, but I could not tell you would take it so much to heart; and I thought you wanted punishment for coolly congratulating me when you must have known it could not be true."

"But I *did* think it true. I—I—that was what hurt me most when I ran away from the Lesters."

"You should have written and asked me."

"Geoffrey, how could I?"

"Never mind. It is all finished and done with now. I have you safe, and I don't mean to let you go again. Where will you stay until our marriage—with the Lesters or at Bridge End? Mrs. Morgan has been th[illegible] you choose Bridge End, it is ready for you. But I am not going to wait long, remember—a fortnight or three weeks, at the outside. You need not blush, and flutter, and try to be indignant, my sweetheart. Three weeks—that is the limit."

"You are not my master *yet*."

"Am I not?"

He looked into her eyes.

"Am I not? Well, where will you stay for that time?" he asked after a while: "with the Lesters or at Bridge End? Poor Nell may linger on for another month; it will not be very comfortable for you there."

"I could help Mary; I will go to them."

He held her slender figure to him and kissed her on the lips. She was right; she was no longer a child. She could think of others and try to help them.

"I want to give Miss Smith something for her kindness to you. What shall it be?"

"Money," said Margaret promptly; "she always wants money."

"That is easily arranged, then. You shall give it to her. Is there anyone else you want to make a present to?"

"No one except Mrs. Vokes, the landlady. I might give her something."

"I will see to her. I can never be grateful enough to the people who took care of you. You might have come to such awful grief!"

Ten o'clock chimed from the clock of a neighbouring church.

"Ten! Polly will think we have left her to Mrs. Jones. We must send for her, Geoffrey, and then she and I will have to depart to our lodgings."

"I hate you going out of my sight."

"And I hate going," she said ruefully; "but we must."

"Will you give me my cheque-book? It is in that drawer; I hope I shall not have to limp on crutches through the church on *the* day, sweetheart. Thanks. There—give that to Miss Smith; it is your gift, mind."

"Five hundred pounds! Geoffrey!"

"That was the reward offered for you, madam, and I think Polly Smith deserves it."

"What a lot I am costing you!"

He laughed and kissed her hand.

"It is your present to her, remember. Give it to her when you are alone. Must you go? I suppose you must."

A tap came at the door.

"It's awfully late," said Polly's bright voice. "Is the business finished? Oh!" as she saw Margaret standing by Geoffrey, he holding her hand, and refusing to let her go, in spite of her blushes and expostulations.

"Margaret has promised to marry me, and never run away again," he said, laughing.

Mrs. Jones, who had followed Polly into the room, threw her arms round Margaret's neck and smothered her with kisses.

"I knowed from the first how 'twould be," she said, between laughing and crying, "I knew he couldn't

be in the same house with the pretty dear without falling in love with her. Miss Seymour had a hard try after you, sir——"

"Hush!" said Margaret, putting her hand before the old woman's mouth; "you must not say that."

"You never would hear anything against her, badly as she behaved to you, Miss Margie. Well, I'll hold my tongue. To think you should be coming back to Fen Court as its mistress, after all! 'Twould have saved a lot of bother if you and Mr. Geoffrey had arranged it at the first."

"I guessed what would happen," said Polly. "I read between the lines of Margaret's story—see how she blushes—and when I saw Mr. Fenham I thought she had made a mistake about his engagement to Miss Seymour—that was the name, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Jones drove back with the two girls to see them safely home. Geoffrey was not yet well enough to venture out at night, or Mrs. Jones and Margaret would not allow him to do so. He grumbled, but submitted on Mrs. Jones's promise to see Margaret to her lodgings.

Margaret gave Polly the cheque when they were alone in their bedroom. Her extravagant delight brought Mrs. Vokes up to inquire what was the matter. Polly was dancing round the room, waving the cheque over her head.

"Five hundred pounds, Mrs. Vokes: that is what is the matter. A little present from Miss Margaret Lester—that is her real name, not Miss Millicent Lyall—to your humble servant. That is what comes of picking up friends in a railway carriage. Five hundred pounds, Mrs. Vokes!"

"Law!"

Mr. Vokes and Minnie came up to see the piece of paper which represented five hundred golden sovereigns.

"I shall have to pay it into a bank and have a cheque-book—think of that! No more trouble or worry about money: five hundred pounds of my very own! I shall buy a sealskin for the winter. Won't the girls wonder where I got the money? Shall I tell them, Margaret?"

"No, no; I would rather you did not."

"Five hundred pounds! Why, it is a fortune. Mrs. Vokes, I must kiss you, and Minnie too. Always pick up stray girls in railway carriages. You darling! I could hug the breath out of your body"—to Margaret. "I am so glad you are to be happy. Look at her, Mrs. Vokes; isn't she a changed creature? See her pink cheeks and shining eyes? And it is I——"

"Polly!"

"You are lovely when you blush. Five hundred pounds! I shall have to sleep with it under my pillow. It is good of you to give it to me, Margaret.



"HE LAUGHED AND KISSED HER HAND" (p. 445).

"Ind you get us a splendid breakfast, Mrs. Vokes—
ce buttered toast, and ham and eggs, and anything
se you can think of."

"You'll have it in the parlour, miss?"

"Yes, of course. Miss Margaret Lester is a swell,
t me tell you. Breakfast downstairs, of course. I
an afford a sitting-room with five hundred pounds."

Polly could not sleep. The girls would lie silent
half an hour, and Margaret would think that Polly
as sleeping, when another outburst of delight and
gratitude would come from the excited girl. That
ve hundred pounds was to make her rich for life:
ver again was she to be in need of money. She
velled in visions of pretty dresses, sealskin jackets,
od lodgings, entertaining her friends, and a thousand
ancies that were at last to be fulfilled.

"I shall take a holiday to-morrow, and go shopping.
What a pity you cannot wait and go with me! But I
an see you cousin won't be happy till he knows you
re with your own people. I will see you off by your
ain, and then I shall meet Ethel Watkin, and we'll
o shopping. I shall buy a tailor-made dress, a tweed
with a bit of red in it, and a sealskin jacket and muff,
and a hat. I wonder which is the best shop? Oh, I
wish it was morning!"

Margaret dozed off to a sleep full of happy dreams,
in which Geoffrey with one hand gave presents of red
dresses and muffs to a crowd of Mrs Vokes's, Polly
Smith's, and Minnies, and with his other held her
firmly

She awakened to find it bright daylight, a London
sun shining in at the window, and Polly sitting up in
bed busily writing.

"I am making a list of things I want. I wouldn't
get up, for fear of waking you, but it's quite time.
Dear! I can hardly believe I am the same Polly as
yesterday morning. To have a hundred pounds of my
own was the very thing I have always longed for, and
now I have five hundred, and it is only twenty-four
hours since yesterday morning when I had nothing
at all, except a few shillings to carry me on to
Monday. Even the weather is delightful: there
is actually a sun. Minnie has brought two large
cans of hot water for us. What luck you have brought
us, Margaret! I really must kiss you. Five hun-
dred pounds! What a difference between yesterday
and to-day!"

Margaret echoed the sentiment in her heart.
Yesterday and to-day! Polly had risen from nothing
to five hundred pounds. But she—what had she not
gained? Everything that made life worth living:
everything that was infinitely more precious than all
the gold and silver in the world. She took Rosalind's
face, and on her knees, fasting, thanked Heaven for
a good man's love.

Polly ate her breakfast with the precious cheque
spread before her plate. She could not bear to put it
in her pocket. When at last she did, she kept her
hand feeling the purse, to make sure that it was
safe.

The carriage came for Margaret before the "scrumptious breakfast," as Polly called it, was finished. Geoffrey and Mrs. Jones had come to carry her away to the station.

"Nothing would satisfy him but you must be off out of this hole, as he keeps calling it," said Mrs. Jones, as she puffed and sighed over Margaret's modest packing. "No, Miss Margie, I won't let you help me. I can do it alone; and I wish it was more. To think you've been in that dress all these weeks, and no one to mend your stockings or brush your hair. There, run down—Mr. Geoffrey's calling you. He's an altered man since yesterday. Ah! joy's a better thing than doctors. We're going to see you safe at Mrs. Lester's; he can't hardly let you out of his sight. Run away to him, my dear. I'll have finished the packing in a moment."

Mrs. Vokes curtsied and smiled, meeting her on the stairs. A short conversation had passed between her and Geoffrey, which had made her smile from ear to ear. Minnie, too, was one broad grin; she also had enjoyed a word or two with "the rich gentleman, Miss Lyall's sweetheart."

They drove from the door with the air of a triumphant procession. A rumour, spread by Mrs. Vokes, of the wealth and generosity of the pale slight girl, Polly Smith's friend, had floated down the street. A tinge of romance about her and the handsome lame cousin Father roused curiosity, and the inhabitants gathered at their doors to see the departure. Whispers and nods followed the carriage: Mrs. Vokes was surrounded, and begged to tell the tale of Polly Smith's fortune and her own good luck; for she also had been liberally rewarded for her very small services.

At the station Polly took leave of Margaret.

"Tears aren't in my way," she said, putting her head into the railway carriage window; "but if I did cry, I should like to cry now. You are one of those people you can't help liking even when they are most annoying, and you've been as good as gold with me. I shall never forget your kindness, and I shall always love you."

Here a tear came into Polly's bright black eyes.

"You are a darling! But you were never meant to work. That's a fact!"

"Polly, you must stay with me afterwards—when—Geoffrey, she must stay with us."

"We shall expect you for at least three months in the year, Miss Smith."

"Oh! I shall like staying with you swells: but it will be nearer three weeks than three months. Look after her well, Mr. Fenham—not that I think you want telling. I'm going right off shopping now with Ethel Watkin. Good-bye, good-bye: and I'm truly grateful."

Birmingham! A clear bright afternoon welcomed her return to the great Midland city. The trees before the villas were golden red in their autumn tints, the houses looked larger than Margaret remembered them to be. Probably it was the change from the back street in Chelsea.

Even the genteel street where Mrs. Lester dwelt was less dingy; or was it that the change was in herself? A hut would have been a palace to Margaret if Geoffrey held her hand.



"'FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, MRS. YOKES; THAT IS WHAT IS THE MATTER'" (*p.* 416).

The cabs drew up before the door. It flew open, and Mary stood on the threshold.

"Nell is so ill," she said, crying, with her arms round Margaret's neck; "and I've nearly cried my eyes out about you."

Nell died two days after Margaret's return.

She was conscious to the end; nor did her temper improve with illness. Her one sign of feeling was to return to Margaret the most valuable of her ornaments; for the rest, she died as she had lived, regretted only by her mother and Mary.

Margaret and Geoffrey were married a fortnight after Nell's death.

The neighbours at Fen Court wonder how Mr. and Mrs. Fenham can endure some of the visitors who stay so frequently with them.

"That vulgar Mr. Waller is unendurable; and Mrs. Waller, if good and kind-hearted, is scarcely a person we should take about with us. As for that Miss Smith——"

Here hands and eyes are uplifted.

"Did you hear what she said to Mr. Verschoyle?" etc.

Polly's smart tongue did not meet with appreciation in county society.

"But the Fenhams are so unconventional!" said the county. "We must not mind what they do; and Fen Court is pleasant to visit."

This was what Margaret came to after the rigid bringing-up of Mr. Fenham. She adopted her husband's views, and became unconventional. The world might do or say what it pleased; she only wanted to please Geoffrey: in which, let it be said, she succeeded.

The Wallers and Polly Smith were favoured guests at Fen Court.

Mary was the favourite with Margaret, Polly Smith with Geoffrey.

"It is no use your dinning Mary's praises into my ears, little one," he would say, laughing. "I know she is a very estimable young person, a model of all the virtues except in her dress; but she is dull—distinctly dull. Now, my friend Polly is as bright as a bird, and if she had not taken you in charge when you ran away to London—— I shall always be grateful to her."

"Oh, well, if that is the light you look at it in——"

Margaret, with a smile, might give up trying to convince him that Mary was vastly Polly's superior.

THE END.

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

(ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. R. W. THOMAS, 41, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.)



AT THE GATE: A FAMILIAR FIGURE.

EVERY Londoner is familiar with the windowless walls of the building opposite the Royal Exchange, but comparatively few have been inside its gates, know its system of working, or even the origin of the heading of this short article. Many suppose it to have reference to the figure of Britannia on the corner of the notes, but it was William Cobbett who stands sponsor to what has become a household "nick-name" for the Bank of England. Bearing in mind the fable of Mrs. Partington, who endeavoured to mop up the Atlantic, he, under the impression that the Bank directors were with a financial broom endeavouring to stay national progress, in the pages of his "Political Register" called the Bank "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—a title which has become a by-word.

This National Bank, which practically holds the reserve funds of all other British banks, and controls the bullion markets of the world, owes its origin to the difficulties of the Government of William and Mary, whose finances were in difficulties, partly through bad management and partly owing to the cost of the war with France. So great was its straits, that in 1691 the Government had to solicit on almost any terms a loan of £200,000 through the members of the Common Council of London: and soon after, William Paterson, a native of Dumfriesshire and the founder of the Darien scheme, came forward with a plan for a National Bank. Notwithstanding a distrust of the stability of William's Government, and many wagers that the Bank would never be formed, the subscription was completed within ten days, and the first Charter, for eleven years, was granted on July 27th, 1694. The capital of £1,200,000 was lent to the Government at eight per cent. interest. The Charter has been from time to time renewed, the two latest renewals of any importance being in 1844 (when important changes were made), and on June 27th, 1892. Various reductions had been from time to time made in the rate of interest paid on the Government debt, and by this last Act the rate on the debt—then amounting to £11,015,100—was agreed to be two and three-quarters per cent. until April 5th, 1903, and two



COURTYARD ENTRANCE TO THE ISSUE AND DIVIDEND DEPARTMENTS.



THE ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

and a-half per cent. thereafter. By the Act of 1844 the Charter of the Bank can be revoked by Parliament on giving twelve months' notice, accompanied by the repayment of the Government loan due to the Bank.

Since 1844 the Bank has been divided into two branches: the *Issue* Department and *Banking*. The Issue Department is confined to the issue of notes, which can only be done to the extent of £15,000,000 (the amount of the Government loan and securities), plus the stock of bullion and coin in the hands of this department: and in reckoning the stock of bullion, the Bank is not to have more than one-fourth of the amount in silver. The Department also makes a small profit out of the coinage of gold. The value of this metal is fixed at £3 17s. 10½d. the ounce, and anyone taking raw pure gold to the Mint can have it coined free of charge at this rate. But there is delay in this; and consequent loss of interest, to say nothing of trouble and expense; so the Bank buys the gold at £3 17s. 9d. per ounce, paying for it in coin or notes, at the option of the holder. The Department is bound to pay on presentation gold for its notes, but as nearly £15,000,000 is locked up in the loan to the Government, it has been found necessary in times of panic to suspend this law, thus enabling the Bank to issue on its own credit and on the credit of its customers more notes (or promises to pay) than its funds in hand would otherwise permit.

The Banking Department, in addition to the ordinary work of a bank, manages the accounts of the nation in the payment of interest and the principal of the National Debt, aids in the collection of the Revenue, lends to the nation, and is practically the banker of all the other banks. As regards the national portion of the work, it receives £100 per annum for each outstanding million of Treasury or Exchequer bonds or bills, and £200 for each million of other Government bills and the National Debt. On Deposits, whether from other banks or private individuals, it pays no interest, but makes its gross profit on the employment of the money.

Now let us look at and compare two of the weekly returns which the Bank, by its Charter of 1844, is compelled to issue:—

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account pursuant to the Act 7 and 8 Vict., cap. 32, for the week ending on Wednesday, January 4, 1874.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes Issued	£39,332,720	Government Debt	£11,015,100
		Other Securities	5,434,900
		Gold Coin and Bullion	22,882,720
	£39,332,720		£39,332,720

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Capital	£14,553,000	Government Securities	£10,387,433
Rest	3,544,417	Other Securities	29,384,300
Public Deposits*	6,237,235	Notes	13,584,620
Other Deposits	31,150,556	Gold and Silver Coin	1,966,801
Seven day & other Bills	136,188		
	£55,323,416		£55,323,416

* Including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts.

January 4. H. G BOWEN, Chief Cashier.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account pursuant to the Act 7 and 8 Vict., cap. 32, for the week ending on Wednesday, January 10, 1894:—

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes Issued	£40,245,535	Government Debt	£11,015,100
		Other Securities	5,434,000
		Gold Coin and Bullion	23,795,535
	£40,245,535		£40,245,535

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Capital	£14,553,000	Government Securities	£12,760,317
Rest	3,440,491	Other Securities	20,721,041
Public Deposits*	4,600,502	Notes	14,893,815
Other Deposits	31,450,794	Gold and Silver Coin	2,612,465
Seven-day & other Bills	155,828		
	£54,200,615		£54,200,615

* Including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts.

January 11. H. G. BOWEN, Chief Cashier.

A comparison of the figures shows, first, that the Issue Department has issued about £913,000 more notes against a similar increase of bullion in its hands, thus showing that the country required the extra amount for the payment of taxes and other obligations. As these notes are returned to the Bank, the bullion held against them will be given out in exchange.

Secondly, as regards the Banking Department. The Government has had to pay the interest on its debts for the quarter, its salaries and other expenses; but, on the other hand, has been collecting revenue. The net result has been that its deposits have decreased by £1,338,000, and the Bank has lent it a further £1,373,020. The money paid out has enabled the other banks, discount houses, and the public to repay £3,672,000 borrowed from the Bank of England on "other securities," while there is £1,362,000 more bullion in hand for the Bank to employ.

The management of the Bank is peculiar, and of late called for much adverse comment. There is no permanent General Manager the Board consists not of bankers, but of merchants. One of these is annually elected as Deputy Governor, serves for one year in this position, then for another year is Governor, and then retires into the Court as an ordinary member. It is urged that the two years in office really only suffices as an apprenticeship to the work, and that the Governor has to retire just as he becomes actually efficient. Further, having their own affairs—and large affairs—to attend to, proper time and thought cannot be given to their duties. But the discussion of the merits or demerits of this custom is out of the province of this MAGAZINE. Similarly, complaint has been made that insufficient information is given as to the method on which the securities held are valued: whether at cost or at present market prices.

The present market price of the stock of the Bank of England is about £330 for every £100 paid up; but it has had many vicissitudes. It was £83 in 1696, and in that year the Bank had to pay fifteen per cent. on account of the notes presented, making and returning the note for payment of the balance at a future time. At about the same time the notes were at twenty per cent. discount, and the stock was almost as low in price when, in 1707, an invasion from the Pretender was feared. Forgeries have resulted in heavy losses. "Old Patch" in 1784 defrauded the Bank of more than £200,000; Aslett in 1803 of more than £342,000; and in 1824 no less than £360,000 was lost through Fauntleroy.

As the National Bank of the country, it has the management of the Public Debt, the making out of the Dividend Warrants, etc. Under the Act of 1892 it receives for this work each year:—

£325 for each million of the National Debt up to five hundred millions, and £100 for each million above that amount, with a minimum payment of £110,000.

£100 for each million of Exchequer bonds and bills, and £200 for each million of Treasury bills outstanding on the last day of each previous financial year.

This remuneration being payable before the 5th of July of the following year.

Bank of England notes are the only legal tender (except gold) for payments beyond £2 in amount; were this rule done away with, every payment made in the country would, as regards payments, depend upon the stability of the Bank or other concern making payment in its own notes or promises to pay. Since the



BANK-NOTE PRINTING DEPARTMENT.



DIVIDEND ROOM.

6th of May, 1844, no new bankers in the United Kingdom have been allowed to issue notes, and any of those then existing which have discontinued their issues are not allowed to resume them. Until 1759 the smallest notes issued by the Bank were of £20 value; by an Act of 1775 the minimum limit was fixed at twenty shillings, two years later increased to £5. Forgeries of the notes have from time to time been attempted: in 1773 the punishment for copying the water-mark was death.

Great care and expense are exercised in the preparation of the notes, which are said to cost from 5d. to 6d. each for manufacture. The paper is specially made from pure linen rags, each sheet sufficing for two notes. The water-mark on the paper is specially designed. Attempts at forgery in this direction have always been made by hot-pressing; and apart from the peculiar crisp feel of the paper, a ready test is to damp the note, when the water-mark so made on a forged note will at once disappear. The ink is indelible, the design plain and difficult to forge, and, in printing, the machine automatically registers the quantity produced.

Other banks pay a tax on each note issued, the Bank of England a compounded amount of £70,000 a year. So, directly each note returns to the Bank, there being no inducement to re-issue it, and it being desirable to maintain the original crispness and freshness of its notes, the Bank destroys them on their return. Consequently, many notes, being at once repaid, are very short-lived. The largest amount of a note in current circulation is £1,000; but it is said that notes for £50,000 and for £100,000 have been engraved and issued.

After the expiration of forty years from their date of issue, all notes are treated as lost or destroyed, and are written off the books of the Bank, which so makes a profit. But any *bona-fide* holder possessing such a note, and proving his title, can nevertheless demand payment for it. The finder of a lost note who may use it is liable to prosecution as for theft. It is usual to stop the payment of lost notes, but this really only gives facility for tracing through whose hands it has passed; for anyone taking in the way of trade and giving value for a lost note becomes possessed of its value, and he who has lost it becomes the loser, with his remedy, if he can trace the finder, for making use of the note.

After taking into account the probable movements of bullion during the next few days, the amount of gold in the vaults of the Bank governs the Bank rate of discount: that is to say, the lowest rate per annum at which the Bank will discount the best secured bills of its regular customers for this accommodation, much higher rates being required by this and other banks for trade bills, according to the commercial standing of the drawer and acceptor. But this rate now by no means governs the market rate of other banks and discount houses, for frequently the plethora of unemployed cash in the hands of the market is such that they are often glad to discount well-secured bills at a lower rate than that charged by the Bank of England.

When the stock of gold is diminishing the Bank rate is put up; as it increases the rate goes down. So as the rates of discount depend upon the amount of bullion in the country, they influence the exports and imports of gold. If our rate is lower than that of another nation, then a foreign banker makes a profit by buying gold from us in exchange for his bills and employing it abroad at a higher rate. When the rate here is higher, the reverse operation takes place. The Bank of England takes and buys foreign coined gold by weight, and so similarly sells it, so that a foreign banker prefers taking, when he can get it, coins of his own country which are worn and of a light weight, making a further profit by issuing it at its current or face value. As regards English coin, the Bank guards itself by refusing light coin, or by making the tenderer pay the difference between the nominal value and the value as simple metal, often to the annoyance of the innocent holder; but Government offices do the same, the coin in each case being mutilated to prevent it from being re-issued.

W. J. W.

GARDENING IN MAY.

A GAY GARDEN OF SUMMER FLOWERS.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.



GARDENING is not expensive if a few good things are planted. It is the luxuries that cost money; and these are such things as the more treasured alpines, difficult to rear, like delicate children. I will tell my readers the names of beautiful plants to grow to make a brave mass of colour in the garden through the summer and autumn months. It does not require a fortune to form a pretty garden. As sweet a picture as ever charmed the eye was an old-fashioned border of a number of popular things, spreading out into bold clumps, Lilies, herbaceous Phloxes, Paeonies, and a host of plants; stately Hollyhocks nodding over an old oaken fence.

On Growing Lilies.

Take the Lilies as our first group, and here we have a family of delightful flowers, varied in aspect, free, graceful, and all grown readily in ordinary garden soil. I have just answered a correspondent who inquires about Lilies, wanting to know the best and cheapest kinds, and the way to grow them. The pure white Madonna Lily (Lilium candidum) is one of the fairest of flowers. It is woven into many legendary tales, and graces all good cottage gardens. I want everyone who reads these monthly "chats" to watch gardens on their travels; for many a hint may be gathered from the humble cottage plot, as one frequently hears the cottager's garden described. I wish my own garden were as large, and the soil as good.

Ask a cottager how he gets such a fine mass—say, of the white Lily; and the answer will be invariably to this effect: "Well, the fact is, sir, I leaves them alone." In this answer is a good gardening wrinkle; and if people would pamper their plants less, the flowers would appear in greater profusion and individually of bolder size. The bulbs should be planted deep, and in well-prepared soil; then left alone until they are so crowded that separation is advisable. The best place of all to plant Lilies is in a bed of Rhododendrons, or dwarf peat-loving shrubs, which give protection to the rising shoots in spring; the peaty soil agreeing, too, with the bulbs. But everyone, of course, is not blessed with luxuriant banks of Rhododendron, or Azalea, to hold a festival of colour in early summer. When it can be done, a glorious effect is produced; the flowers gaining greatly in beauty with the foundation, so to speak, of massive shrub.

One is reminded of the wish of an old Chinese writer, mentioned by Mr. Giles in his "Gems of Chinese Literature." He says: "What boots it to wear out the soul with anxious thoughts? I want not wealth; I want not power; heaven is beyond my hopes. Then let me stroll through the bright



PÆONIES.

hours as they pass in my garden among my flowers; or, I will mount the hill and sing my song, or weave my verse beside the limpid brook." In a garden of Lilies one might enjoy many pleasant hours.

The best, perhaps, of all Lilies is the golden-rayed L. auratum, the pride of the Japanese, who export, one might say, millions of bulbs each year.

This likes a peaty, well-drained soil. Put the bulbs down to quite a depth of seven or eight inches. It is a comparatively modern introduction, having been sent over from the "Land of flowers" in 1862. Grow it both in pots and in the border; not forgetting a few of the better varieties bearing flowers of glorious colours, laid on in the form of stripes or spots. You may then select the well-known L. bulbiferum, the varied-coloured L. canadense, the bright scarlet L. chalcedonicum, the orange Lily (L. croceum), L. davuricum, forms of L. elegans, some quite dwarf, only a few inches in height, suitable for the margin of beds, the popular Martagon Lily, the tall-growing L. pardalinum, the buff-coloured L. testaceum, which blooms at the end of July, the Tiger Lilies, particularly a variety called splendens, and L. speciosum, or its varieties, one named album having pure white flowers. These two important groups are autumn blooming. All the Lilies named are cheap and readily grown, flowering, moreover, in succession from June to the end of September.

A plant that should be in every garden is the white Anemone or Japanese Windflower (A. japonica alba), sometimes named Honorine Jobert. It may be purchased for a few pence; and in a deep moist soil, and not too exposed position, flourishes to perfection, the plant producing a forest of the pure white flowers, beautiful to look at in the garden, and useful to cut for the house.



ANEMONE JAPONICA ALBA

I fancy I hear readers murmuring about the long names given in these articles; I really cannot help using the big terms. One must blame the botanist; wherever possible a simple English name is substituted for the wordy Latin mixture. But there is this further advantage in the use of the botanical names that they are exact, whereas the simpler titles are often given indiscriminately to two or three different flowers.

In common garden soil will thrive well the Columbine, Asphodel, Michælmas Daisies to blossom through the autumn, the Bellflowers, the yellow Coreopsis lanceolata, perennial Larkspurs, Erigeron speciosum, a splendid hardy plant, bearing a wealth of mauve-purple flowers, Sea Hollies on a warm, dry border, the white Goats' Rue, perennial autumn flowering Sunflowers, Day Lilies, the white perennial Lupine, herbaceous Lobelias, Lychnis, the rosy Loosestrife in a damp place, Evening Primroses, Pæonies (the old crimson kind), Rudbeckia, the showy Stonecrop (Sedum spectabile), Globe-flowers, the double white Sneezewort, and Hollyhocks.

How to Grow Hollyhocks.

A noble flower is the Hollyhock, from the nectaries of which the poet says—

"The humble bee e'en till he faint will sip."

The bee has a special fondness for the large, gaudy, richly-coloured flowers, well stored with honey. Once, however, our old-fashioned friend was almost lost to us through the disease that for many years practically banished it from gardens.

I have had many anxious inquiries from people in various parts of England, to give them advice as to how to stop the ravages of disease. Stately lines of plants disappeared before its grim advance, especially about the years 1873-74. It is supposed to have been imported from Chili with the species—appearing first in Spain, spreading then through Europe, and to England.

Of recent years the plants have not suffered so severely; and one way to prevent its spread is to burn the leaves when they become attacked, and not to let other malvaceous plants grow near. The Hollyhock is a mallow, a relative of the common Marshmallow that loves to dwell in ditches and swamps.

To grow Hollyhocks well, the soil must be rich and well prepared; and you should protect the plants, when first put out, from cold nights. During the summer give plenty of water, and see that each plant is securely staked, to prevent high winds breaking the sturdy but brittle stems.

The plants may be increased by division of the roots, or from seed: and of recent years many beautiful seedlings have been acquired, ranging from purest white to deep purple. The delicate rose-and-white kinds are the more pleasing. If possible, get also the primrose tinted variety—a soft charming shade.

The Cultivation of the Iris.

The Iris demands more than a passing notice. It is the amateur gardener's friend, and does not mind even common soil. Brave purple flowers crown the robust clumps in June: they are gone too soon, but one is well rewarded for the annual manifestation of royal colouring.

Before, however, I praise too heartily the foreign "flags," our native kinds deserve mention. The common Water Flag (I. pseudacorus) is familiar in many stream-sides of England, covering the lush margins with its stately stems holding aloft the bright yellow flowers. The Gladwin, or Gladden (I. fœtidissima), is less common, but is familiar in shop windows, as the seed pods, decked with bright coral-red seeds are as brilliant as any flower. The Florentine Iris gives the fragrant orris root, and the family embraces a host of bulbous kinds, the pretty little I. histrio, that blooms in winter, being found on the slopes of Lebanon.

If any of my readers should wish to make a study of a certain family, they could have no better flower to commence with. It teems with lovely things, and the description applied to the Irises—"orchids of the hardy garden"—is not far fetched. They are first cousins to the wonderful plants that seek the jungles, the swamps, the mountain tops, and refuse the sustenance of Mother Earth; but live amid the branches of the forest trees.

The beginner must commence with the German Irises, which will live in ordinary loamy soil, an open position, and give many fine shades of colour. Six very handsome varieties are the lavender-coloured Celeste, the deep purple type, Pallida dalmatica (the Dalmatian Iris), the flowers lavender, Queen of May, rose and lilac, Mme. Chereau, violet and white, and Victorine, white with blotches of intense purple. One shilling will buy a good plant of either of these handsome flowers.

Very interesting are the Fraxinellas (Dictamnus), in both the purple and the white forms. The flowers are supposed to give out sparks in warm summer weather; but the truth is the leaves contain a volatile oil, which saturates the surrounding air. A match applied results in an almost imperceptible flash of light. Both plants are worth growing in every garden, and they thrive in ordinary soil.

The plants named will, if carefully arranged, make the garden a picture of colour through many months of the year. A succession of bloom is maintained, and the variety is interesting, changing with the months each season bringing its own floral emblems. I have in the few articles I have written, when occasion arose, pointed out that the small garden must be modelled on the plan of the great garden of Nature's own making. A mass of the white herbaceous phlox is far better than a medley of varieties of nondescript colours: a hopeless muddle of tints opposing each other through unsuitable contrast or association.

Such showy things as the gay Petunias, China Asters, Stocks and other plants mentioned in a previous [illegible] add to the interest and beauty of bed and border.

General Hints.

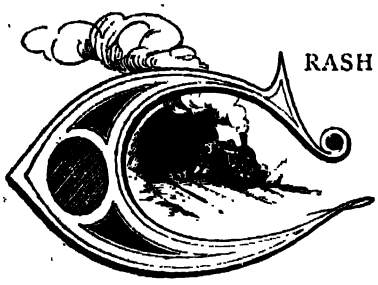
May provides plenty of work. At the end of the month Dahlias, tender bedders for a summer display—and similar things, must be planted. Don't be in too great a hurry to bed out. The last days of May are quite soon enough, otherwise late frosts will, perhaps, injure the plants. Thin out annuals in the border; and in all garden arrangements, especially in suburban districts, one must make good use of "Geraniums." They need not be used to the neglect of other plants, but they are valuable for providing plenty of gay colour at a time when one delights in rich hues.

The grass lawn may be mown about once a week. It is a mistake to let the grass grow too long; and keep walks free from weeds. Place Auriculas going out of bloom in a shady spot; and towards quite the end of the month put a small stick to the flower-stems of Carnations and Picotees.

Plant Pansies in a shady, moist border; and in the vegetable department several things require attention. Sow the useful and wholesome Runner Bean—and no kind is better than the old scarlet; also Peas, Onions, Turnips, Lettuces, Batavian Endive, Radishes for succession, and Spinach. Cress is useful to have plenty of, to use as a salad. Pick decaying flowers off greenhouse Azaleas; repot Pelargoniums and Fuchsias.

PEOPLE WHO FACE DEATH: RAILWAY MEN.

BY HENRY FRITH.



CRASH! A breaking of glass in our faces. The wind rushes in through the hole in the "window" of the weather-board. In surprise, not unmingled with consternation, I turn to the engine-driver beside me, and ask what it means.

"One o' them young scamps throwin' brick-bats. Lucky it didn't hit one of us; it might a' been our death. 'Twas a tidy lump!"

Might have caused a death, indeed! The blow might have struck the driver insensible; he would in all probability have fallen upon the permanent way, and fatal injuries would have resulted.

Of all men who face death in this world of ours, the Railway Man is perhaps the most generally in peril. He is daily at work in all weathers, and runs risks which no amount of foresight on his part can minimise. He is the victim of accidents caused by circumstances over which he has no control; and of all railway men, engine-men run the greatest risks on such conditions. Let us look at these men. Come up with me upon the well-swept and water-sprinkled foot-plate (or platform) of the locomotive, and look about you.

There is nothing to suggest danger or death here, surely! A bright array of handles, gauge-glasses, steam-gauge, and many other fixtures, such as steam whistles and safety-valves, outside the protecting weather screen, or the "cab." Facing death in this warm and cosy shelter, with everything at hand! Well, you cannot understand it! Can you not? Take an instance. We start in excellent trim, as we did the other day from Aylesbury. The train is running pretty fast: a sudden explosion is heard—not an alarming one. The train rapidly pulls up. The guard alights, passengers put their heads out of the windows. Something is burning in the "six-foot";* and when the people inquire what is the matter, they are informed that what they see burning is the body of the engine-driver, who has been blown off backwards. The gauge-glass of the boiler had burst and scalded him; his clothes had somehow caught fire, and he was even then face to face with death, in a moment, unprepared! The fireman escaped injury and was able to stop the train. But if he also had been injured! Picture the awful consequences! Can you understand danger now?

But we are not going to think of accidents. We are upon the engine now, running at a regular pace, keeping a bright look-out. And here we notice how all the attention of our engine-men is directed to their business. Engine-men don't chatter to each other on duty. They have too much to do in watching the signals, the steam-pressure, the gauges, and the fire. All is well; the line is apparently clear in the darkness; but yet death is lurking for them just ahead—unseen, unsuspected.

The fireman is, perhaps, humming a tune as he brushes the dust from the foot-plate. The driver, with his hand upon the regulator, listens, standing sideways, his head turned slightly, so that he can see out of the round glass in front. Suddenly the locomotive lurches, the driver is thrown upon his fireman, and both off the engine as it rolls down the embankment, followed by two trucks!

A piece of timber had fallen from the preceding "goods" train, and had shot the engine off the road. That was "all"!

Now, what like are these men who thus—and in many other ways—face death almost daily? Who are these heroes of the foot-plate who receive no



"THE GAUGE-GLASS OF THE BOILER HAD BURST."

* The space between the up and down lines of metals.

Victoria Cross for Valour, and who are seldom even thanked for preserving hundreds of lives in the course of every year. "Oh yes, there is no danger. We came along all right all the way." But, my innocent friend, you did not know that at one portion of your trip only three inches extended between you and certain destruction! The footboard of a badly-shunted carriage had been "shaved" by the engine, and a strip of wood cut away so that a collision was avoided.



"BOTH ARE THROWN OFF THE ENGINE" (*p.* 456).

Had the driver slackened speed for one minute, the shock would have caused an accident; but he cut through the obstruction, and by his presence of mind saved the lives of his passengers.

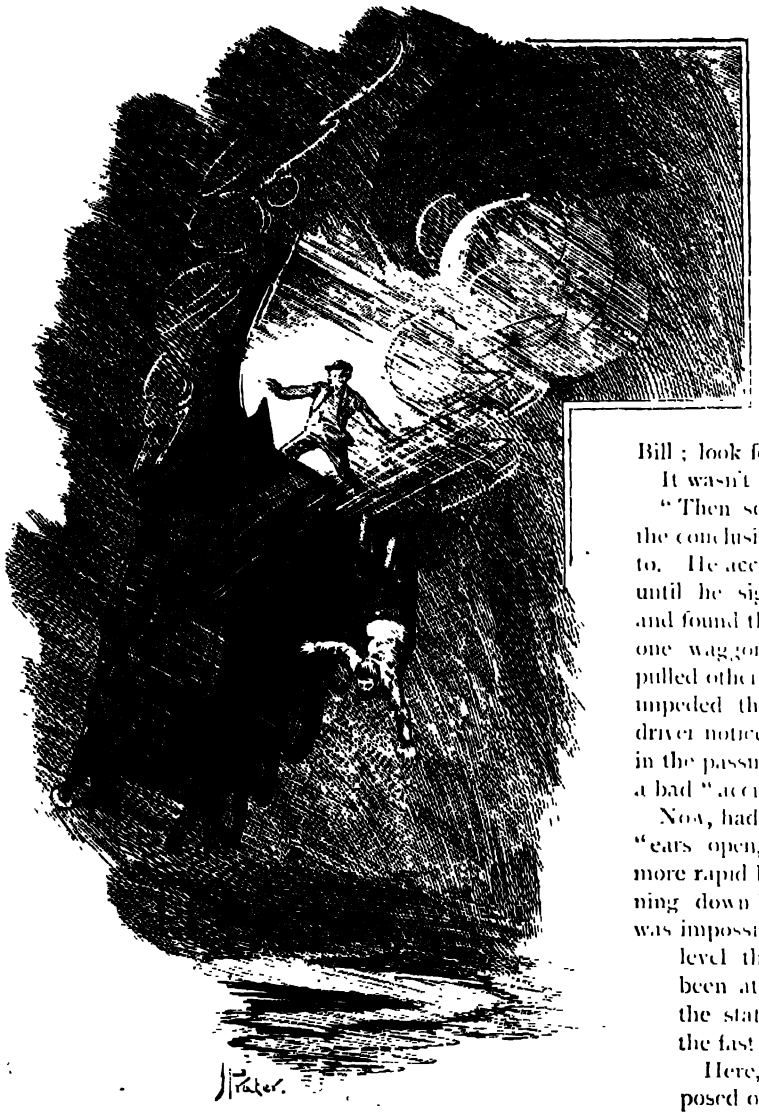
That is the kind of man the engineer is: ready, resourceful, brave. Brought up in the "shops" where the engines he loves are constructed, the driver knows his business and his value. From cleaner to fireman, he rises, and his rise is not rapid. His training is a hard one, almost in the fire-box, where he runs nightly risk of suffocation; or if, when tired, he sleeps in it, he may be burned to a cinder by a careless fire-lighter.

But if he survive accident, he begins to "clean"; and there are methods in that operation. In these days he also faces death, for locomotives will collide in the "stables"; and between the buffers of two such engines the young cleaner is sometimes crushed. Indeed, we believe more deaths are caused in this way to lads than in any other.

But our cleaner becomes a fireman, and is taught "firing." There is a proper way to put on coal, and a correct method of handling a shovel, though the spectator does not think so; and there is a time for firing, too; not too much to blow and waste the steam, nor too little to permit steam to fail, nor in such a way as to "choke" combustion. These points he must learn upon shunting and slow goods trains. He learns signals, points, and how to manage and "humour" an engine. When he has learned and practised this work, oiling, and many other tasks, he gets a "fast goods," and goes rushing through the country.

Then comes the firing for the slow passenger trains, after about, perhaps, four years on the goods traffic, on trains which so many people term "luggage" trains. The fireman is then happier: he is on the road to promotion, and perhaps matrimony: a condition for the wife not invariably a "bed of roses."

For although engine-men are, in the main, good husbands and fathers, their wives must experience great anxiety. They know how many accidents occur daily (accidents which never appear save in "Returns"), caused by carelessness of others than their own husbands. The wife knows that the superintendent once said that "a fireman is killed every fortnight, and two disabled every week"; and with this burden upon her mind, can you wonder if she is



THE TERRIBLE PLUNGE OVER THE TAY BRIDGE. (p. 459).

sometimes anxious until she gets accustomed to the daily return of her "man"?

But suddenly a day arrives when the foreman calls, or a telegram arrives, or a lad hurries up with a message, and then she knows that her Tom will never be an engine-driver! He has faced death once again, and this time his opponent is the victor.

But the driver stage arrives, perhaps, and then life is worth living! The cheery whistle rings out to her as she holds up her latest infant to see "daddy" pass, and he waves, or rather extends, his arm in the mechanical way which all engine-men will recognise and respond to. He flies past on the wings of the wind, thinking not of any danger, but ever on the alert. Straining his eyes through fog and darkness, the driver rushes on through the night or through the day, without any thought of self. His mind is fixed upon his train, upon his work. Ears and eyes are intent upon sounds and signals, upon passing trains, and upon the track.

Why, you may ask, need the men be thus so attentive to sounds and sights? Surely it is not their business to watch a passing train! No; but it may prove their destruction or their safety. There are many occasions upon which the careful engine-men have noticed that a train is too short, as they deemed it; or that a certain train had not passed at the proper time and place. On the former occasion the engine-driver looked out as the short train—a "goods"—passed.

"There ain't waggons enough on, Bill; look for the 'monkey-face!'" *

It wasn't visible from the engine.

"Then some's broke away, you may depend," was the conclusion the driver of the passenger train came to. He accordingly checked his train, and ran easy until he sighted a red light. Then he pulled up, and found that the "goods" had separated, owing to one waggon having left the rails. It had in time pulled other waggons off, and the wreckage somewhat impeded the "down" line. Had not the passing driver noticed the unusually small number of waggons in the passing train, he would have "pitched in," and a bad "accident" would have resulted.

Now, had the driver of the "goods" train had his "ears open," he ought to have understood by the more rapid beat of his engine that he was either running down hill or had a lighter load. The former was impossible, as he would have known the line was level there. So, if he had reasoned and had been attentive, he would have become aware of the state of his train, and would have signalled the fast train with his gauge lamp to stop.

Here, for the sake of illustration, we have supposed one man careful and the other indifferent. But most engine-men are fully aware of their duties, and act immediately with marvellous presence of mind and judgment.

Take, for instance, the conduct of a Great Western man only the other day. A tree was being felled on the railroad embankment: the trunk slid down to the line as an express was just due. The train came on, the driver perceived the obstruction. To check his engine meant disaster. He might cut it at high speed; but in any case it was imminent danger.

In a second he decided. With steam full on, he drove *through* the tree (nearly six feet in circumference), and carried his train through in safety after him. Had he hesitated, or had he lacked courage to act, he and the passengers would have been wrecked.

The risks which engine-men run are legion, and almost entirely unknown to the general public. A man may be listening for the "beat," or a "cutting" axle, a grain of sand in the crank, or a heated "squealing" axle-box. He puts his head over the

* This term is used to describe the three red lights at the tail of a goods train, thus *.*.

engine, and looking back, leans over to listen. He forgets the bridge, or does not see the approaching "goods" train. In the first case, he may be killed instantly by the contact with the bridge-supports; or in the second, stunned, or less seriously injured, by a projecting crate or some smaller consignment of goods. The present writer once had his "round" hat stove in by something projecting from a waggon under precisely similar circumstances. Had he been leaning out but two inches farther, his head—and not the crown of his hat—would have been crushed and mangled.

The perils and courage of engine-men were seldom more realised and exemplified than in the case of those in charge of the ill fated train which went over, or through, the Tay Bridge.

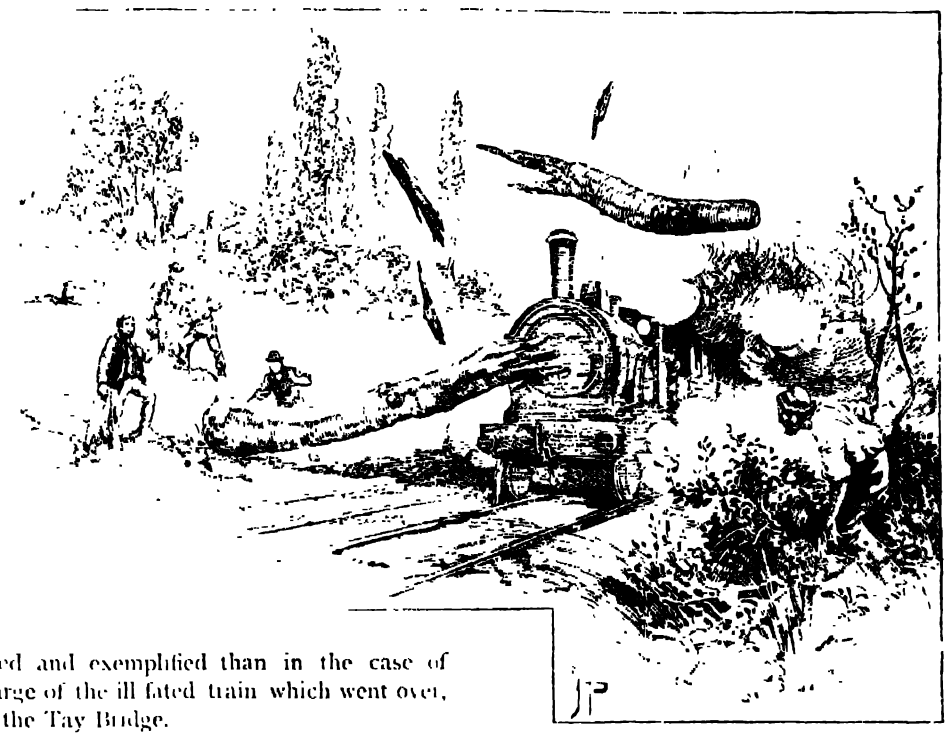
The 28th of December, 1879, was a fatal day in the annals of the iron road. The gale was storming the line when the two engine-men on their friendly steed (No. 224), which was expected to carry them safely with the train from Edinburgh to Dundee that Sunday afternoon, started.

The wind blew harder and harder. Bad enough upon the well laid permanent way, where continual "firing" and the greatest care were necessary on such a rough evening. But these men, Mitchell and Marshall, did not flinch from the ordeal. What they thought no one will ever know. They had their duty to perform, and they intended to perform it, though, as the wind blew harder and harder, as the steam swooped down from the chimney, and the fire wasted, they had their hands full to keep time.

"It's nothin' when you're used to it," replied one of the men to his father who parted with his son for ever that evening. Then the train started to its destruction.

When upon the shaky bridge, rocking with it, we may imagine the feelings of these brave men. Yet, *if* they feared, they permitted no qualms to check them. "Onward!" Their duty lies in getting the train to its destination, and torn, buffeted as they are, they intend to do so. They know the engine and themselves: they would do their part at any risks. They died on duty as brave men should die: facing death boldly upon the broken bridge.

The training of the engine-man fits him for his position. We have already indicated the dangers of his early days; and when at length his probation is over, as cleaner, relief-man, and fireman, the express driver is a man of cool courage and splendid endurance.



"WITH STEAM FULL ON, HE DROVE THROUGH THE TREL." (P. 458).

Think of some sixteen hours on duty, sometimes more than that (though not "running" all the time), with all one's senses to keep alive in all conditions of weather and danger; to read every lamp, to recognise every point and crossing, to know when to expect other trains, and if you do not meet them to argue wherefore?

To think out the reasons why, to drive your engine so that she will keep up her speed, and come in "handsomely"—to keep time, no matter what weather, if it be humanly possible. To decide in a second whether a half-shown light is meant for "on" or "off," and to act as you decide—in fact, to be almost superhuman, to hold your life in your hand, to be a skilled mechanic, a well-informed man, a pleasant, cheery companion, and a brave, self-respecting fellow in your work, walk, and conversation, is to be something of an engine-driver at his best.

But there are other railway men who are daily risking life and limb. The guards, the plate-layers, the fog-men—who are almost the same as the plate-layers—the porters, the shunters, and others. The guards have many anecdotes to tell of narrow escapes, of trains running to destruction, when the only chance of life was a leap to almost certain death. The collision, the de-railed waggon, the crushed van, all carry the grim spectre nearer to the railway man, who may die, with fog-signal or lamp, at his post; or be run over, and crushed into the ash-pan of his son's engine as "she" is being run home to the shed!

The shunter of waggons is crushed between the buffers one night, and falls never to rise again; or is carried, mutilated, to the hospital for the necessary operation. Many are rash, and suffer for being so; but they run risks in our service which all of us should acknowledge.

For his daily risk of life and limb, for his attainments and skill as a mechanic, for his courage, endurance, and perils, the engine-man receives seven-and-sixpence a day in the higher grade and perhaps another shilling in the highest. A fireman can rise from four-and-sixpence to five-and-sixpence a day; while a guard's pay is from a guinea to thirty-five shillings a week. A "coal allowance" for coal saved—perhaps a penny a hundredweight—will amount to something in the year for engine-men, and the guards and porters pick up a few trifles on occasion.

But we need not discuss these. Let us respect the men to whom we owe so much—more than most of us ever imagine: and let us remember the danger which they so bravely and intelligently meet on the path of duty—Facing Death.

A "BAD" LIFE.

HE stood outside the door with the brass-plate upon it, watching the rain pour down and the mud swash about, churned up by the traffic. Miserable as the sight was, it relieved the intensity of his sense of isolation. It betokened fellow-suffering. There would have been no kindness in sunshine for him, only grinning indifference.

He stood there shaken and trembling, and tried to play the man, to review his position calmly; all the while ready to burst into tears with the day, and fling himself into the gutter beside the draggled corpse of the cat in its winding-sheet of sodden newspaper. He was just as unnecessary; his life was poisoned too. But the tears were restrained by blinking hard; and the success of that effort, evidence of manhood to the boy, was something to be grateful for.

He stood there condemned, not to death—how grand sentence of death would have been, with its possibilities for heroism!—but to life without the fulness of life: without the one thing that now made life worth living: to life without purpose, help, or comfort: to life different from that of other men: to the outcast's, leper's life. "Thou shalt not marry." Surely it had been thundered at him from Sinai, not lisped from an ebonised revolving chair, in tones of calculated conventional compassion over poised finger-tips, as he stood there nervously fumbling at the buttons of his shirt, just risen from the inquisition torture of that hateful little stethoscope, with its tell-tale tubes. They had wrung the secret from his heart, and the sentence was rendered the more merciless by the professional pity of his judge. The owner of the brass-plate had, indeed, held out a hope, and forthwith brought upon himself a stumbling confession, and an entreaty that none might be allowed if there were none reasonable. Thereupon it had been gently taken away. "He had better not count upon it."

He had borne his sentence fifteen minutes. Ten of them he had spent on the door-step, pretending to himself that he was waiting until the rain left off; really only because he felt too wretched to move. For to move implied direction, and he was altogether without direction now. The boy was very miserable, standing there gazing blankly into the misery of the wet, very badly hit.

Nor without reason. Two years he had devoted to earning this right to marry, from the worldly point of view; and now that he had earned it to have it dashed from his grasp thus! And his greatest comfort would have to be this: that a lurking suspicion of his constitutional defect—"organic" it was labelled—had kept his mouth sealed before her all those two years. She must have seen that he thought much of her; but love had never been mentioned. Would it be possible to hide it always, and make it appear that friendship was all he had been seeking? His manliness would be hardly sufficient to make it possible, thought he. Oh, why had not the door with the brass-plate shut him off from love as well, instead of opening to him the fulness of the store? The starving possessor of money bags on the desert island were happy beside him.

But a cab drove up to the door and revealed the drawn face of another, organically diseased, too, maybe—oh, that difference between "organic" and "functional!"—and he moved away into the slop and the rain. A few yards, and he recollected that he had just been told never to get wet if he could help it—penalty, rheumatism and complications. Not that they mattered; nevertheless, he put up his umbrella.

He had borne his sentence for three years—three

years of commonplace heroism, not without murmuring secretly—he was human and young—but without openly betraying himself. He had seen her often: not too often, but often enough to keep him going. The first months had been the hardest to bear; and the harder because, if she was to guess nothing, he must continue as though nothing had risen between him and her. But he had passed through them outwardly unaltered, and time had accustomed, if not reconciled, him to his fate. She does not know, he had said to himself. There is no reason why my life should not yet be given up to her worship, such as it is. He gave it up and lived for her. Those occasional half-hours in her company, though with others, made him almost happy. And gradually he had persuaded himself that he had found that treasure upon earth, the friendship of a woman. Sympathy over his work, his hobbies, the pictures, and music, and books he



"'THOU SHALT NOT MARRY'" (*p.* 460).

loved she gave him, and he never doubted that he was asking no more than friendship permitted. Maybe the sunshine of it dazzled, in spite of his steadfast determination never to allow it to do so. And time brought a sense of security which prompted further confidences. Three years had removed any danger, he was sure. This friendship would stand. She must have recognised what his attitude towards her meant; and the sunshine was so very good. It might have been more theatrically heroic to have erased himself; but to have done so would have been to refuse a good in life which might be enjoyed with caution, a pusillanimous slur upon her and himself, unnecessary folly of self-martyrdom.

So he talked to her and treated her as a sister, giving her of his best and deepest. He was almost happy; he knew he had been brave. The noblest had spoken of this possibility; he was realising it. He never tried to choke his love; he idealised it into a religion. So, thought he, I shall get the glory of it yet, and none be the wiser or the worse. I am strong enough. She has clearly seen the nature of my reverence for all women, and for her as one of them. He hid his love in the universal.

Then came for him at harvest-time a whole fortnight's pleasure; he was invited to join the party at the country house where she was staying. Careful as ever, though by this time he had persuaded himself that there was no need for such excess of caution, however right it might be for her sake, he played his *rôle* of friend of old standing: every day with her walking, driving, picnicking, like the rest, and taking part in the round games and music at night. It was heaven; he was radiant. He had never talked or looked so well, his gentle loveableness had never charmed so gracefully. And none guessed, so successful had he been. For himself, so accustomed was he grown to his condition that his sentence now seemed insignificant, and the door with the brass-plate an almost forgotten horror. He had learnt to play in his fetters as freely as any voluntary slave to bachelordom.

So it was with gratitude to Heaven that he walked back from sketching the last evening of his stay, content to have enjoyed his fortnight, re-invigorated for work and loneliness in London.

And he met her on the way.

She was gathering leaves to strew upon the dinner-table. He helped her to carry them. Slowly they passed together along the scented lanes, and silently; he, because his heart was very full, and he was afraid of speech; and she——

The silence grew oppressive with meaning. At last she said—

"You are leaving us to-morrow?"

"I'm afraid you'll all be immediately and horribly dull in my honour," he laughed. No answer. His own flippancy jarred upon him; and he added—

"I've had a most wonderful good time here. I'm awfully sorry to go." No answer: but some of the leaves she was carrying fell. He stooped and picked them up.

"Oh, let them lie!" she cried; "they don't matter." He added them to his own bundle.

"Why don't you do as I tell you?"

"It seemed a pity to waste them when you've just taken the trouble to gather them."

"It's always a pity when things get wasted, but lots of things get wasted, all the same."

He looked away over towards the sun in the west, and the corn standing in shocks. The waggons were there, and the gleaners were afield.

"Some gets left," he said, "by the farmer, but the children gather it; what they miss comes to the partridges. And there are crumbs falling from tables continually, which are also all gathered up somehow. No one knows what waste is. It is one of the puzzles."

"Men are always more optimistic than women; women want more: perhaps that is why. Men are more easy-going; more philosophic, I suppose you'd say."

"Meaning more cold-blooded?"

"Less dependent."

"Not really; but I think we acknowledge our dependence less openly. Perhaps it is pride, perhaps hypocrisy, perhaps something deeper and better."

"I shall be sorry when you are gone."

"You are all too good to me."

"Oh, yes! I suppose they will be sorry too; of course they will; but I wasn't considering them. They haven't known you as long as I have. Do you talk to them all as you talk to me?"

He stared.

"Because no one talks to me as you do: no one talks of things that matter as you do."

"But I have known you so long, as you say."

"You always did the same," she said impatiently. "Do you talk to everybody so? But of course you do."

"I hardly know what you mean——"

"Yes, you do."

"By my talking of things that matter. It's natural for friends to talk about what they're interested in."

"Of course, oh! of course." And beneath her breath she muttered. "Friends!"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing!"

"But I'm quite ready to talk about anything you like."

"How absurd!"

"What's absurd?"

"You—I—oh! let's be getting home. It's late, isn't it? What's the time?"

He looked at his watch. "Twenty past six," he said; but he saw she did not hear him, for she hurried forward to the lodge gate. But when it was closed behind them she slackened the pace again, and presently she turned about as if to look at the setting sun. He waited for her.

"Why don't you go on in?"

He turned to go, with a foolish, "It's hardly polite to leave you here."

"What does politeness matter?"

At that he stopped dead, and she faced round upon him, a fierce self-abandonment in her eyes; in his a sickening suspicion.

"Don't you understand?" she said.

"Understand!" he repeated, just to gain time.

She tossed her head aside. "There, I can't help it."

"Help what?" he asked, feebly. "You're crying."

"No, I'm not." She lied. He looked down, suspicion dread certainty. "I have been so careful," he whispered, almost to himself. All the courage of three years was turned to trembling at its own futility.

"You'd better go at once." But he stayed and trembled.

"I can't help it. You're going away," she sobbed. Then suddenly: "What more will you have me say? I've already said more than a woman can say and respect herself. But I'm not one of the self-contained ones. And your silence makes me speak."

"Speak! You cannot mean——?"

"How dare you ask what I mean? You stand there and pretend not to know, and you have known all the while, and never cared."

"I have not known."

"Known what?"

"I should never have presumed to think it possible."

"What's possible?"

"The cause of your crying."

"Oh! you're rather humble."

"I am humble."

"Or insufferably conceited."

"How on earth conceited?"

"You make me say it. Well, then—conceited in thinking yourself above such ordinary people as I am."

"Oh, don't, don't!" he cried. "Think me too absurdly humble to imagine you could care to notice me rather than that. But I have been so careful."

"Careful, careful! How careful, and why careful? That's conceit. You are afraid, I suppose, that if you weren't careful I couldn't help—liking you," with a jerk.

"How can I answer you? You are determined to think badly of me."

"Badly? I can't; I wish I could."

"I wish, indeed, you would. It would be best in the end."

"You know I can't, and I don't want to, and you don't want me to. That would pique you—you who are always talking of goodness, and pretend to think so much of women, and all that."

"That's what the little religion I have teaches me to think."

"It has taught you to play before me."

"Honestly, what nonsense have I ever talked to you?"

"It isn't nonsense. I'm talking it. But if it were, there are ways and ways, and you must know that the indirect is all the more flattering and taking. There, you'll think me the most immodest woman you ever met."

"Never, I swear. I have known you too long for anything you can say to make me think anything but the noblest of you."

"So you can do it even now! But say it again: you won't hate me for forgetting myself?"

"How could I hate you?" he almost sighed. "You are so very much to me."

"Oh! I suppose I am, in your cold ideal way. As if I were worthy to be any sort of example of ideals! But I—I may never be more? I am a woman, not one of those saints you dream about." In defiance of shame, she stared straight at him. He writhed.

"You may as well know it. I ought to have told you before. I—I can never hope to marry.'

"Oh! why, why not? Oh! forgive my asking."

"Of course, of course. The doctors tell me so."

"They can't mean it. What——"

"They do. I have known it three years."

She sat down among the mossy roots of a tree beside the drive; and he saw by the colour of her face that what he had passed through she was passing through now. He loathed himself for the basest of fools. He saw, too, before him the black chair, the compassionate face, the delicate fingers, the undeceivable little machine, the brass-plate, and the dripping wet. Ah! at least she was spared the civilised horror of them. It was all Mother Earth here.

She sat silent awhile, and her face grew hard and sorrowful as he watched.

"Three years ago; and you have dared to behave as you have to me?"

His misery broke loose. "What have I done?"

"Why, talked to me, and made me love you—love you.' And you had no right. You know you had no right, and you didn't care."

With a struggle for self-possession and defence, he said: "I am that most despicable of creatures—the male flirt, in fact? You can think that of me without hesitation."

"No, not that. But you can see what you have made me."

"What could I do? I have been so careful."

"I hate, and hate, and hate your carefulness! Yes, I suppose you have been careful. You have talked no nonsense, as you say so triumphantly. But you have 'reverenced all women, and me impliedly, because I'm one,' and so on, and so on, and so on; and you must have known that there was only one way an ordinary woman like myself would take that. You'll never meet any other sort, either. Your ideals are all fanciful nonsense. I hate myself, and you, and everything."

"Will you listen while I tell you?"

"Of course; I could listen all day."

"Because I may not marry I must hide myself away, or endeavour to make myself as repulsive as possible to every soul I meet? That is your sentence on a man who has already been made pretty miserable."

"No, no; but you should tell people."

"How can a man tell people? Must he go about with a label? That would be very absurd, and would imply that he considered himself excessively dangerous at first sight."

"You laugh at me?"

"No, I don't at all. But don't you see that the only reasonable course for him is to be what you hate—careful. He must remember that he is labelled to himself if not to the world in general. And I have remembered that well enough. I have always reverenced women. My object in life at one time was to deserve to have the help of one woman, and so to realise the best thing in life. Then I was told that it couldn't be. That was no slight loss, I can assure you. I said to myself: 'I can't have the best; I will have the next best. I may not worship one woman; I will worship them all, every one I come across.' You were one. So I reverenced you."

His own words, his shallow attempt at explanation, were disgusting to him. He began to see things in their true light.

"How good of you!" she put in, and bit her tongue straightway. With an effort he went on—

"It is true, all the same. I reverenced you. It would have been mere absurdity to become a recluse, and shut myself up in myself. 'I can go into the world,' I said. 'But I will be careful. I will endeavour to show women of what kind my reverence is, and will give them credit for ability to see. They will not misconstrue me if I trust in myself to make it clear. Perhaps I thought too little of the likelihood of any loving me; but that was neither pride nor excessive humility. It was common sense.'

"You will think less well of their intelligence in future," she said.

"No; I shall think myself mistaken, rather. I shall think that, though it is possible to do what I attempted, I personally am not strong or careful enough to do it."

"Do you really mean to say that your belief in woman is a belief and not a mere superstition?"

"I do, and I shall believe. That is all I have left."

"And I have done my best to take that away?"

"No."

"So you will go and show it to someone else now?"

"Possibly. But I shall take care not to be misconstrued again."

"Kind!"

"But I must be unkind. I want you to think of me as cold and calculating. It will be best for you. You will forget the easier." And suddenly the lie he was



"'AH! WHY DID YOU NEVER TELL ME?'"

acting, and the senseless cruelty of it, overcame him. Better far to be simply and utterly selfish. Better to trust her with all now, and believe in her power to bear it. "See," he cried, "what you have done. The doctor took away my right to marry, but you have taken away my right to love. Think of it, what it means, you who love yourself. Think what my asking your pity means; for I have been practically asking for nothing else all the while! Think what I am to look forward to, while you can go and forget, and yet in time have all. Heaven have mercy on me if this is wrong! I have loved you, and lived for your sake for five years." He threw himself down beside her and buried his face in the grass. "Ah, how I have loved you! And all my love can do is to bring you to this!"

She sat still, wild-eyed. "And you have lived on just to worship me at a distance? You never told me. Ah! why did you never tell me? I could have borne it. It would have been more generous to ask me to bear it. You have let me accuse you of everything that is refinedly cruel and vile, while I could have clung to you and comforted you, and been everything to you if I had but known. Oh, forgive me!"

"It is for you only to forgive. I should have torn it out and have done with it long ago. But I couldn't. You will forgive me that? I tried to turn my love for you into a religion, and I have failed. Here you sit and know it all, in spite of me. And now, what is to come?"

At which she rose to her knees. "Kiss me," she said. And he kissed her.

"That's just our once," she whispered, rising. "It's over and done with. You have been strong. Let me prove your ideal true after all. Let me show you how strong I can be. We understand each other now. We will be always the same."

"No! no!" he implored; "let me go."

"Never!" And she stamped. "I say it shall be."

"You will make a coward of me?"

"By showing myself brave too? We go forward, you and I—together—however separate—from to-day. It's settled. We will prove what may be made of this friendship. Come, help me to pick out the prettiest leaves for the table." She broke out into a laugh as natural as if she had just thrown a doleful story aside. "Back to the humdrums again."

"Not the prettiest to-night. Put on all the poor, mean-looking ones, that you'd throw away."

"Those you picked up for me?"

"You know I did not mean that. You have done all the picking up."

"To keep."

FREKE VILLIERS.

DELECTABLE SALADS.



A GOOD deal has to be taken for granted in the present instance, for space would fail me were I to attempt an explanation of the way to prepare the salad materials of the old familiar type, viz., lettuce, endive, and other "greenery," which generally have to make an acquaintance with water before they are presentable at table; therefore I am assuming that when required in the concoction of any of the dainties I am presenting to your notice that the green salad will be *dry* and *clean*. If not, then your reputation must suffer, and so, I fear, will mine.

For the recipes that follow I claim novelty, piquancy, and what is often lost sight of—viz., an appetising appearance. You have heard of, and perhaps eaten, a "chicken salad," but maybe have voted it rather insipid, particularly when the bird has first appeared at table boiled, with the usual trimmings: never a very tasty dish, though very nice, but one which becomes less tasty as time goes on. Perchance it did not occur to you that such a salad owes very much to the seasoning if it is to be worth the pains expended on it. But I will proceed to detail my

Chicken Salad.—Take the meat of the fowl, and trim it by taking the skin off and cutting it in dice or slices, as most convenient. Then put it on a dish, and splash it with the juice of half a lemon; sprinkle a little salt over, and, if you have it, a pinch of celery salt too; grate just a hint of nutmeg, and mix with a good pinch of cayenne and a suspicion of white sugar, with about a saltspoonful of the rind of the lemon grated; distribute this mixture over, and then add either a little fresh tarragon in shreds—say, enough to fill a saltspoon—or use a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar; cover up, and leave while you pile up the salad proper. Take a good-sized dish, and put in the centre either a couple of lettuces pulled to pieces, *not cut*, or one lettuce and a head of endive in sprigs, and about enough sliced cucumber to fill a gill measure. Pour some of the dressing over—this is detailed below—then pile the chicken meat on. I forgot to mention that the seasoning given is enough for about half a pound, but you may be as liberal in the matter of the meat as circumstances permit, so that you are liberally generous with the seasoning. Now go over with more dressing; and this should not be stinted. Some scraps of onion or shallot, in the smallest shreds, will give *such* a zest, supposing there is no rooted dislike to their flavour. Now for the finishing touches. Have a couple of eggs boiled hard, and shelled, and cut in slices, and some beetroot boiled and sliced, the dinner the better; the latter should be seasoned at the last moment with vinegar, and pepper, and a dash of salt, and remember a hint of sugar should the vegetable not be quite up to the mark. Drain well, and put a ring round the green, reserving the eggs for the outer border; or arrange a little tuft of cress or a heap of shredded celery between the beetroot slices, if you please, and then embed the yolks of eggs in, leaving the whites to be chopped up and put about the dish where they will be most effective: that is, near the green or red, not in contact with the celery. It is astonishing how many salads, and other dishes too, are marred in appearance by inattention to such commonplace details as I am describing. There! Now there is nothing to do but eat it, and the result will be generally-expressed wonder that no one thought of some such seasoning before. Let me remind you that in place of beetroot, some ripe tomatoes are excellent: or some shredded tomatoes may with advantage be used in the salad; the principle is the thing to grasp; viz., piquancy is to be the key-note of this dish. The dressing will be found just as good with rabbit or veal as with chicken, and if you have a supply of it in the larder and exercise your ingenuity, wonderful are the dishes you will send to table, no matter how scanty the supply of meat; and I know of nothing more likely to remove the stigma that in some houses is attached to cold vegetables of every sort: indeed, it is no unlikely that you will get some "left overs" on purpose to demonstrate your skill in their transformation; for want of a better name, then, here is the

Piquant Dressing.—I must again assume, this time, that you are in possession of a mortar; put in it, supposing that you wish for about half-a-pint of dressing, a tablespoonful of cooked ham that has been chopped, then pound it with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and add the yolk of a raw one a little at a time, pounding constantly. Tiring work to do well single-handed, but think of the exercise and the benefits derivable! Take a bottle of good salad oil—it cannot be too good—and add it *drop by drop*; this, you must know, is all-important; and when about a gill and a half has been added, stop. The mixture should be quite thick. Now thin it down with vinegar, both plain and flavoured, or use some lemon or lime juice in place of some of it; anything from clear light-coloured pickles comes in handy, and we all know how the surplus vinegar *does* accumulate; about a teaspoonful of onion juice is a feature of this dressing, and this you get by slicing and pounding the onion, or by chopping and wringing in a cloth. The Spanish are to be preferred in every respect to those of our own country. Then you will give a final seasoning of cayenne, salt—some of it celery, please—white pepper, and a little grated lemon-peel and some French mustard. The latter is not to be found in every house, then the best English must be used as a

substitute; but on occasions like the present don't take it from the cruet, but mix a little fresh with some of your vinegar or lemon juice. A teaspoonful of tomato conserve, should you chance to have a bottle going, is a first-rate addition; the veriest suspicion of anchovy essence is worth a host of other seasonings; I almost fear to name it, lest the novice may suppose that the mixture should taste of anchovy; that would ruin it; the result is something that shall set those not in the secret wondering "whatever is the delicious flavour in the dressing?" Experienced cooks will see the drift of my remarks. It often happens—does it not?—though there is not the least reason why it should, that the root of a tongue gets left over, and a portion of it wasted. Try a bit of it in place of the ham, or in addition. I gave the above in its entirety to an acquaintance, who took the trouble to pound up the inferior bits of the fowl in the same manner, with particularly good results. Another uses curry paste, and omits the mustard; and this is successful, and in no way interferes with the preliminary dressing of the chicken. Now let me introduce you to something very cheap, but *not* nasty: viz.,

Turnip Salad.—The nicer the turnips have been boiled the better the salad; they should be white and well-drained, then cut in slices. Dust them with a mixture of salt and pepper in equal parts, and a hint of white sugar and grated nutmeg; then sprinkle with the juice of half a lemon for a pound or so of turnips, and mix oil and vinegar in the proportion of two parts oil to one of vinegar, and add a little mustard; or the oil may be put over first, and then the vinegar; some finely-chopped parsley or mint, or tarragon and chervil, completes this—plenty of choice, you see; and to win applause set the dish over ice for a time; it cannot be too cold. Some carrots may be introduced or used as a border, or a little may be sieved and added to the dressing; and I am of opinion that in the latter way the addition will be most relished; a dash of onion juice is not to be despised in this connection. The turnips must be a trifle under rather than overdone, or the salad is a failure. Those who like cheese with salad (and who does not?—will do well to add "a grate" over the several layers of turnip; or to use one of the ordinary cream dressings as a basis, with such additions as I have named and a further addition of grated cheese, of which a small proportion at least must be Parmesan.

Boiled Beef Salad.—This is famous, but the meat must be tender, and should be only slightly salted. A piece of brisket or flat ribs is as good as or better than any other part. I may remind you that tongue, even the despised root, will come as a dainty dish in the same guise. Take some thin slices, and set them aside covered, then chop up any remains and mix with some tomatoes in dice, celery salt, and pepper, which ought to be black, and a little grated horse-radish; do not omit a squeeze of lemon juice and a pinch of white sugar, for they will bring out the flavour of the tomatoes and the horse-radish. Then add mustard-and-cress, or watercress, or lettuce, any or all; you see, I am here leaving the proportions to you. Mix a hard-boiled egg yolk in a bowl with a dash of mustard and a gill of oil—these are the proportions; the quantity is regulated by the size of the salad—and then thin with a little good walnut or mushroom ketchup and a spoonful of hot sauce, and vinegar to suit the palate; ordinary good brown vinegar will do. Toss the whole, and lay the slices of meat on the top, with a little horse-radish here and there, and a few sprigs of green, and send the cruet to table with it. This is the sort of snack for days that are so trying—we all know them, when people say it is too hot to eat, and they feel as if they can touch nothing; but, strange to say, it is one that seems quite as acceptable on a cold day; and when tomatoes are not available, beet-root comes in just as well, some say better. Should there be any horse-radish sauce left over from a joint, it may be used, some in the dressing, and some over the top slices of beef. Some hard eggs make a more substantial dish of it; or, for increased piquancy, a small quantity of hot chutney should be borne in mind.

Here is a snack that is especially calculated to make cold insipid food of various sorts attractive and palatable. Put in your salad bowl anything for a foundation in the way of *cooked* vegetables or *raw* salad, or mix them. Always remember, though, that should such tasteless ingredients as potatoes or turnips find a place therein, savour must be given by increased seasoning, and herbs of some kind are almost indispensable. The name of this is

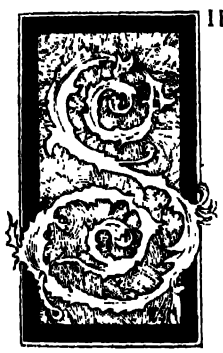
Cosmopolitan Salad, I must tell you. Then season the foundation, and I must of necessity leave something to your discretion. There must be salt and pepper, and probably you will think of other suitable adjuncts if you glance at the foregoing recipes. A dash of acid liquid in some form is certain to be wanted. Then take a tin of canned green corn and drain it: the liquid will not be wanted in this dish; season it with a rather liberal hand with a mixture of oil and lime or lemon juice and good white vinegar, the parts of each being purely a matter of taste, and enough salt and pepper to redeem it from insipidity, but not to destroy its natural flavour. Some will vote a morsel of onion the making of the dish, and I shall agree with them; while many would consider it incomplete without some tomato juice—many, I mean, in the land where the corn is canned. This, too, is not the same thing if not served cold. When meat is introduced, and all sorts of scraps are permissible in the same dish, it should be cut in strips and scattered over the top. I have met with people who dress corn salad with a cream or egg dressing; to any such who may not have given a trial to the simpler kind, I recommend this. Cold haricot beans are an admirable addition, providing they have been boiled until quite soft; the green haricots may be specially named. I find that many like canned corn in very small quantities: just a slight mixture with other materials; to such this salad will prove more acceptable than one of corn alone, though it is only fair to mention that where the latter is liked at all, it is usually very popular. The taste for the commodity is a decidedly acquired one.

Piccalilli Salad is a prime favourite in the States, and is as good with cold fish as with meat. So far, I have not acquired a taste for raw cabbage, often used, so I cannot recommend it for the basis. I think that lettuce or endive, with a small amount of shredded Spanish onion, cannot be improved upon for general purposes. Supposing these to be mixed in a bowl or deep dish, the next thing is to dredge with fine white sugar and pepper and a little salt, and toss well, then to introduce the above-named pickle, drained from its liquid, and chopped up with a will, for the finer this hot mince the better the dish; uniform seasoning is the thing to aim at. The thick liquid from the pickles forms the dressing, and may be rendered more pungent with chutney, or mustard, or cayenne, or modified by the aid of cream or oil; this last touch is of necessity a matter of taste; besides, the pickles vary much in quality and strength. I have seen this garnished with all sorts of bright-coloured salad stuffs, and with tufts of horse-radish and morsels of cheese, each resting on a bit of fried bread cut to size, and it would not be easy to find a better cheese snack than it makes in this form. There is no objection to the use of cooked vegetables in this dish, but, as a rule, raw salads are preferred. I *must* refer to cream cheese in such a salad as this. There are no particular rules to observe; the surface is best decorated with little lumps of it, preferably laid on slices of seasoned tomato, and as much as may be liked is pounded and blended with the dressing. A cheese that has become fully ripe is essential.

DEBORAH PLATTER.

HEADS OF THE PROFESSIONS.

I. CELEBRATED ARTISTS.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON—who is one of the handsomest men of his day, as well as an artist of rare distinction—is the most popular president the Royal Academy has ever had. He was born at Scarborough on December 3rd, 1830, in a house which is now incorporated in a boarding-house. His father and grandfather were medical men, and remarkable not only for skill in their profession, but for music and literary culture. Sir Frederick's earliest recollections of his own ambition is that he was always determined to be an artist. Circumstances must have aided him greatly, for when quite a small child he was taken abroad, in consequence of his mother's delicate health; and with the exception of short visits to England, the first thirty years of his life were spent in the cities of Italy and the Fatherland. His father helped him with the study of anatomy; the wandering life and his own quickness speedily gave him conversational facility in German, French, and Italian; but the definite question of an artistic career was not settled till 1844, when the family were in Florence. Mr. Leighton asked the then celebrated Hiram Power: "What is he to be? Shall I make him an artist?" "Sir," replied the American, "you have no choice in the matter; Nature has done it for you." How eagerly the boy of fourteen worked both in the Academy of Fine Arts and the Anatomy Schools may be imagined, and in style his work speedily became more Florentine than that of the Florentines themselves. But after a time he went to Paris, and copied from Titian in the Louvre; and to Frankfort, and worked for some years under Steinle, once friend and contemporary of Overbeck. In 1852 he went to Rome, then the home of many distinguished literary people, and for two years worked hard at his first well-known picture "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence," which was exhibited in London in 1855. In 1858 he met, and was strongly influenced by, the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and in 1860 he took up his abode in London. In 1869 he was made an Academician, and in 1878 elected President of the Royal Academy, and shortly afterwards knighted. His baronetcy dates from 1886.

Sir John Everett Millais was born at Southampton in 1820. His father was a Jersey man; and when his son was about six years old, he migrated with his family to Dinan, in Brittany, where the child's sketches of the French officers stationed in the neighbourhood attracted a great deal of attention. In 1838 his parents went to London in order to see how their boy could best be trained for an art career; and on the advice of Sir Martin Archer Shee, then President of the Royal Academy, he entered Sass's Preparatory Art School at the age of ten, and was passed on to the Academy School a year later—the youngest student who had ever worked there. During his career in the Schools he won every honour they had to bestow, and in 1846 exhibited a picture that was very highly spoken of by the critics. Then Millais became one of the seven original members of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood; and in the first enthusiasm of realism he produced the now famous picture called "Isabella," and in 1850 "The Carpenter's Shop," which was first known as "Christ in the House of His Parents." His "Huguenots," "Ophelia," and "Order of Release" are familiar to us all; his portraits are legion and life-like; but his first great landscape was "Chill October." Sir John is a good horseman, a capital shot, and a first-rate fisherman. When at home, he lives in a big square house at Prince's Gate, of which the studio and marble staircase are principal features; and instead of



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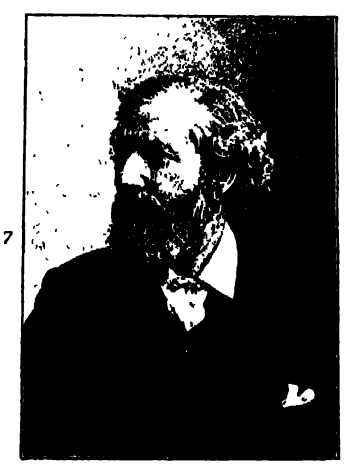








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1. G. F. WATTS, R.A. (*Photograph by Fred. Hollyer, Pembroke Square*). 2. SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A. (*Photograph Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.*). 3. W. P. FRITH, R.A. (*Photograph by Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.*). 4. SIR LEIGHTON, P.R.A. (*Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.*). 5. B. W. LEADER, A.R.A. (*Photograph Bennett & Sons, Worcester*). 6. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. (*Photograph by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*). 7. J. M. WHISTLER, R.A. (*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.*).















1. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A. (*Photograph by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.*). 2. P. H. POYNTER, R.A. (*Photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.*). 3. G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A. (*Photograph by Scott & Son, Carlisle*). 4. PROF. H. HERKOMER, R.A. (*Photograph by Siegfried Herkomer*). 5. MARCUS STONE, R.A. (*Photograph by Vernon Kaye, South Kensington, S.W.*). 6. SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I. (*Photograph by Walery, Limited, Regent Street, W.*). 7. SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A. (*Photograph by A. F. Mackenzie, Birnam, N.B.*).

the nooks and picturesque corners that are so fashionable, the studio is conspicuous for simplicity and plainness.

Mr. Laurens Alma-Tadema is a Dutchman by birth, the son of a notary, who early left his wife a widow, with her husband's first family and her own two little ones to struggle for. The artist was the elder of her children, and they lived, as generations of Tademas had done before them, in the little Frisian village of Dronryp, near Leeuwarden, in the flattest part of Holland. The boy was born in 1836, and as soon as he could handle anything, amused himself with a pencil. His mother and the guardians who advised her saw no promise of distinction in this, for art was not considered a profession likely to bring in bread and cheese. So they sent young Laurens to the public school at Leeuwarden; but classics were always dry bones to him, though he was interested in Roman history, and drew the gods of Greece in season and out of season. Still, he persevered in what seemed to be the path of duty, till his physical powers entirely broke down, and he won permission to paint chiefly because it was supposed that he had not long to live. This freedom to follow his own bent brought back both health and spirits; and as he could obtain no admission to any art school or studio in Holland, he went to Antwerp, and studied under Wappers. Alma-Tadema worked very hard to make up for lost time, and from the Antwerp Academy went into the *atelier* of Leys, the great historical painter; and when he was about twenty-two he managed to make a home for his brave and beloved mother and sister. For four years the widow rejoiced in her son's success, saw his picture, "The Education of the Children of Clovis," exhibited in Antwerp, and congratulated him on the receipt of his first gold medal. She died in 1862, before the day of his greatest triumph dawned; and a few years later he came to England, and became naturalised. He was made an Academician in 1883, and his diploma-picture was the lovely "Oleander," now in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. Mr. Alma-Tadema lives at St. John's Wood, and his house contains no useless apartments, such as drawing-rooms or boudoirs, but studios, a dining-room, library, rooms for domestic occupation, and a large and lovely winter garden with a dome-like roof.

Professor Hubert Herkomer was born in 1849, at Woal, in Bavaria. His father, Lorenz Herkomer, was a well-known wood-carver, and in 1851 took his family to the United States. Fortune did not smile on them there, and in 1857 they came to Southampton, where the delicate but gifted boy became a student at the local Art School. It was an epoch in his life when his father had a commission in Munich, and took his son with him for a year's study. On returning to England, the youth attended South Kensington for a few months; and after starting an Art School at Southampton, he settled for a time at Hythe, and painted two pictures which brought him into notice at once. Few artists have ever risen so rapidly into fame. The professor is a master of water colour, but the public is best acquainted with his work in oils. His great picture, "The Last Muster," was exhibited in 1871, and his "Chapel of the Charterhouse" is still fresh in the minds of all art lovers. But Professor Herkomer's great work is the foundation of the Art Colony and Life School at Bushey, where plain living and high thinking are carried out by a large number of students.

Mr. G. H. Boughton may be classed as an American formed under foreign influences. He was born in England in 1834, and taken, when three years old, to Albany. His early studies were good, and he sold a picture shown at the American Art Union when only nineteen, and spent the money on a visit to London. He afterwards worked in Paris and New York, but finally settled in London. His leanings in art are towards scenes of peasant life and the pathos of rural labour. Holland and Puritan New England seem ever before his mind's eye; and his name will go down to posterity chiefly in connection with "Priscilla," "Rose Standish," "Evangeline," and the "Canterbury Pilgrims."

Mr. Frank Dicksee comes of a family of artists, as his father and uncle both followed the profession. He was trained by his father, and entered the Academy Schools at the age of seventeen. At the age of twenty, in 1872, he obtained the silver medal and the gold one for his first picture "Elijah, Ahab, and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard." One of his principal works is "Harmony," which was bought under the Chantrey Bequest. When made an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1881, he was the youngest member. Mr. Dicksee was the illustrator of Cassell's splendid edition of "Evangeline," and of their "International Shakespeare."

Mr. J. McWhirter is a Scotchman, born at Slateford, near Edinburgh, in 1839, and early admitted an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. He frequently paints the scenery of his native land, and his "Sermon by the Sea" and "Highland Harvest" are very popular pictures. He became a Royal Academician in 1879.

Mr. E. J. Poynter first saw the light in Paris in 1836. His father was an architect, and his son was educated at Westminster and Ipswich; but he returned to Paris as an art student. Mr. Poynter was chosen Slade Professor in 1871, and was elected a Royal Academician in 1876. He made the cartoons for the Mosaic of St. George at the Westminster Palace, and was Art Director and Principal of the National Art Training School at Kensington till 1881, when he resigned the post.

The name of Marcus Stone has long been a household word from his illustrations to the works of Charles Dickens and Anthony Trollope, in which he exactly caught the tone of those authors and of their day. His pictures have always suited popular taste, and many will remember his "Nell Gwynne," "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," "Gambler's Wife," and "First Love Letter."

Mr. B. W. Leader, whose lovely landscapes are so well known, is a native of the "Faithful City," and learned his earliest lessons in Art at the Worcester School of Design, from whence he went to the Royal

Academy Schools. His first exhibited picture, "Cottage Children Blowing Bubbles," sold for £50, and since then he has devoted himself chiefly to mountain scenery in Scotland, Wales, and Switzerland. Two of his most famous works are "With Verdure Clad" and "Streams through the Birch Wood."

The spiritualistic painter of "Love and Death," Mr. G. F. Watts, was born in 1820, and distinguished himself at the competition in Westminster Hall in 1843, when he won the £300 prize for his cartoon of "Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome." He spent the money on three years' study in Italy, and at the next competition of the same kind he took the £500 prize. In 1882 there was a "one man show" of Mr. Watts' works at the Grosvenor Gallery, and he painted the best portrait of the late Lord Tennyson.

The *doyen* of the Royal Academicians in respect of age is Sir John Gilbert, the President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. He exhibited in the Academy when its exhibition was still held in Somerset House. His favourite subjects have always been chosen from English history, such as "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," "Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey," and many others.

Sir James Linton is a distinguished water colour artist and President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which was opened in 1863. He was knighted in 1885, and will long be remembered by his large picture in oils of "Maundy Thursday." Sir James was commissioned by the Queen to paint the picture of the marriage of the Duke of Albany.

Mr. W. P. Frith is a Yorkshire man, and spent his earliest days at Harrogate. He owed his start in an artistic career to a childish copy of an engraving of a dog, for which his father gave him sixpence. He was sent to Sass, who at that time kept the only Art School in London, and then entered the Academy Schools. His first success was a picture from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the much-engraved "Ramsgate Sands," "Derby Day," and "Railway Station," were decidedly the pictures of the years in which they were hung at the Royal Academy.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

THE merry month of May is peculiarly associated in our minds with posies and garlands of flowers, and truly this season our milliners revel in the rarest and most exquisite imitations of Flora's favourites, and their beauty of colouring and form has never been more successfully reproduced. Flowers reign supreme, and for the nonce, the rival "plumes" are banished.

Whether charming the eye in bunches apparently fresh plucked, with the mist yet upon their foliage, or forming a wreath or half circlet to adorn a shady hat, their brightness gleams out from the foil of black chip or crumpled rustic straw. Without exception, the headgear must be chosen in contrast of colour to the costume. For instance, a cloth costume of cool grey-green would be completed by a toque of dark oak-brown straw, trimmed with black moiré silk and auriculas in brilliant colourings.

In some instances the flowers are supplemented by cerise-coloured miroir velvet ribbons, rosettes in velvet of amber hue or pale green moiré ribbon edged with narrow embroidered lisse; and buckle or clasp of paste, made in designs of a century gone, sparkles in the soft folds of "bise"-coloured lace, presumably *real*.

The French bonnets are piquant little hoods of straw and moiré silk, worn without strings, having tiny brunches and aigrettes of flowers fastened with clasp of jet or paste; such a one is our illustration, the colours being turquoise blue moiré silk, pale yellow straw, blue violets and lilies of the valley. Another takes the form of a little Normandy hood fitting closely on to



A BLACK CHIP HAT.

(*From a photograph by Walery, Regent Street, W.*)

the head, with raised crown in velvet of green, the colour of the foliage of mimosa; tiny steel sequins outline the front, and an aigrette and clasp are placed at the side.

A decided novelty was a bonnet suggestive of half-mourning, entirely composed of large bosses of jet, forming the half circle across the front, the small crown and two pendant ends that rested on the hair at the back, with fine white tulle strings tied in a square bow beneath the chin. A long paste buckle crossed the front, and outstanding from each side was a jet osprey.

A large black chip hat of picturesque outline had the crown covered with violets negligently scattered over it, pink roses arranged at the side of the front, and underneath the brim, resting across the hair at the back, was a large bow of green moiré ribbon. A wreath of exquisite roses in many colours encircled the crown of a large brown rustic straw hat, with an outline of black crinoline crimped to form an irregular edge. I had this hat photographed.

Panama straw is much worn both in the form of sailors' hats, with a single band of velvet carried round the crown, as also with the brim slightly curved and crown indented, a large upright bow of ribbon forming the trimming. The hats and bonnets are still worn well back from the face, but on the top of the head, and the hair is softly waved and prettily coiled in smooth coils.

Materials and Silks.

The materials present a marked contrast in texture although alike sharing the interest and selection of purchasers. The cloth textiles are smooth and fine, serges and tweeds are light in weight and delicate in colour, as befits the season of the year, whilst the fabrics in use for the more dressy style of costume are of the canvas or crépon order.

Canvas is loosely woven in a chequered or knotted surface, the favourite colours being a dull yellow, a cool green, and mauve pink, and in some examples the monotony of the colouring is relieved by silken dots and horizontal lines in a harmonising colour. The crimped, gauffré and crocodile crépons appear in exquisite colourings of shell pink, lichen green, and old blue.

Tan and fawn colour still hold, deservedly, place in the foremost rank of favourites. A curious silken material, of Oriental appearance, had lines in black wool woven into the surface of sheeny green and gold, a becoming material for a brunette.

Light summer glacé silks appear in minute checks of green and grey, mauve and pale pink, cerise and white, also in black and white, a revival of the homely shepherd's plaid. Silks in pale grey have thread-like horizontal lines of dark green, powdered over with tiny rosebuds in natural colours. Another variety is a glacé silk in raspberry pink, shot with black and besprinkled with black pin spots. Moiré will be worn throughout the season, and will plain satin will form the basis of the trimmings, garnitures and bows on gown and head covering.



YOUNG LADY'S WALKING COSTUME.

Costumes.

Having chosen our material we will next proceed to make it up into a pretty style, and, take the design illustrated as our model, it may be in any colour most becoming to the wearer, as there is a great variety to choose from, no one colour standing out pre-eminently unless it be a soft grey-green, which is undoubtedly becoming to both blonde and brunette. Let our

material then be a gauffré crépon in this colour. We will trim it with moiré silk either black or white, and if it is to be worn on a dressy occasion, use a line of steel to head the silk fold.

A white lining should be chosen for lining the bodice, unless a slip underskirt accompany the dress, made in sateen of the green colour; this lining will be tight-fitting, no seams appearing in the crépon at the back, the little extra fulness being drawn into the waist. A full puff crosses the bust, the bodice opening out V-shaped back and front, and turned back with a deep collar, with an outline of a crossway fold of silk put on with a piping or line of steel trimming. The large full sleeves are twisted diagonally across the arm, setting close from elbow to wrist. The vest and collar may be made in either tucked silk, pleated chiffon, or white moiré covered with old lace.

The skirt is worn over the bodice and draped at the waist with a scarf of silk; it is mounted into a plain shaped piece set into two box-pleats at the back, and the fulness sewn to this with a piping, and forming two elegant folds in the centre of the back, hangs in straight lines at either side, the front width falling plain from waist to hem, where it is edged with a silk fold laid on to the crepon, and three tiny tucks above.

To wear with this costume procure a hat of chestnut-brown straw, crumpled and coarse, and a garland of pink and crimson roses, also a black moiré sunshade lined with rose coloured silk, and a charming effect is ensured.

If you have a covert coat it may become useful through the summer months if you match the cloth exactly and have a well cut skirt made on the approved lines—plain, with strapped seams and a narrow crossway strap stitched each side on the hem of the skirt at the extreme edge, and wear it over a silk bodice made on a tight lining, in peach or dull green silk, gathered into the neckband back and front with a folded waistbelt clasped with a ring of steel; large sleeves, full at the armhole and tight from elbow to wrist.

With this costume a toque hat looks well in green fancy straw with green and black rosettes and jetted quills.

Taking the place of the small fur boas that encircled the throat during the colder months of spring is a pretty little ruff or collar of ostrich feather; either in colours to match the blouse, or black, fastened with a square lace bow and ornament of paste or steel, they are a becoming addition to a plainly-made blouse.

For matrons' costumes the draped skirt now so much worn is important and graceful in design, the cloth overskirt being raised at the side or opening the whole length of the skirt, to show a handsome underpiece of rich coloured velvet or moiré. The bodices are draped across the bust and have epaulettes and revers with handsome lace sewn on flat, through which the under-silk or velvet glimmers in lovely colouring; the sleeves are cut less full and pleated into the armhole with three small box-pleats, fitting close to the arm from elbow to wrist, where a cuffet of velvet and lace gives a finish to the edge.

Dust Cloaks.

During the summer months the dust cloak proves an indispensable addition to the wardrobe. We illustrate a pretty design made in Tussore silk, with deep shoulder cape of thread-coloured guipure lace, over which turns down a broad collar fastened with a large bow, and ends of the silk bordered with lace insertion.



DUST CLOAK.



WASHING FROCK FOR CHILD OF SIX.

In front the cloak is cut full, at the back it is semi-fitting beneath the cape, which terminates at each side of the front. The large sleeves have deep cuffs, made to wear with ease over the sleeve of the costume.

A grey alpaca, having a handsome design upon the surface in self colour, was made full to a yoke draped across the bust with broad ribbon, and tied in a monster bow with long ends edged with lace. Large puffed sleeves were made with deep cuffs reaching to the elbow. A full frill stood up high around the neck.

Sunshades.

Undoubtedly the day of puffs and ruches is over, for the newest designs for sunshades favour the umbrella type, simple and plain, with slender handles of natural form, in either cherrywood, bramble or thorn. Ebony handles are ornamented with small knobs painted with Watteau figures, or a group of tiny balls in chrysoprase. For garden parties a pretty and cool-looking sunshade is made in white silk, finely striped with horizontal lines of black, sprinkled over with tiny roses. Black moiré has a border of yellow lace insertion, black satin with radiating lines of insertion from the centre to the edge, crowned with a large rosette of ribbon with upstanding ends.

For useful wear the shot silks or plain bright-coloured silks, with borders of graduated stripes, are chosen, and for seaside or country, white piqué embroidered with a Russian design in red.

Washing Frock for Child of Six.

Linens in shades of blue, green, and pink, brown holland and piqué comprise the favourite washing material for children's frocks. The one illustrated is in "Dutch blue" cotton, embroidered with white; the full plain skirt has a line of feather-stitch along the hem. The bodice is plain to the waist, with a basque of tabs. Large full sleeves are gathered at wrist and armhole, and have turned-up cuffs embroidered with lines of feather-stitch, as also is the large square collar. The front of the bodice is strapped across and fastened with rosettes; these are made in fine white flax tape and wash with the frock.

This frock would be exceedingly pretty made in piqué embroidered with red, the collar and cuffs in fine lawn, hemstitched.

Frock for a Child of Fifteen Years.

This design looks charming in tan-coloured cloth with a little cord trimming of brown silk; the skirt is gored in front, where it fastens at the left side, and gathered across the back, sewn to the belt and fastened with a bow of the newest design. Around the hem of the skirt are three folds, finished with a row of stitching at the top of the hem. The bodice is prettily arranged with draped pieces forming a V and clasped on the shoulders with small buckles; lines of cord trim the edge. Fully-gathered sleeves are caught in above the elbows with buckles and finished with turned back cuffs of pink silk, patterned with triple dots of brown; the silk is repeated in collar and vest and trimmed with cords. Tan-coloured stockings striped with brown, the stripes crossing the leg diagonally, and tan leather shoes are worn with this frock.

A. LL. G.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the children's frocks). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*



FROCK FOR CHILD OF FIFTEEN.

A RUSSIAN COURTSHIP.



A RUSSIAN PRIEST.

THOSE who read this article with the hope of gaining insight into a pursuit closely connected with love and sentiment must prepare themselves for disappointment. It is only fair to state, however, that the business-like couples with whose affairs we are about to deal belong for the most part to the peasantry, or to the lower middle classes. No doubt the Russian *maladoi chilavek* (young fellow) has a heart tucked away somewhere under his *blusa*, but in his love-making—or rather, in his wooing, which is quite a different thing in Russia—it is not his habit to take this part of his anatomy into account. He is much too prosaic for that. Dan Cupid is as blind in Muscovy as he is in England (though one can scarcely think that the same limited wardrobe will suffice him), and the peasant who wishes to make a good matrimonial bargain is naturally wary of such a counsellor. He regards with easy good-humour the transaction of taking unto himself a wife, and seldom dreams of letting the image of his betrothed come between himself and the enjoyment of a due allowance of *vodka* (brandy). Marriage, in his theory of the Cosmos, has nothing to do with poetry or passion, with rapture or despair. It is merely a bargain, which it behoves a man to make at an early period of his life, the hopes and fears connected with the bargain being mainly those, not of the heart, but of the pocket and its contents.

Let us suppose that a well-to-do peasant, good-humoured enough in his way, and not a whit more mercenary than his neighbours, has a mind to be married. His first step is to see that his wardrobe is in order, and that he is otherwise supplied with all that befits a man in his position—a house to live in being by no means a needful item; as where this is lacking, the bride can be taken to his father's house. He then makes out a list of everything that he possesses, whether in the way of clothes, money, or provender, and takes this to the *Swatta*, who is an important person in every village. This swatta, or intermediary, is simply an old busybody, who takes a delight in finding out all about her neighbours' affairs. The type is sufficiently well-known to other nations, but it has remained for Russia to recognise her peculiar gifts, and use them for the benefit of the community at large.

The suitor is received with smiles, and with that air of significant mystery which befits a swatta. After hearing his account of himself, and noting points which he has obviously misrepresented—for the Russian tells lies with the most engaging simplicity, and is less confused than his hearer when found out—she produces her list of eligible maidens, with portraits of those whose looks are in their favour. This list supplies the information that each damsel possesses so many table-cloths, so many gowns, so much lace, so many pairs of shoes, and the like. Needless to say, it will go hard with any girl who does not happen to be in favour with the swatta, for that old functionary has really a good deal of power. Theoretically leaving a youth perfect freedom of choice, a clever swatta is often able, by nods, hints, and ejaculations, to make him decide upon any *barishna* (young lady) she happens to have in her mind.

Satisfied at last, the peasant, either with the downcast air of one who is going "cheap," or with the happy confidence of *quid pro quo*, names the girl whose belongings have won his heart. She may be one of those whose portraits he has seen; quite as likely she is not. Whoever she is, the swatta is pretty certain to admire the wisdom of his choice. How much more sensible is he "than the young *dourak* (fool) who went to a swatta in another town, and chose a barishna who had scarcely any flesh upon her bones—one whose very face seemed to say, '*Diety*



RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.

minya chaska chiu' ('Give me a cup of tea'). The barishna that is now chosen is a little pigeon indeed. She is of all others the bride for a man of taste. Ah, *Steopi!* what has he been about? He is stealing her little *golubtchika* (darling) of a bride!" etc.

Pleased with these compliments, the suitor ends the interview by entrusting the swatta with his portrait



BETROTHED PEASANTS.

and the list of his worldly goods. The girl is then consulted, and if she is satisfied an introductory meeting is arranged. With regard to this meeting, it is hard to think that there is not a little sentiment in the girl's heart at least. Katerina must differ very much from her English sister Kate if the glamour which surrounds Vaseli or Jakoff when he comes a wooing is solely dependent on his possessions. In villages, indeed, although the swatta is always in requisition, the young people must know one another by sight at least, and there is more chance of an attachment subsisting between them than in large towns.

If the first interview is satisfactory, the relatives talk the matter over, inquiries are made, and a date is fixed for the *Bogmalitwa*, or betrothal. This bogmalitwa (literally, God's blessing) takes place in the house of the bride, and is rather a picturesque little ceremony. High up in one corner of the room is the Icon, an image of the Virgin or of some favourite saint. The image is close to the ceiling; and suspended by three chains in front of it is a lamp, either of silver or of ruby-coloured glass, according to the means of the householder. Beneath this stands the priest, attired in his robes, and with the lamplight streaming down upon his long hair. Hitherto there has been a little subdued talking among the relatives present, but this is now hushed, and all are expectant as the mother of the bride and the father of the bridegroom advance, the one leading her daughter, the other his son, towards the priest. In a few simple words the lovers plight their troth. The priest solemnly pronounces his blessing, gives a short prayer, and three times makes the sign of the cross over the betrothed couple. He then takes the girl's hand and puts it into that of her future husband, telling him to kiss her. This kiss ends the ceremony, and is the signal for general congratulation. The wedding day is usually three weeks after the betrothal, a period of six weeks being considered a long engagement.

The betrothal being over, and the wedding within measurable distance, our subject is practically ended, but one cannot help wondering whether, like the prince and princess in the fairy tale, the peasant and his bride are likely to "live happy ever after." There are several ways of considering such a question, but perhaps the truest reply would be that, as a marriage without affection excites less hope in the contractors, there is more indifference amongst married people in Russia than in England, and less chance of either direct happiness or unhappiness. If there are fewer faithful husbands and wives, there are fewer wife beaters and husband poisoners. It is not so harrowing to the feelings that Vaseli should never care for Katerina as it is that Tom has ceased to adore the woman he once loved so well; and light hearted Katerina can always console herself with Jakoff.

In cases where love really follows marriage, the *Muzhik* and his wife live as merrily and carelessly as a pair of children. Constantly in the open air when the season admits of it, they seem to inhale from their Mother Nature some of her own brightness and vigour. The young wife helps her husband in the labours of the field. They sing at their work, unmindful of the day when muscles will be relaxed and faces withered. Visitors to Russia often return with dismal accounts of the grossness, the moral degradation, of the peasant's life. It is for a Tolstoi to see the life with other eyes. In "Anna Karénina" he shows unmistakably how Love, which makes the world go round for some of us to all so sorrowful a tune, can change the despised life of the peasant into something idyllic in its beauty. "Levin," the great novelist tells us, "had often looked with interest at this life, had often been tempted to become one with the people, living their lives; but to-day the impression of what he had seen in the bearing of Vanka Parmenof towards his young wife gave him for the first time a clear and definite desire to exchange the burdensome, idle, artificial, selfish existence which he led for the laborious, simple, pure, and delightful life of the peasantry." With a fervent wish that they have before them just such an existence as herein depicted, we will take our leave of Vaseli and Katerina.

JANE L. BOWMAN.



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Globe Castor.



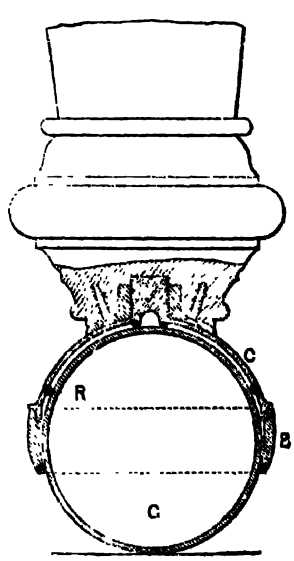
A good castor for the feet of tables, chairs, desks, and so on, is desirable for many reasons. The ordinary wheel castors are apt to break off or work loose, as the weight of the furniture does not bear directly on them, and the wheels go awry, thus making it a trouble to move a chair or table having them. The new globe castor, which we illustrate section, is, perhaps, as nearly perfect as can be made. It consists of a hollow ball of metal, G, held in a socket by the band, B, and working on a cup, C, and ring, R, of antifriction metal. Its large size and the ingenious socket enable it to roll in all directions without scoring the floor or making a noise. These castors are made in sizes from one inch to eight inches in diameter, to suit the furniture, and they can either be half covered by the wood of the leg or the metal may be ornamented.

A New Postal Wrapper.

A new postal-wrapper has recently been patented, and is being used largely for the covering of newspapers, magazines, and music. Parallel to the lines of the address on the wrapper is a line of perforations, indicated plainly by a "tab," and all that is necessary to bring about the speedy and safe opening of the roll is to pull the tab in the direction of this line. The advantage of this new wrapper will be appreciated by all readers who are in the habit of receiving printed matter by post.

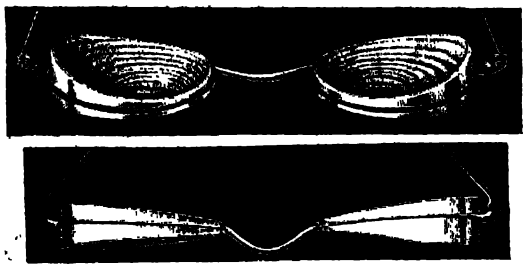
Liquid Air and Phosphorescence.

The temperature of liquid air is 180 Centigrade below the freezing-point, or thereabouts: and hence as a means of producing intense cold its use opens up a new field of scientific inquiry. Many of the properties of matter are greatly influenced by temperature. It is found, for example, that the electric conductivity—that is to say, the power a substance possesses of conducting electricity—increases enormously at such low temperatures. The tensile strength of iron is, moreover, practically doubled by that intense cold. Chemical affinity is greatly weakened, and in many cases it seems to disappear. For instance, the metal sodium no longer burns in water, because it has lost its affinity for oxygen. Certain pigments, such as vermilion, change from a bright red to orange under the intense cold, and recover their true



A GLOBE CASTOR, SHOWING SECTION.

colour on a rise of temperature. These and other effects have been investigated by Professor Dewar, who also finds that the beautiful coloured glows and



OR DOUBLE VISION.

phosphorescence excited in vacuum tubes by the electric discharge are destroyed by cold. When, for example, a piece of cotton wool is steeped in liquid air and held against the glass of a Crookes vacuum tube containing phosphorescent samarium, the light disappears. Professor Dewar thinks the reason to be that the cold freezes out matter from the vacuum, and thus stops the passage of the electricity; for it is believed that electricity cannot pass through a perfect vacuum.

Spectacles for Double Vision.

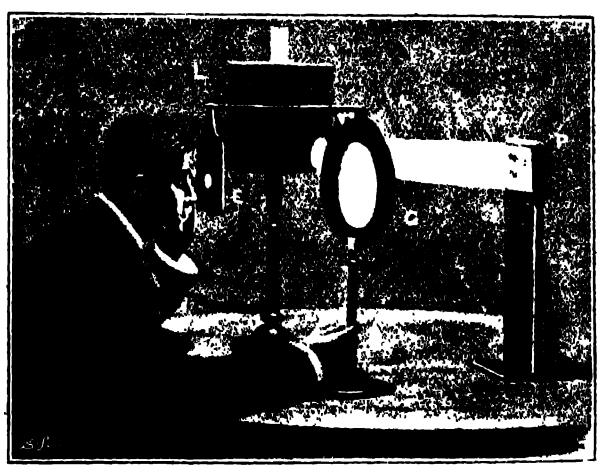
When the refraction of the eye is such as not to bring the rays to a focus on the retina, the eyes are apt to acquire a squint in order to do so; and this habit can be overcome by using spectacles such as those we illustrate, which are prismatic and remove the effect, namely, double vision, without influencing the cause.

A Pencil-Point Protector.

The figure shows a simple device for protecting the point of a pencil when not in use. A metal shield of conical shape, which can be turned backwards or forwards by means of a screw, goes over the metal holder. It is simply turned back from the point when the pencil is in use and over it when not in use.

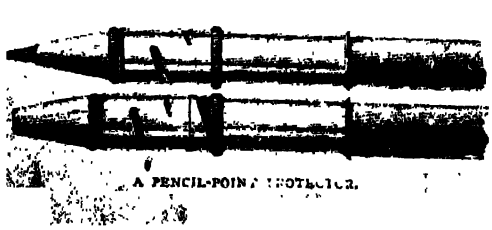
Colour Photographs.

The Lippmann colour photographs are taken by placing a reflector behind the plate and producing "interference" of the waves of light, by which the silver is reduced in a film whose thickness varies with the colour of the light. In this way irridescence is produced, which imitates the colours of Nature. It will be seen that whilst they are colour photographs, inasmuch as the plate reproduces the colours of the object without manipulation, they are so indirectly, not directly, as would be the case if no reflector were used and the colours were produced by pigments formed in the sensitive plate by the direct action of light. In fact, their colours may be compared to those of humming-birds, shot silk, and mother-of-pearl, where the texture of the material makes the tints, and not to dyed fabrics where the pigment is the source of colour. In order to obtain reflection from the mirror behind, the plate must be made transparent by reducing the amount of silver salt in the film, and the albumen ought to have one-half instead of one per cent. of bromide of potassium. The plates must also have a perfect isochromatism; in fact, the relative sensibility of different portions of the plate for different colours should be the same as that of the eye. MM. Lumière, the well-known Russian photographers, have recently taken very good photographs by the Lippmann process with gelatine-bromide plates, made by putting an alkaline bromide in presence of a salt of silver and an excess of gelatine, the emulsion containing more gelatine than bromide of silver. The isochromatism



COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

was perfect, as shown by the whites which came out as clean and various as in Nature. The time of exposure with these plates has been reduced from fifteen to five minutes. These photographs, which comprise landscapes, persons, stained glass windows, birds, flowers, and chromo-lithographs, cannot be obtained on paper and require to be viewed at a certain angle, but they are true to Nature and cannot be retouched with pigments. M. Lippmann has constructed a lantern for showing them in the dark, which we illustrate in the accompanying figure. It consists of a gas lantern, L, giving a parallel beam of white light which falls on the photograph, P. The observer looks at the picture through an eyehole, E, and a lens, G, as shown, but also, if he chooses, with the naked eye. When a lorgnette is employed, the illusion of looking at a real landscape is very complete. We may add that Mr. F. E. Ives, of Philadelphia, has now improved his photo-chromoscope, already described in THE GATHERER. Three or more photographic



A PENCIL-POINT PROTECTOR.

mages are produced by selected rays from the object, corresponding to the undamental colour-sensations of the ye. These images are then seen by ights similar to those by which they ere taken, and superposed so as to lend in one, thus reproducing the colours of the object. The apparatus by which this is done is the photo-chromoscope, a small box fitted with lenses, colour screens, and mirrors for combining the views, and a drawer for holding the plates or chromograms. The pictures, in great variety, can be seen by night as well as day, or projected on a screen by using an electric lamp or other bright source, for example, the "Welsbach" incandescent gas light.



A NEW SPINNET.

A New Spinnet.

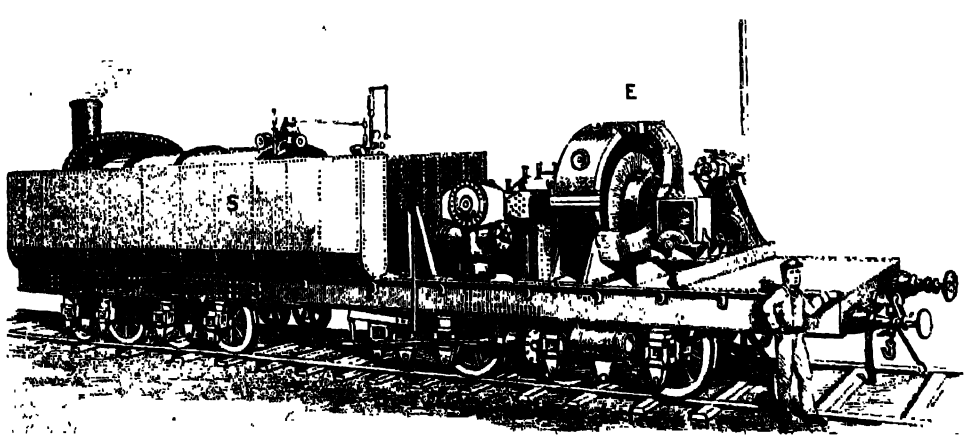
The "épinette Pieffort" is an improved form of a little spinnet played by the shepherds of the Vosges mountains. The latter is formed by a long box of cherrywood, with a head something like that of a violin, and five strings. M. Pieffort has added another string, and improved the tone of the instrument by making it of rosewood, ebony, and other woods. In playing, the spinnet is laid on a table, and the strings are sounded with a bit of reed, while their length is controlled by the forefinger of the left hand, as shown in our engraving. The instrument is easily learned even by a person ignorant of music, and it is capable of rendering popular tunes as well as pieces of a classical order.

Decimal Coinage.

Major-General G. H. Saxton, F.G.S., has published a small table on the decimal coinage for the use of schools, with explanatory notes which show very clearly how such a coinage could be introduced into this country without tampering with the present currency. He points out that a sixpenny-piece is a quarter-florin, and must therefore exchange for 25 cents. He also shows the desirability (not the necessity) of issuing a new silver coin in value $\frac{1}{10}$ florin, and that our farthings, as well as other copper coins, may continue as they are by regarding their value as 25 instead of 24, as now.

An Electric Locomotive.

The Heilmann electric locomotive for drawing ordinary trains is now being tried at Havre. The electricity, however, is only used to apply the steam power more effectually to the wheels and secure greater speed. To this end the steam engine works a dynamo carried by the locomotive, and generates an electric current which is sent through a number of electric motors geared to the axles of the driving-wheels. In this way the power of the engine is distributed and brought to bear on all the axles of the locomotive. It is expected that a speed of eighty or ninety miles an hour may be achieved in this way. Our illustrations,



AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

show the new locomotive uncovered, where S is the steam engine and E the dynamo which is driven by it. The electric motors worked by the dynamo are under the body of the vehicle, attached to all the eight axles.

Spraying Fruit Trees.

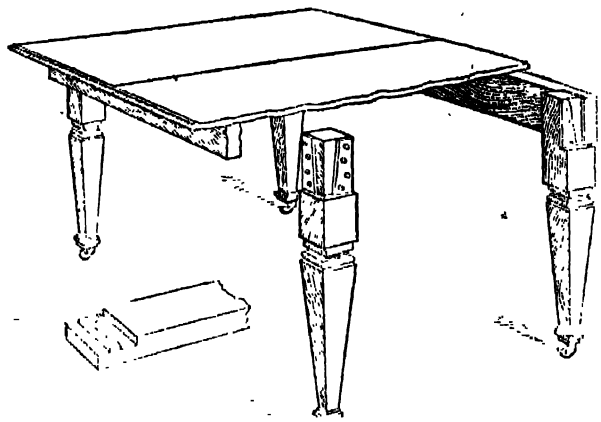
Solutions of mineral poisons are frequently used to spray fruit trees in order to kill insects, but, as experiments made at the State Agricultural College of Michigan, U.S., have shown, the practice is not free from danger, as the poison is found to adhere to the skin of the fruit, and in some instances to penetrate it. As a consequence, those who are fond of fruit may take more of the poison than is good for them. It has therefore been suggested by Dr. R. C. Kedzie that spraying should never be carried on while the fruit is ripening, and, as a rule, he says, there is no need for so much of it.

Electricity from Starlight.

Professor Minchin, a well-known Irish physicist, has just made the curious experiment of using the light of the stars to generate electricity. He is the discoverer of several forms of photo-electric batteries—that is to say, voltaic cells which are excited by a ray of light falling on the chemicals of which they are composed. The energy of the light is thus, as it were, transformed into electricity. One of these cells is composed of a plate of aluminium and a plate of selenium immersed in œnanthol. A cell of this description was recently placed under the eye piece of a telescope in the astronomical laboratory of Westmeath, and the plates of it connected to a quadrant electrometer of the kind devised by Lord Kelvin, and modified by Clifton. When the light of the planet Venus was focussed on the cell, an electromotive force of 0·17 volt was observed on the electrometer. The experiment is interesting as a curiosity of science, but, of course, it has no practical value.

A Portable Table.

Our wood-cut shows a convenient table which, with other advantages, can easily be taken to pieces and



THE TABLE.

carried upstairs or through narrow doorways, as well as packed away in small space. The frames are made in separate parts, and the tops are ledged to keep them from moving them from the frame. The dovetail joints consist of iron plates, and are easily fitted or unfitted with the help of a mallet. Platforms are also constructed by the same makers on similar principles.

HOLIDAY PROGRAMME COMPETITION.

The First Prize of TWO GUINEAS has been awarded to

W. ROUTH,
Shetland Grange, Bedall.

The Second Prize of ONE GUINEA to

The Rev. J. G. JONES, D.D.,
The Corse, Langharne, S. Wales.

An Extra Prize of HALF-A-GUINEA to

HARKIRT L. O. MILLS,
8, Florence Terrace, Falmouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to

A. M. ASHFORD, Swindon;
E. R. STUBER, Harpenden;
C. MITCHELL, Brighton.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER OF "CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE"

Will be published on May 25, and will contain a complete novel entitled

AUNT HAWKINS,

By a well-known author. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE;

A LADIES' HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT, DEALING WITH HOLIDAY DRESS, &c. &c.;

PRIZE PROGRAMMES FOR CHEAP HOLIDAY TOURS AT HOME AND ABROAD;

And other items of seasonable reading. With a large number of illustrations by well-known artists.



JUST IN REACH.

(*Drawn by* PERCY TARRANT.)

HOW I DISCOVERED THE NORTH POLE.

(Dedicated to M. Jules Verne.)

BY L. MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF ELECTRICITY."



"It can be done, and England ought to do it!"

Such was the title of a picture by a well known artist which attracted much attention at the time of our last expedition towards the North Pole, under Captain (now Sir George) Nares. The canvas represented an old "salt" looking up from a chart of the Arctic regions and delivering his mind in these emphatic words, which came from the very heart of a people who had done more than any other to explore the great ice-caps of the world. True, there were some who regarded, or affected to regard, the attainment of the Pole as a childish and fantastic aim, in comparison with the scientific explorations of the neighbouring coasts.

The Pole is a mere Abstraction, they said; and what does it matter if Captain Nares does not reach it, so long as he is able to extend the geography of the Polar Basin?

Perhaps they were sincere, but the argument sounded rather like an attempt to discount a possible defeat. Be that as it may, the general public, not so philosophical, were more interested in the adventure than in the science. They hoped that our sailors would accomplish this feat of the ages, and plant the British flag on the very crown of the planet. And why not?

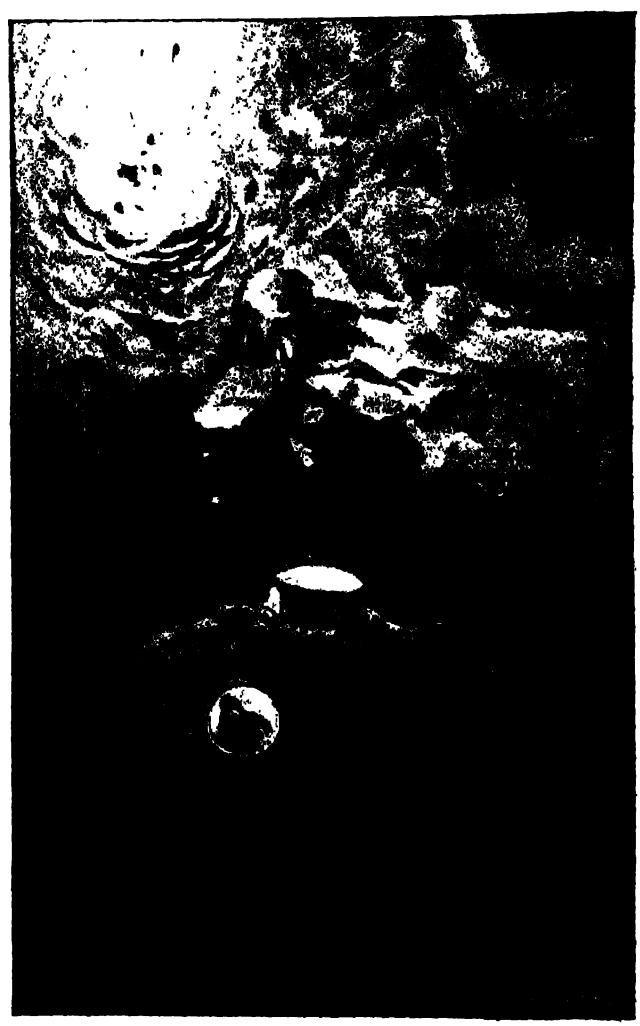
Why should there not be a generous rivalry amongst nations, as amongst individuals, making them compete for renown? Is the world so old that it does not matter who does this or that? Surely the attempt to reach the Pole is commendable, if only because it fosters manliness, and a youthful enterprising spirit!

Nares explored the upper channels of Smith's Sound, and brought home a budget of scientific observations, but he failed to reach the Pole, although his lieutenant, Markham, made a bold dash for it across the ice, and carried the Union Jack further north than any man had been before. A Polar expedition is a costly game, and even a wealthy State cannot afford the luxury often.

Hence Britain has been content ever since to look on while other nations tried their hands, in the attitude of one who says: "Beat that, if you can." It has been done. Of several attempts to reach the Pole by all three avenues into the Arctic Basin, that of Lieutenant Greeley, by way of Smith's Sound, has planted the Stars and Stripes in a higher latitude than "Markham's Farthest."

The difficulty of taking the Pole by storm has led to plans for approaching it by sap and mine: that is to say, by founding stations 100 or 200 miles in advance of each other. Lieutenant Peary has shown how easy it is to winter in the Arctic now and the project is certainly feasible, provided there is land or fixed ice on the road: but obviously, it must be a work of time.

Dr Nansen has conceived the daring idea of running



"A SUBMARINE VESSEL *À LA* JULES VERNE MIGHT BE CONSTRUCTED" (*p.* 484).

his ship into the ice to the northward of Siberia, and drifting with the current across the Arctic Sea, as near to the Pole as possible. I was present when he unfolded his plans to a brilliant meeting of the Royal Geographical Society last winter, and could not but admire his Columbian faith in his own theory and perfect confidence in the result, although experienced Arctic men, while wishing him "God speed," did not conceal their fears that he was leading a forlorn hope.

He intended to proceed the following summer in his little vessel, the *Fram*, and enter the ice somewhere between Cape Chelyuskin and the New Siberian Islands. There he and his twelve companions would spend the Arctic winter in the usual way, with the addition of an electric light on the mast-head, which would be kept going by a windmill, and the daily exercise of the men in a sort of gin. Little progress would be made during the winter, but in the ensuing spring and summer the drainage of the Siberian rivers, especially the Lena, and the pressure of the southerly winds on the pack-ice, would move the vessel towards the Pole.

In the event of a crush, he could save his boats and take up his quarters on the ice. If provisions failed, he could support his party on the minute crustaceans which flourish in the Arctic Sea. The time he would be gone depended on the speed of the drift, and he might be heard of in the Norwegian Sea, between Spitzbergen and Greenland, any time from next summer to five years hence. In concluding, he asked his audience to give him and his comrades in exile their kind thoughts; and assuredly there are many who will often picture to themselves that lonely vessel and its weird electric star of civilisation shining on the frozen roof of the world during the long Arctic night.

"It can be done, and England ought to do it!" The words kept ringing in my ears that evening; and verily it seemed that if England were to do it she had no time to lose. But how could she? On getting home, I sat down with one of Nansen's maps, which I had brought from the meeting, before me, and thought the matter over. A dash for the Pole in dog sledges might be more successful now that a wire could be laid along the ice-field to keep the pioneers always in communication with the ship or other head-quarters, and supply them with electricity (alternating currents, at least, for heat, light, and even motive power.

There was little or no chance, however, of the Government sending out another expedition on what many would regard as a wild goose chase. A submarine vessel *à la* Jules Verne might, indeed, be constructed, and supposing the surface at the Pole to be frozen hard, it might be possible to blast the ice with dynamite, and allow the vessel to emerge from the water.

Again, a steering balloon with a closed and heated car, or a flying-machine, were possible means of journeying through the air. Such conveyances, however, were still in a rudimentary condition, and belonged to the future. Then it struck me: Why need we go there at all, since we can despatch an automatic explorer in the shape of a small balloon, provided with a self-acting photographic camera to take a view of the Pole, and self-acting instruments to make scientific observations?

In the coming summer, if the ice was at all open, a ship would be able to get within five or six hundred miles of the Pole, and when the wind was favourable, let fly a number of these balloons at different points of the Arctic Basin. At middle heights the prevailing wind there is northerly: that is to say, from the Pole, but at high altitudes, and also at the surface, the currents are in general towards the Pole. On these southerly winds I rested my hopes, and if I should not succeed in discovering the Pole itself, I might come very near it, or at least add something to our knowledge of the Polar Sea.

The more I considered this idea the less chimerical it looked, and I began to make experiments with the aim of putting it in practice. I need not describe these tentative efforts for the purpose of selecting the proper kind of balloon and devising the necessary apparatus to go with it. Nor shall I in this brief article enter into all the details of the typical form which, after a great many experiments and trials, I arrived at as the best. I shall only say that the envelope consisted of gold-beaters' skin in three plies, almost impermeable, and filled with hydrogen or coal gas.

As the weight to be carried was comparatively light, the size was small, but varied according to circumstances. A car, or rather framework, of bamboo and steel was suspended from the netting so as to hang like a plumb-line below it, and keep the vertical as well as might be. On this car I fixed a set of self-acting cameras, for taking photographs of the sea or land below and the sky above. They were magazine cameras, each provided with a stock of plates and long distance lenses of various focal lengths, to allow for different heights of the balloon, and were operated at regular intervals by means of clock-works keeping time.

Those for the sky views were placed at the extremities of the car, so as to be clear of the envelope. Granting, however, that photographs could be taken in this way every ten or fifteen minutes, say, along the track of the balloon, it may be asked: How will you determine the true positions of them or tell when you have reached the Pole? No doubt that was the crux of the problem. During the darkness of the Polar winter it might be easy enough to localise the balloon where a particular photograph of the sea was taken by means of a corresponding photograph of the night sky, and the time, but not in the daylight of the Polar summer.

The probable speed of the balloon, as observed from the wind, and its course, as shown by the magnetic compass, might give a rough-and-ready "dead reckoning," like that obtained from the log-line and compass of a ship, which would be useful as a check, but not at all trustworthy by itself. I therefore fell back on



"LET GO!" (p. 487).

the gyroscope, as employed in the French Navy, and adapted it to serve as a Polar tell-tale. This philosophical spinning-top, like the ordinary top or the Scotch "peerie" of the schoolboy, has the property of keeping its axis of rotation in a fixed position in space wherever it is carried.

Consequently, if I were to set the gyroscope spinning with its axis of rotation parallel to the axis of rotation of the earth—that is to say, parallel to the line joining the north and south Poles—it would follow that when the gyroscope reached the Pole its axis of rotation would be in the same line with the axis of the earth. In other words, at the North Pole the axis of the gyroscope would be in a line with the vertical: that is to say, with a plumb-line hanging freely downwards. I had only to mount a suitable gyroscope and plumb-line on the car of the balloon, with the help of gimbals, in such a way that when the axis of rotation of the gyroscope became plumb a camera or cameras were brought into action, and photographs taken of the sea and sky.

I devised more than one way of doing this, mechanically as well as electrically, which I will not here particularise; but that which pleased me best was simply an electrical contact established between the axis of the gyroscope when it was vertical and a special form of plumb-line which I adopted. The electrical current from a dry battery, which would not freeze with the intense cold, was thus available to work a self-acting camera or cameras, and photograph both sea and sky. The gyroscope itself, I may add, was kept in rotation by the electric current.

On the car I also installed a number of scientific instruments for determining the conditions of the

atmosphere, including a maximum and minimum spirit thermometer, an aneroid barometer, a hygrometer, a dust-meter, a magnetometer, and a magnetic compass. With the exception of the aneroid, which was self-recording, the indications of the instruments were photographed at intervals by clock-work cameras.

In order to trace and recover the balloon, I appended an automatic distributor of cards or circulars, bearing instructions in different languages, such as English, French, Russian, and Norwegian. Ejected at regular intervals from the receptacle, these notices fluttered down to the earth, and the finder, reading the inscription, was asked to state in the blank space provided when and where he had picked it up; and if he had seen the ballon pass overhead, how high it was, as well as the direction and rate of its travel. If he had found the balloon itself, he was requested to give particulars of the fact, and to preserve it carefully, under promise of a reward, until it should be claimed by its owner. In any case, he was to forward the card, properly filled up, to my address or to certain authorities of his country, which were specified thereon.

While preparing the balloons, I also made arrangements for taking them to the Arctic regions and starting them on their aerial mission. My aim was to proceed to the north of Spitzbergen, where the ice is sometimes kept open by the waters of the Gulf Stream, and try to get as near the Pole as I could before letting them go. Not to confine myself to one locality, however, and, as it were, put all my eggs in one basket, I proposed to continue the voyage to Nova Zembla, and if the season permitted, to make the north-east passage to Behring Straits. In this way I should describe a half-circle round the Pole, and despatch balloons from different points of it as the wind suited, thus attempting an exploration of the entire Polar Sea. To this end I chartered a small steam whaler, the *Lodestar*, belonging to Dundee; and here I must express my gratitude to the whaling captains of that city and Peterhead for the advice and assistance which they were always ready to give me. Captain Macrae, commander of the *Lodestar*, was an experienced Arctic navigator, who had not only been engaged for many years in the whaling and sealing fleets, but had traded as far as the mouth of the Lena. The chief officer had accompanied Mr. Lamont on his sporting trips to Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla in the steam yacht *Diana*, and members of the crew had served with Captain Nares as well as the Greenland whalers.

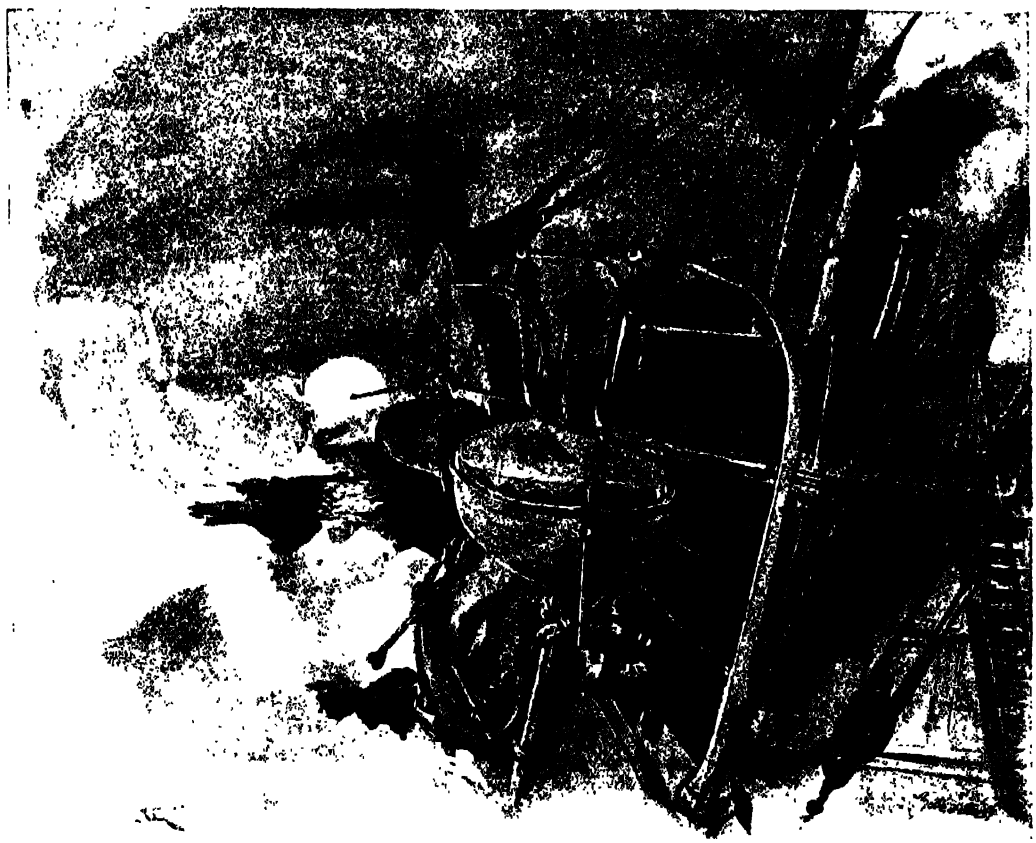
By the 30th of June, 1893, the *Lodestar* was fully equipped and ready for sea. Dr. Nansen had already sailed on his hazardous, not to say foolhardy, expedition, and was far on his way to Cape Chelyuskin.

We left Dundee on the 1st of July, and after calling at Lerwick for fresh meat and vegetables, crossed to Hammerfest, in Norway, where we took in coal, then steamed due north for Spitzbergen. The weather was fine, the wind fair, and the crispy sea a lovely azure blue. Only a glimpse of the fulmar petrel or the spouting of a "finner" whale told us that we were in the Arctic regions. Soon, however, a covey of auks surrounded the vessel, and a flock of snow-buntings perched on the rigging. The bleak hills of Bear Island, usually hid in fog, were plainly visible. Later on, we found ourselves in dirty-green water swarming with minute organisms, and knew that we had left the genial tide of the Gulf Stream. Floes dotted with black specks, in the shape of seal and walrus, began to appear, and on the 9th we sighted the peaks and glaciers of Spitzbergen. Traversing the Thousand Islands, we skirted the east coast in seas of floating ice, and reached the North Cape in two days. There was drift-ice between us and the Seven Islands, but not enough to prevent us forcing a passage to the north end of Parry's Island, where we anchored in lat. 80° 40′ N., long. 21° E.

The island consists of two mountains covered with Arctic herbage, and was surrounded by a belt of



"I CLIMBED A LOW HILL AND SPIED AN OPEN SEA" (*p.* 488).



'WE HAD BEEN CAUG

solid ice. Scouts were sent to climb the hills and report on the state of the sea to the northward, and as the wind was favourable, I prepared to despatch No. 1 balloon from the ice-foot, which gave us more room than the deck of the ship. A fresh southerly breeze was blowing at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, and as we lay about 560 nautical miles from the Pole, she ought to reach it in some twenty-four hours at the same speed. My calculations as to the buoyancy of the balloon and the adjustment of the cameras were soon made; the envelope was rapidly filled with coal-gas from the steel cylinders in which it was compressed, and the apparatus affixed to the car, each in its proper place. At 3 p.m. all was ready, and the inflated silk swaying in the air under the restraint of the ropes to which the men clung, waiting for the word.

"Let go!" I cried, and instantly the swelling balloon shot upwards, with the car dangling beneath her, and sailed majestically away in the direction of the Pole. "Hurrah!" cheered the men; and as we stood there eagerly watching the pearly drop vanishing into space, I found myself muttering: "It can be done, and England ought to do it!"

A scout having reported thick ice to the northward, I decided to stay there for the present and despatch a second balloon. When this had been done, however, another scout brought word that the ice had become looser to the northward, and that a "water-sky" could be discerned beyond it. Being anxious to get as far north as possible, we started again, and by dint of doubling and charging the bergs, got through a zone of thick ice and into an open stretch of sea, which took us into lat. 81° 43′ N., and long. 22° E.: our northmost point, where we let fly a third balloon from the deck of the ship. She had only about 500 miles to cover, but the breeze had become moderate, and seemed to be dying away. Our position was a risky one, for the pack ice, broken up by the southerly wind, was closing in again as it fell; and since we had no time to lose, I gave orders to steer for Nova Zembla.

Our course took us past the mysterious Gillis Land, whose dome-shaped mountains could be seen across the unbroken ice-field around it. The wind had changed to the north-east, and there were signs of a snowstorm; but I was loth to leave the Far North without making another trial, and sent up a pilot balloon, to see whether or not there was a southerly wind at a higher altitude. Finding the surmise correct, I despatched a fourth balloon of greater buoyancy, which, after ascending through the lower wind, caught the upper current, and was hurried rapidly towards the Pole. Our position at the time (July 13th) was in lat. 80° N. and long. 35° 10′ E.

We then bore away southward through the drift-ice, and eastward to the Admiralty Peninsula of Nova Zembla (lat. 75° 5′ N., long. 54° E.), where we anchored on July 21st. The state of the ice prevented us from going further north to Cape Nassau, if not beyond it, and a strong easterly gale, with heavy snow-storms, kept us lying idle. In two days, however, it moderated, and after another day of calm and fog, a southerly breeze sprang up, which enabled us to launch two balloons. We then turned southward, and finding the Matoschkin Straits open, steered through into the Kara Sea.

It was tolerably free of ice, barring some rotten floes; and in spite of contrary winds and cheerless fogs, we arrived at Cape Chelyuskin, or North east Cape (lat. 77° 30′ N., long. 104 E.), where we anchored on August 17th. In a little bay of this low promontory, which forms the northmost point of Asia, we came to anchor for three days, waiting for a favourable wind, and amusing ourselves with the Samoyedes, who had an encampment close by, and were able to inform us that Nansen had passed many weeks before. On the 20th we found there was an upper current for the Pole, and liberated another balloon, to the great amazement of the primitive Samoyedes.

Immediately afterwards we started eastward for the Liachoff, or New Siberian Islands, but owing to the ice and weather, we had to hug the coast a good deal, and it was not until August 30th that we reached Liachoff. Here, in lat. 73° 10′ N., and long. 141° E., we sent off two balloons (Nos. 8 and 9) on a stiff southerly breeze, and continued our voyage. The open channel between the mainland and the ice-fields to the north grew narrower as we proceeded; but in spite of troublesome fogs and shallows, we reached Bear Islands (lat. 71° N., long. 161° E.), and sent up another balloon on September 2nd. In attempting to steer eastward to Cape Schlagskoj (lat. 70° N., long. 171° east), we found the way blocked by impenetrable ice, and had to keep the narrow lane along the coast. On the 6th we rounded Cape Schlagskoj and anchored, waiting for a wind. Next day, while visiting the tents of some Tchuktchis, I climbed a low hill, and spied an open sea north of the ship, which proved to be a kind of bay in the ice to the west of Wrangel Land. We therefore sailed northwards, and gained a point in lat. 73° 14′ N., long. 172° E., where, on September 7th, we despatched our last balloons from the deck. While we stood and watched them slowly vanishing in the far distance, none of us observed that the ice was closing around us, and almost before we were aware of it we had been caught as in a trap. The vessel was cruelly nipped between the grinding floes and bergs, but fortunately, she withstood the tremendous pressure. It was so late in the season that new ice was forming, and I thought we were fairly locked up for the winter, but by dint of cutting and blasting the ice with dynamite, we succeeded in escaping to the south. As we sailed eastward beyond Wrangel Land, the weather became mild and rainy, and on the 18th of September we doubled East Cape and entered Behring Straits. At Vancouver I left the ship to come home by way of Cape Horn, and taking the Canadian Pacific Railway to New York, arrived in London on October 31st, after an absence of four months.



"A DOG-RIB INDIAN BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH A SHOT FROM HIS GUN" (*p.* 489).

* * * *

Time passed without bringing me news of my balloons, and I began to fear that I should never hear any more of them, when, to my surprise, I received a communication from the Hudson Bay Company enclosing a letter addressed to me by the Chief Factor of Fort Enterprise, a fur-post of the Company in Rupert's Land. I opened it with a beating heart, and, to my great joy, found that a balloon had been captured in the neighbourhood of the fort, and was actually on its way home.

It appears that a Dog Rib Indian, while out hunting one day at the end of September on the south-east of the Great Bear Lake, had seen it floating overhead, and after overcoming his fright at the mysterious object, brought it down with a shot from his gun. Not knowing what to make of it, and thinking it might be some "strange medicine" of the white man, he and his family had taken it to Fort Enterprise, where the trader examined it, and, finding one of my cards of explanation, had kindly sent it to its destination.

Fort Enterprise is situated on Winter Lake, between the head-waters of the Yellow Knife and Coppermine Rivers, in lat. 64° 15′ N., long. 113° 30′ W.; and I must confess I had not expected any of the balloons to turn up in that quarter. As may be supposed, I was intensely curious to learn what record it had kept of its wanderings across the Polar Sea. About a week ago it was delivered to me, and although the apparatus was much damaged, I was glad to find my efforts had not been altogether in vain, and that some of the photographs, on being developed, were fairly legible.

The balloon proved to be No. 9, which, it may be remembered, was one of two despatched from Liachov or Liachoff Island, in lat. 73° 10′ N., long. 141° E., one of the New Siberian group. According to the compass record, it had pursued a somewhat north-easterly course, and a photograph of the icy sea, taken, as I estimate, in lat. 79° N., long. 125° E., has puzzled me a good deal. In the middle of the white waste of the ice it showed a dark blotch, not unlike a ship, with black spots here and there, which I took to be men. On enlarging it, judge of my astonishment to find that it was indeed a vessel caught in the pack, and that in one of the dim figures on deck I fancied I could trace the features of Dr. Nansen, watching the balloon with a telescope to his eye! Considering the improbability of another vessel being ice-locked in that region, I am forced to regard it as a photograph of the *Fram*.

Another plate of much interest shows, to my mind, that a large island or continent exists to the north-east of Nansen's position, and extends towards, if not quite up to, the Pole. Unfortunately, the pictures at this part of the voyage are somewhat blurred and out of focus, but I think I can trace the outlines of snow-covered hills and glaciers.

As for the Pole itself, let me say at once that in the cameras actuated by the gyroscope, or Polar tell-tale, I found several photographs, all more or less indistinct and out of focus, but all representing a frozen waste of snow or ice, and not an open sea. They have been taken from a high altitude, and this, together with the glare of the snow, renders it almost impossible to trace any details. Signs of roughness on the surface are indeed discernible in one picture, but whether it is due to bergs and hummocks, or to land glaciation, I am unable to decide. Be that as it may, I confidently believe that I have discovered the North Pole, and that not exactly in my easy-chair, but at the cost of a pleasure cruise.

In approaching near the Pole the balloon seems to have ascended to a great height (greater than I had allowed for) on an upward current, and then drifted south-eastward, with a current from the Pole in the direction of Greenland; and one or two photographs on this course indicate an appearance of land between the Pole and what is now called Grant Land. Whether this land stretches to the Pole, or how far it extends southwards, I am at a loss to say, partly owing to the stock of photographs having come to an end. After that, the balloon seems to have been carried round to the south-westward, until it was shot by the Indian. A full account of the expedition will be given in a book which I am about to publish, including the narrative of our adventures, fac-similes of the photographs, and the scientific observations.

The advantages of this method of automatic exploration are obvious; and perhaps I need hardly point out the future before it, more especially in the discovery of the South Pole and the Antarctic regions, not to speak of other inaccessible or, at least, unexplored mountains and deserts. The pioneer balloon will facilitate rather than supersede personal exploration, by making a preliminary journey, and giving the intending traveller a bird's-eye view of the country he is about to penetrate.

P.S.—While correcting the proofs of this article, I have just received an official telegram from St. Petersburg, informing me that another of my balloons has been picked up near a settlement in the north of Siberia, whose name I cannot decipher, and is now in safe keeping at Yakutsk.

IF ROSY CHEEKS WERE ALL.

AH, love! if rosy cheeks were all!
If beauty were thy sole estate!
Though thou shouldst hold the world in thrall,
The envy of the proud and great,
And kings should worship at thy shrine—
I would not sigh to call thee mine.

But since to beauty's self are joined
Thoughts gentle and desires subdued,
The graces of a cultured mind,
And love, the crown of every good—
I deem my double bliss divine,
And thank the fates that made thee mine.

MATTHIAS BARR.

THE NEW DERBYSHIRE RAILWAY.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD KEENE, DERBY.



STONEY MIDDLETON.



CASTLETON CAVE DALE AND PEVERIL CASTLE.

DERBY borough and shire have played an important part in the industrial life of Great Britain. On the banks of the Derwent at Cromford Sir Richard Arkwright built his first cotton factory, and on an island swamp of the same river at Derby the first silk-mill in England was erected, while within pistol-shot of that mill one of the first china works in the United Kingdom—the works which extorted the admiration of gruff old Doctor Johnson—was established. Derbyshire, moreover, has been most intimately identified with the rise and progress of railways; and if the county cannot claim to be the birthplace of George Stephenson "George the Fifth: the Greatest of all the Georges"—it was the scene alike of his early struggles and final triumphs. At Tapton House, Chesterfield, the invincible engineer lived and died; and in that industrial town, with its crooked steeple, he is buried; while the pride of the place is the Memorial Hall erected to his genius and his fame.

Derby was in the van of railways, and in this last decade of the nineteenth century it brings up the rear. It was the first and is the last maker of our iron-roads. Indeed, the conception of the permanent way had its origin in this picturesque Midland County, where the Arts of Peace have been so successfully cultivated. Mr. Samuel Smiles, in his "Life of Stephenson," alluding to the tramway from the Derby Canal to the coal pits at Coxbench, says—

"In 1800 Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eaton, Derbyshire, used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails. As this plan was generally adopted the roads became known as 'Outram roads,' and subsequently, for brevity's sake 'tram-roads.'"

The last conquest of the iron horse in Derbyshire

is of more than local importance. It is, indeed, of national interest. The newly completed Dore and Chinley Railway, which pierces the Peak district, brings Sheffield and Manchester, *viâ* the Midland system, thirty-two miles nearer each other, opens a new holiday ground for tourist and tripper, fresh fields of industry, and a charming residential country.

The opening of this costly undertaking is an event of no ordinary occurrence. The new line is a little over twenty miles in length, yet more than five years and a million of money have been absorbed in its construction. The engineering works are of exceptional magnitude, and furnish a notable illustration of the triumph of mind over matter. What the iron horse cannot get over it goes under, and, as a consequence, there are four and a half miles of tunnelling. Engineers and capitalists had for a long time had their eye on the country traversed by this new Derbyshire railway; but the obstinate character of the district seemed to present insuperable obstacles.

Nor were the physical features of the locality the only difficulties encountered. The projectors of the line met with an almost unprecedented opposition from landowners and other interested parties an opposition nearly as hostile as that with which the pioneers of railways had to contend. The Ruskinites raved against the invasion of the virgin territory with an invective more fierce than the wildest passages in *Fors Clavigera*. Minor poets made an insectile noise, imitating, in their forcible feeble manner, Wordsworth, who, when the railway to the Lakes was projected, called upon "the mountains, vales, and floods" to "share the passion of a just disdain" against "that whistle."

But selfishness surely had something to do with the protest of the recluse of Rydal Mount. If the poet worshipped Nature so much himself, would he deny her magical influences to people shut up from year to year in the tainted, street-stricken towns? Lord Houghton addresses Wordsworth in this matter:—

> "And thou, the patriarch of these Lakeland vales,
> Canst never grudge that gloomy streets send out
> The crowded sons of labour, care, and doubt,
> To read these scenes by light of their own lays."

So far as the engineering works on the Dore and Chinley Railway are concerned, lovers of the picturesque will not have much to grumble at, for the triumphs of scientific enterprise add, by their splendid viaducts and winding and graceful curves, to the old wonders of Nature. Prior to the opening of this line the country was served by traction engines. The railway in the devious Derwent valley cannot surely be less æsthetic than these hideous abortions of misapplied mechanics.

A gentleman living in the Peak country admirably expresses himself on this question of railways and romance.

"Few men," he observes, "know North Derbyshire better than I do, none have revelled in its delights more than myself, and to no one are its beauties more sacred; but each time that the perennial cry of railway desecration is heard few have a greater regret for the selfishness that lies at the root of it. I have a summer cottage on a hill overlooking a Derbyshire valley. Along the bottom runs the Midland main



THE WINNATS (WIND-GATES), CASTLETON.



CAVE DALE, CASTLETON.

line; trains pass and repass every few minutes; the line is a tiny streak, the engine and carriages a toy—the whole a standing example of how puny are man's greatest mechanical triumphs, his chief efforts at controlling Nature's forces, when measured by the ever-present, unchanging immensity of even a small area of the glorious natural beauties of our land. No; do not hinder railways affording facilities for opening up the country to the dwellers in the towns; speed them on, help to cheapen the fares, and we shall want no Kyrle Societies, no Sunday Leagues, no Open Space Committees; all the influences they try to foster will be ready at our hand."

The Dore and Chinley Line, with its gigantic works and pretty railway stations, has passed through all the stages that greet great enterprises: that of sheer ridicule, that of virulent resistance, that of passive acceptance, and finally, that of enthusiastic welcome. It was derided as "The Bilberry and Besom Line" on account of the moorland character of the country which it crosses; "The Flue Line" in reference to the tunnels that perforate the hills; and "The High *Pigue* Line" because of its competition with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. Those, however, who came to scoff remain to praise, for the Dore and Chinley Line is now a fact of very substantial proportions, ballasted with something more solid than bombast, and is the latest completed addition to the new routes to Peakland. Another railway is in course of construction that will also be the carrier for this part of mid-England: The East to West Coast Railway—a cross-country line that links Hull with Liverpool, and connects the North Sea with the Atlantic Ocean.

A plan of this ambitious addition to our network of railways appeared in CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for the month of August, 1892.

Mention, moreover, should be made of the fact that the L. & N.W. Company are also exploiting Derbyshire, and are busily engaged in carrying their "track" over the hills from Buxton to Staffordshire. This extension of their system makes the idyllic valley of the Dove easy of access without desecrating Dove Dale.

But to return to the Dore and Chinley Railway. It should be remembered that so long ago as 1872 certain Sheffield capitalists sought Parliamentary powers to construct a line to be called "The Dore, Hassop, and Castleton Railway." The scheme failed through want of support. It was considered that such a line could only serve a limited and almost unproductive local area, leading from nothing to nowhere. In 1884 the Dore and Chinley Railway Company, Limited, was floated, and received Parliamentary sanction.

This project also proved abortive. It was at this juncture that the rich and powerful Midland Company discerned the advantages of the abandoned undertaking, and at once stepped into the breach.

The new line is no plaything, but considering the mountainous character of the country the gradients are fairly good and the curves not severe. The steepest incline is not more than 1 in 100, and the most acute curve not more than half-a-mile in radius.

While the merchants of both Sheffield and Manchester will appreciate the commercial advantages of this new highway, they will not be indifferent to the pleasant residential attractions it opens out; and, no doubt, in a few years hence the health-inspiring district will be dotted with mansions and villas, designed, let us hope, by a Norman Shaw, in artistic sympathy with the superb scenic surroundings, and not with the architectural atrocities and breaches of the peace in bricks and mortar of Mr. Buggins, who builds for to-day and charges for all time. The "beauty spots" of this romantic region will become familiar to thousands of people to whom such inviting places as Castleton and the Vale of Hope, Grindleford Bridge, and Hathersage are but mere geographical expressions.

together with the magnificent range of "Edges" that dominate the dales from Kinderscout in the northern extremity, by Bamford, Derwent, and Millstone, to Stanage, Froggatt, and Curbar at the southern end overlooking the wide vale of Chatsworth.

Will the reader accompany the writer in a trip over this new line? Well, we have joined the train at Dore and Totley, a pleasant suburb of Sheffield, and in touch with the undulating moorlands that rise and fall in mountain waves of oceanic grandeur—the heathery wilds that were beloved by Charlotte Brontë and Ebenezer Elliott, and are described by Paul Cushing in "The Blacksmith of Voe;" by Mrs. Humphry Ward in "The History of David Grieve;" by Joseph Hatton in several novels, and by other authors of repute. We rattle through Ponton Wood and presently enter the first tunnel, 6,171 yards in length, beginning at Totley Bents and terminating at Padley Wood. There is only one longer tunnel in the United Kingdom—the Severn Tunnel, 7,664 yards in length. We are burrowing under the Derbyshire Dukeries, for at this point the estates of their Graces of Devonshire, Rutland and Norfolk may be said to embrace each other. You might shoot at a grouse on the property of a Cavendish for it to fly over the ground of a Manners, and for it to drop dead on the estate of a Howard. Fox House, a well-known coaching house, at the junction of four roads, is over the tunnel to the east side, as also is Longshawe Lodge, the shooting-box of the Duke of Rutland. The public are allowed access to the pleasant grounds at Longshawe Lodge, which are diversified with a lake, and some effective rockery and wild-shrub gardening. It is a retreat placed amid wild moorland scenery, where the grim gritstone rocks are scattered in strange confusion amid ferny cloughs and wind-swept spaces of ling and heather, bilberry and wild thyme. One of these weather-stained stones is called "The Toad's Mouth," because of its supposed resemblance to that uncouth reptile. The line emerges into the glad daylight again just at the poetical point where that vivacious stream, the Burbage Brook, joins the Derwent.

The Burbage valley is one of the loveliest in Derbyshire, and the "Brook" is an ideal peat-stained stream; and, as it wimples at its own sweet will through Padley Wood, the scene might have been borrowed from Fairyland. You almost expect in these secluded glades to disturb at their revels Titania, Oberon, and their attendant elves and nymphs. This Burbage, by the way, is not to be confounded with the lime-burning village of the same name near Buxton.

On its journey from the hills the Burbage Brook has passed the sublime rocky platform of Hu-Gaer ("the city of God") and the old British fort, Caelswark ("the building of the churl—Anglo-Saxon 'Carl'"). The view from these prehistoric crags is very impressive; and this part of the railway journey is, perhaps, the most picturesque on the whole route. Close at hand are the ruins of Padley Hall and the consecrated chapel, painfully associated with the persecutions of Roman Catholics in Derbyshire in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The buildings are a mere shell, and very affecting to the religious mind in their decay. It is a pity, if not a scandal, that the chapel, a monument of the piety of mediæval times, should be prostituted to the use of a hayloft and a cowshed!

The first station from Dore and Totley is at Grindleford Bridge. The burly hill called "Sir William"—*not* named after "Historicus"—breaks the sky-line to the west, with Stoney Middleton opening out its limestone pass, and classic Eyam—the scene of the Great Plague—scattered in isolated grey cottages over the hungry hillsides. Hathersage is the next station. The church on the hill, surrounded by greater heights, is old and interesting, and contains some fine monuments. The churchyard is the burial-place of "Little John" Robin Hood's gigantic accomplice. A delightful rural ramble brings the lover of quaint architecture to North Lees Hall, once the manor-house of the Eyre family, and now the property of Mr. G. H. Cammell, the Hallamshire monmaster. North Lees is an isolated Elizabethan mansion, surrounded by the austere hills. A staircase from basement to roof is a feature of the fine old house. It is spiral in shape, and the stairs, which consist of solid pieces of oak, run round a massive newel from top to bottom. The view from the flat, lead-covered roof of the tower is a revelation in scenery too comprehensive to be even epitomised in this sketch. Hill, water, wood, cottage and hall, pastoral slope, moorland expanse, winding valley, stern peak—these are the suggestive items in the picture that the landscape painter may fill in at leisure. North Lees is now occupied as a farmhouse. The creamy milk and toasted oat cake are excellent. A little distance below this hospitable home, partly concealed in a small plantation, are the ruins of a Roman Catholic chapel built by the Eyre family, and demolished in 1688.

Shortly after Hathersage is passed we leave the Derwent to the north-east at Mytham Bridge, where the tributary river Noe joins the parent stream. The Noe gives a healthful account of itself, for its face is tanned with moss and heather, and the trout are jumping merrily.

Here is the third station—Bamford—a capital starting-point for a tramp to Ashopton and the beautiful country called "The Woodlands." Now we pursue the Noe Valley to Hope, the fourth station on the line, which leaves Castleton about two miles to the south-west.

The picture that the carriage window affords is of the massive, grassy slopes of Win Hill and Lose Hill guarding the line to the right, and Mam Tor and the lesser hills, bulking in varied shape, with their outlying valleys and green patches of pasturage, to the left. There is no dale in Derbyshire more beautiful than the Vale of Hope. It is as sweet as its name. There are others more romantic more rugged, more grand; but for pastoral charm it is irresistible. Hope is the station for Castleton—a mile away. Castleton is a name to conjure with. Over its ruined castle Sir

Walter Scott has thrown his magician's wand; while the caverns and mines are nearly as wonderful as the caves in Rider Haggard's stories of adventure. The climax of the scenery is reached at Edale. It is the fifth station on the line. The railway winds by Edale End, down Edale itself, past Edale Chapel and Edale Head.

Of Edale Head let the authorities speak. The late



BURBAGE BROOK.

Mr. Louis J. Jennings, M.P., in his "Rambles Among the Hills in the Peak of Derbyshire," is constrained to say of Edale:—

"It is impossible to do justice to the view which charms the eye. It may be doubted whether there is anything finer to be seen in England, for it includes almost everything which goes to form magnificent scenery except water. To the north the lovely Valley of Edale lies spread below, guarded by a range of hills at each end. On the other side is the equally fine Valley of Hope, with heather-covered hills stretching away for many miles. These hills are not, as we all know, as high as the mountains of Switzerland; but they are beautiful in form, and present a very noble and even grand appearance. Fresh from a visit to Switzerland, it seemed to me that I had seen nothing more beautiful and attractive."

On goes the train, with the moss-coloured Noe playing hide-and-seek with the railway. Presently there is a sharp scream from the engine, and we are in the clammy darkness of Cowburn Tunnel. Flakes of fire flutter along the wet walls, and a thousand echoes seem to have been set flying. This tunnel is 3,703 yards long, and the water that was encountered gave the engineers more trouble than the adamantine rock, which was blasted. The tapping of immense mountain reservoirs caused a rush of water which threatened to sweep away the navvies, who became, indeed, "navigators." From February, 1889, to July, 1892, the excavators were at work under Cowburn Hill. In lining the tunnel 20,000,000 bricks and 80,000 tons of stone were used. The ventilating shaft which strikes in the centre of the tunnel is 750 feet deep. This speech of figures excels all "figures of speech." Cowburn belongs to the Mam Tor range of bare grit-stone hills, on which the grass but grudgingly grows. A straight run of a mile brings us to the "fork" at Chinley and Chapel-en-le-Frith, known as the North and South Junction. From the South Junction the line passes over a striking stone viaduct of thirteen arches that almost match the fifteen arches of the viaduct on the main line.

And now our journey over the Dore and Chinley Line is at an end. Have you enjoyed the trip?

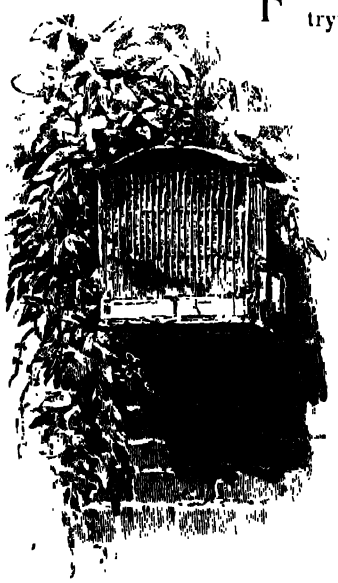
EDWARD BRADBURY.

THE CLEARING OF THE MIST.

By FRANCES HASWELL.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE DREAM OF FATE.



"FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" declaimed the youngest of the three Holroyd sisters from a point of vantage on the arm of her mother's chair. "I've got an idea; I've got something to say!"

"That's not such a rare event, my child," said the mother, "that it needs to be announced to the whole world."

"But this is a *grand* idea—an original idea! Why shouldn't we get Mabel Townsend married? I don't know how *you* all feel, but *I'm* heartily sick of our guest. Two months, *alias* eight weeks—in other words, fifty-six tedious days—and never a hint at departure. And Emily invited her for a fortnight. Say something, somebody!"

As no one picked up the gauntlet thus thrown down, Violet resumed:

"Emily, is this a time to lie on hearthrugs? Speak out; give an opinion; take the bull by the horns! You're more responsible than anybody else for this terrible condition of affairs. Suggest some scheme: suggest somebody who might be induced to marry her. Rouse yourself; you don't look a bit statuesque down there (whatever you may fancy), except in the matter of silence."

"Well, silence is golden. And really I don't see that poor Mabel does anybody much harm."

"Oh! indeed, don't you? Did your old friend, Josephine Hunt, do us much harm?"

"*She* stayed nine months——"

"So will Mabel, if left to herself, with her three big boxes. Josephine only brought a Gladstone bag."

"Josephine got ill, and *I* had to nurse her."

"So will Mabel; and if we don't quickly get her married she'll fall in love with someone who doesn't *reciprocate her affection*, and *you'll* have to drag him to the altar. Or she'll stay here till she dies, and she'll put it in her will that she must have an expensive funeral, and you'll have to bury her. Yes, *you*, Emily, out of your own pocket-money. And now I dare say you say in your heart, 'I'll be rid of her then, at any rate'—but you were never more mistaken in your life, for she'll haunt you. Or else you'll fall in love yourself, and she'll put her finger in the pie and spoil it——"

"Violet," said Mrs. Holroyd, "don't pour out such a river of nonsense."

"It does sound very like a nightmare, doesn't it? But dreams often come true.

"'Who knoweth if this crimson dream of late
Come through the ebon or the ivory gate.'"

"Violet's dreams mostly come through the false gate, whichever that is," observed Maud.

"You're so horribly matter-of-fact! You don't have prophetic dreams or interesting nightmares. If you ever dream at all—which I doubt—you dream you are adding up the household accounts, and giving out tea and candles to the maids. That's about your form, Maud."

"Violet, how often am I to forbid slang?"

"As often as you like, dear mother. I never know what things are, and what are not, slang. Come, Emily, do you want a few more prophetic details?"

"Details what about?"

"About these very perplexing and exciting love affairs in which you and Cousin Mabel are going to be inextricably mixed up together."

"Detail away, if that will give you any pleasure."

"I'm afraid there *is* a painful pleasure in dreaming of our friends' misfortunes. Emily, you may scoff now, but the day will come when you'll remember my warnings. So now for details. The first detail is that Mabel will prove herself extremely deceitful. You'll all agree *that* lends an agreeable air of probability to the affair."

"It's horrid of you to go on like that!" said Emily. "Mabel's not perfect, I allow, but you could pick holes in anybody—you could pick holes in a saint; I could easily pick a hundred holes in myself."

There was a general laugh.

"Never mind," continued the girl, "you know perfectly well what I mean. I made up my mind, when Mabel first came, not to begin by looking out for all the poor thing's faults. She has no particular relations in the world except one very unkind uncle; and seeing we've brought her here——"

("Seeing you've brought her here, you mean," muttered very audibly the irresponsible sprite from her perch.)

"Very well, Violet, as you say, *I've* brought her here, therefore I'm going to do my best to make her happy, and to look out for her good qualities."

"All right; look out for them. I wish you all success. Point them out to her future husband too. As for me, I purpose to wait till I can see them with the naked eye, without the aid of a microscope."

"Emily's a good girl," said the mother.

"So she is. I'm not, because you spoiled me when I was a baby. And now you have to suffer the

consequences. I find sweet peace in having no character to keep up."

"At that rate," said Emily, "you ought to be one of the peacefullest people on the face of the earth."

"So I am, or should be, if once Cousin Mabel were safely off it; or at least out of this house, with those enormous boxes——"

Three raps at the front door.



"'HERE SHE COMES.'"

"Here she comes," said Maud.

"By the way, what do you suppose is the attraction down *there*, Emily?" said Violet.

"Down where?"

"At the Anstruthers'. Mabel goes there about every two days."

The drawing-room door opened. Enter Miss Mabel Townsend with becoming languor. She sank into the most comfortable chair.

"Are you tired?" asked Emily, trying to be sympathetic.

"Yes; my head aches."

"You haven't walked?"

"No, Milly; I came up in a cab. And, by the way, here's a note from Mrs. Anstruther. They're going to have a picnic next Saturday on Northwick Sands, and they want me to bring one of you along with me."

"That's very kind," said Mrs. Holroyd.

"It's your turn, Emily," pronounced Maud, the accurate member of the family.

"Then I'll be generous and waive my claim. A long day on the sands with strangers isn't at all in my line. My whole stock of small talk would run out in the train."

"Something always turns up everywhere," said Maud.

"I don't know what you mean by something. A circus, or a goat-carriage, or a boat accident?"

"How absurd you are, Emily! Subjects for small talk always turn up if you look for them."

"But what a strain it is to look for them! No; I hardly know the Anstruthers at all, neither do I know their friends, neither do I like them; let's find an excuse."

Violet quietly slipped down from her place, walked towards the door, passing Emily by the way, and in so doing, gave her a look of strong significance.

Half a minute later, Emily followed her out into the hall.

"Come upstairs, Emily; come up into your room. I want to talk without being overheard."

After ostentatiously locking the bedroom door, Violet bestowed herself on the bed.

"Please to be seated," said she.

"What's all this mystery?" asked the elder sister, with some little curiosity.

"Emily, you *must* go to this picnic."

"Was that what you called me upstairs for?"

"I have a scheme, an expedient, a stroke of genius. Mabel is to marry, and at once—for fear of [illegible] complications: that's a settled point, isn't it? [illegible] ever you may pretend [illegible]

as sick of her as ever Sinbad was of his Old Man of the Sea."

"I'm much more sick of hearing *you* go on about her."

"That comes to precisely the same thing in every respect; for so long as she continues in the house I shall continue to 'go on' about her. But I won't mention her name, as you object to hearing it so often. That's a feeling I can sympathise with."

"But what has all this got to do with the picnic?"

"It has everything to do with it, my dear. Picnics are great places for love affairs—that we know from novels; and marriages generally begin with love affairs; and the Nameless One wouldn't go so often to the Anstruthers' if there weren't any lovers in the case; and we ought to know all about it; and as a family, we always do what we ought; therefore we *will* know all about it. So you must buy a pocket-book and pencil, and take them to the picnic; and there make a note of any young man who so much as looks at her out of the corner of his eye."

"And what next?"

"Oh, then, of course, we shall make him marry her."

"'*How yer gwine git him dar? sez Brer Fox sez ee?*'"

"You'll have to match-make, Emily. You must read up, and see how that kind of thing is managed in novels. Yes; it's the crimson dream of fate! That dream's taking hold of you now; you feel its clutches. You'll have to manage Mabel's love affairs at your own expense, just as I said——"

"With my own pocket-money?"

"Yes; or else with your own heart. In these cases I believe it generally happens that the match-maker—the go-between, you know—falls in love herself. Like Miles Standish and John Alden, you know, courting the Puritan maiden, Priscilla—'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' Only here it will be, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, Emily?'"

"I think I'll chance that. I should like to see myself in love, sprite, just to know what it's like. It must be a curious sensation."

"By all accounts it is. And you like sensations. So *that's* all right; I'm glad you're so willing to take the one risk of the game. And you've got destiny on your side, to begin with; match-makers always have, you see, for marriage is woman's destiny, and destiny's a nice strong thing to co-operate with."

"Well, I don't believe there is such a thing; neither does Browning. I'm all for free will; and I don't believe *that*, either, about marriage. It's stupid the way books go on about marriage being so awfully important. There are lots of things to do in the world besides getting married."

"Yes, of course; only Mabel's not that sort of person. She doesn't want to do lots of things, or, in fact, anything. And Shakespeare or somebody says the [illegible] must subdue his hand to the material [illegible] and Mabel's the material we work in. [illegible] politics and science, poetry, science, literature, poor people, gardening, religion, music, foreign countries, foreign languages, any books (except the one *I* happen to be reading)."

"Well, that sounds exhaustive. I hardly know what remains."

"*Well*—to use your favourite phrase—getting married remains."

"Mind, I shan't allow her to marry anyone except a very nice man."

"All right. Look out for your very nice man at Northwick! I wish you may find him, that's all. It's always a mistake to have too high a standard. Oh, bother! there's mother coming upstairs."

"It's quite bed-time, girls," said a voice at the door.

"Yes, mother; I'm coming. Anon, in the words of the poets. And, mother, stop: *Emily's going to Northwick*. Now, Emily, you're booked. In fact, *you're in the dream!*"

The eventful day arrived.

"Remember, remember, remember," said Violet.

"You've told me that about twenty-five times already. Why can't you sometimes let things alone, Violet?"

"Because things won't let me alone. *Things*—you know who I mean—always sits in my own particular chair which I took possession of when I was seven years old; she always seizes the only pen I can possibly write with; and if I'm in the middle of a novel, as sure as day she whisks it away and hides it in her own room. Then I go in while she's at the Anstruthers' with her lover, and carry it off and hide it in my own bottom drawer."

"You poor innocent victim!"

"So you *won't* forget, will you? And you'll take care not to get dragged in yourself, my dear? I should be sorry to bait the trap with my own flesh and blood, like the silly old merchant in 'Westward Ho.'"

"Oh, set your small mind at rest.

"'The acorn is not yet
Fallen from the tree
That's to make the oak,
That's to make the cradle,
That's to rock the bairn,
That's to grow to a man,
That's to wed me!'"

Emily's finger pained her half-way down to the railway-station from Violet's parting squeeze, which was meant to convey unutterable things.

On the platform Miss Townsend and Miss Holroyd met their fellow-guests, and a bird's-eye glance confirmed Emily's expectation of seeing none of her own particular friends. She shook hands with Miss Anstruther, who, after a remark or two on the beauty of the day, left her to find her own level, being at the moment in deep tribulation about the non-arrival of certain baskets.

The party was large enough to fill several railway compartments. Emily and Mabel were together; nevertheless, as Mabel seemed to know everybody, Emily felt rather left out in the cold. Everybody else was talking in twos.

Here, then, was an opportunity of taking observa-

tions for Violet's benefit. Of course, the whole thing was mere childish nonsense; but as she should have to undergo a close examination that evening, she might as well qualify herself to pass with honours.

In the first place, there was a very short youth, with a very pale moustache and a very thin voice, whose name appeared to be White. Emily instantly decided that Mr. White was "out of the running"—to use a phrase of Violet's.

There was only one other man in the carriage, and he was actually exchanging some remarks with Mabel. Emily glanced at him, and their eyes met. He held out his hand.

"I think I've had the pleasure of meeting you before, Miss Holroyd."

Emily racked her memory in vain. So, grasping her nettle, she said boldly—

"I'm very sorry; it's awfully stupid of me, but I never do know people again."

His face lit up with an amused smile, that set her at her ease at once.

"*Who are you?* that's what you really mean, isn't it?"

"Yes. It's no use pretending, is it? You'd be sure to find me out sooner or later. And then my latter end would be worse than my first."

Once more he looked amused. Emily could always get on with people who laughed with her—or even at her.

"Allow me to introduce myself afresh, then. My name is Grenville Somers. I met you last year at the Royston Gardens. I was there with Mrs. Ross. Do you remember me now?"

"Yes, of course I do. How could I be so dense?"

Mabel put in her word.

"*I* never forget a face I've once known—and liked. Like the Prince of Wales. You've heard that, haven't you? What a wonderful memory royalties have for faces!"

This turn in the conversation gave Emily leisure to take stock of Mr. Somers. She could not put him out of court at once, like poor Mr. White. He was neither dwarfish nor "muffin-faced"—to use a favourite expression of Violet's. In fact, he was quite personable. So far, so good; but then, as Emily went on to reflect, looks go but a small way in so important and comprehensive a matter as marriage.

"It wouldn't be pleasant to have to sit and gaze at a very ugly man for forty or fifty years," thought she; "but then, there's conversation to be considered. There must be a great deal of conversation in fifty years. And there's also good temper to be thought of, and good principles, and good sense. And a husband must have a sense of humour. I fancy he has—this Mr. Somers, I mean. I couldn't possibly exist with anybody who hadn't a sense of humour. However, I'm not in the question—only, of course, one can only judge by one's own standard. Well, I shall need some acuteness if I'm to find out all these things before the end of the picnic, but I may as well make a beginning. It's instructive to study character."

Emily began to feel interested in the task she had set herself. Once and again she glanced at the young man.

"I shall soon have his nose and mouth by heart at this rate," she said to herself, smiling. "But I'd like to talk to him. I'd like to draw him out, if Mabel wouldn't monopolise him so."

"It's a dreadful misfortune to forget faces as I do," she said at last, taking advantage of a momentary pause in the dialogue. "I've no doubt I've often met you in the street without taking any notice; that's the kind of thing I'm always in hot water about. That is—if you live in Royston; but perhaps you don't?"

"I've not lived in Royston very long. When I saw you last summer, I was only here on a visit. You, I suppose, are to the manner born, a citizen of this *great* city?"

"Well, we've lived here fifteen years—long enough to get very proud of the place; so I hope you don't mean to make fun of it."

"Why these suspicions? Why these false accusations? I called Royston a *great* city; do you call that making fun of it?"

"Oh, everything depends on the emphasis people put on words. Your emphasis sounded like sarcasm."

"Then I'm going to be awfully truthful and candid. I've heard Roystonians speak of the grandeur of their city: but they never seem able to give much reason for the faith that is in them. I'm quite ready to learn, though, if you'll teach me."

"Now," thought Emily to herself, "I'll try and find out whether he has much general information. It's absolutely necessary that Mabel should marry a well-informed man, because she's so ignorant herself."

"Oh," she said, "I thought all the world knew something about our long and glorious record! Have you never read English history? Don't you know Thackeray's 'Virginians'?"

"I never heard people talk about books at a picnic before," said Mabel, with a slight pout.

"It's a novel, Mabel," said Emily. "Very interesting. Well, Mr. Somers?"

"Yes, Miss Holroyd, I've heard of it."

"Then I hope you've also heard of our merchant princes, and the noble charities they founded, and our grand churches, and our wonderful boy-poet. It really takes away my breath to have to name them all at once!"

"But then, your greatness is decayed greatness," said the young man unkindly.

"Have you never heard, then, how Royston is about to renew its youth like the eagle?"

"That's right. As I have to make my living here, this eagle business will suit me uncommonly well."

Emily smiled.

"Then possibly you don't know that we are great in good works and philanthropic movements—that's an old-fashioned word. Why are you smiling? Why should any one ridicule good things?"

"Why, indeed? I should scorn to be guilty of such a thing. I never scoff. I was only going to make a remark instead of your glorious Roystonian



I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MYSELF IN LOVE, SIMPLY, JUST TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE (*p. 127*)

be if poor people got up a mission to reform the rich?"

"I only wish they would. It would be most interesting and instructive. I love good advice."

"What a singular state of mind!"

"Singular, is it? It seems to me an extremely natural one. Don't you like good advice?"

"Not invariably, by any means."

"One needn't follow it unless one likes——"

Mabel Townsend put in her word.

"Miss Holroyd is peculiar in admiring Royston so much. The other Royston girls I meet hate it."

"I know a good many Royston girls, and never heard such a sentiment before, rejoined Emily, with emphasis.

"They all call it a stupid town. I'm afraid I don't know much about the history, but they tell me it's the oldest of all slow places in all days.

"I can't imagine what they mean, then. There's so *much* that's interesting going on. There's the college, and the lectures, and lots of concerts for those who likes music, and lots of pleasant people and interesting excursions in the neighbourhood. I can't imagine anyone call it dull?"

"A discussion, especially warm discussion," [illegible] Miss Townsend, [illegible]

"It's no business of mine," said Mabel languidly. "I was only repeating what I had heard the Royston girls say."

"I want to know *why* these people find the place dull," said the indignant Emily.

"There's no society, they say."

"I don't understand."

"That is nothing worth calling society parties——"

"There are *lots* of parties in the winter."

"That depends on what you mean by parties. Twenty girls sitting together in a room with about two men, if you call that a party, I suppose there are parties."

"But Mabel, it does vex me when people talk like that. Just consider——"

"Oh no, Milly, I don't want to consider. And I don't want to argue. I'm very sorry I said anything at all about it. Let's make up our minds once for all that Royston's the most charming place on the face of the earth, and have done with it."

Emily felt snubbed and shut up. She was accustomed to that kind of thing from Mabel, and in a general way did not mind it a bit, everybody had some faults, and it was just Mabel's manner; only disliked being made to look disputatious and

She subsided into silence.

"Well," thus ran her thoughts, "I expected this picnic to be dull, but it's not going to be *that*, and one would rather have a spice of unpleasantness than utter vapidity. This young man has something to say. It looks as if I might find out a great deal more about him before I've done with him. If he does like Mabel and if she likes him, of course we shall get to know him quite well. It's rather curious, but I don't know that I ever did know a man what you might call well. We were so young when father died, and we never saw much of Uncle Henry. I shall watch, and I shall observe, and I shall draw conclusions. Perhaps Violet's 'dream of fate' is going to come true, after all. Perhaps I shall play an important part in a love affair. I shall get to be a confidant, and what Violet calls a go between! I rather enjoy being '*in the dream*,' so far. If the dream's so amusing, I wonder what the real thing is? It's a pity Violet can't hear my thoughts, or she'd read me a thrilling lecture against being drawn into these whirlpools and vortexes in my own proper person!"

And Emily smiled the superior smile of the heart-whole maiden.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

TAKING OBSERVATIONS.

WHEN they got out at Northwick, Emily drew Mabel aside.

"I'm very sorry if I vexed you," she said. "I didn't mean to. I suppose I *did* speak rather emphatically. Did you think so? I'm afraid I obtruded my own opinions too strongly?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mabel impatiently. "We can't stand talking here. Don't you see everybody else is going out? Come this way, and let me introduce you to Miss Hervey, that plain dowdy girl standing by Mr. Somers; she's quite one of your own sort. Be quick! Oh, Miss Hervey, allow me to introduce my friend, Miss Emily Holroyd. Which way now, Mr. Somers? Do you know the road?"

And a minute later Emily found herself walking down a sandy street, trying with one half of her mind to make small talk for the new acquaintance, while the other half was busied with Mabel and Mr. Somers, who had gradully fallen into the rear. Mabel was not a rapid walker.

"She did seem in a dreadful hurry to get rid of me, and to seize on Mr. Somers herself. If ever I'm in love, I shan't allow it to make me rude and inconsiderate to other people. She might have let me walk with them just as far as the beach; they can't have anything so very private to say. I haven't the remotest notion what Miss Hervey would like to talk about. For anything I know, her favourite subject may be extinct monsters, or, just as likely, the Psychical Research Society. I'll just ask her quite simply *what* it is. Now, I find it as easy as possible to talk to Mr. Somers—rather too easy, in fact, considering Mabel's selfishness."

But time passed on—time always does pass on,



"FEELING A LITTLE ENVY AND MORE SURPRISE." (p. 501.)

somehow; Emily and Miss Hervey found common ground in abusing the architecture of Northwick villas and admiring Ruskin. They had lunch, and then the pleasure-seekers gathered in groups on the sand, discussing plans for the afternoon.

It appeared there was to be a division of forces, and Mr. Somers undertook to get up a party to explore Brendon Down, a great spur of hill that bounds Northwick Bay to westward.

"I shall go to Brendon Down," thought Emily. "I've been longing to see it close at hand ever since the moment we first caught sight of it. And I rather hope Mabel will go out in the boat. She hates walking."

Emily's own heart warmed at the prospect of a long walk. Having given in her own name as one of the pedestrians, she watched Mabel with curiosity. If she chose Brendon, the choice would be significant.

"Brendon Down! charming!" said Mabel, in response to Mr. Somers' invitation. "Only - how far is it?"

"Nothing much; two or three miles."

"The sea's too dreadful for anything," responded Mabel, with a shudder; "but then, it's such very hard work walking through sand, isn't it? I don't think I could undertake it without help, and I should be sorry to burden my friends."

Grenville could not do less than reply courteously—

"I shall be glad to be of any assistance."

Emily stood and looked on, feeling a little envy and more surprise at the ease and assurance with which Mabel could treat people. But they seemed to like it. No doubt Mr. Somers would quite enjoy dragging Mabel at a snail's pace through the loose sand. How absurd it was, though, for her to attempt a five-miles' walk at all!

"If there's any love in the case, I suppose it's all right," thought she; "only that's just what I don't know as yet. I wonder whom I can attach myself to? This would be a lovely expedition if I had anyone pleasant to walk with. I wonder whether I might throw myself once more on Miss Hervey's mercy—though I fear we've exhausted Ruskin. One can't walk alone exactly. I really know nobody else except this Mr. Somers, and as he and Mabel have paired off together (which was *entirely* her own doing), I'll just go and propose to join them, and see what happens. Mabel's quite capable of sending me about my business if she doesn't want me, therefore I needn't be afraid of being a marplot."

So Emily followed the two, and said, laughing—

"Can you do with a second supporter, Mabel? I imagine you'll find it harder walking than you bargained for; and you *are* rather lazy, you know."

"Oh no, thanks, that's quite unnecessary—as Mr. Somers is so kind. It would be a shame to keep you lagging behind with me. Would you like to be introduced to Mrs. Lowell or Miss Darley, that girl with the magenta ribbon in her hat?"

"But we're not going to get left behind," said Mr. Somers. "You under-rate my strength. We shall have no difficulty in keeping up with you, Miss Holroyd."

That was a very nice good-natured speech on the part of Mr. Somers.

"I *like* him," thought Emily, "but of course I won't go where I'm not wanted."

So she fell back on Miss Hervey and a middle-aged lady they had talked to at lunch, for her heart did not warm towards the girl with the magenta ribbon.

Brendon Down had looked a most tempting object of pilgrimage from the opposite end of Northwick Sands, but when our pleasure-seekers had walked some two miles they found their progress barred by an impassable stream flowing down to the sea in a deep channel of black mud.

Those of the party who were strangers to Northwick were at first taken aback by this unlooked-for obstacle; eventually, however, they secured three small boats, and were rowed down the Stygian stream and safely deposited at the foot of the hill, whence they climbed the heights and walked on for another half-mile along a rough ridge, on either side of which the ground fell seaward. Then they all sat down to rest.

Conversation with Miss Hervey and her friend had by this time somewhat exhausted itself, and Mabel still kept her clutch on her young man. Emily watched the ships passing up or down, the circling gulls, the breakers rhythmically falling on the long line of sands, and wished she could go on just a little further, to the point where the Down "breaks down in cliffs to the sea." But she didn't like to go alone.

"What a splendid view!" said someone.

"For my part," said Miss Hervey, "I prefer the view from Hatton Hill, close to home; don't you, Miss Holroyd?"

Miss Holroyd had never seen the Channel look more glorious than from Hatton Hill on a summer evening. "But then," added she, "we haven't seen this place by sunset."

Whereupon, an enterprising person in the company, a certain Mrs. Lowell, then and there invited all present to take tea with her next Saturday in the garden of the old house at the foot of Hatton Hill—"every one of you," she said emphatically, "at five o'clock. Now, don't forget."

But the words "five o'clock" suggested to Miss Anstruther the propriety of looking at a watch; she startled the group by announcing that time was passing on, that the tide must be fast going out, and if they wanted to re-cross black Styx, not a moment was to be lost.

Time and tide wait for no one; there was nothing for it but to hurry down again. But when they got back to the place where the boats had been left, lo and behold! one of those boats had vanished; either the man had got tired of waiting, or business had called him away, and the two boats that remained would hardly suffice to carry the whole party, pack as tightly as they would. They could but try. One boat rowed away as full as it could float; the second also filled; no one remained on shore except Mr. Somers, who had been helping the ladies in, Emily, who had not liked to push herself to the front, and Mabel.

"What *shall* we do?" said Miss Anstruther

helplessly; she felt, as it were, responsible for this serious hitch.

Mr. Chester, from the further end of the boat, begged to be allowed to give up his place to somebody, if anybody would allow him to move.

"Never mind me," said Emily. "I'm not in the least sorry to be shut up here for an hour or two, till the tide turns. I mean to go along to the end of the rocks and see the rollers from the Atlantic coming in."

So the boats disappeared into the mud labyrinths, leaving the three figures on shore to their own devices.

"I'll sit down here and wait," said Mabel, "while Emily goes and looks at the sea."

"Oh, but wouldn't you like to see the view too, Mabel? Unless you are too tired."

"Yes, certainly," said Mr. Somers; "let us all go. This would be rather a stupid place to spend an hour and a half in; there's nothing to see down here."

"I *am* too tired," said Mabel, with decision—"too horribly tired! Of course I should be sorry to prevent other people from doing whatever they like—but it was a mistake for *three* of us to stay behind; I do think they might have contrived to squeeze one more into the boat."

"You two stay here, and I go," said Emily, with a fine sense of generosity. "I love queer out-of-the-way places like this."

It seemed only right to give them a chance of privacy, on what Violet would have expressed as "the off-chance" of a love affair.

"Wouldn't she cry shame on me," thought Emily, "if I let slip such an obvious opportunity of match-making after all her counsels? Though it's all nonsense, really. I should never have thought of such undiluted moonshine (that's what Violet would call it if it was anybody's idea but her own), except for her putting it so forcibly into my head with *crimson dreams*, and all the rest of it."

So she hurried up the steep path. After all, it was a little dreary to take such a long walk in this solitary place all by herself, even though she did love queer solitary places. A step behind her.

"Miss Holroyd, do you mind me coming with you?"

"Oh, not a bit. I mean I'm very glad. But Miss Townsend—I'm afraid she won't like being left alone."

"Someone must be alone," said Grenville.

"Decidedly this does *not* look like a love affair," thought Emily. "Violet will be woefully disappointed when I get to this part of the story. Still, there may have been a quarrel—a fierce lover's quarrel—during the two minutes they were left together."

And she smiled inwardly at her own absurdity.

So they climbed the promontory again, and saw once more the sea, and the gulls, and the long winding shore.

"I'm glad I've got somebody to pour out my raptures to," said Emily. "This really is a beautiful silence. Now choose your topic."

place. But first of all, are you in a proper frame of mind to hear them? or will you turn them into fun?"

"Do you object to fun?"

"Not in its proper place."

"And where is that?"

"At home, for instance, when we sisters get into a merry mood, I often have to mop up the tears with a handkerchief."

"That seems a peculiar notion of merriment."

"Don't you understand? Have you never laughed till you cried? I do—often. But I don't want to laugh now. I want to talk about poetry and history. Do you care for *that kind of thing?*"

"I'm afraid I must confess to having read less poetry and history than I ought to have done. You mustn't put me through a stiff examination. At school, you see, a boy gets into the way of thinking all time wasted that's not spent in games."

"But you're not a little boy, fresh from school," began Emily rather indignantly. "I beg your pardon, but I really think you must have had plenty of time to read books since you left school."

"I've been busy with other things since that. Men have to get their living."

"Ah, no; these are mere excuses—just different ways of saying you don't care about books. I'm very sorry; you lose pretty much everything that makes life worth living."

"Is there nothing you care for in life except books, then?"

"Yes, there are *some* other things, of course. I said *nearly* everything, didn't I? There are lots of things one's obliged to do, duties of all kinds, but one wants a little pleasure to sweeten them, and books are the greatest pleasure in the world—to me, at least.

"Set to work, then, and brighten up this stupid mind of mine. Who knows? You may be able to improve my low tastes, and it's the *forte* of Roystonians to reform the world."

"I can't expand—I can't let myself out, except to a sympathetic listener."

"But you mistook me entirely. I humbly confessed my ignorance: that was all. I'm extremely sympathetic—I am, indeed."

"Come, Mr. Somers, what *do* you take an interest in? I'd try to make myself agreeable to you in your own way if I knew what that was."

"I hardly know myself—things in general."

"That's a large order. You remind me of a shy boy who came to tea at our house last winter, and when asked what he would take to eat, said: 'Whatever you like, thanks; I don't mind.' That was puzzling, but not so puzzling as you are, because at the most there weren't above half-a-dozen kinds of cake on the table, whereas there are twenty thousand things in general."

"Why that particular figure?"

"Because one must say something."

"Why must one, if I may be so inquisitive?"

"Because I *want* to say something, then."

"We can talk of the scenery."

"I can't. Whatever am I going to say? The water's blue, but you know that just as well as I do; and besides, it isn't blue at all. The grass is green—that's equally commonplace. The rocks are steep. Is that the sort of thing you mean? For you don't care to hear me quote poetry on the subject, which probably I could do very prettily."

"You know very well that I'm longing to hear a specimen of your powers in that way, and if you refuse, it will be out of the sheer perversity of your heart."

"Let's talk about people, then; people are always interesting. Talk about yourself."

"Well, but I shan't find that such an interesting topic as you kindly imply. I know myself so painfully well that I often get very tired of myself."

"But you forget that other people don't know you painfully well. To me, for instance, you're still strange and mysterious, and everything that's curious and interesting."

"You're pleased to be sarcastic; and," added the girl demurely, "we were taught at school that it was ill-bred to talk of ourselves."

"Ah! but you also learned at school that every rule has its exceptions, and this is an exception. Besides, I have a reason for wanting to hear. I wish to increase my knowledge of human nature, and some day—who knows?—I may put you into a book. That's one of the privileges of friendship nowadays."

Emily laughed.

"Oh, very well! if you give me a solid good excuse for being egotistical—let me see; what can I tell you? I'm nineteen; I have no brothers, but I have two sisters: one older, the other younger than myself. Their names are Maud and Violet; my name is Emily. There, will that help you to write your book, which is probably a directory? Oh, I forgot my address: Miss E. Holroyd, The Firs, Windmill Hills, Royston."

"It's not quite the kind of information I wanted. I shouldn't have taken the liberty of questioning you on your family history. You ought to have given me a complete catalogue of your opinions and tastes."

"You may be thankful I haven't, for I'm a woman with notions and hobbies; and if you'd once got me fairly started on the complete catalogue you talk of so lightly, there's no knowing where I might stop."

But by this time rapid walking had brought the two young people to Ladon Point. Emily, who, among her other hobbies, had a passion for getting near the verge of precipices, flung herself down on the very brink of the cliff.

"Oh, how delightful!" cried she. "I'm glad we've got to the end! I wish Mabel were here! But I'm sure I think of her! It gives me [illegible] Look at the water; is it grey or green? There's no word to describe it. What a long way we can see down the Channel! Just think: behind us is King Alfred's country; down there is Lorna Doone's country; if we could see a little further, it would be the country of Westward Ho: *there's* Glastonbury, which—but I'm forgetting; you don't care for such things."

"Yes, go on. You make it all sound very interesting. You see, I can appreciate *such things* at second-hand; and that's better than nothing, isn't it?"

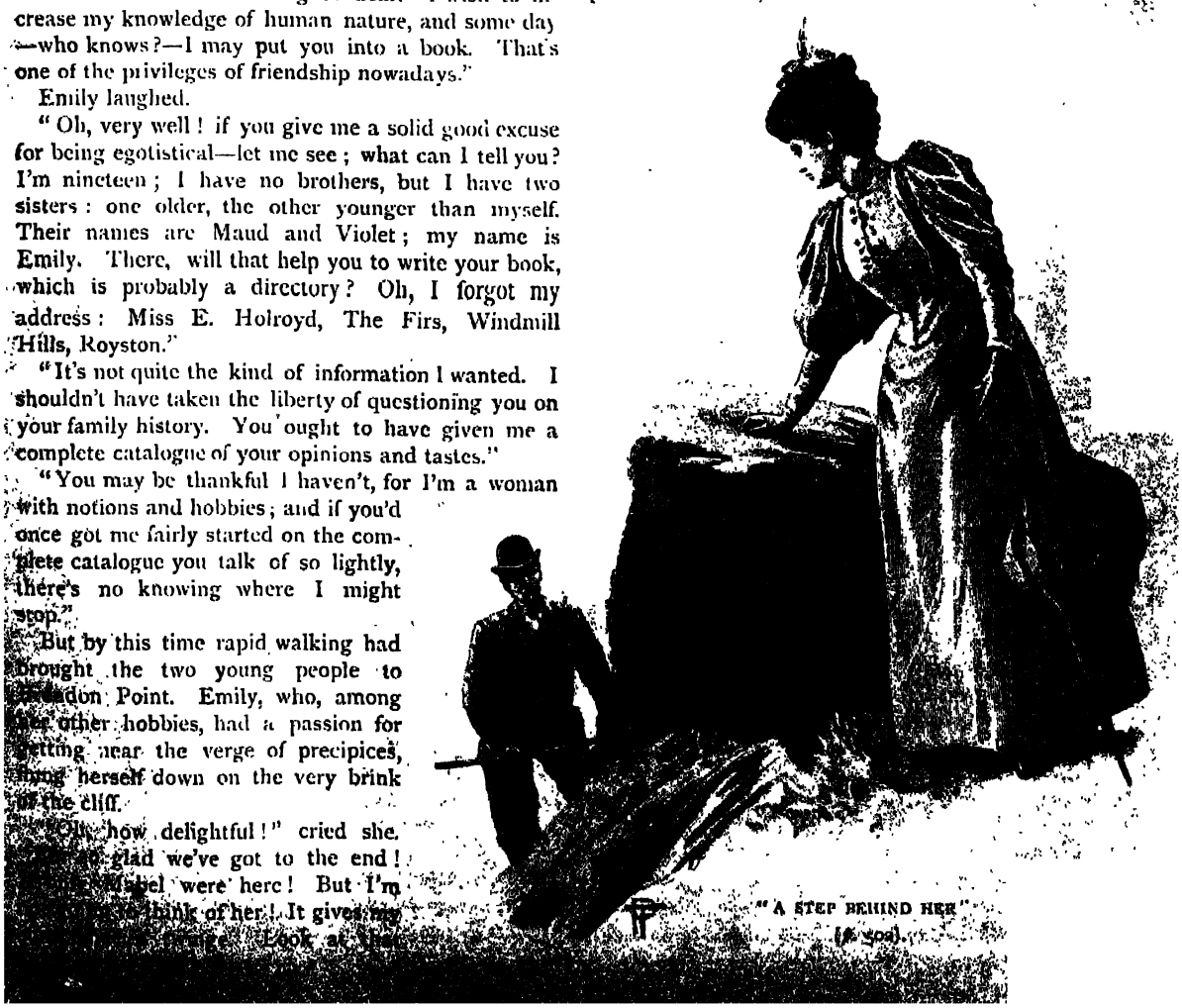
"Yes; I suppose people ought to be thankful for small mercies. Oh dear!" added the girl, with a sudden change of tone, "it strikes me I'm very rude. I hope you haven't minded my nonsense. We've such a bad habit of teasing each other at home, we sisters, that it infects even our dealings with strangers."

"If you want my forgiveness, you must go on as you began just now, and tell me all you were going to say about Glastonbury and the other places."

"I'll try; but it's very hard to pick up a broken thread like this. What was I saying? Oh, Glastonbury! that's the valley of Avilion, you know,

"'Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.'"

"Excuse me, Miss Holroyd, but what a curious place Glastonbury must be!"



"A STEP BEHIND HER" (p. 504).



"'A GHASTLY FIASCO.'"

"I'm quoting Tennyson. Don't you understand? It's a myth, or allegory, or something of that sort. How can I talk to anybody who takes everything at the foot of the letter, as the French say? You're hopeless. Oh, what a delicious cool air off what we used to call 'the great big sea' when we were small! I wish we could stay here for hours. Do just look at your watch."

"Seven o'clock!"

"How horrid! We must go back directly, and turn our backs on King Alfred and King Arthur, and all that *wan water*, as the old ballads call it, and rush away to catch trains and get something to eat. Moreover, everything will be eaten up before we get there."

"I should have thought you, with your literary tastes, would be above caring for such vulgar things as tea and bread and butter."

"Well, I don't care so very much. I can fast as long as most people. But I don't think fasting is Miss Townsend's *forte*; so I suppose, after all, it *is* our duty to hurry."

When they got down to where Miss Townsend was sitting, Emily accosted her in tones of deprecation.

"Oh, Mabel! I'm afraid you've been very dull all alone, besides missing that glorious view. I *am* so sorry!"

"I hope you and Mr. Somers enjoyed it," returned Mabel in chilly accents.

Love or no love, it was evident that Mabel was seriously annoyed, and Emily could not avoid a vague sensation of self-reproach, as if she had been taking her own pleasure at her friend's expense. There was nothing to be done now except to ignore all unpleasantness. So she chatted away gallantly in the boat and along the Northwick Sands, appealing to Mabel for her opinion on all manner of subjects grave and gay, but Mabel obstinately declined to be drawn out, and it would not mend matters for her to allow herself to slide into dialogue with Mr. Somers, who was decidedly more communicative.

"It will be rather late when we get home," said Emily, innocently enough. "We've had a long day's pleasuring."

"Indeed?" said Mabel; it was almost the first time she had deigned to utter anything beyond a monosyllable. "Miles of marching through heavy sand are not quite my idea of pleasure, nor sitting alone on a windy hill-side, counting the buttons on my boots, and wondering how bad a cold I shall wake with to-morrow morning. No; to-day's entertainment I can only describe as a ghastly fiasco."

"Oh, Mabel, I *am* so sorry, you can't think! But do let us try to make the best of it when we get to Northwick. Don't let the Anstruthers think we didn't enjoy ourselves. They took such pains and meant to make things so pleasant."

"Then they've failed; that's all."

"Now do, Mabel, try to forget it. Let's talk of something else, and then you won't feel your fatigue so much. Don't let's go on brooding over troubles when they're over and done with—or, at least, very nearly over. I think that's foolish—and wrong too."

"It's against your principles, eh, Milly?"

"Distinctly."

"I've heard more about *principles* since I knew Miss

Holroyd than in all the rest of my life put together," said Mabel, turning to Grenville. "One gets rather tired of having to find chapter and verse for everything."

"Ah!" said Emily, also turning to Grenville, "this is a very old dispute between Miss Townsend and me. I always think life seems so much bigger and more interesting if you can refer even small things under grand rules."

"Oh, for mercy's sake," said Mabel, "don't begin again! I do get so sick of argument. And of course I get the worst of it. I never professed to be a clever woman, you see, Mr. Somers. Milly's always abusing me for not loving books."

Emily could hardly help laughing at the absurdity of the situation—two women laying out each her case for the arbitration of this young man.

"Well," said she, "how can you learn anything about life except from books?"

"Oh, books! You can't learn practical things from books," said Mabel. "People who are always poring over books, and have their heads stuffed full of learning, are generally the stupidest when it comes to practice. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Somers?"

"That's rather a large question."

"Oh yes, Mabel," said Emily, with a mischievous intonation in her voice and a glance at Mr. Somers, "he *will* agree with you. He doesn't go in for books any more than you do. So I've got you both against me; two against one; but never mind, I'll stick to my guns. I like a good fight, Mr. Somers."

"All right, Miss Holroyd; so do I. I'm quite ready—if I knew exactly what we were going to fight about. Books *versus* experience, is that it?"

"Oh, don't, please don't!" said Mabel, lifting pathetic eyes to his face. "It's quite bad enough to have this kind of talk every day at the Firs, without *you* taking it up too."

"Every day! what an exaggeration!" thought Emily, somewhat taken aback. "What disagreeable quarrelsome creatures Mr. Somers will think we are! Oh, I hope she isn't going to cry—and before Mr. Somers, too! I'm sure I never dreamed we were making the poor girl so miserable all this time."

"But, Mabel," she said soothingly, "don't you see he's your champion, coming forward to do battle on your side?"

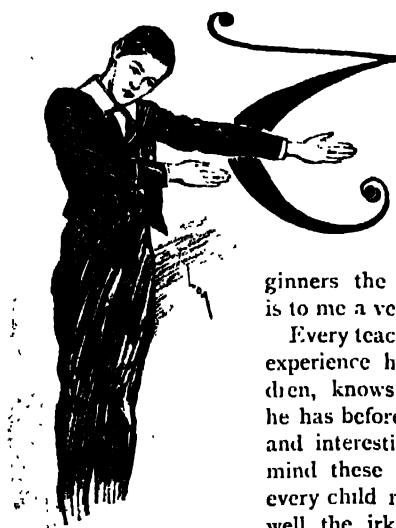
"But I don't want any battles," returned Mabel, with childish petulance. "I want you to amuse me, Mr. Somers. I want you to talk to me and be nice, and make me forget how tired I am, and help me along—as you are doing. That's what men are made for, isn't it?"

"Well," thought Emily, "fancy a grown-up person of some mind going on like that! Mr. Somers must think her quite silly. But I've read somewhere that men like women to be babies; so perhaps that's no argument against them making a match of it. I shall certainly be able to compile a most interesting history for Violet's edification; *that* won't need any great ingenuity; and if it weren't for those *principles* Mabel dislikes so much, I could add a bit of colour here and a dark shade there, which would turn it into quite a romance!"

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND

MUSICAL GESTURES.

BY PROFESSOR J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, MUS.D., ORGANIST OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



A SIXTEENTH OR DEMI-SEMIQUAVER REST, HAVING TWO CROOKS TO THE LEFT.

THE opportunity afforded, in the present article, of explaining an absolutely new and simple method of teaching beginners the elements of music is to me a very welcome one.

Every teacher of music, whose experience has been with children, knows the difficult task he has before him to make easy and interesting to the youthful mind these early stages; and every child remembers only too well the irksomeness of those early lessons.

This subject has been to me an object of thought and interest for some years, resulting in the publication of the little work now under consideration—a *via media* by which the early mysteries of musical notation could be mastered without worry or effort by the very youngest intelligence. In it I have drawn up a series of short lessons, in which manual exercises are the leading feature.

John Curwen has well said, "It is lawful in teaching to use every appliance of illustration or even of fancy to vivify an impression;" and I think, of all means to this end, a system of illustration by means of gestures the most convenient and most natural. These musical gestures, it has been amply proved, possess the qualifications of being easy, amusing, certain, and, above all, healthy. This last virtue, I feel, is a great necessity; anything which tends towards placing *mens sana in corpore sano* is, surely, nowadays a great consideration. Mr. Acland, the Minister for Education, recently said, in an address to principals and lecturers in training colleges, that "he considered that the whole question of physical training and the healthy development of children, especially in the towns of this country, was second to none in importance,"



MARCHING THE SCALE—A WHOLE STEP BEING A "TONE," AND A HALF-STEP A "SEMITONE."

adding that "anything that could be done to encourage the effective study of physical training, he should encourage. The minds of children ought not to be educated at the expense of their bodies."



SIXTEENTH NOTE OR SEMIQUAVER, HAVING A STEM WITH TWO TAILS.

Now, if there be no other merit in this system of musical gestures, yet it possesses one great qualification: that of giving a considerable amount of real physical training. During these short lessons, not only are the rudiments of music acquired, but every member of the class goes through a large amount of exertion and exercise with legs, arms, and lungs. It is also no small recommendation that all these exercises can be performed, if preferred, in the open air. We may thus turn the play-ground into a class-room, or *vice versâ*.

The course of instruction covers twelve short lessons. The pupils learn principally *through the eye*, the teacher making all the gestures first and also stepping the scale in front of his class. These "gestures" (amounting in number to twenty-three) comprise "notes" (made by the hands), "rests" (made principally by the arms), "tone and semitone" (represented by step and half-step), and many other musical signs, all of which are graphically represented by some easy "gesture." No book is required by the class, who repeat short sentences said by the teacher, and imitate the signs they see him represent to them.

> "In such business
> Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
> More learned than the ears."—*Coriolanus, III.* 2.

For classes in schools, and for children in the nursery, this method of study will be found really useful. Country choirs also, which too often sing only by ear, and not by the "more learned" eye, would readily learn to read the simple music they require, if taken through this little book of musical gestures. One great advantage is that to teach it requires only ordinary musical knowledge, such as is possessed by all who have learnt the pianoforte. How many governesses, or how many a country clergyman's wife or daughter, understand or have been trained to teach music on any system? They have been taught the pianoforte, and that is enough to enable them to explain all that is required in teaching the gestures. The experience I have had of its use in



my own family and in training the choristers of Westminster Abbey, gives me the greatest confidence in its success, if the system is fairly tried and the teacher really in earnest. The pupils take the greatest interest in making the gestures, and there is a very important merit in this method of class teaching, which is, I think, a distinct and unique advantage —*no child can shirk!*

It is possible a member of the class might refrain from repeating a particular sentence, but if he omitted to make the accompanying gesture the eye of a careful teacher would at once detect the culprit.

It must not be supposed that the musical training is sacrificed to the physical. On the contrary, after the first two short lessons on the "shapes of notes" are learned, and the notes made by the class, the teacher may make his class "read in time." He may also train their voices by making them "read in time" on various notes, "both high and low." Of course, as soon as the major scale is explained and marched, then many vocal exercises can be attempted, these being combined with "beating time."

There are many other points which might be mentioned, but which would be out of place in an article of this kind. I will only add that the teacher is as well able by this method to teach a class of fifty, or a small choir, as he is one individual.

Appended to the book is a collection of ten little songs, "Rudiments in Rhyme." These little songs are quite easy, and the rhymes will impress the "rudiments" upon the mind in a very short time. As the class sing these songs they *make the particular "gesture" mentioned*, with an effect as amusing as it is useful. For instance, in rhyme number two we are told :—

> "The shape of a note shows the length of a sound.
> Notes open, and closed, and with crooks there are found;
> Of whole notes, and half notes, and quarter, we tell,
> With eighth notes, sixteenth, thirty-second as well."

In the above the six notes are mentioned and *made* by the class.

For the "rests" we have the following :—

> "Rests are signs of silence,
> For every note there's one,
> And singers find them useful,
> Ere all their breath is gone."

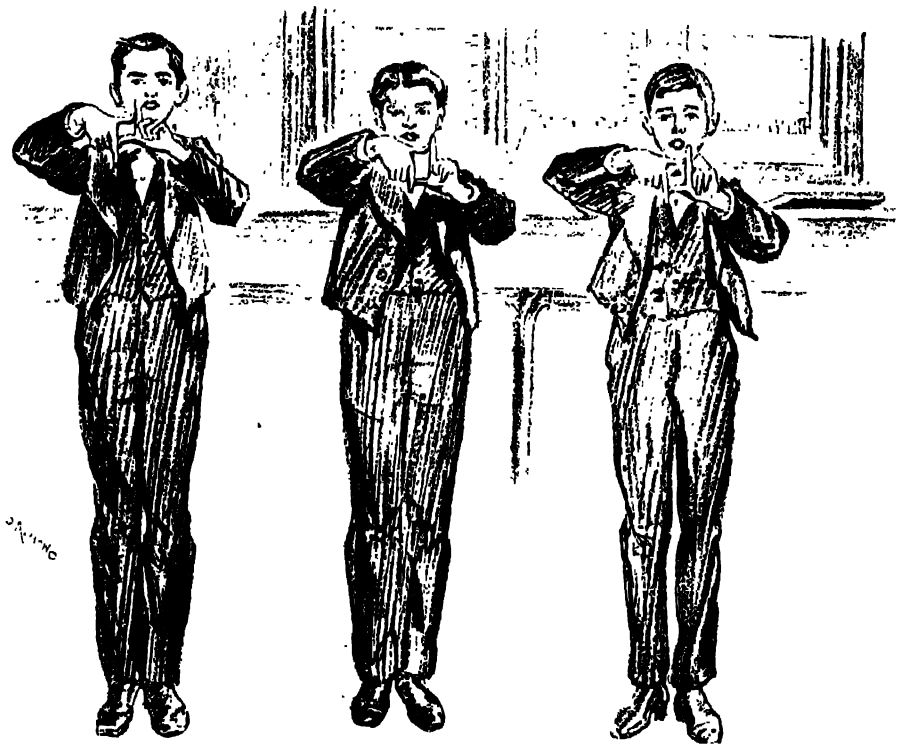
In this rhyme "rests" are introduced between various musical phrases, and not only are the notes sung by the class, but the "rests" are also *made*, not merely counted.

The sharp, flat, and natural are all introduced into a "rhyme," and made by the class when the particular sign is sung.

I may add that every time the Westminster choristers go through these "gestures" I discover new and interesting developments. One particular favourite is to represent "a living common chord." This is



WHOLE NOTE OR MINIM, BEING AN [illegible] A DOUBLE BAR, BEING TWO [illegible] HALF-REST (OR MINIM REST), WHICH STANDS ON A LINE



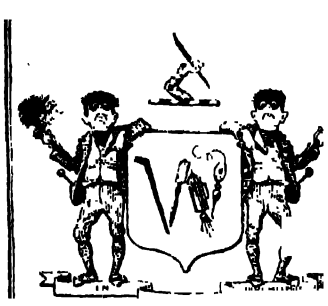
done by making the class divide into groups. All starting from the key note, while one group remains, other groups march to the third, fifth, and octave, singing as they march. This "evolution" gives an easy training in intervals.

The illustrations which accompany this article are "drawn from the life" in the music-room at Westminster Abbey

It may be well to state that while this system of teaching the rudiments interests the boys, and gives them good muscular exercise, it demands such promptitude, and the teacher has his eye so constantly upon the class, that there is no fear of levity I may add that the whole course of instruction is explained in my primer, "Musical Gestures," published by Novello and Co.

AN ARTISTIC BURGLAR.

BY CHARLES C. RUSSELL.



We were resting on a seat by the seashore at East Cove Whitney I, the son of Col. Stanwick, gone for a stroll accompanied by friend and parishioner, James Ollacram. Esquire, the eminent iron merchant of our city He had been on of sorts for some time, and this fact, I suppose, caused him to make the revelations to me which I have attempted to record hereunder.

When he had finished his tale, I came to another conclusion.

"You may talk as you like,' said my friend, "of the abilities of Campion or of any other detective, and the very much over-rated intelligence with which some men are endowed. There is, however, a great deal more of it, I assure you, in the novel than in real life. Now look around you," continued Mr. Ollacram, "and consider how many of our great crimes are brought to light. Why, not one-tenth of them, if we were dependent on the wisdom and sagacity of Policeman XX. If the criminal brings intelligence to his 'job' the 'force' is immediately at fault."

I looked at my friend earnestly. He seemed to speak with an air of warmth and knowledge which alike surprised and interested me.

"Yes," he continued, "I am an authority upon the subject. I have been a burglar myself."

"You?" I exclaimed in horror.

Then, rising from my seat, I almost started upon a run. He was a man whom I had esteemed and respected, and one of the very pillars of my Church. Mr. Ollacram laughed quietly at my excitement. His coolness was irresistible; and I could only excuse him on the grounds that he had gone suddenly mad.

"You may stare," replied Mr. Ollacram smiling; "but I assure you there is nothing out of the way in my assertion. Sit down again calmly, and I will tell you a short story.

"In the early part of my life I was an artistic burglar, and I made a considerable sum of money at the profession. The authorities never caught me, and I will tell you further that they never even suspected me of a crime. The reason is simple. I thought out my plans well before I put them into execution. I invariably had little traps for the police who were to follow on my trail, and Sherlock Holmes, the prince of modern detectives, would as surely have been landed in a quagmire had he come 'on one of my burglaries, as he was in his adventure over the 'Yellow Face.'

I reseated myself on the very end of the form, and listened to the following revelation

"In those days I dismissed the question of morality from my mind altogether. I ignored all restraint except the restraint of public observation and public opinion.

"My part was studied from the beginning, alternative situations provided for, and once planned out I permitted myself to make no deviation.

"It was in this way that I carried out the burglary in the residence of our married friend and neighbour, Chumleigh, in Brown's Terrace.

"Chumleigh! Yes, I knew Chumleigh."

"The houses in the terrace were all alike, and as I lived in one of them with my parents I was perfectly familiar with the features of the others. I could 'go through' them by night as well as by day. Mr. Chumleigh was a respectable merchant, whose wife had recently died, leaving him with three children, the youngest of whom was an infant of but a few weeks old.

"His wife, during her life, had been a very fashionable woman, and was always rather lavish in her display of jewellery. It was this jewellery that attracted me. I concluded that these articles of value would still be found in the room on the third floor, lately occupied by that lady. I also came to the conclusion that Mr. Chumleigh now occupied a different apartment. I therefore determined to gain access to the room in which Mrs. Chumleigh had breathed her last. I trusted myself to be able to do the rest.

"I sent our maidservant on one occasion to the housekeeper, requesting her to let my father try Mr. Chumleigh's latch-key, on the plea that our latchkey had been mislaid, and we were consequently unable to open the door. In a few minutes the girl returned, I had obtained the impression in wax, and the latch-key, with many thanks, was back in the custody of Mr. Chumleigh's housekeeper. To manufacture a similar key was not a work of great trouble to me, and I thus obtained the means of quiet access.

"As I have said, I always arranged my burglaries with a preconceived idea. Accordingly I now picked up an old pair of boots that had seen their best days on the feet of a costermonger, doubtless, and a cap that would have been kicked by a workhouse messenger. I also obtained surreptitiously the awl, hammer, and twine, or 'waxed end,' from a shoemaker who lived in the country.

"I next supplied myself with a used envelope, bearing a postmark, and a portion of a country newspaper. With these articles in my possession I felt satisfied, as an artistic burglar, that I could outwit the most skilful detective. I had, of course, also the usual and necessary instruments which pertain to the faculty of housebreakers, including a leather 'sucker' and a glazier's diamond, for the purpose of removing a pane of glass noiselessly, if it should be necessary to do so. My kit also included a small crowbar, or 'jemmy.'

"Mr. Chumleigh stayed late at his club on certain nights, and knowing this fact, one night I 'cleared for action.' I smudged my face, donned my old clothes, and sallied forth by the back door, which, like all the doors of Brown's Terrace, opened out on a back lane.

"The house which I intended to burgle was now wrapped in darkness. From that fact I knew that the nurse and little ones had retired to rest. I walked boldly to the front door, and, using my new latchkey, let myself into the house, and shut the door behind me as quietly as possible.

"It is not a pleasant feeling, I assure you, to find yourself burglariously on the premises of another. The very stillness awes you, and a thousand eyes behind quite a number of revolvers seem to be peering at you from every turn and corner. The darkness is frightsome. If you have an associate the work may come much easier, but to be alone on a burglary requires the strongest kind of courage.

"I left the old boots in the passage, so as to create the belief that the burglar had taken off his boots before going upstairs. The further the detectives followed their track the further would they go from mine. I then went to the rear of the house and opened a window, leaving it open. In this way the belief would be induced that I had entered and departed by the same way.

"I then went cautiously up those dark stairs. Here and there the steps gave forth a little creak beneath my footsteps, as if protesting against the tread of the intruder. It was very aggravating, but I proceeded steadily, and shortly found myself at the door of the room recently occupied by the deceased lady. Here a slight difficulty presented itself, but a little professional manipulation succeeded in effecting an entrance.

"I closed the door of the bedroom softly, and then proceeded to light my candle. The next thing was to arrange my accessories so as to induce the opinion of the (false) identity of the burglar, and to establish a theory that he had been disturbed in his quest. I had rolled a few bread crumbs in the old newspaper. This I now opened, and laid it on the bed, with the 'waxed end' close beside it. Then I laid the old cap on a chair, and the awl and the hammer on the drawers. They were intended to tell a tale. Having thus arranged my supposed surprise I proceeded to work—solid work. All the jewellery I found in a box, locked, and placed in a locked drawer.

"The locks, however, made little difference to me. I appropriated all. I was rather touched, I confess, when I discovered the dead lady's wedding and engagement rings tied with a piece of black silk, and carefully placed in the corner of the little box. How those rings had kept the poor woman thinking, from the time she put them on until her dying day! I actually began to soliloquise in spite of myself. Then I adhered to my plan, and placed them in the corner of the envelope I had brought with me to the house for that purpose. I had previously torn the envelope diagonally across, leaving the postage stamp and obliterating stamp visible.

"I had also left the final letters of a name, and the words '——rn, Beasley Road,' on the envelope to be studied by the detectives. The rings I left behind me.

"I never did believe in making a litter about a bedroom, so having placed the valuables in my pockets, I closed the drawers and looked carefully about the room for something more. You may judge of my surprise when I heard a key turn in the door below stairs, and the movements of Mr. Chumleigh in the hall.

"He had returned earlier than I had expected. Calmly I blew out my candle and left the room silently, creeping down the stairs to meet him. He



"YOU?" I EXCLAIMED IN HORROR" (*p.* 509).

had any intention of coming up. Then my heart began to beat in earnest. I really thought that each pulsation would attract him. I saw him enter a bedroom, light the gas, and deliberately examine the chambers of a revolver which he had lifted. Then I knew my light had been observed, and that he was prepared to make an example of the intruder. Quick as thought I stepped past the door of the lighted room. I trusted to his not seeing me and he did not. I rapidly concealed myself in the corner of the stairs. Meantime my heart was thumping.

"I had barely steadied myself when Mr. Chumleigh turned out the gas, and muttering something to himself, crept up the stairs as cautiously as I had previously descended. When he was well on his way I crept downwards once again, and when I heard him strike the light in his late wife's room I noiselessly let myself out by the front door, and as noiselessly closed it behind me.

"You look surprised, sir," he continued, "but it was not a bad night's work. I netted over £300 for my plunder, and I had the satisfaction of not having robbed him of his dead wife's treasured rings. This in itself was a satisfaction. Of course I had committed felony, and a shameful crime, I admit: but the business of a burglar and the business of a moralist cannot be expected to agree in every particular.

"The morning papers told us of the burglary of the preceding night. As a neighbour I went up to sympathise. A sturdy policeman was standing at the door, and two others were making search inside.

"'Here's where the cove has put off his boots,' said one of the policemen, 'and a nice blooming pair of beetle crushers they are.'

"They certainly did not look respectable in daylight.

"'He has come through this window here,' said the other, in a strong Irish accent, to Mr. Chumleigh, 'left his boots here, and gone up the shtairs in his bare feet.'

"'And the coolness of the fellow!' added the other. 'Why, he has sat down and ate his tucker on the bed with the *Morning News* for a clane table-cloth.'

"Then the detectives went upstairs, and came downstairs, and measured, and studied, and looked wise. And one saw it was a new hand, and said so from the first; and the other said it was an old hand, and shook his head. Everybody was satisfied on one point, and that was that the perpetrator of the act was a shoemaker, who lived on the Beasley Road.

"I had some interesting experiences over that burglary. It was amusing to hear the theories of the detectives and the public. The police went dashing about everywhere and arresting everybody. There was not a shoemaker in the country but the 'heye' of some inspector was upon him. The mystery never was solved, and after a time I had the jewellery melted, and it turned me in, as I told you before, over £300."

"And do you mean to tell me, Mr. Ollacram," said I, "that this narrative is actually true?" I asked him angrily, as I moved further from one whose very touch seemed now contamination.

"True, sir?" Mr. Ollacram replied. "Every word of it—as true as those other detective yarns we are reading in the magazines to day. And if this is the period for an artistic detective, why should we not invent an equally artistic and equally intelligent burglar?"

Then I knew that Mr. Ollacram had been jokingly taking a hand at his parson, but I send you his tale notwithstanding.

GARDENING FOR JUNE.

AMONGST THE ROSES.



JUNE is the month of Roses, if any definite season can be determined for the precious flower that tosses its flower-laden shoots in the soft wind and fills the garden with fragrance. Exhibitions are held throughout July, and later in the north; but in hot years, when scarcely a cloud veils the sun from week to week, June is a more appropriate month. The ardent hybridist, who has given us of recent years many splendid varieties, has extended the season of roses until far into the autumn, when many of the delicately tinted and scented tea kinds are in full blossoming.

The present article is devoted exclusively to the rose. I must be concise, to get as much information as possible in a small space.

There are hundreds of roses, some beautiful in form—not all; others as fragrant as the Wild Rose, that flings its delicately toned flowers over the dusty wayside hedge. I revel in our wilding: its innocence is fascinating, its fragrance as sweet as the Honeysuckle, that seems proud to mingle with the little frail rose-tinted flowers, and its beauty is prolonged by the succession of crimson hip, hep, or haw.

The Rose family is split up into two great divisions, the Hybrid Perpetual and the Tea-scented. The former figures largely at the exhibition, and is the more



important of the two; but of recent years the tea-flowers, since a better knowledge of their likes and dislikes has been obtained, have contributed to the beauty of many gardens.

The Hybrid Perpetual—that is the class usually seen, containing such splendid flowers as Baroness Rothschild (unfortunately, scentless), General Jacqueminot, or "Jack," in market slang—is a modern creation, descended from the Damask Perpetual and several other classes, Gallica, Bourbon, and China. It was not until 1844 that any number appeared in books, but from thence onwards many acquisitions have been made.

A few rules are given as a guide to the cultivator. First, the soil must be considered. This should be good loam, mixed with well-decayed stable manure. If the soil is very light, add cow-dung, loam, or clay. Remember that the plant wants plenty of good food, although not the nauseous applications, called top-dressings, that offend the nostrils and sodden the ground.

From stories gathered from friends that have travelled in the land of roses—Persia—the nose is not troubled there by whiffs of stable-yard odour. Nor would the great Persian bard Hafez have received inspiration in many an English garden at the mulching season.

Planting should take place from November until March, the former month being the more suitable of the two. In planting "dwarfs," be careful to place the point where the plant is budded and easily seen about two inches below the surface, and make the soil very firm about the roots. The longer shoots may be just shortened—not cut back. In the case of standards, securely stake the stem, to prevent winds playing pranks.

I do not care greatly for standard roses. Aimée Vibert makes one of the best, but, as a rule, they are unsatisfactory, gaunt, starved, and ill-looking, due to two causes: unsuitable varieties used for the purpose and idiotic pruning. It is idle to remonstrate with the inexperienced amateur gardener about pruning. He delights to torture his plants, and inflicts special "attention" on the standard rose. It pays the "surgeon" out by dying.

More mistakes are made about pruning roses than upon any other phase of their culture. Much depends upon the class. The middle of March is the chief season, and this may be made note of by my readers as the time for using the knife upon their fair favourites. Use discretion as to the season, and if the plants are very forward in March, postpone the annual operations for a week or so. Shoots on standards cut rather hard back, removing very small weakly growths to give the stronger ones more space. Thin out weak shoots from dwarf roses, and cut back the strong well-ripened ones to about four or six eyes, according to the condition of the plants; if very vigorous, cut back harder than would be otherwise necessary. Teas need little pruning, just shortening back the shoots and thinning out badly-placed or very weak wood.

Whilst writing these rather unromantic directions, necessary to be followed for an ingathering of roses in summer time, a very interesting fairy tale about the magic Rose of Bakawali occurs to me. It is an Hindu legend. A certain king was afflicted with blindness, and only one remedy existed, the Rose of Bakawali. That would bring sight even to those born blind. Away sped the king's sons in search of the precious flower, and were informed by the enchantress Lakka (the moon) that the "rose thou seekest is found in the region of the sun, where not even a bird may reach it. Bakawali is daughter of the King of the Fairies, in whose garden this rose is found. In the midst of

the garden is a tank, the sides whereof are set with diamonds, whilst the conduits around are studded with the finest pearls. The tank is filled with rose-water, and in the centre thereof rises an unexpanded flower, fair to see, and of exquisite odour." The rose was discovered with fairy help, and the travellers returned to the king. His eyes were touched with the magic flower, and the king's sight immediately restored.

One might write pages of stories and legendary tales connected with the rose, but my readers possibly yearn for something more practical.

Budding is an interesting and important operation. Everyone likes to bud his own roses, and the operation is not difficult. A warm showery day in July should be chosen. Late budding is a mistake, for the sap ceases to flow as quickly as in midsummer. Choose for budding stocks growing with moderate freedom, as upon such examples the buds will *take* better. It is a pardonable fault in beginners to get stocks overflowing with vigour, but the fact is they are too strong: the bark grows over the bud, and completely smothers it. A simple test to a certain whether a stock is sufficiently ripened is to break off a few of the prickles. If they snap without tearing the bark, the stock is in suitable condition. The first thing is to select the bud of whatever kind it is desired to use, and give preference to that of moderate size. Remove thorn and leaves, retaining a little of the stalk to hold. Always have a very sharp knife; you can get a weapon especially adapted for the purpose at any good nursery. Cut carefully about half an inch above the eye, drawing the knife a little below it. Then secure the eye and insert it on the stock, which should be previously prepared by opening the bark in the most suitable position, this being done by just slitting it in the centre of the shoot. Then cut it across, making a kind of T figure upside down, ⊥, and insert the bud by cautiously raising the edges of the bark. Tie it in firmly with bass (raffia) or cotton, but leave the point visible. As the bud swells, loosen the ties and cut back the stock level with the budded shoot.

The best general stock is the cutting Brier, but much depends upon the varieties. The Manetti is troublesome, as it produces a forest of suckers, but is useful in certain cases, such as for Hybrid Perpetuals of vigorous growth. Seedling Brier and Hedge Brier or Dog Rose are also available.

One may get roses on their own roots very easily by striking cuttings in the early autumn. Make them of the well-ripened wood of the current year, and from nine inches to twelve inches in length, getting a heel to each, if possible. Don't remove any of the eyes, and tread the cuttings in firmly. In the course of a year they will be transformed into healthy plants, and then plant them in the proposed positions. Tea-scented roses must be struck under glass. The cuttings will not succeed as well in the open as the more robust "h.p.'s," as the Hybrid Perpetuals are familiarly christened.

A word about pests. Green fly afflicts the queenly rose. It cares little how beautiful a flower is, and, to our dismay, one gathers a rose to find the delicate petals smothered with these small green coloured marauders.

Mr. Benjamin Cant, who has covered many acres with roses at Colchester, recommends the following preparation: Take four ounces of quassia chips, and boil them ten minutes in a gallon of soft water, then strain it, and, while cooling, dissolve it in the same quantity of soft soap. To this may be added another gallon or two of water. Syringe the plants frequently with this, but be careful not to use it when the sun is out. It is best done early in the morning or in the evening.



LA FRANCE.

The only way to kill caterpillars and maggots is by careful hand-picking. These enemies to the rose are readily discovered by the leaves curling up or by perforation.

Two dire diseases should be mentioned, because unfortunately rather common. One is mildew, which afflicts some varieties more than others; and no remedy is better than the old-fashioned one of flowers of sulphur, applied immediately mildew is detected. When the foliage is dry, syringe it before applying the cure. Red fungus, or rust, is formidable. It comes late in the flowering season, and the only way is to burn affected leaves, to prevent the disease spreading to healthy parts.

A delightful class is the Tea-scented, and during recent years we have got to understand the plants better. They are not so tender as many suppose, if the position is moderately warm, with protection from cold winds. The beds should be raised a little from the surrounding level to throw off heavy rains, and during severe winters protect with furze or bracken. Even when the shoots are cut down they will be replaced by new growth from the bottom, to provide a feast of flowers from summer until autumn. No section of rose is more beautiful, the flowers of exquisite expression and dainty colours, the fragile petals touched with many tones of yellow, absent from the more formal Hybrid Perpetuals. Their fragrance is distinctive: a sweet, delicious, and characteristic perfume.

I should have mentioned that a good way to keep the plants as safe as possible through the winter is to mould them up with soil to a height of about six inches. If the tops get cut down, this portion is safe.

I will give a brief selection of the best varieties in the several classes as part of my next month's chat. One cannot plant at this season, so this phase of the subject may wait. But let me refer to the two familiar varieties illustrated: the fragrant La France and Gloire de Dijon. No rose rivals the beautiful "Glory," as gardeners call it. It is the pride of many an English village, tumbling over the thatched roof, and peeping in at the latticed window, scenting room and garden with its burden of fragrant blossom. In town and country it is alike at home—a vigorous, free, and delightful flower.

General Hints for the Month.

All tender bedders may be put out now: Dahlias, Cannas, etc. Keep decaying flowers picked off annuals, otherwise they will soon lose beauty. Roses want careful attention. A watchful eye must be on the alert to detect green-fly. Tie up the stalks of Carnations and Picotees. Make a sowing of Runner Beans. Earth-up Potatoes, sow Turnips for autumn, Lettuce on a north border for succession; also Endive. Plant Vegetable Marrows. Plant out Cabbages and Cauliflowers for the autumn.

FIVE-CORNERED COTTAGE.

BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.

FIVE years ago we had a severe winter, and the snow lay on the ground well nigh all through the month of March; when the thaw came the roads became almost impassable for horses, and it was pitiable to see the poor beasts trying to drag loads up our steep hills: not a day passed but what accidents occurred, and the doctor at Great Wellerby found himself put to to attend to his practice, all his horses being incapacitated, and a poor woman, so it was said, had actually died in an outlying village for want of medical attendance. Such an unusual and memorable season naturally fixed all the events connected with it in my memory.

It was in the first days of the thaw, when I was trying to take exercise, more by sliding than walking, that I met Miss Betty, who had cunningly drawn woollen socks over her shoes, and seemed to be bouncing along merrily. She had a piece of news to tell me.

An old gentleman had made his appearance in the village; he had accosted her and asked to have Sale the blacksmith's house pointed out, as he, Sale, kept the keys of a cottage which was to let.

"He is a fine-looking man," she said, "quite distinguished-looking, in fact, with white hair, beard, and moustache—military, I should say, by the look of him; but why should he want to look at Five-cornered Cottage?"

A few hundred yards beyond Rose Cottage, or Miss Betty's, as we call it, and on the same side of the road, there is a narrow lane which branches off from the main highway at an acute angle; and in the angle stands a cottage. Its ground plan should have represented a parallelogram, but the lane being in the way, a corner had to be cut off; hence its name, as it has five corners instead of four.

This cottage is of that superior type which in our neighbourhood lets for five shillings a week; it is very picturesque, both when seen from the main road and from the lane. Miss Betty and I hold different opinions as to which of the two views is the best. She has a real talent for art, and when she finds leisure from the calls of her dairy, her poultry-yard, and her garden, executes really beautiful drawings. I also dabble a little in sketching, and we have often sallied forth together and sketched Five-cornered Cottage, she taking the lane view from choice, and I that from the high road.



'I SEE THIS ROAD IS TOO WIDE FOR YOU' (*p.* 516

I think she is wrong about her view; in her sketches it looks too complicated, that bevelled-off corner never seems quite intelligible, especially about the tiled roof; perhaps it is that it presents great difficulties of perspective which neither she nor I are quite masters of.

From my point it is more simple; the gable end has a huge projecting chimney built into it, with a wooden shed leaning against it; the frontage towards the road has four windows, with a door in the middle. At a much later period a porch was added, which is flat on the top and supported by two wooden pillars, each with a Doric capital and abacus. This porch is not in keeping with the rest of the building, but as it is painted white, it is very effective in a sketch; and I consider that pictorially it quite balances the advantages of a dormer window and some roses which Miss Betty enjoys at the back of the cottage. But this is not all: the cottage stands on a high bank, and before it at a short distance is a low brick wall supported by buttresses, with a flight of stone steps down into the road. Owing to the turning of this road, it is difficult to get far enough away to bring in all the features of my view, and, as I have often said to Miss Betty, I wish that some R.A. or other tolerably competent person would come down and show us how it is to be done.

Such is the aspect and configuration of Five-cornered Cottage, and as the inhabitants of Little Wellerby, like those of Athens of yore, spend their time in telling or hearing something new, it was natural that conjecture should be rife there when it was known on the testimony of the agent that a certain Major-General Osborn, of the Senior United Service Club, had rented it for his own use. And the wonder grew when, after some weeks of carpentering, painting, and papering, under the personal supervision of the general, who had taken up his quarters at "The Dragon," in Great Wellerby, an ordinary agricultural labourer's cottage developed into what Miss Betty calls the most *bijou* residence in the village. From the first I was interested in the taste displayed in its internal arrangements, and that reached the pitch of enthusiasm when, on the shelves which had been nailed to the wall in the parlour, to the right of the entrance, there appeared a

magnificent array of books; many of them were statistical works relating to India, Government Blue-books, etc. Then there was a large collection of foreign literature, in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Persian, Russian, Arabic, and Sanscrit; and finally, as the crown of the library, a number of travels, with such a collection of atlases and maps as I have never seen out of a public museum.

"I sold my library," the general said to me, "before I came down here, and these are only the books I could not bring myself to part with."

All the society of Little Wellerby called upon him before he was finally settled in his little cottage. They generally found him seated on a packing case smoking cigarettes, and giving orders to his workmen in the tone of a man having authority; indeed, a certain peremptory manner of speaking is habitual with him, he never seems quite to have realised that those around him are not amenable to discipline, and though, as we have since learnt, he is one of the kindest and most gentle-hearted of men, there is yet a quirk, a crabbed vein in his nature which makes timid people afraid of him.

Whenever he finds anyone labouring under a self delusion, he seems to think it his duty to disabuse him; and if in the course of his travels he ever met with an ostrich hiding his beak in the sand, I feel certain that he went up to the animal and told him that he was only making himself more conspicuous by standing in that ridiculous attitude.

He met a young farmer, who was returning from market in Great Wellerby, and accosted him in the following alarming fashion:

"I see this road is too wide for you. Take my word for it, you are drinking a great deal more than is good either for your health or your estate."

It was probably some brusqueness of this sort on the part of the general which caused the want of sympathy which Colonel Maitland always showed towards him.

They kept aloof; the general did not seem to think much of the colonel, and the colonel mistrusted the general.

Oddly enough, these traits seem to enhance the estimation in which he is held amongst the labourers and less educated classes. To them he is an oracle, to be consulted on all occasions of difficulty, and he has quite supplanted their proper Nestor, the parson of the parish, whose worn-out mantle has fallen from his shoulders: not because he has attained to any form of apotheosis, intellectual or spiritual, but owing to his sheer inability to wear it. The exhortations delivered from the pulpit of Little Wellerby Church have long since ceased to have authority, because they lack the one quality which the most uneducated can understand and appreciate: they have nothing of sincerity, and sound like lessons learnt by rote. Yet the Reverend Samuel Gilbert and the general are sworn allies: a fact which is utterly bewildering to Miss Betty, and to others also, seeing that there is no discernible bond of union between them; and our dear irrepressible gossip boldly describes the parson and the general as two friends, one of whom eats the oysters whilst the other gratefully collects the shells.

But I have been anticipating, and making use of wisdom which came after events still to be set forth in this narrative.

As related at the outset, the general made his appearance amongst us in March. Two or three weeks elapsed before the cottage was ready for him to move into, and then the cultivation of his garden became a matter of immediate necessity; in the ordering and arrangement of which Miss Betty's advice was of the utmost value to him, as in the course of his life he had had much more experience in the sowing of grape-shot and bullets than of potatoes and peas.

She sent him loads of manure, seed potatoes and other vegetables; she was, in fact, so fascinated by the old man, and her heart was so elated at the thought that she had actually realised such a phenomenon as a major general in her Majesty's service settling down in a labourer's cottage, that I verily believe she would have tilled and stocked his garden at her own expense. But to that extent she did not dare to venture.

Tom Sale, the blacksmith, the general's nearest neighbour, was also helpful both with advice and in a practical way.

Tom is a kindly, good-natured fellow, as by a merciful dispensation of Providence most powerful animals are. When at leisure, he would not allow the old gentleman to dig or delve, but would quietly, but determinedly, take the implement from him, and, with an energy and rapidity which made Mother Earth look quite foolish, finish the job for him. In return for such a service, he was always invited into the cottage, and the big man would stand under the porch as bashful as a maiden, eyeing the thick Oriental rug spread over the stone floor of the kitchen, and rubbing at his muddy boots frantically with a stick. On these occasions Tom was liberally refreshed, and the next day he would be burning with intolerable restlessness and impatience until the time came round for him to go to "The Chequers." There he would relate stirring tales of hand-to-hand fighting in the trenches before Sevastopol, of the Forlorn Hope laying powder-bags against the gate of Delhi, of the fearful well at Cawnpore filled with the bodies of slaughtered British men and women, of the relief of Lucknow, where the general narrowly escaped being blown to atoms, as some brother officers and men were, by the bursting of an ammunition waggon, and of the entry into the Residency, where they relieved the haggard garrison, dauntless still, but well-nigh spent, who had held the place so long against overwhelming numbers.

These were old tales, but they sounded fresh to the frequenters of "The Chequers," and Tom's entry was always hailed with delight, whilst he, on his part, was ever ready to let out his strong arms to the general, provided in return he could carry away a story or two which would make him the oracle of his circle.

Socially, the old gentleman is quite delightful. He is full of information of the most varied kind, and

always ready to impart it; he has seen much service and not a little hard fighting; he has travelled in little visited countries, such as Thibet, Siberia, Afghanistan, and Turkestan, and though not at all inclined to parade his attainments, it is evident that he is acquainted with a great number of languages. As he says of himself—

"I have always been possessed with insatiable curiosity, but the things I have wished to know most about are languages and wild beasts."

Of these last he has shot an immense variety; in his kitchen hangs a skull with a huge pair of ovine horns, those of a Mar Kor, I think he calls them.

"I had a number of such things," he said to me, "but I gave them all away but that one, because it is the largest I ever saw. I shot it on one of the ranges of the Hindoo Kosh, and no one there had ever seen another like it."

But though the most communicative of men regarding his past career, he is utterly reticent on the subject of his worldly affairs, and until certain events happened which I propose to relate, we were in complete ignorance of their condition.

Miss Betty, who is a constant, shrewd observer, had strung together a number of inferences, which established to her mind the absolute conviction that the old general was very much straitened in his means.

One day, when I was sitting with him in his little parlour, I took down a volume from the shelf. It was a beautiful copy of Hakluyt's "Voyages," the folio edition of 1598, bound by Bedford.

"It is a luxury," I said; "and there is a voluptuous pleasure in turning over a book like this, especially to a man who cannot afford to possess it."

"Ah!" he said, "we all of us spend our money foolishly at times, and take no heed of Fate, which is marching in our rear to overtake us, and take all we have, whether we will it or no."

That was the only allusion I ever heard him make to his fortunes.

However, as I often said to Miss Betty, "it is nobody's business, and he is always cheerful."

"Yes," she would say, "the dear old man is, I believe, perfectly happy. I suppose he looks upon life as a campaign, where you have often to bivouac upon very hard ground, and it is a rule of the service that you must not complain."

No picture of the general would be complete without his dog, a prick-eared, rough-haired terrier, named Pat, and the artist who desires to paint a really life-like and characteristic portrait of him must make him seated at a table, on which are a number of books, maps, and papers, with his dog on his lap; in his right hand he might put a pen—but on second thoughts that would necessitate his sitting square to the table and thereby hiding his dog, and also his corduroy breeches and gaiters. There are evidently special difficulties connected with portrait painting which require experience to overcome. He might, of course, be represented as sitting sideways, writing at arm's length, but that would not seem natural, besides giving an awkward twist to his head.

On the whole, I think it would be best to give up the pen, make his right hand scratch the dog's ear; the left hand might lean indolently over the arm of the chair, with a cigarette between the first and middle



'WOULD FINISH THE JOB FOR HIM" (p. 516).

fingers. This treatment would represent the general as we know him; and if by any artifice of painting his skin could be made to appear seamed, rugged, and weather-beaten, and the clear blue of his eyes to shine out like germanders on a clay bank, we should have the man before us.

Apropos of this dog, Miss Betty told me that she once nearly cried in the old man's face. She happened to say something about Pat, and he gently stroked his favourite's head, saying—

"We are getting old together, Pat and I. Which is going to outlive the other no one knows, but in either case it won't be for long, eh, Pathrick? we have agreed to that, haven't we?"

Pat gave a grunt, as much as to say—

"Yes, governor, that's settled."

Yet, as a truthful annalist, I am bound to record that this same Pat, estimable as he still is, has fallen away from the pristine simplicity and integrity of his manners, as exhibited when he first came to Little Wellerby.

The general, in conversation, often makes grave indictments against him, though it is easy to see that there is a hidden vein of gleefulness behind the narration.

It appears that in winter, Pat, when he is let out in the morning, instead of, as usual, sniffing about the hedge and under the gooseberry bushes, will occasionally leap the wall and disappear. He has somewhere heard the panting of an engine and the "chuck-a-chuck-chuck" of a thrashing machine.

Those sounds he follows up across country, regardless of all the calls of duty, and only re-appears at home after the last bundle of corn and the last faggot have been cleared away from the stack. He returns usually gorged with mice that he has swallowed, and his face scarred and bleeding with the bites of rats he has worried.

The general regrets his absence, but forbears to chide him on his return. He, too, has been a sportsman, and what right has he to scold? All he does on such occasions is to utter the word "Shelma!" whatever that may mean.

Pat, you must understand, has a very imperfect knowledge of English: he and the general communicate in a strange tongue. "Baad!" I have noticed, means that the dog is to keep his distance. "Ftesh!" "Afresh!" or a word like that, sets him hunting; and, when game is started, the word "Zanim!" acts like magic.

I once asked the general if these words came from Afghanistan or the Hindoo Kosh.

"Not exactly," he answered; "they come from several places; but words by themselves are nothing; there is a spirit which flies forth on open wings when they are uttered. You may learn words like a parrot, and know the meaning of them, but until you have lived with a people you cannot discern that spirit; and the odd thing about dogs is that they don't know the word, but see the spirit."

It is probably owing to the fact that he understands foreign languages that Pat is, in our village, traditionally invested with quite super-canine intelligence, and I regret that want of space, and also the artistic danger I should incur of transferring the source of interest from the human to the brute creation, prevent my relating some of the anecdotes current about him.

It is most delightful and instructive to go with Pat and the general when they go fishing. There is a stream about a mile and a half from our village which once contained abundance of trout, but it has been invaded by pike and perch, and hardly anyone but the general thinks it worth while to cast a fly over it; but he has taken the trouble to learn its capabilities, and knows every inch of it; and it is amusing to watch his manœuvres when he reaches its banks. The first thing he does is to sit down and light the invariable cigarette, whilst Pat as invariably proceeds to snout down the rat holes, and to indulge in ineffectual scratchings.

After a time it appears that the general's keen blue eyes have observed certain signs invisible to the uninitiated. He often reminds me of the anecdote of a great American hunter, whose unerring skill was so well-known that when he fixed his eye on a possum on the top of a tree and levelled his piece, the animal always cried out

"Don't shoot; I'll come down!"

In like manner the lurking trout, wherever he might be, when once the general has fixed his eye upon him, seems to give it up, and when the fly is cast leisurely towards him, comes up tamely, and allows himself to be hooked. Then comes Pat's turn for excitement. He runs frantically to and fro along the bank, barking at the struggling fish, and when it is drawn to shore tries to suppress it with his paws. Pat is an all-round sportsman, but I don't think he professes to any special proficiency in fishing.

He feels that it is out of his line, and only testifies with tail and tongue that he sympathises with it as a sport.

They were happy days I am describing. The general, though over seventy, stood erect, and could walk miles if left to choose his pace. He may, he probably did, suffer from the *res angusta domi*, but that mattered little to an old campaigner, and short rations at his age were not a serious trouble. The longer a man lives the less he wants to eat, and in old age he thrives best on very little; probably medical science has not yet determined the line which separates a salutary abstemiousness from inanition.

The general's evenings at this time were spent with books, but very often the Rev. Samuel Gilbert would drop in to play at chess. He is, I suppose, fifty years of age, and a bachelor, and in the whole long course of half a-century he seems to have garnered nothing into the storehouse of his brain but the recollection of certain trivial personal triumphs. He still relates with great gusto how, when a freshman at Oxford, he corrected somebody in a quantity; and we all of us know by heart the text of a certain complimentary phrase addressed to him by a bishop. When any question is pending, he lies helplessly waiting for a cue until Miss

Betty or somebody slides in the word, and then he stands up quite bravely; and, what is more remarkable, fights out his contention against any opposition.

As I said before, it is a mystery as to what draws this man and the general together. They play at chess, but that is not enough; in his early days here, when the general was settling himself in his cottage, the Rev. Samuel was very kind and helpful: he procured him a trustworthy housekeeper, besides rendering other kindly offices, and the kind-hearted old man is grateful, no doubt. But besides that, I think he discerns an element in the character of this incongruous associate which he respects and admires. I think he looks upon the Rev. Samuel Gilbert as a man who would have made an ideal subaltern, who, though incapable of originating anything or of bearing the weight of personal responsibility, yet possesses an iron will, and would carry out orders with dogged and unshakeable pertinacity against all obstacles. I have heard him say that in the army sometimes the most valuable men are those who don't think for themselves; and in the management of our parish there is evidently a stronger intellect at work than Nature has bestowed upon its otherwise amiable vicar.

So stood the case some ten or eleven months ago. In the small garden attached to an ordinary farm labourer's cottage, there could be seen any morning in the week, a tall, wiry old man, evidently a gentleman, though incongruously dressed in well-worn homespun, with corduroy breeches and gaiters, with a Dutch hoe in his hand, clearing away weeds; and somewhere in his neighbourhood, probably on the wall overhanging the road, a yellow prick-eared dog, twitching his nose



"SHE WAS DREADFULLY FRIGHTENED" (*p.* 520).

in search of premonitory smells which might indicate the approach of something to be barked at or worried. These are the outward and visible phenomena, which are quite commonplace and ordinary; it is what is unseen that is extraordinary.

This old man, by force of intellect and character, has established an ascendency which dominates the entire community. He is regarded by the majority with a veneration which amounts almost to awe, and there hangs around him a romantic and tender feeling of compassion and the sense of some great mystery which has darkened his life. In that mystery there are insoluble elements. He is evidently very poor, and yet, as the vicar can testify—and I also, for the matter of that—he can regale you with a cigar of the

finest quality; and once a year, just before Christmas, he brings presents round to his particular friends. My wife always receives her share, in beautiful boxes of French plums tied with ribbons, with tissue-paper cut out like lace covering the fruit; and I often touch a solid Perigord patty—not the little flower pot saucer that you see in grocers' windows, but a large *one*, a veritable sixty-nine pounder of indigestibility, which takes a fortnight to consume and a month to recover from.

These good things, as he has told my wife, are sent to him by his daughter and son-in-law, who are settled in Bordeaux. He is a M. Dupuit, and has made his fortune, though a young man still, and is about to wind up his affairs and come to England. Poor Miss Betty has given up the riddle as hopeless: she cannot understand how they can allow the general's life to be so hard and cheerless.

So stood the case, as I have said before, some ten or eleven months ago.

One afternoon—it was in harvest time, when the village is deserted by all able bodied workers—a stranger made his appearance. He was a ruffianly-looking vagabond, with grizzly unkempt beard and hair, and wore a greasy, tattered pilot-cloth jacket, which gave him a seafaring look; the few who noticed him set him down as a dangerous-looking, tramp.

He knocked at several cottages, which were empty and locked up, until he came to old Mrs. Bryce's, who was at home, looking after her neighbour's children. She was dreadfully frightened and bolted the half-door as he came up the path, but he spoke civilly, and asked where General Osborn lived. In her flurry she pointed out Five-cornered Cottage, and blamed herself for it bitterly afterwards.

What happened subsequently we only know from the testimony of Mrs. Sale, who was aroused by hearing a loud altercation at the general's over the way. She could distinctly hear his voice speaking, evidently in a passion, as also the angry barking of his dog: presently the poor beast gave a piercing howl, and immediately after that there was silence. She stood watching, with her heart beating, as she said, so that she could hear it, and saw an evil-looking tramp issue from the general's cottage. He seemed to be quite satisfied with himself, and walked away with a jaunty air, smoking a pipe.

She rushed across at once to see what had happened, and found the poor old gentleman lying back in his chair insensible, and his trusty dog crouching and whining at his feet.

She ran round at once to Miss Betty's, and word was then sent on to me, my wife and I hurrying to the scene as fast as we could. When we got there we found dear old Miss Betty had already sent her man off on a pony to Great Wellerby to fetch a doctor. She was crying as though her heart would break, and wringing her fat hands in despair.

The general was quite insensible, and had evidently had a fit, as his mouth was drawn to one side. There was no sign of a scuffle saving that the poor dog had had a terrible blow, which seemed to have paralysed his hind-quarters; everything in the room was untouched except a drawer in the writing desk, which was open, with a bunch of keys hanging from the lock. On the table lay two open books: Rawlinson's "Herodotus" and Yule's "Marco Polo," with a pencil between the leaves: the general had evidently been engaged in comparing passages and making notes in the margin.

Women are thoughtful in emergencies, and the idea occurred to my wife to write to Mme. Dupuit, his daughter. On an empty packing case which stood at the back we found a stamp bearing the names of Smith, Dupuit & Co., 74, Rue de la Garonne, Bordeaux. I wrote the letter then and there, informing Mme. Dupuit that her father was ill, and posted it that same day.

What had happened we never knew accurately, and unfortunately the general's servant was out that afternoon—she had gone to Great Wellerby on an errand for him.

Over and over again we have discussed the matter, trying to piece facts together, and the following, in the words of Miss Betty, is the latest and most plausible version of the story—

"That man, whoever he was, was known to the general, who would not have been in a rage and stormed at a stranger; he came to get money from him, and finally the old man had given him the keys of the drawer where he kept it. They could not have been taken from him by force; why, a powerful, brave man like the general would have made nothing of that tramp, and besides that, on the wall just behind him, and within reach of his arm, hung his old cavalry sabre and a Ghoorka kookri. Old as he is, he would have cleared that room of tramps in two-twos if he had had a mind to. No; he gave him the key, and told him where to find the money. Probably when the fellow went to the writing-table the dog flew at him, and he gave it a blow with his stick; you may depend upon it, it was the sight of that blow and the scream of the poor beast which brought on the fit. It could not have been otherwise. I should not like to be the man who struck Pat such a blow with his master standing by; I should not expect to leave the house jauntily, with a pipe in my mouth."

When the doctor came he pronounced it to be a case of apoplexy. The general was put to bed, and Miss Betty drew from him a long list of directions, which she undertook to carry out.

From that time she hardly left his bedside, and slept, if she slept at all, in a chair. About three in the morning after his attack the old man recovered consciousness, and in a voice which was quite intelligible, though rather thick, asked for Pat, and how he was. By an inspiration of sensibility—I cannot call it anything else—she had laid the poor wounded animal on the bed by the side of his master.

"Pat is very well," she said. "He is by your side."

The old man stretched out his hand and patted his favourite's head, and the faithful beast, by a strong

effort, dragged himself along by his fore-legs and licked his master's face. With a sigh of relief the general turned round and fell asleep.

For three days and nights Miss Betty hardly left his bedside; she administered the medicines and the beef-tea and jellies which were brought from her house, till, on the fourth day in the afternoon, a fly from Great Wellerby drew up at the door.

My wife and I happened to have called to inquire after our old friend, and were talking to Miss Betty in the parlour. Out of the fly, almost before it had stopped, there sprang an elegant-looking woman. She was very pale and agitated, and when she came into the cottage she looked about her with a scared and bewildered look.

"Madame Dupuit," I said she bowed—"your father is very much better

A short dark man behind her bowed also, and thanked me in perfect English

We pointed to the narrow wooden staircase which led to the general's room She flew up it, and we had just time to hear his voice crying—

"Vera, is that you, my child?"

We stole softly out of the room and closed the door. There are scenes too sacred to be intruded upon even by the most devoted friends

When we stood in the street outside, I said to my wife—

"Where have I seen that face before? and what is she like?"

All the way as we walked I was puzzling my brains, and when we took leave of Miss Betty at her garden gate, I told her to go to bed at once and sleep it out.

"But as for me," I said, "I shan't sleep unless I can puzzle out the mystery of that face."

It took me a long time, but it came at last, and I jumped up with a shout which almost frightened my poor wife

"I have it," I said: "it is the face of the Townley bust of Juno. The exact face, the same broad massive brow, the long deep orbits and narrow eyes, the broad nose and full lips."

And then I fell to musing Did she strike me as beautiful? Hardly, I said to myself. Pretty? by no means; and then I jumbled up a number of confused notions in my head, which resulted in a vague conclusion that the Greeks had their own peculiar ideas, and we have ours: in which edifying frame of mind I went to bed.

* * * *

II.

THE rest of my tale is soon told.

Months have passed, and Midsummer Day has gone to join the years, and to swell the bulk of used-up discarded time which lies piled up in the abyss behind us. We are still praying for rain, and indulging in gloomy anticipations of the coming winter. Little Wellerby is pretty much as it was at the outset of this narrative, and the general walks about with a firm step as of yore, apparently unhurt; his dog, Pat is as keen for rats and mice as ever, with but one ailment, as a result of the ordeal he went through: namely, a sort of involuntary twitching or St Vitus's Dance, which affects one of his fore-legs.

I must relate in a brief and summary way what happened.

The general's attack turned out to be a slight one, and he recovered rapidly M. Dupuit soon returned to Bordeaux, but his wife stayed a month to nurse her father. She slept at Miss Betty's, who would hear of no other arrangement, and who also insisted upon sitting up alternate nights with her at Five-cornered Cottage, until the old man was well enough to be left by himself Vera Dupuit brimmed over with love and gratitude to our dear gossip, and she hugged her and sobbed over her when they parted.

But though the general seemed to have recovered his health, things did not march with their accustomed gait He seldom went abroad, and we were distressed by symptoms which the doctor shook his head about, and attributed to shattered nerves All on a sudden, however—I think it was in the month of February—a change came over him, and he became the same old general he used to be always abroad, and in and out of cottages, talking straight to people as before. Pat was well before his master who, oddly enough, does not know that anything ever happened to the dog; that incident in the terrible scene in the cottage has faded entirely from his memory.

M Dupuit has wound up his affairs in Bordeaux, and is living in a house two miles from our village, which he has hired for three months: but the general won't budge from Five-cornered Cottage

Yesterday afternoon the Townley Juno, as I like to call her, sat a long time in our garden. She had driven over in her pony trap, but finding that the general had gone fishing, came on to us. Her youngest child was with her: a sweet little beauty of three years old, with dark lustrous eyes like her mother's, and a mass of wavy brown hair hanging on her shoulders.

My son, a midshipman in the Navy, who is at home on leave, at once took possession of the little girl, and placed her on his knee; but his nautical brusqueness seemed to offend the young beauty she flew into a violent passion, beating him with her tiny fists and scrambling off his knee, in which process she made a display of a pair of fat legs and a quantity of frilled underclothing.

In her rage, she reverted to the language she probably knew best, and then took refuge by her mother's skirts, where she stood sucking her forefinger and scowling at him most ferociously

They soon made it up, however, and gradually vanished away. When they returned, little Miss Marie had her cheeks, her frock, and her pinafore stained with indubitable black-currant juice.

Juno, in the meantime, had been very communicative, and had told us the whole story of our dear general.

The ruffianly-looking man who had caused his illness

was his own son by a former marriage, and very much older than Vera Dupuit.

"Rutherford," she said, "had been very wild and very bad—quite dreadfully wicked, so I have heard. He ruined father altogether with paying his debts and getting him out of trouble; and finally—what neither I nor my husband knew—father had mortgaged his pension, and sent him off to Australia to do what he could for himself, making him promise that he should never see his face again.

"He has told us that he could not bear the idea of remaining in London and dwindling into a seedy, shabby old man, so he determined to cut quite adrift from everyone, and resigned his club; and none of his old friends there ever knew what had become of him.

"He always wrote most cheerful letters to me, describing this country, that he had such a pretty cottage, and that he was so happy and comfortable, with such nice neighbours and friends; and we, of course, thought that he had his pension. It was really quite naughty of him; but that is his way—he will be independent of others.

"You know," she went on, "he is considered the greatest living authority on all that concerns India. He is especially great on the subject of the tribes on the North-west frontier, and has often been consulted by Government. Whilst he has lived here he has, no doubt, earned something by writing on the subject; but still," she said—and here her lustrous eyes began to sparkle with countless little lights, and the great tears burst their banks and flowed over—"he must sometimes have had very little. I know from his servant that he has lived for weeks on porridge and the vegetables from his garden."

"He has said to me jokingly that five shillings is little for a week's rent, but it is sometimes very hard to pay."

When she had had a little cry, she went on again.



"'THREATENED TO KICK HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE'" (*p.* 523).

"It was a terrible time after I got your kind letter. The hurried packing, the long, long journey, and then, when I got to this village and the carriage stopped before that cottage, I felt quite dazed. 'This can't be my father's house,' I said to myself. It seemed like an evil dream; and father is such a distinguished man.

"Well, it is not for us, who have our own sins to answer for, to think of what retribution may be meted out to others, but Rutherford certainly left this world with a heavy load upon his soul."

"Is he dead?" my wife and I said, almost in one breath.

"Yes; he died last February."

"And how did he find out where the general lived?" I asked.

"Oh, most cunningly. When he arrived in England

he got someone to write a letter from his dictation to Mr. Penniquick, our family solicitor, saying that he had just come from Australia, and wished to send General Osborn some tidings of his son who was out there. Penniquick fell into the trap, and wrote to the address given him.

"Rutherford died in a lodging somewhere in the East-end of London, and it was that letter of Penniquick's, found on his person, which led to his identification."

"Of course he came to the general to get money from him?" I said.

"Yes, and father flatly refused: told him he had broken his word, and threatened to kick him out of the house; and then the wretched man said he would go to the Union in the town here to get relief, and would tell them who he was. Poor father could not stand that, and gave him the key of his drawer, telling him to take what he wanted, but to remember that what was there had to last him two months. Rutherford took it all, but father does not remember anything that happened after he gave the keys."

I had not been able to take my eyes off our Juno's face during this narration, and after she had gone I said to my wife—"Do you know, my dear, that our ideas of female beauty are quite conventional and absurd. We have got to admire arched eyebrows, thin noses, and tiny mouths, and I verily believe it is those monstrous fashion-plates which have corrupted and vitiated our taste. The Greeks perceived, with their unerring taste, what is undoubtedly the highest type of female beauty."

"They had fixed ideas on the subject, no doubt," she said, "and did not allow their heads to be turned by the last example."

I verily believe that my dear, affectionate partner intended this remark to be very cutting.

FRESH AIR AS A MEDICINE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

FOR years past the many virtues of fresh air have been loudly proclaimed, both in season and out of season. Yet much ignorance still prevails in regard to its value and the necessity for it—many even of those who profess to believe in its excellence take every means to keep it out of their own houses as completely as possible. A widespread notion exists, for example, that draughts necessarily accompany an abundant supply of fresh air; and as it is quite obvious that draughts are to be avoided for health's sake, it seems to follow that risk is incurred in thoroughly ventilating our houses. But draughts really mean an unequal distribution of the incoming air, which results in the production of currents; and this unequal distribution is due to a defective system of ventilation.

A few simple and well-known experiments teach us the necessity for fresh air and the ill-effects of cutting off the supply: *e.g.*, if a piece of lighted candle be placed in a closed glass jar, the light gradually becomes faint and eventually goes out, showing that combustion is impossible except in fresh air. Every child can tell us the reason. The oxygen in the jar has been used up and carbonic acid gas is formed. It is this same action that takes place in a colliery explosion; the "after-damp," which proves so fatal to the colliers, suffocating those who escape injury from the explosion itself, is chiefly carbonic acid gas, which is formed by the ignition of the "fire-damp." It neither supports combustion nor respiration.

Numerous instances of its ill effects upon health may be cited—perhaps the best known is the history of the Black Hole of Calcutta. We know also that the health of our army and of our navy has materially improved since better systems of ventilation have been introduced. It is therefore certain that a sufficient supply of fresh air is necessary for health. Learning facts and applying them to every-day life are, however, two very different things: and I venture to think that the practical application of our knowledge of ventilation and of the value of fresh air is not so well carried out as it should be. If we consider for a moment all the agents which are at work in our houses consuming the oxygen which is necessary for life and activity, we shall see the necessity of providing a constant renewal of it.

In the first place we have fires. They are, however, distinctly beneficial, because they aid largely in promoting ventilation, and because also the injurious products of combustion are at once removed. In fact, if a fire draws well, it is positive proof that there is a certain quantity of fresh air entering the room, and a smoky chimney often merely depends upon an insufficient air-inlet. Burning gas is another matter. Here we have a very large quantity of air rendered useless, and all the products of combustion are distributed through the room—products which include an irritating acid, which may be present in a sufficiently large quantity to injure delicate fabrics. I may mention that the objection to warming a bedroom by lighting the gas depends upon these facts. Lamps and candles are less injurious; still, they use up a considerable quantity of oxygen and generate much carbonic acid gas. The ideal artificial light is the electric incandescent lamp,

which has absolutely no effect upon the air of a room.

Stoves do much to vitiate the atmosphere of a room. Badly made stoves, especially if the pipe be made of cast-iron, may give rise to an exceedingly poisonous gas, called carbonic oxide, which even in excessively minute quantities is injurious to health. The people who live in the room are, however, the means by which the air is most surely vitiated. It was thought at one time that it was simply by expiring carbonic acid gas and using up the oxygen in the process of respiration that the air is rendered unfit for use; but this did not explain the unpleasant and stuffy smell noticed in badly ventilated rooms, and it was further found that pure carbonic acid could be introduced into a room in far greater quantity than is found even in overcrowded apartments without producing any ill effect upon those living in it. It is now believed that the injurious nature of air which has been breathed is due to the presence in it of minute quantities of very poisonous organic matter, supposed to be exhaled from the lungs.

Before considering how the air of a room may be purified by ventilation, it may be as well to point out how serious a risk is experienced by those who refuse to admit plenty of fresh air into their houses. The widespread presence of tuberculosis, or consumption, in England is closely associated with the want of proper ventilation in living rooms and in workshops. Fishermen, agricultural labourers, and all those following outdoor occupations are comparatively rarely consumptive, while the disease is only too terribly prevalent among those who work in small and crowded rooms. Other diseases, among which may be mentioned measles, whooping cough, bronchitis, and especially diarrhœa, are not only more frequent in badly-ventilated houses, but are also more fatal than where the ventilation is efficient. These diseases are responsible for the greater proportion of deaths which occur in infancy and early childhood. It is therefore certain that the plea for fresh air is not merely a fad of the sanitary enthusiast, but is justified by the evil effects resulting from its absence.
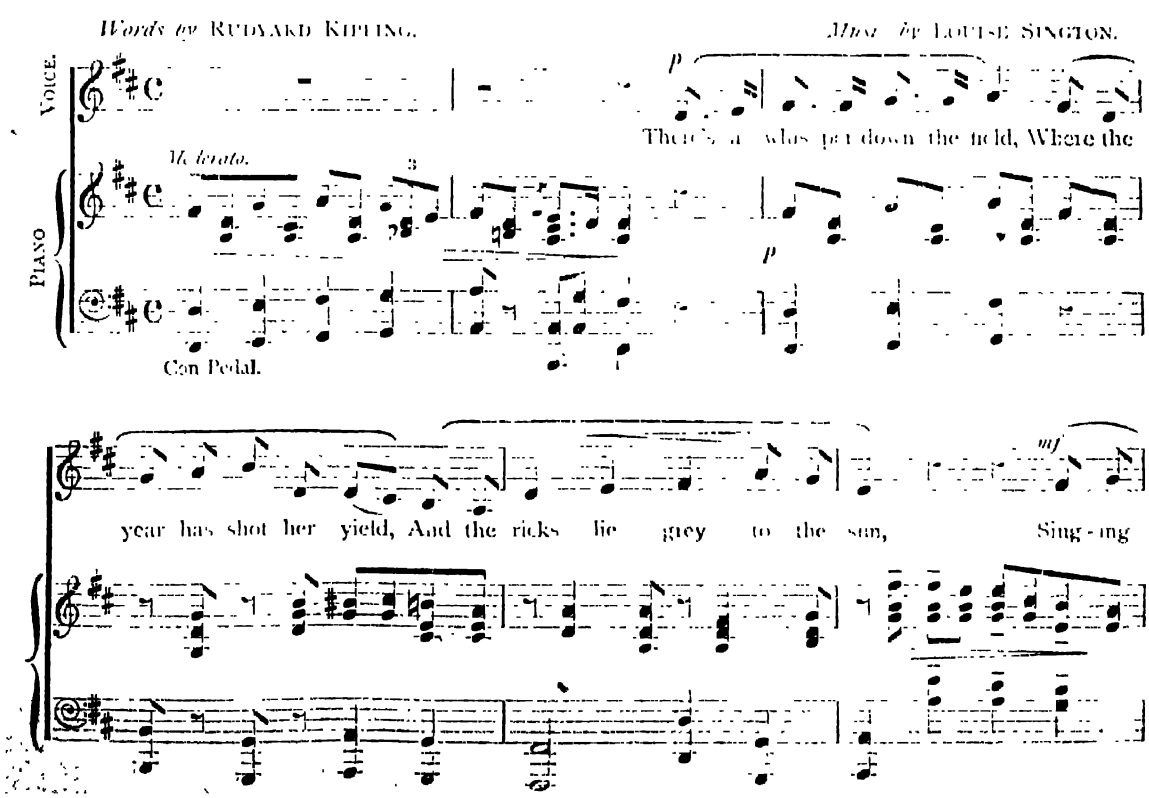
The bedroom, in which we stay the longest time uninterruptedly, is unfortunately the worst ventilated room in the majority of cases. The door is shut, the window closed, the fireplace covered up; even sandbags are used to keep out the ever dreaded draughts; the bed is surrounded with curtains, by which the foul air is prevented from being distributed through the room, and thereby diluted. The wonder is, as the Irishman remarked, that we don't wake up some fine morning and find ourselves dead in our beds. Too often our sleep is broken or disturbed by dreams, and we begin the day heavy and dull; we assign all manner of reasons for this state of things except the right one. The room should be large enough to contain constantly a sufficient supply of fresh air. Theoretically, the minimum amount of air-space to be allowed for each person is one thousand cubic feet, that is to say, the space supplied by a room ten feet high, ten feet long, and ten feet broad, making no allowance for space occupied by furniture. Even the air contained in such a room will only suffice for quite a short time. In this climate the air of a room, unless artificial means of ventilation are applied, cannot be changed more than three times an hour without causing draughts, and the reason why one thousand cubic feet of space is given as the minimum is that three thousand cubic feet of air per hour are required by an average adult. It will be readily understood, therefore, that in a room closed up as I have described the atmosphere becomes vitiated to an injurious degree.
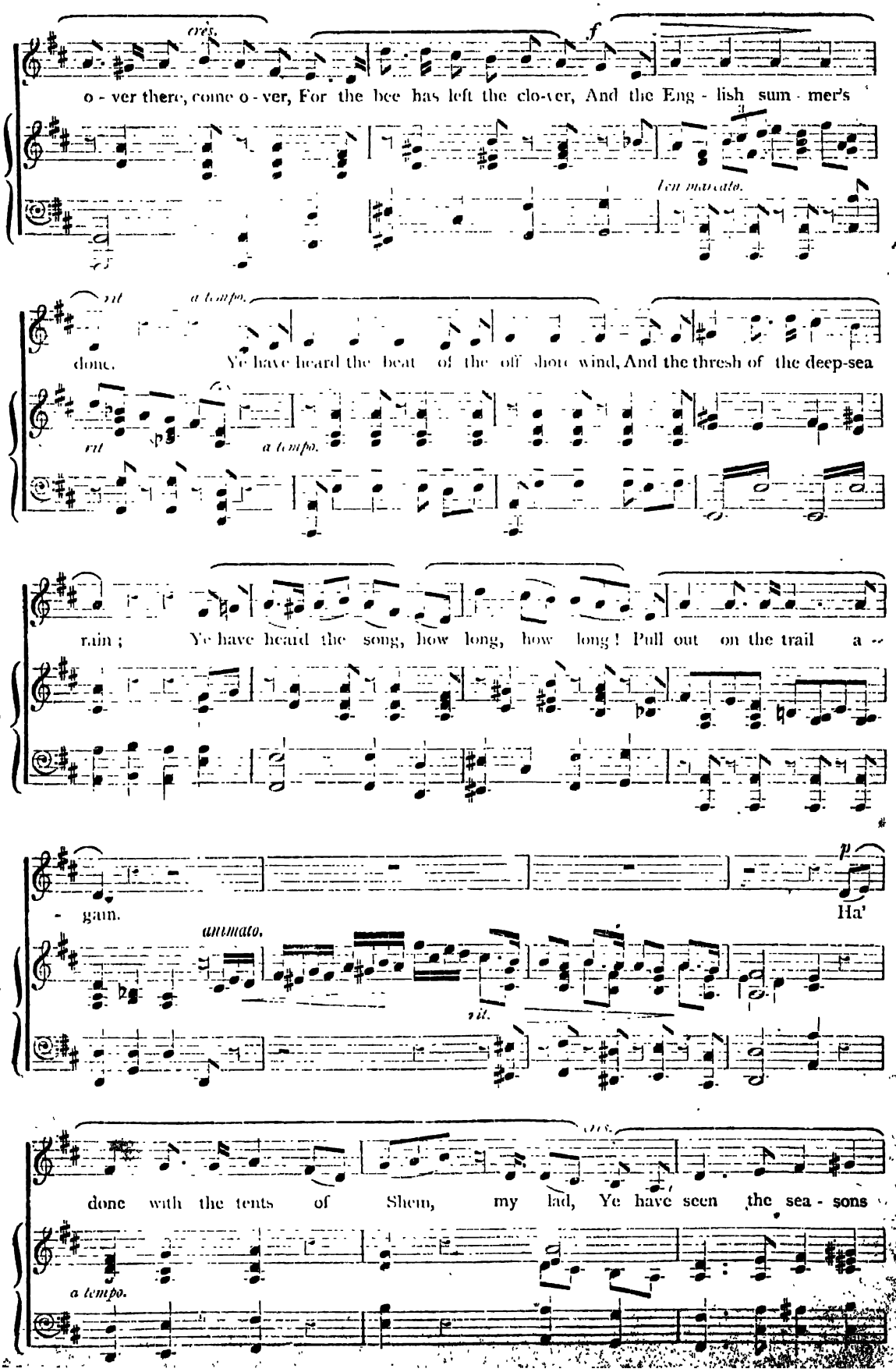
Effectual ventilation of rooms can easily be arranged. Fresh air can enter by the window and the impure air escape through the chimney. If it be objected that an open window is draughty, the current of air can be directed upwards by a very simple device. The lower window sash is raised and the open space below filled in with a board three inches wide, fitting the window-frame accurately. The current of air enters between the two sashes, and a draught is avoided. Tobin's ventilating tubes are based upon this principle. Of course an outlet for foul air must be provided, and it is easy to make an opening into the upper part of the chimney breast. If in the morning the windows be opened widely top and bottom so as to admit air and sunshine freely, a great improvement in sleep and in general health will be experienced by those who slept in the previously sealed up bedroom. Children are particularly susceptible to the influence of impure air, and therefore especial care should be taken to protect them from it. Schoolrooms are often badly ventilated, and consequently the children suffer in health and in temper. Much of the headache and listlessness popularly ascribed to over-pressure is really due to insufficient oxygen.
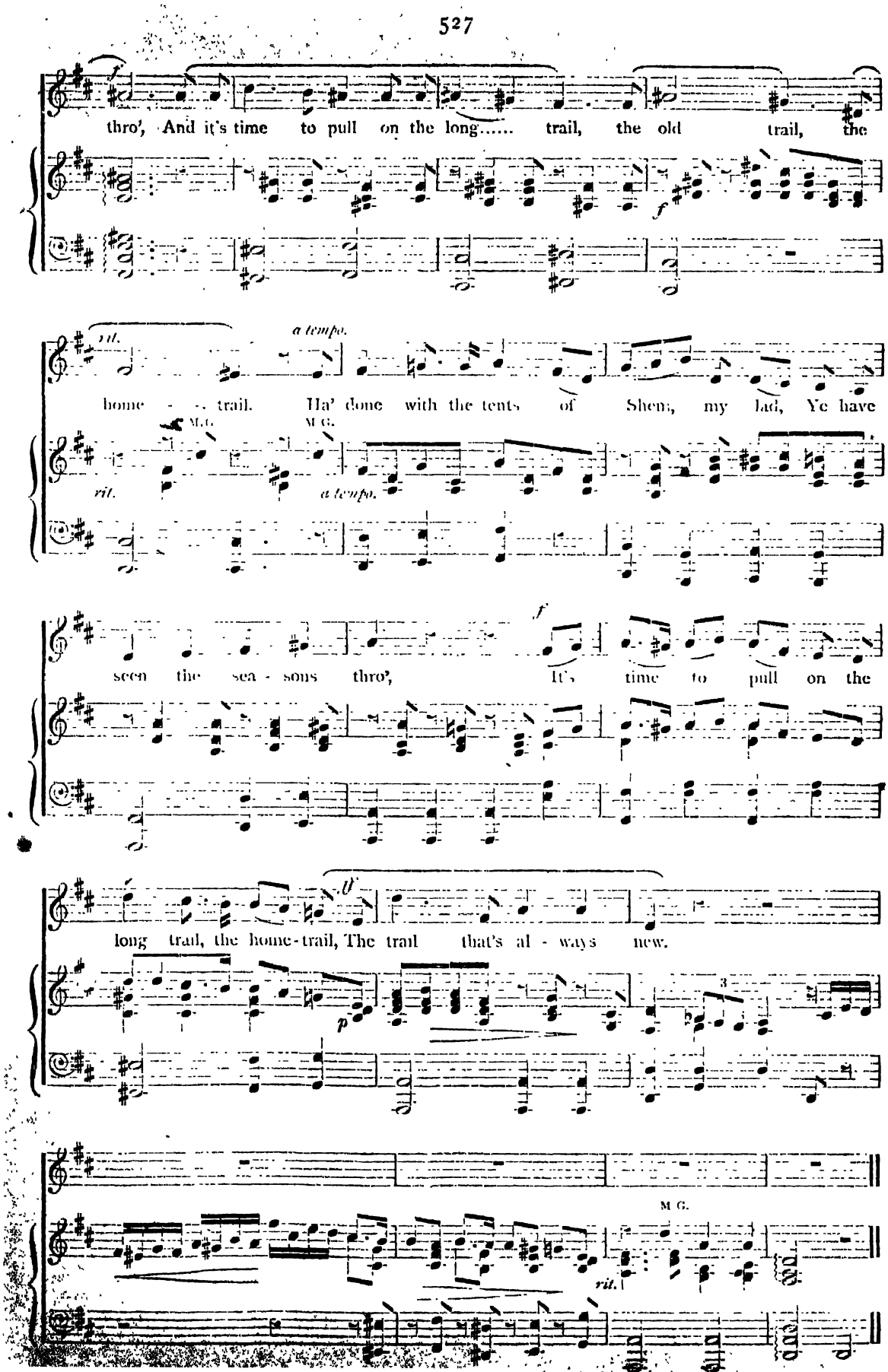
One thing must not be forgotten: we must get pure air to start with from outside. Very often the air as it enters is impure, owing to faulty drains or ash-pits full of decomposing matters. Or the house may be built on that abomination known as made soil: that is to say, over a hollow filled up with a soil made up of all sorts of town refuse. Foul gases are generated, which enter the house and take disease with them. Much care ought, therefore, to be taken to select a house which shall be free from the dangers of insanitary surroundings. If, in addition, plenty of air and light are constantly admitted, much will have been done to secure long life, robust health, and happiness.

The Home-Trail

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING. *Music by* LOUISE SINGTON.




cres.
f
o - ver there, come o - ver, For the bee has left the clo-ver, And the Eng - lish sum - mer's
ten marcato.
rit
a tempo.
done. Ye have heard the beat of the off shore wind, And the thresh of the deep-sea
rit
a tempo.
rain; Ye have heard the song, how long, how long! Pull out on the trail a -
p
- gain. Ha'
animato.
rit.
cres.
done with the tents of Shem, my lad, Ye have seen the sea - sons
a tempo.


thro', And it's time to pull on the long..... trail, the old trail, the
rit.
a tempo.
home - - - trail. Ha' done with the tents of Shem, my lad, Ye have
M.G.
M.G.
rit.
a tempo.
seen the sea - sons thro', It's time to pull on the
long trail, the home-trail, The trail that's al - ways new.
M.G.
rit.

THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

A SWISS ADVENTURE.

By BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"And I turned to each [illegible]
And the moments [illegible]
In your every [illegible]
F. B. [illegible]

"IS it not a pity, Eric, that you did not go to the Staubbach with the Parkhursts this afternoon?"

"I think not, mother. I have seen it after rain, and don't want to be disappointed as I should certainly be now. After two months' dry weather, it is probably a mere trickle."

"But I am afraid you will be lipped and dull alone with me, dear boy; and it is one of the things to do here, you know."

"But I don't want to *do* anything," was the laughing response of the tall man stretched at full length beside her. "And as you are hungry for compliments, shamefully, I have a good mind not to rise to the bait by reminding you that we have never bored each other yet, and that it is too late to begin now."

The two were sitting in one of the shady nooks of the Kleineberg, as the pretty wooded eminence near Zwischenlaken is called. At their feet the Lake of Brienz, with its broad stretch of blue water, lay calm in the sunny stillness of the August afternoon.

Behind extended the valley of Vicle brinnen, with its innumerable brooks and rocky heights, while around them rose the peaks of Monch, Eiger, Schwalmern, Niesen, and half a dozen other mountains, the Jungfrau looking in the dim distance like a snowy cloud on the deep blue sky. The warm softness of the air in that sheltered spot, and the beauty of the panorama visible through the trees on every side, made it easier to pardon Eric Moore-Stevens' taste for *dolce far niente*, especially as a glance at him sufficed to show that laziness was no besetting sin of his, as a rule.

His long frame was too bony and spare, and his thin, intelligent face, with its large features and keenly penetrating eyes, were characteristic rather of restless activity of mind and body than of any indolence.

His mother was glad enough to see the lines worn by endless anxiety, study, and work in an ever increasing London consulting practice—smoothing themselves out under the influence of change of scene and rest. She was so unlike her son as to make it safe to predict that he had resembled his father. Having married unusually early in life, she was particularly youthful-looking to be the mother of a man owning to thirty-seven years, her abundant brown hair being but little tinged with grey, and her still fresh complexion smooth and unwrinkled. The happy expression in her sweet grey eyes and her mouth told of a gentle, contented temperament, and made the whole face more attractive to many people than that of feverish eager girlhood in this dissatisfied age.

"She is the most peaceful companion in the world," Eric sometimes said, when friends ventured a hint never more than that younger society would be more congenial and cheerful for his holidays.

"Miss Dolly Parkhurst is altogether too demonstrative for me," he said, continuing the subject, with a suggestive upward glance at his mother.

"You are very hard to please, Eric," said Mrs. Moore Stevens, with a little sigh. "I wonder whether you will ever find a girl to suit you?"

"What is of more importance is whether I should ever suit any girl, only a blind one, I believe!" returned her son, half in jest, half in earnest.

"You are a perfect monomaniac on that point," said his mother indignantly.

"Well, when a man has heard the opinion candidly given that he is the ughest specimen of his sex at large, and has never found any independent authority to contradict the assertion, it knocks the conceit out of him."

"Those two stupid Simpsons, and their equally idiotic cousins! As if their opinions were worth consideration! You are better-looking than nine tenths of the men one meets."

"As you are the only woman ever likely to say or think so, I had better stick to you, I think, mother. It is after six; shall we be strolling back? You will want to change your dress, I suppose, and I must get into another coat before supper;" and he rose to his feet with a glance both merry and affectionate at his mother.

The subject of his marriage was their sole point of disagreement, and in this they were certainly poles asunder. Mrs. Moore Stevens maintaining with natural motherly conviction that the woman worthy to wed her only and precious "boy" had yet to be discovered. Eric's unvarying opinion of himself has just been cited, for he had always been absurdly sensitive on the subject of his personal deficiencies, real and imaginary. As a boy, he was remarkably "lanky" for his years, and his long legs and arms and dark face had won him the amiable title of "monkey up a stick" at Winchester. Maturity had broadened his shoulders, and made his six feet two inches less conspicuous; but his features were still too large for his thin, clean-shaven face. Since overhearing the laughingly-expressed criticism above alluded to, he had more than ever shrunk from girls' society, until his mother sometimes feared he would develop into the typical woman-hater.

"There is a number of fresh people coming in," he said, straining his eyes in the direction of the Hôtel

d'Angleterre, at whose doors its omnibus was disgorging a crowd of new-comers. "I thought the house was full."

"Oh, I fancy they can always make room for more," laughed Mrs. Moore-Stevens.

"If the hotel gets overcrowded, I vote we move on," said Eric. "They'll give us treacle instead of honey for breakfast. It is getting thicker every morning already."

Thicker still was the crowd in the dining-room, half



"'MDLLE. PELHAM—A YOUNG LADY—HAS A *FLUXION*, M. LE DOCTEUR'" (*p.* 539).

an hour later, when the Moore-Stevenses descended to their places. Amid a little confusion, room was made next to Eric for three new arrivals: a young married pair and a girl, evidently a sister of one of the couple, who took the chair beside him in an awkward, stumbling manner, suggestive of a school-girl. Yet there was nothing otherwise *gauche* in her appearance; in fact, as far as Eric could judge from the hasty sidelong survey he snatched as the first course was taken round, she was rather pretty, and *petite* in build. Her dark hair was bright and wavy; her pale skin was clear, save for a few not unbecoming "sun kisses," and her little nose and small mouth, with its short upper lip, was particularly dainty and sweet. Her large hazel eyes, shaded by long curling lashes, were bent upon her plate, and imperceptible at the moment.

"Hang it! A girl beside *me!*" he said to himself, with fresh regret at the departure of the sub-editor of a leading medical paper with whom he had been able to enjoy the luxury of talking "shop" in low tones. "I suppose I shall have to speak to her, if they're here for any length of time. Hope they aren't!"

But his neighbour was peculiarly silent, for a girl; and she did not even look at him for several minutes, during which her companions were deliberating over the wine card.

"Trout? Have you any filleted fish? No? Angela, my dear, will you venture on trout?" said the young matron's high-pitched voice. "I don't fancy there are many bones."

"No, thanks, Frances," was the shyly-given reply. "I—I would rather not, please;" and the girl's ear and cheek were suffused suddenly with red.

Eric did not concern himself, beyond the thought, that she was a bashful miss, afraid of fish-bones. He was assailed, too, at the moment by Dolly Parkhurst from opposite, who assured him volubly of his loss in not joining their Staubbach expedition. "It was

more of a veil than ever. Even the guides said so, Dr. Moore-Stevens. And we may have rain shortly."

Though Eric winced at the title to which, as a surgeon he was not as a rule accustomed, he replied good-temperedly to his *vis-à-vis*, without committing himself to any promise of joining the picnics she was projecting by the dozen. Then his attention was again drawn to the girl by his side, or rather to her companion.

"The salt is at your left, and the mustard beside it. I have cut the beef rather small, as I expect it is tough as usual," she was saying.

Amid the Babel of conversation, the remark was not generally heard; but to the Moore-Stevenses and a few others it was distinctly audible. Mother and son exchanged a suggestive glance, which said "Poor girl! Blind!" as plainly as words. The discovery gave her an immediate interest in Eric's professional eyes, and he instinctively turned over in his mind possible causes of the fact. Since there was no disfigurement, it was probably due to no accident or disease of the eye-ball; yet the blindness was evidently of comparatively recent date, as she required attention at table, and, by her embarrassment, was not used to receiving it in public. Interesting case, very.

"You may talk to her in safety, poor child," said his mother's soft voice. "She can't be frightened by your ogre looks, at any rate."

He returned her arch glance with a shrug of his shoulders, but did not follow her hint.

"Stupid idea of bringing a blind child. She doesn't look much more so to this place," he said to her, later, as they stood together on one of the balconies, and watched the moon slowly tinting the waters of the lake with silver, and casting deep mysterious shadows over the Bernese Alps.

"Yes; all this beauty lost to her!" breathed his mother sympathetically. "Unless they can try and describe it."

"Which to some blind people is more pain than pleasure. Well, good-night, mother. I shall turn in now, as I want to see the sunrise to-morrow. It is better than the sunset," he added characteristically. "There are fewer women about, looking at each other's flounces, and crying: 'Exquisite! Charming!'"

He had not been in bed two hours, however, when a rap at the door awakened him.

"What is it? Anyone ill?" was his instinctive query, as he sprang up with all his wits about him, after the manner of a man accustomed to such summonses.

"Mdlle. Pelham—a young lady—has a *attaque*, M. le Docteur," the night porter's voice said, in broken English. "Weel you go?"

"Immediately. What is the number of the room?"

"It is *au quatrième, deux cent cinquante*," returned the man, who was not equal to English numerals.

Eric hurried into his clothes, and bolted upstairs to the top storey with noiseless footsteps, his long legs taking two steps at a time. The narrow corridor showed an unbroken array of closed doors with boots outside, save where, at the farthest end, a smart, dressing-gowned figure beckoned him out of an open doorway.

"Oh, thank goodness you have come!" was her greeting; and he recognised the companion of his blind neighbour at dinner. "It is for my sister-in-law; she has fainted, and I can't get her to come to. I was just beginning to get frightened, as she is blind, you know. It is a shame to wake you, but——"

If there was one type of woman more objectionable to Eric than another, it was the chatterer in illness. He cut Mrs. Pelham short now by entering the bedroom unceremoniously in silence. On the small wooden bed the blind girl was lying, as white and wan as the moonbeams which had won their way through the window, and were playing about the polished floor; her almost pulseless hand was drooping over the bedside, her pale lips were parted, and her eyes closed.

"She is stifled; and no wonder!" he said briefly, and going to the window as he spoke.

"It won't open, and in this wretched room all we could get there is no chimney, as you see," said Mrs. Pelham disgustedly.

"Well, we must have air somehow," observed Eric; and taking up a parasol which lay on the chair near, he carelessly thrust the handle through two or three panes. Crash went the fragments on the paved courtyard below. "Open the door wide, please; there is no one about," he continued shortly, as he dashed cold water freely in the girl's face, and held the salts to her nostrils. His efforts were rewarded after a minute, for she gasped and opened her eyes with a slight shiver.

"What is it?" she asked, trying to sit up.

"You have been a little faint, for want of air: that is all," replied Eric kindly, in a tone very different from that in which he had addressed her sister-in-law. "It is a hot night, and you were probably tired."

"Oh, I was! I remember feeling queer and giddy, and trying to call out to someone, and I don't recollect anything after that," said the girl shyly.

"Yes, Angela; and I heard you the very minute. I am the lightest possible sleeper, Dr. Moore-Stevens," Mrs. Pelham broke in gushingly; "and I have nursed her so often."

This assertion was discounted to the hearer's critical mind by the fact that the self-styled nurse was incapable of restoring a patient from an ordinary swoon, and he remarked snubbingly that the partitions were so thin that it was difficult to avoid hearing the slightest movements in the next apartment.

"I'll push her bed nearer the window, and I think she'll do," he continued. "No, don't move" (to the girl); "I can lift you as well;" and in his strong arms he carried the light structure across the little room, and close to the air, which was blowing in freshly from the smashed panes. "Don't scruple to wake me again, if necessary; my room is No. 37, on the second floor," he said, with a glance at the sweet face, all unconscious of his scrutiny, on the pillow. "Hôtel

"But I hope you'll be all right now;" and he touched her hand, and was gone.

"Well, of all the bears!" was Mrs. Pelham's comment. "But I know he's a clever man, for I saw an envelope addressed to him: E. Moore-Stevens, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S."

"I think he was very nice," said Angela rather wearily. "What is he like to look at, Frances?"

"Oh, a hideous fright! very tall and lanky; but he has a pretty wife, a great deal older than himself."

"He has a kind voice, and soft hands," said Angela, reflectively. "I am sorry to give you so much trouble, Frances, and him too, for I suppose it's his holiday."

"Oh, that's what they are for," replied Mrs. Pelham easily. "Well, good-night; don't wake me again if you can help it, as I am really *dead* tired! I've put some water by the bedside, and the aromatic vinegar."

"All right," came in a depressed tone, "and thank you."

Angela tossed back the short curly hair from her forehead, and tried to compose herself for sleep. Her sister-in-law's parting admonition was not encouraging, and she registered a mental resolution to suffer much before she awoke her devoted nurse again. The hot scalding tears gathered in her eyes, and she had to bury her face in the big square pillow to smother the sobs which would come, despite her best efforts at self-control. It was bad enough to be blind and dependent upon others, but when the unwilling offices of the wife of a half-brother were the sole ministrations, poor Angela might be pardoned for thinking herself the recipient of harder measure than that which falls to the lot of most orphaned maidens.

"If I had only died that time!" was the burden of her thoughts through the night, during which she scarcely did more than close her eyes.

It was a short night, however, for mountaineering parties were starting soon after dawn, and some of them required much knocking to arouse them. The hotel servants were early astir, and Angela was glad to follow their example. She had already learned to be handy in the dark, and could dress herself without disturbing the slumbers of her sister-in-law, whose gentle snores were distinguishable through the thin wooden partition. She had, too, the bump of locality, which frequently, though not universally, develops rapidly among the blind, and she made her way downstairs, with a little guidance from a friendly chambermaid. Ah, how delicious the air was at seven o'clock in the morning! She seated herself on a bench on the verandah with a sigh of enjoyment, and breathed the fresh mountain and lake breezes with delight after her weary night, listening with acute interest to the movements and voices about her.

"Going up the Guggisgrat?" said a man's deep bass, after some time. "Now, Moore-Stevens, come with us. You're an old hand, I know."

"It is an easier ascent from Beatensfluh—less walking," said the pleasant voice Angela recognised at once from the night before.

"The hotel there is so primitive," said the first speaker.

"All the better," returned Eric.

"Ah! we're not all Spartans like you, my dear fellow," said young Parkhurst. "At any rate, I'll try the longer road first, and come down by the way of Mount St Beatus."

There was the crunch of nailed boots upon the gravel, and Eric turned from watching the little party of men off to where, in the shade, he noticed his patient of the night before. She could not see him, so he took a long survey without embarrassing her. Her pallid cheeks, black-rimmed eyes, sad droop of the lips, and tired gesture as she leaned against the back of the bench, alike pointed to a bad night and an unrefreshed awaking. He took her hand, and asked how he felt.

"I know you've not slept, because you haven't slept," he said.

Angela tried to smile.

"Confess to hardly a wink," he said again.

"Not forty, certainly," said the girl ruefully. "But it was too bad to wake you for such a trifle. I haven't apologised yet. I hope you didn't get up early for the same reason."

"Oh, I can do with very little sleep," said Eric easily. "We learn to, you know. And it's worth getting up to see the sun creeping slowly up over the mountains. First a few pink streaks come over the snow, then they deepen, and spread gradually, until at last the whole country is flooded with the golden rays. I would rather see it than the sunset."

Angela listened eagerly.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, with a sigh. "It is so nice to hear it described. My sister-in-law hasn't any love for scenery, and my brother thinks it makes it worse for me to hear about things and not see them."

Eric understood and sympathised.

"It does to some people, I know," he said.

"But I feel so out of it, if I don't hear. I haven't been like this long."

Eric heard the tears in her voice, and hastened to change the subject.

"I'm going to prescribe some breakfast for us both," he said. "Will you come? My mother is down too. She always likes to be up betimes."

It was the pleasantest meal that Angela had eaten for a long time. Mrs. Moore-Stevens' gentleness won her from shyness at once, and her son waited on them both so unobtrusively that she almost forgot her troubles for the nonce, and laughed and talked quite merrily. They had finished before the Pelhams sauntered down with a crowd of late risers.

"John" was a heavy, though worthy-looking, specimen of the genus British tourist, without half the sense of his wife, whose alert decision of manner showed her to be accustomed to act for him. This fact, coupled with her love of gush and extravagant chatter, did not prepossess Eric in her favour any more than the



"THE DOCTOR DASHED COLD WATER FREELY IN THE GIRL'S FACE." (*p.* 530).

night's experience had done. He rose from table with an alacrity which made his mother smile inwardly, as Miss Dolly Parkhurst, in the most masculine of shirts, coats, and ties, approached.

"You are an early bird!" she said lightly. "We want to make up a party to walk to Weissenau this afternoon. Will you come?"

"What do you say, mother?" concluding her to be invited also, in a pointed manner, which Dolly understood. "Is it too far for you? Over two miles from Unspunnen."

"I shall enjoy it if I rest this morning," replied Mrs. Moore-Stevens amicably; and Miss Dolly returned to the same table where sat the Pelhams, John vainly trying to make an Englishman's hearty breakfast of what he called "buns and honey."

"Those are such delightful people!" she said to Frances, with whom she had been chatting on the previous night. "He is quite a big-wig in his profession, too."

"Well, if you had asked me, I should have said that he had very little to say for himself outside it," returned Frances. "I was obliged to call him up in the night to my little sister-in-law, and I thought him blunt enough."

"Oh, that is always his way with strangers," returned Miss Parkhurst, with an air of appropriation.

"He certainly seems very attentive to his wife."

"His *wife*!" laughed Dolly. "That is his mother!"

Frances coloured with annoyance. She prided herself on her *clairvoyance* in such matters, and it was provoking to be found out in such an absurd mistake.

"She is sitting yonder with your sister, by the bye," continued Dolly, with a pucker in her smooth white forehead. "*He* is sure to be somewhere near—always tied to his mother's apron-string! I never saw such a man!"

Frances pushed her coffee-cup aside, and strolled to one of the open French windows. Angela was reclining in a cane lounge-chair under a tree, Mrs. Moore-Stevens sitting knitting in its counterpart. Eric's long figure, surrounded by a cloud of smoke, was stretched at a convenient distance. Angela's somewhat pinched little face looked bright and animated [illegible] he

evidently enjoying herself more than Frances had seen her do for many months, and a frown crossed her forehead.

She was not a fiend, and did not, therefore, quarrel with others' happiness when it did not interfere with her own plans. But she had a not uncommon desire to be foremost; and since these Moore-Stevenses were highly esteemed by their fellow-guests, it annoyed her that Angela—a silly chit, still in her teens, and childish to boot—should monopolise them.

If she had at that early date any ulterior suspicions, she did not allow them to formulate in her own mind. It was far from her purpose to allow Angela to marry—even if anyone showed so mad an inclination with regard to a blind girl. For Angela had inherited a fortune from her mother, and was at present under the guardianship of Mr. Pelham, her large income being a very convenient addition to their own.

She put a sailor-hat on her head and sallied into the gardens. Eric was starting for the station at the moment; the mails had not come in, and he was getting impatient for his papers.

"I was just going in that direction, too," rejoined Frances mendaciously. "If I may leave my sister with you?" she added sweetly to Mrs. Moore Stevens, who assented with pleasure.

"If she cares to stay," with a peculiar expression on her face, as her eyes followed her son.

She knew the proposition was not in accord with his taste, but that he could not refuse Mrs. Pelham's company without the grossest incivility.

"How do you think my sister looking?" Frances inquired, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Not up to much," he replied frankly. "I hear she didn't sleep."

"That wretched room! I feared so. We shall have to leave and go on to Grindelwald, for, of course, her health is of paramount importance to us.'

"If so, keep her quiet for a few days," said Mr. Moore-Stevens drily. "She's been overdoing it."

"I am *so* thankful to you for advising it. We had arranged to be here for a week, in order to have letters forwarded, and so on. It would have been such a nuisance to cut short our stay. Still, that bed-room——"

"I have been thinking of changing with her—subject to your approval, of course."

"She wouldn't hear of such a thing, I know," cried Frances. "Of course, it is more than good of you to propose it, but——" She stopped, mingled perplexing feelings confusing themselves in her mind.

"We may not be here for more than a night or two longer, and I can manage very well with the little room, especially with my patent ventilator," he replied, half laughing, adding, with professional reserve: "she need know nothing more than that the room is vacant for her."

If Frances had been able to flatter herself that this more convenient arrangement had been due to any attractions or merits of her own, she would have been gratified and delighted. As it was, she was [illegible] by his sudden interest in Angela. Had he fallen in love with the child? Or was it purely unselfish consideration of a patient's well-being?

"It is most kind of you," she reiterated, looking at him questioningly. "The only thing against it is the distance she would be from me."

("The main point in favour of it!" reflected Eric.)

"But she is wonderfully capable, considering that she has been blind only a few months."

"Oh, a few months?" echoed her hearer.

"Yes: it is quite a romantic story; you have been so kind, I should like to tell you," Frances went on volubly. "Her sight has never been strong from a child, but it was as good as usual when she went in December to stay with some friends, manufacturers, near Blackburn. Their house was quite close to the mills, and a dreadful explosion took place during her visit. She was near the building at the time; the shock threw her to the ground, and though not otherwise injured, she was quite blind when she was picked up. Mr. Netherton, the oculist—you know his name, no doubt?"

"I was at Guy's with him."

"Well, he says there is no disease, but it is all on the nerves. As she gets stronger she may recover her sight in a measure, or, as a shock caused her to lose it, another may restore it. He couldn't give any more hope than that. An uncommon case, he said it was."

Mr. Moore Stevens nodded thoughtfully.

"Then, as if that were not trouble enough for her, the man to whom she was engaged backed out of it," continued Mrs. Pelham. "His people egged him on; I will say that for him: but it was a disgracefully shabby thing to do, wasn't it?"

"The cad!" said Eric impulsively, switching off the heads of some grasses by the roadside in a fit of uncontrollable disgust, and feeling her words terribly inadequate. "Poor child! Well rid of him, though."

"I'm afraid Angela did not think so, but, of course, she acquiesced quietly, there was nothing else for her to do. She will never marry now; she was intensely devoted to him."

Frances rattled on in her usual style as they strolled on to the railway-station, and back to their hotel. Eric's thoughts were strangely pre-occupied by the story he had just heard, and he gave little heed to his companion's chatter.

It was by no means the first confidence of the kind of which he had been made the recipient. He knew that other girls had been the victims of men's selfishness before, yet the pathetic little history took a stronger hold of him than he could have believed possible, and made him the more inclined to be gentle and friendly towards the heroine of it.

He said nothing, even to his mother, of the change of rooms, for a variety of reasons; so that when Mrs. Moore-Stevens tapped at the door next hers on the following morning, she was astonished to be bade "Come in" in a girl's voice.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear; I wanted some sticking-plaster. I have managed to scratch my hand badly with a pin, and I thought this was my

son's room," she explained, putting her head round the door.

"Was this his room?" asked Angela, colouring. "Why, he must have given it up in exchange for mine at the top of the house. Oh, Mrs. Moore Stevens, he shouldn't have done so!"

"Well, he is better able to climb than you are, I am sure," said his mother, who, to tell the truth, was less astonished at the act than that she should have been left in ignorance of it. "He could not have been afraid that I should remonstrate," she reflected. "He is old enough to take care of himself, and he knows, too, that I am not a stranger to his unselfishness. Oh, Eric, Eric! what does this mean?"

For the recollection of his words a day or two ago on the Kleineberg suddenly flashed across her mind. Her son had spoken of marrying a blind woman. It was absurd, of course, and yet she never remembered seeing him as friendly with any other girl.

"Of course she is a dear child, and only a child!" she said musingly, thinking of Angela's short hair and sweet babyish face. "There may be nothing in it. Still, it looks as though he were afraid of being quizzed, to keep it so dark."

She put a leading question to him as they walked down to the lake side from Bonigen to catch the steamer for the Giessbach, an hour or two later.

"Shall you be anxious to move on for the next few days, Eric?"

Eric shifted her dust-cloak to his other arm before replying.

"Are *you* in any hurry, mother?" he asked.

"Certainly not," replied the astute woman. "The weather is perfect. We have not done half the excursions; and as for the hotel, I consider we might go farther and fare worse."

"I don't want to go on, as far as I am concerned," said Eric slowly. "It is more of a rest to me to stay in one place."

"I hope you are not tired to-day that you say so. Didn't you sleep well?" pursued his mother diplomatically.

Eric looked at her and laughed aloud.

"You can't deceive me any more than I can take you in," he said. "So you have found out that I have shifted my quarters?"

"It was just as well, my dear boy. It was too much of a climb for that little Angela Pelham."

"Yes. If she wants any looking after, I dare say you will do it?" he said tentatively.

"I shall, with pleasure. She is a dear girl, and so grateful for any kindness," said his mother warmly.

"I—I am interested in her case. It is not ordinary blindness," was all he vouchsafed of the workings of his mind. "But talking of angels in the double sense—here they come: Mrs. Chatterbox Pelham, her ponderous spouse, and—"

The party were only just in time to catch the boat, which was on the point of starting. Mrs. Moore-Stevens sat with Frances under the awning, while Eric gravitated naturally towards Angela. The morning was perfect, the slight breeze ruffled the surface of the lake, and sent a few clouds scudding over the deep blue sky; the encircling rocks and mountains—the snowy Susten-Hörner on their left, the Thierberg on the right—standing out clearly. In all too short a time the boat crossed the lake, and they had to alight at the Giessbach station.

"I think I shall keep beside you," said Eric, in an undertone, to Angela. "Mr. Pelham has just slipped in getting off the boat; I see it is as much as he can do to keep his own footing without falling."

Angela smiled, and walked on contentedly beside him.

"You have been so good to me already," she said, summoning up her courage after a while. "I do hope you are not very uncomfortable in that attic? I am ashamed never to have thanked you before, but I didn't know you had changed rooms."

"I am sorry you do now," he rejoined. "Here, give me your hand—this is a climb. Have you ever seen a great waterfall? Well, here there are seven, and there is plenty of water at the driest times. Imagine three bridges crossing these falls—we are at the second bridge now; a climb of half an hour, and we shall be at the third. I see the others are going on to the top. Do you feel inclined to follow?"

Angela did, and they mounted together to the highest fall, where the river from its gloomy hollow rushes under the bridge into a chasm nearly two hundred feet deep. Eric described their surroundings to her as well as he could, telling her of the crystal water leaping from rock to rock in the sunbeams, and forming the brilliant rainbows spanning the cascades; of the masses of foliage and the trees which formed so lovely a background.

"I can hear the rush and try to picture the rest," she said, with a little sigh. "I have seen Wales. I suppose this is Wales glorified."

"Yes: Wales under a magnifying glass. You ought to be thankful that you know something of what the world is like. I couldn't describe colour to a person born blind, you know," he said cheerily.

The words were bracing to Angela, and she brightened again.

"I do try not to complain," she said earnestly. "It is so horrid for others: blind people are such a nuisance," quaintly: "that's one reason why I keep my hair cut short; and I really came abroad because John and Frances wished me to. I knew I should be a bother!"

"And do you regret it now?"

"Why, no," she said. "I have really enjoyed myself here at Zwischenlaken, if I haven't before."

"And what has given Zwischenlaken such favour in your eyes?" inquired Eric, somewhat inquisitively.

"I don't know at all. I have been trying to think," replied Angela, knitting her brows. "Perhaps it is that we have met with pleasanter people," she added, with a frankness that gratified her companion, and made him act up to the character thus given him by imputation in a way which amazed those who knew him as a woman-shunner, if not a woman-hater.

But when the Parkhursts found that the eligible whom they had been seeking to monopolise had been enjoying himself out of their society, they waxed restive. Angela, in place of being an object of commiseration, was "a designing little piece of goods," whose blindness was a convenient bait; and Mrs. Pelham was a match-maker of the blackest dye.

"Of course it is plain enough that she wants to get rid of an incubus," said Dolly, with a snort. "As if any man—a doctor above all—would marry a blind girl!"

"Of course Dr. Moore-Stevens pities her, and if a girl who can't see asks a man to help her over the stones, he can't be such a brute as to refuse," said her sister ill-temperedly.

"I wonder whether he has forgotten the expedition to Mount St. Beatus? We had planned to go on Thursday, you remember, and take afternoon tea."

"Well, we can go without him," said Fanny shortly. "We shall be a large enough party with the New towns."

"Yes," Dolly assented doubtfully, adding, as an afterthought: "But I'll remind him, Fan; otherwise he may think us rude."

"If you want Moore-Stevens to come, it strikes me you'll have to ask Miss Pelham," said their brother, who had been standing listening, with a tinge of amusement on his tanned face.

"What! That girl? It's a hard climb; six miles there and back, at the very least!" exclaimed Dolly. "Are you crazy, George?"

George shrugged his shoulders.

"Try him, and see," was all that was to be got out of him, as he cut a deeper notch in an alpenstock, already adorned with many such marks of prowess.

"What do men know about love affairs?" said Dolly petulantly to her sister, as they strolled indoors.

"They talk together in the smoking-room, and Dr. Moore-Stevens may have let something drop," said Fanny shrewdly.

"He isn't the sort of man to do so. But what a nuisance to be saddled with her! Suppose I ask her brother and sister-in-law to join? He can drag her up the mountains; it is his duty," said Dolly.

"Or let's hope they'll refuse to allow her to come."

"We are going to Mount St. Beatus to-morrow afternoon. Do you still feel inclined to join?" she asked Eric, as they sat down to breakfast next morning.

"To-morrow? Oh! that's too far ahead to decide," he replied, lazily pouring out his coffee. "It may rain."

"But if it doesn't?" persisted Dolly. "We shouldn't start in a thunderstorm, of course."

"I've heard of that being done before now," replied Eric drily.

"Your mother is coming. It is one of the easiest places to get edelweiss, and she wants some."

"Then I shall have to go, to keep her from falling over a precipice."

"You need not trouble about me, Eric," said Mrs. Moore-Stevens, with an amiability for which the Parkhursts were not disposed to thank her. "Canon Newtown and I are going part of the way only, and shall come home together."

"Then, please don't expect me," said Eric to Dolly, with mock languor. "For these fatiguing expeditions take it out of me too much."

"What a provoking creature he is!" said Dolly irritably to her sister. "He can be perfectly hateful, I declare, when he likes!"

"Ask the Pelhams, and then see," suggested Fanny, half in joke, for she did not share her sister's predilection for Eric. "Only, recollect that if he still refuses, you will have the blind girl on your hands."

"Afternoon tea on Mount St. Beatus! How delightful! Of course we will join, if you will allow us to contribute to the picnic," said Frances' shrill voice, in reply to Dolly's question. "Is it very steep? In that case, perhaps Angela had better not venture."

"It is a very gradual ascent," replied Dolly truthfully. "But it is rough, and a rather long tramp."

"She is a capital walker; I really don't know what to say," said Frances doubtfully.

To leave Angela at home alone was an utter impossibility; she knew well that John—who never forgot that his sister's money mainly provided this holiday of theirs—would have rebelled against such an arrangement. He was a clumsy climber himself; in any case, and as a rule, found it difficult enough to keep his own footing, without helping others. But if he himself wished to go, it was clear that Angela must go too.

"What a torment she is!" murmured Mrs. Pelham, her eyes wandering round the room, as though in search of an inspiration. Mr. Moore-Stevens' figure, lounging on the balcony outside, supplied it; and intent as usual only on her own pleasure, it struck her that he might forbid the climb outright, and give her an excuse to leave Angela at home with John.

"The Parkhursts want us to go to Mount St. Beatus with them to-morrow," she said, crossing the room towards him. "I suppose it is out of the question for my sister-in-law?"

"I shouldn't say so. It is a grass path a great part of the way, and she will have a long rest at the top, too. She strikes me as a good walker;" and Eric woke up at once. (How he afterwards regretted the words.) "They have invited me to join them, and I will willingly look after her," he added.

"Oh! I can't tax you to such an extent," said Frances quickly.

"It is no tax at all. It is quite an easy climb," he rejoined composedly.

"Dr. Moore-Stevens is coming, and has promised to help my sister," said Frances, returning to Dolly's side, her own face reflecting Dolly's frown.

She had gained her point, though not in the way she wished, for Eric's rapidly developing fancy for Angela's society disturbed her considerably. Young married women are on the alert for signs of budding affection, and Frances was well aware that pity and love are akin. There was no possible objection to be adduced against his merely friendly association with

and sister, for advice struck Eric's mother, as it did himself forcibly.

"Please yourself entirely. Are you tired?" he asked, with a curtness which she did not misunderstand.

"Not a bit. If I pleased myself, I should go to the top. They say it looks quite close from here," said Angela wistfully. "I should like to be able to say that I have climbed a Swiss mountain!"

"Then come, by all means: it will please me too," said Eric quickly.

A conviction that a decision more momentous than the ascent of a mountain was involved in the words struck Mrs. Moore Stevens with a sudden thrill, half dismay, half delight. There was a wistful dewy look in her soft eyes as they passed from her tall son to the little, almost childish, figure in the grey frock beside him, which showed Eric that her motherly perceptions recognised the approach of a crisis in his, and therefore in her, life also.

He stopped back an instant as he unstrapped her cloak from his shoulders.

"Well, mother?" he said in a low tone, with a questioning ring in the words which the sympathy between them helped her to interpret.

A whole host of miserable platitudes, proverbs, and fears rushed into her mind. "Marry in haste, repent at leisure!" "My son's my son!" etc.; but she forced them away.

"Come back soon, and tell me all about it," was her reply, made with a struggle after a smile.

"If she had turned, I should have turned with her," he said, with a grateful look which recompensed her effort.

He and Angela were the last of the party to cross the brook, and she stood to watch the two with a strange shadow on her smooth brow, and an unaccountable foreboding at her heart, which was not entirely due to the suggestion which had just passed between them.

One fleecy, snowy dot of vapour veiled the sun at the moment, and a refreshingly keen breath of air blew across her face.

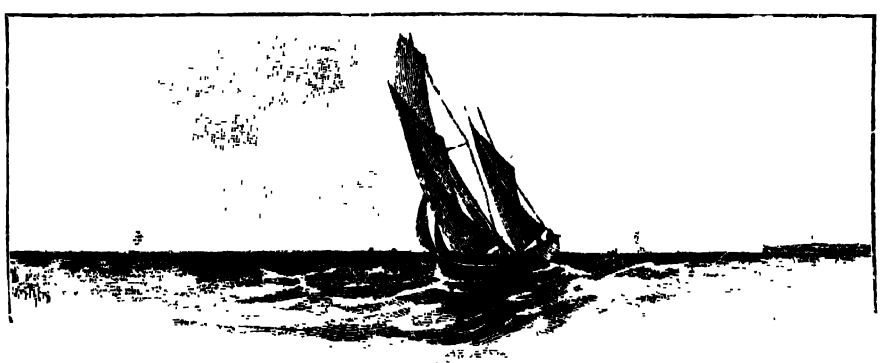
"The first cloud," she said apprehensively to her companion. "I hope they will be all right."

Perhaps the possibility of a *double entendre* struck Canon Newtown, for his smile and re-assuring rejoinder were very sympathetic.

"Ah! be thankful that there has not been one all this time," he said gently.

And they went slowly down the slope in silence, towards Zwischenlaken.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.



GERALDINE.

SHE skims the *Times* with woman's lore—
Births, Deaths, and Marriages—no more.
For speeches, foreign news, who cares?
What signify stocks, mines, or shares?
At length she starts: "H.M.S. *Foam*
Has left the China seas for home."
She muses, smiles, consults her glass,
Chides the long weeks which slowly pass.

Two months—there comes a stranger guest,
Tall, slight, in naval plainness drest;
He grasps her hand, adores her eyes,
Half blushing when her blushes rise,
Her grace admires, as by his side
She fain her joyful dreams would hide;
And, bolder grown, at length outpours
Affection's pent-up, ample stores.

"For years, your image next my heart,
Hope cheered me half the world apart;
Then, like pure jasmine flow'rs, Love drew
Still close and closer, till there grew
A longing ne'er to be put by
With you to live; life lived, to die;
Your loving heart—your all—to gain,
Now home-returned, this chance I've ta'en."

Her long-lashed eyelids droop their shade,
Pale roses next her cheeks invade:
"One little whisper, Geraldine!
Nay, smile for answer—art thou mine?"
Silent she clasps her trembling hands,
A moment half-bewildered stands,
Turns, ere joy's sparkling pearls are shed,
And in his bosom hides her head.

REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

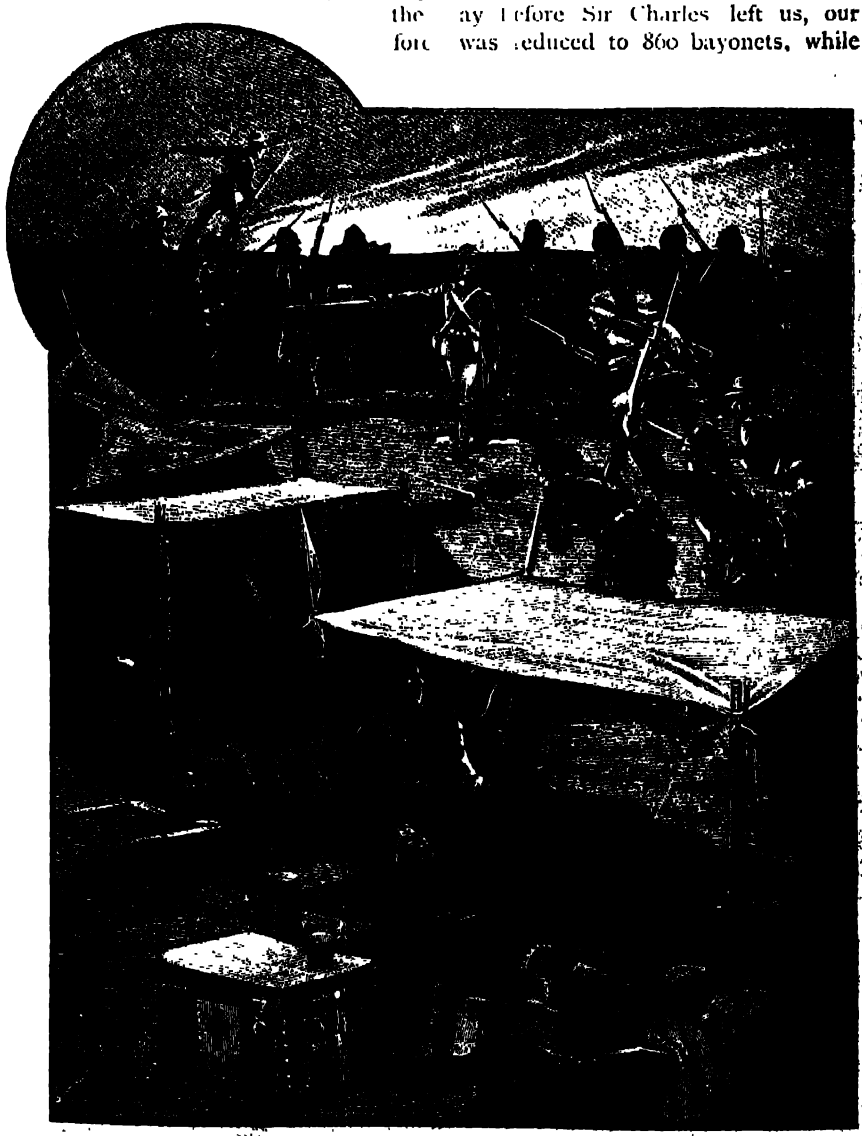
HOW WE TRIED TO RESCUE GORDON.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S STORY.

OUR Desert Column, under the command of Sir Herbert Stewart, after two severe conflicts with greatly superior forces, numerically, of dervishes, after it marched out from Jakdul, occupied Abu Kru, near Metammeh, and ninety miles below Khartûm, on January 20th, 1885. Only part of Lord Wolseley's orders had then been carried out, for Sir Charles Wilson was now to proceed to Khartûm by one of the steamers which Gordon had promised to send to meet the expedition; Colonel Burnaby was to take over the command of the post here after his departure; and Stewart was to return to Jakdul with the Heavy Camel Corps, and to forward stores, which had been accumulated there, to Abu-Kru or rather, to Metammeh which was, however, left in possession of the enemy.

Stewart had been severely wounded in the action of January 19th; Burnaby had been killed in that of the 17th; and by our losses in these engagements our force of 1,685 men had been literally decimated. It was also now threatened by fresh troops of the Mahdi coming up and down the river to attack it. Under these circumstances, which had been unforeseen by Wolseley when he despatched our column across the Bayuda Desert to establish a post here, Sir Charles Wilson, on whom the command devolved after Stewart was wounded, was placed in a most trying position. But he showed himself equal to the emergency, not only by the measures he took for the defence of the post so hardly and gallantly won, but by his determination to open communication with Gordon at all hazards. Though somewhat cheered by our success so far, those of us who were best informed could not but regard his departure for Khartûm on the 24th as a forlorn hope. The captain of one of the four steamers which met us at Abu-Kru on the 21st was one cause of this anxiety; for on leaving Khartûm on December 14th, Gordon told him that if he did not come back in ten days with English troops, he need not return at all, as all would be over. The last entries in his journal, brought down by this captain and written up to that date, were not re-assuring. Omdurman, we knew, had been captured by the Mahdi a few days after we occupied Jakdul on January 3rd, and we also learned from this captain that the enemy had guns in position below Khartûm. It was, therefore, uncertain whether Sir Charles would be able to fight his way past them in the frail craft in which he had sailed.

By the despatch of a convoy to Jakdul for provisions the day before Sir Charles left us, our force was reduced to 860 bayonets, while



"WE WERE UNDER ARMS ALL THAT NIGHT" (p. 540).



"IT IS TIME TO SHELL AMONG THE BAGGARAS."

ten times that number of the enemy hovered round us. Still, no man's heart failed him, and we stood confidently to our guns, hoping against hope for the best.

On the 28th, or fourth day after Sir Charles had left us, our equanimity was disturbed by cannon and rifle firing and a display of bunting at Metammeh. What could it mean? Had the reinforcements of men and artillery, which we heard they expected from Berber, arrived? Little did we suspect then, what proved eventually to be the case, that it was rejoicing over the fall of Khartúm.

We were under arms all that night, with doubled outlying pickets. Some uneasiness was also caused by the delay at Metammeh in opening the nightly tom-tom concert. It was 9 P.M. before it began, and its music, softened by distance, and rendered sometimes *forte* and sometime *piano* by the evening zephyrs, came to us like the soothing strains of an Æolian harp.

Next evening, after dark, several signal rockets were fired off to guide our expected returning convoy, and Jakdul, in case of its approaching our camp after dark.

And thus matters went on with us until the morning of the 31st, when, about 10 o'clock, the dervishes were reported coming out in force from Metammeh. Hurrying up to the signal station, I saw them form in square, as if for attack, and noticed a small body of Baggara horsemen on the ridge between the plateau and the position held by the Guards on the p[illegible] above the camp. Then came the report of a gun from the direction of the desert, followed by that of the explosion of a shell. This was followed by another gun, and this time its shell exploded amongst the Baggaras, sending three of their horses galloping off riderless. We now knew that our convoy was at hand, and the "assembly" was sounded, in order, if necessary, to aid in repelling any attack by the enemy on it or to defend our position if it was assaulted.

Soon after the second gun the Baggaras fell back, and the masses of the enemy disappeared in patches behind the concrete loopholed walls of Metammeh.

It was now evident that the enemy had not received reinforcements from Berber or elsewhere, and that our fears on that account had been groundless. The convoy brought us not only commissariat supplies, but half a battery of guns and fifty of the Naval Brigade. It also brought us the contents of the three mails from England, which had been received at Korti after we had left there. All things conspired to make us jubilant that evening, and, under the additional sense of security supplied by even our small reinforcements, we had a good night's sleep. It was the first [illegible] for several that I as well as all the others had slept with our boots off.

But we were destined to a rude awakening; for at 4 A.M. Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, who had accompanied the expedition on to Khartúm, arrived at the camp in a small boat with four men of the Royal Sussex

Regiment, and told us that when they reached their destination they found the town in the hands of the enemy, and that it had fallen on the 26th. Both steamers he stated were wrecked coming down the river—the last some thirty miles above the camp—and that Sir Charles Wilson and his party had landed upon an island. He also repeated a report received from a man that Gordon had taken refuge in the Mission Church, which we knew he had prepared for such an emergency—a report which Sir Charles had discredited, chiefly on the ground that no Egyptian flag or any other flew over it. Unfortunately, this statement reached Korti before Sir Charles Wilson's more careful report, and no doubt led Lord Wolseley, in his grief over the failure of the expedition, to the unwarranted conclusion that it was attributable to the alleged delay of Sir Charles in steaming for Khartûm after we reached Abu-Kru. As an eye witness and cognisant of what occurred, I have no hesitation then and none now in contradicting this statement. Sir Charles Wilson might, it is true, have left us on the 23rd, if he had not gone down the river on the 22nd to reconnoitre in connection with the report that a large force of dervishes had come up to attack our literally decimated force; but if he had then started, he could not possibly have reached Khartûm until the 27th. Even if he had arrived there on the 26th, he was not in a position to avert the blow under which it fell. I have already given my readers several facts relative to its condition, and Gordon's fears that, unless English soldiers put in an appearance by the 24th of December, they would be too late; and nearly a month had elapsed since then.

No words of mine can describe the depression of heart and soul this sad news brought upon us. Thoughts would arise that if so and so had been done this catastrophe would not have happened, and, as Her Majesty the Queen wrote to the late Miss Gordon, the honour of England would not have been stained by it. To the blunders in the conduct of the Expedition which contributed to its failure already mentioned I venture to add another, which had had a disturbing effect on other minds beside my own. And it was this:—

On November 14th Lord Wolseley received a letter from Gordon, dated ten days previously, in which he stated that he could hold out for forty days with ease, but that after that it would be difficult for him to do so, and that the Mahdi was only eight miles off.

The first detachment of troops, going up the cataracts in boats laden with two tons of stores, had only left Gemai—twelve miles above Wady-Halfa—on November 5th, and when this news was received, had made such slow progress as to discourage any anticipation of Wolseley being able, on his plan of procedure, to be in time to aid Gordon, whose word "difficult" I construed to mean "desperate."

Taking this view of the case in a conversation with two officers of the staff stationed at Wady Halfa, I was told by one of them that if Gordon could hold out for six weeks, he could do so for six months, and that there was no cause for anxiety about our



"JUST AS THE BROAD DISC OF THE MOON HAD CLEARED THE HORIZON" (*p.* 342).

efforts to relieve him. Lord Wolseley seemed to be of the same opinion, for in reply to a telegram from the Minister of War as to what he intended to do in view of this news from Khartûm, he wired back that it would make no change in his plans. Nor did it: for the slow advance by the boats was, as we now felt, fatally adhered to. In fact, the Camel Corps, as stated by the Minister of War in Parliament, when discussing the supplementary estimates for the expedition, had been formed so as to enable us to meet just such an emergency as Gordon indicated in his letter might be expected to occur after December 14th. Eight years since then have failed entirely to eradicate the deep sorrow and horror caused by the news brought to us by Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley on that morning. The graves left behind us in the Bayuda Desert, the groans of the wounded and the dying in the hold-ho patals at Abu Klea and here at Abu Kru, and the massacre at Khartûm and Gordon's sad fate, are memories which will haunt those of us who were at Abu Kru as long as life lasts. And the saddest thought of all is how easily the catastrophe might have been averted by the measures which Lord Wolseley had failed to adopt.

Our position was also a perilous one, for the fanatical hordes of the Mahdi, flushed by victory, might now swoop down on us before relief could possibly be sent from beyond the 170 miles of intervening desert between us and Korti.

At a council of war held immediately after the reception of the news, it was decided to send immediate relief to Sir Charles and his party, and Lord Charles Beresford left at 2 p.m. on our only mounted to rescue them. It was then decided to send back all our camels to Jakdul, as they would be needed in bringing us reinforcements, and with them also all of our 101 wounded who could be moved. In order to keep open my own communications with the Press, after some anxious consideration I resolved to accompany this convoy.

It was ordered to march when the full moon rose—about 8 p.m. and was formed up outside of our ramparts in a thick darkness, so that, while the stars were visible over you, you could hardly see your hand before you.

Just as soon as the broad disc of the moon had cleared the horizon, off we moved, with Lord Dundonald as our guide, and who directed our course by compass. We had with us sixty odd wounded, carried in *cacolets*, slung one on each side of a camel.

For the first two hours of our march considerable anxiety was felt lest the enemy, becoming informed of it, would attack us. We, however, passed safely through the ordeal covered by that period. But not so the poor wounded fellows who lay, some of them in agony, on account of the movement of the camels carrying them. They had to run the gauntlet of the thorny mimosas through which our route led, and which was often so narrow between these trees that their blankets were often brushed roughly off, and pain caused in colliding with the branches.

Riding my horse with them during this period, and, in fact, until we reached the Shebecat wells further on, where the road led through an open country, I did what I could to mitigate their sufferings. Sometimes I replaced the disturbed blankets, and then blew up the men who had each in tow the three camels carrying them for their bad steering.

The distance between Abu Kru and Abu-Klea was twenty-three miles, and our pace about two and a half miles per hour. Before we cleared the Shebecat wells a Metammeh woman, her daughter and slave boy, were met and captured by Lord Dundonald, and they were now obliged to join our march as far as Abu Klea. She had with her fifty goats, which were requisitioned for the use of the wounded. This did seem hard, but was a case which, it was alleged by the captors, came within the legitimate rules of war.

At 7 a.m. we halted within a couple of miles of Abu-Klea to rest the wounded and give them some much-needed refreshment. The wind was very high, and blew the sand about us in clouds, mixing it with our food.

As Lord Dundonald was to hurry on after we reached Abu Klea to Korti with despatches, I finished mine, describing what had happened to us after the battle of the 19th, and, this being handed at once on his arrival to Colonel Swaine, Lord Wolseley's military secretary, was initialled by him as Press censor, and, being immediately telegraphed, was the first Press despatch containing the news which reached London.

We found the garrison at Abu Klea under arms, from suspecting that we were a force of the enemy approaching to attack the post. Here we left those of our wounded who could not bear any further transport, carrying on to Jakdul with us others who had been in hospital at Abu Klea since our battle here of the 17th January. After a two hours' rest we again proceeded, and crossed the battle-field of that day, where many of the corpses of the enemy still lay unburied, and some of them with all the flesh picked off their leg bones by the vultures. We bivouacked that night on the plain of Messala-mi-eh, where we arrived on the morning of the 16th, and where we learned that the wells of Abu Klea were held by the enemy, and whence we marched out to fight them. On the second day, about sunset, having, with Prior, of the *London Illustrated News*, and Pigott, of *Reuter's*, left the column, I arrived safely at Jakdul, from which three weeks previously we had marched out full of hope for Gordon and Khartûm. But it had been sunshine and cloud with us. Going, we had sung the beginning of the song Tennyson puts in the mouth of the little nun in his "Idylls of the King":

"Late! so late! but we may enter still."

Coming back from Abu Kru, after the eventful days passed there, our song then was the refrain—

"Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now."

MRS. MARY DAVIES ON SINGING.

AN INTERVIEW. BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



AT THE AGE OF 8.

(From a photograph by Pinsen, 204 Piccadilly, Coventry Street, W.)

A LONDONER by birth, Mrs. Mary Davies is once more a resident in the city of smoke and fog. On her marriage with Mr. Cadwaladr Davies, some years ago, the distinguished singer went to Bangor, where her husband was Registrar of the North Wales University College, still pursuing, however, her professional work with the aid of express trains and good health, well tested to the fatigue of railway travel. Some time since Mr. Davies gave up his appointment to seek his fortunes at the Bar, and now at Campden Hill the singer has a London *ménage* of her own. On going to see her there for the first time, we began by talking of the change.

"On the whole, I find it a very pleasant one," Mrs. Davies says, somewhat to my surprise. "You see, the greater part of my life has been spent here, and I have a great love for London. Then, you see, Campden Hill is so healthy and breezy—we are one hundred and thirty feet above the sea level, I believe."

And Mrs. Davies speaks as if she had heartily enjoyed the morning walk which I imagine, from the dainty hat and well fitting jacket she is wearing, she has just taken.

"One thing I miss—the pleasant little circle of friends we had at Bangor. At the college there was quite a little colony, so to speak, of congenial spirits. But one must think of one's work, of course; and as the greater part of my work has been in London, it was rather inconvenient to be living out of London. Then I have long had the desire to teach, and now I am able to gratify my desire."

"To teach? Do you mean pupils who intend to make singing their profession?"

"Most of my pupils have been amateurs; to teach others entails so much more responsibility—young singers have to face a competition daily growing keener, and success depends on so many things besides the possession of a good voice; although that is, of course, the first essential. Take the capacity for working hard, for instance. I cannot possibly tell whether a girl has this capacity until I become acquainted with her personal character. A great many aspirants come or write to me for advice: but in most cases I feel obliged to say 'Don't.' What a difficult task giving advice is: even this little carries with it so much responsibility."

"Of course, you impose some kind of a test on applicants for tuition?"

"Yes: it would be waste of time and money for a girl to take lessons from me if she had no elementary knowledge of music. But I don't like a pupil to have learned too much; she may have a good deal to unlearn. I have been rather amused by the pupils who have come for 'a few finishing lessons, although there is almost no end to what can be learned in music. It reminds me of the old-fashioned 'finishing' school."

"Do you think singing can be advantageously taught in classes?"

"Only to a limited extent. You see, there are so many things to be learned if one is to acquire any degree of excellence: the right way to breathe, first of all which, when a singer is studying, her music, must come as automatically as the striking of the keys to a pianist. But a good deal can be best learned in a class; and I am very glad that singing is now taught in all the London Board Schools. It is my opinion, you know, that every child should be taught to sing. Not that I believe every child is endowed with a fine voice, because I believe the physical effects of singing to



MRS. MARY DAVIES AT THE AGE OF 18.

(From a photograph by G. Truckle, New Bond Street, W.)



MRS. MARY DAVIES' DRAWING ROOM.

be invaluable. It not only develops the chest and strengthens the lungs—about that I can speak from my own personal experience—but it also involves the right use of the lungs in breathing, with the result that they are rendered much more secure from pulmonary diseases.

"A false method of teaching voice production may ruin the general health as well as the voice, but on the other hand a rational system, has, I know, been of great physical benefit to several people with weak lungs who had no desire to become singers. Of course, we can learn to breathe rightly without learning to sing, but when it is associated with the cultivation of the voice, the task becomes much easier and more interesting.

"We have just had a piece of very good news," exclaims Mrs. Davies after a pause, a sunny smile on her face. "I mean the Parliamentary grant for a Welsh University. Considering the troubles of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I suppose we have been very fortunate in getting a grant of three thousand pounds to start. But look at the money which the people of Wales have raised for educational purposes—quite a hundred thousand pounds—the people, mind you, not so much the upper classes. The County Councils, without exception, I believe, have given the money obtained from the liquor duties to education, and every county has adopted an intermediate education rate. As a result of its great enthusiasm in the matter, Wales has now, I believe, a splendid system of elementary, intermediate, and higher education."

"Is there any relationship, think you, between this and the national love of music?"

"I don't know that I can clearly trace the relationship, although I believe music must nearly always produce intellectual aspirations. In many cases the village choirs have certainly had as much influence for good as the village schools. The great want in Wales has been good orchestral music; but that is being recognised, and in the last year or so quite a number of amateur orchestras have been formed. Of the universal love of the people for good music I had a remarkable instance one Christmas, when I sang at Aberdare. The festival lasted two days and four performances of the 'Messiah' were given; yet, although Aberdare is a small place, the hall—which probably held eight hundred people—was crowded at each performance. This festival has been held in the same way every year for more than twenty years."

Of the singer's devotion to Wales the house has many suggestions. On the walls of her morning-room, in which we are sitting are several Welsh landscapes, painted by Welsh artists; in the drawing-room, to which she next conducts me, I find portraits of famous bards of the Eisteddfoddau and pictures of their cottage homes. Mrs. Davies also brings out for my inspection a splendid old Welsh Bible, bearing date 1620.

"As you may suppose," she says, "it is a kind of double pleasure for me to read in the Welsh language. I think I have caught some of my husband's enthusiasm for the language and literature of the Principality."

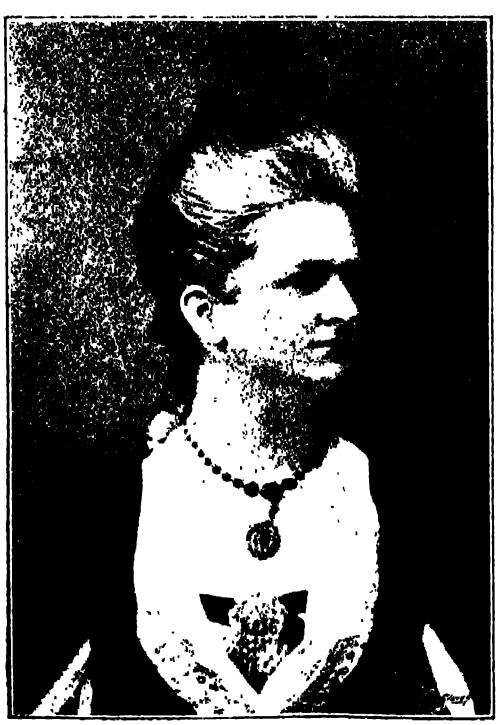
I am also glad to know that some Englishmen are also taking up the study; as a rule, I think you do the language an injustice in supposing that it is uncouth and unpronounceable. Those who study it, and especially those who use it for singing, are surprised to find how beautiful it is."

A fine painting of one of the Welsh mountains has a melancholy interest. It bears the name of Mr Shrubsole, who made a success at the Academy about a dozen years ago with a picture called "A Crown of Fire." After years of striving, success came, but it came too late, he died just before the arrival of a letter from Messrs. Agnew, offering to purchase several of his pictures at good prices.

The singer has a great affection for the instrument to be accounted for partly, no doubt, by the fact that her father is a sculptor as were one or two other members of the family. In the drawing room there is an excellent specimen of Mr. Davies's skill in a marble bust of his distinguished daughter. It is interesting to compare this with the portrait of Mary Davies which hangs over the fireplace in the dining room. This was painted a few years ago by Madame Darmstetter, a sister of the husband of the authoress known to her readers as Mary F. Robinson. The young lady Miss Cecil Hartog who has written for Mrs Davies two of her most recently successful songs, "The Years at the Spring" and "Swingtime" is, I learn, also a member of this same gifted family.

"You know Browning's 'The Year's at the Spring' with the oft-quoted lines

'God's in His heaven
All's right with the world!'



PRESENT DAY.

(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.)



AGED 20.

(From a photograph by W. Evans, Old Bond Street, W.)

I had my doubts as to whether the poem would make a good song, whether it would please a popular audience, but my doubts were soon set at rest. From the first it has been most successful.'

'I suppose you have to consider well your audience in making a selection of songs for a concert?'

"As regards most audiences, of course, although I am bound to say that it is only really good music which the most popular audiences in the provinces will appreciate. I usually make a point of putting one classical song into a programme and one song of a lighter character. The worst of a song proving very successful is that it becomes very difficult to replace it by another. For some time past I have wished to sing one or two very remarkable Hungarian songs which an American friend has translated and set to music, but my repertoire is very full, and so far I have not had an opportunity. Then I have a great number of songs sent me by composers, and now and again there is one which I should like to take up. 'Twickenham Ferry' was sent to me in this way by Mr Theo. Marzials, when it was quite unknown, and I am glad to think that I was able to obtain for a very pretty song the success it merited.'

"I expect your engagements at the London Ballad Concerts have given you most pleasure, oratorios apart?"

"Well, it is a pleasure to sing a true ballad, and our English ballads are worthy of the attention of the best artists. Some very good work is done at the Ballad Concerts; Santley's singing of such a song as 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' for instance, is almost a musical education in itself. As a matter of fact, however, some of the best work is done out of London. London naturally considers herself the hub of the universe in all things, but, considering their relative size, I think there is far more love of music

in some of the big provincial cities than in the metropolis. Take choral music, for instance. London has few choirs to compare with those which are to be found in Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, and Liverpool or with the great choral societies of Wales. Another thing I have noticed is that if an oratorio is being given before one of these Northern audiences—say an audience largely composed of the miners and mill-hands of Lancashire—every third man or so is following it with a book. The circumstance must indicate considerable knowledge and love of music."

An autograph portrait of the late Professor Jowett on the overmantel led Mrs. Davies to make confession of her faith in the higher education of women, the brilliant scholar having been one of her friends.

"I am so pleased to think," she exclaims, "that in our University for Wales women will be on a perfect equality with men. They will not only be able to take the same degrees, but if one should qualify herself for the position, a woman may become Chancellor. Just fancy, a woman Chancellor of a University! But when I was in America last year, I went over a big college at Boston, where boys and girls were being taught in the same classes, the coloured boys or girls sitting side by side—and this, perhaps, even more remarkable—with the white.

"The Welsh Festival of the World's Fair at Chicago, at which I sang in September last, was organised by a committee on which there were almost as many women as men, and so far as my observation went, they did their work admirably, with such a grasp of detail, such kindly tact, and such an utter absence of anything like 'worry' or 'flurry.' Speaking of the coloured school children, too, reminds me how much I was impressed by the coloured waiters at Chicago, who were certainly more polite than any of the servants in the hotels at which we stayed while in America. Some of these young men serve in the hotels during the summer, and with the savings on their wages maintain themselves at college during the winter. The circumstance seemed to me to throw a remarkable light on the rapid improvement the coloured race has made since its emancipation only thirty years ago."

GETTING EVEN WITH UNCLE MOSE.



TOMMY writes:—

"MY DEAR ROSIE,

I arrived all safe Monday night, and there wasn't nuff for supper. But I guess I fixed that straight next morning. I told Uncle Mose square that I knew my Pa paid for me, and I wanted piles more of everything; cause why, I was getting a Florida appetite already. I said my Pa sent me South to get strong, and I couldn't do that unless I stuffed. He saw there was no help for it, so he laughed, kind of sick, and said 'Stuff away.' Then I started in, and ate twice as much as I wanted to make up for the bad supper, and to vex him.

"I went around with him this morning, and I tell you, Sis, he knocks spots off the prize miser. First we went to the lumber-yard. He wanted ten cents' worth of shingles to patch a hole in the roof, and he nearly fought the man to give them for nothing. He didn't get them. The yard-man said, 'Not half a shingle without paying for it,' and I saw him hanging fit to bust when Uncle Mose turned his back. Then we went to the store to buy a mouse trap and a piece of bacon. There was a little bit of string in the bacon to hang it up, and Uncle Mose made the storekeeper cut off the string before he weighed the bacon. There was a cracker-man standing by, saying nothing, but watching and grinning to himself. He had funny eyes that twinkled, and I saw him wink at the storekeeper. I felt right down ashamed to be seen with Uncle Mose, but it was worse when it came to the mouse-trap. 'Twenty cents is the price,' said the storekeeper. 'That's too much,' says Uncle Mose. (He says 'That's too much,' every time.) 'I could get it home for fifteen.' 'But you're not home; and there ain't another store in this yer settlement, so you're welcome to take it or leave it,' said the storekeeper. But he wasn't mad, only looking at the cracker-man, and laughing all the time. So we came away with the mouse-trap; but I guess Uncle Mose thought about it a good deal, for he says to me after dinner, 'Take a walk up to the store, Tommy, and say I'll give seventeen cents for the trap.' But I said I was tired, and I tried to look pale, so he dursn't send me out after that. I wouldn't have gone for a hundred dollars. He tries a new dodge about the grub now. He keeps asking me to have some more every minute, expecting me to get ashamed; but I don't. He don't know me much yet. I say 'Yes' every time, whether I want it or not. He'll get tired of that soon. He ain't as old as I thought he would be. Not more than thirty or forty. I didn't think a real miser could be less than fifty, anyhow. And he ain't ugly, only he looks mean in the mouth, and his nose has a harpened point like the small side of a scissors. He don't keep any help, and wants me to help him cook and wash the dishes. I would if he was poor, but he could hire help if he had a mind to; so I won't. I didn't say so, but I broke a dish, and that did as well. He was afraid I might break more.

so he wouldn't trust me again. I said my Ma had help sometimes, and he said, no wonder we are poor. I said we'd rather be poor than be screws. He had a man to plough yesterday. He couldn't do that himself, as he has no hoss. And he wanted to pay the man with an old iron kettle that he said was worth a dollar. But the man wouldn't. He said: 'What use is a kettle to me if I have nothing to put in it?' And Uncle Mose had to shell out. He's been studying it, and he says it's cheaper for him to get a cat for nothing, than to buy a mouse-trap. I'll watch: and if he starves the cat, I'll steal her, and bring her home to you when I'm coming. This ain't so bad spelt as usual, is it now? I'm getting a lot better down South. Love to Pa and Ma. Your affec bro.,-

"TOMMY

Tommy Andrews was only twelve years old, but Rosie was sixteen, and she had come back from her boarding school full of ideas, both acquired and original, which she proceeded to prove in her answer to Tommy's letter. She wrote at considerable length, and her good little brother appeared to be hugely entertained by what she had to say.

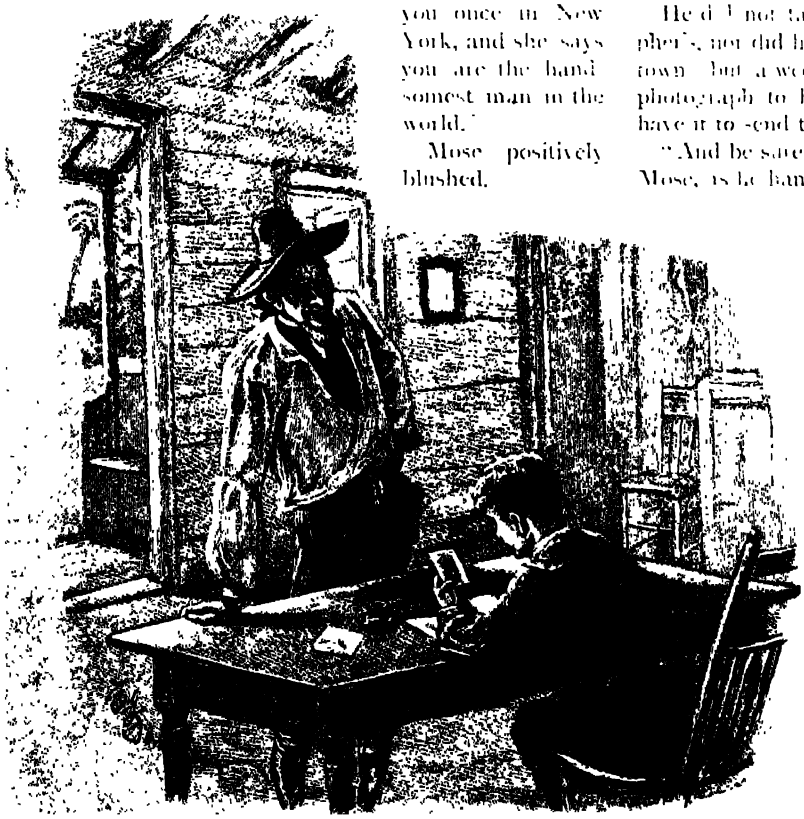
He surprised his uncle next morning at breakfast by inquiring innocently,

"Do folks think you very handsome, Uncle Mose,"

Mose naturally wanted to know why such an extraordinary question had been asked.

"Well," said Tommy; "there's a chum of my sister Rosie's who saw you once in New York, and she says you are the handsomest man in the world."

Mose positively blushed.



"'BE SURE TO GIVE A PRETTY MESSAGE WITH IT.'"

"Who is the young lady?" he inquired, regarding his nephew rather shyly.

"Oh, you don't know her," said Tommy. "She was at school with Rosie, and she saw you once by chance. She wants your photograph. Rosie told me to ask you for it."

"Very likely, indeed, that I am going to waste my money on photographs for schoolgirls," said Mose; but he laughed quite good-humouredly at the idea. To give him his due, he was never surly: outward amiability was not expensive, and his meannesses were all perpetrated smilingly.

"Perhaps she'd pay for it herself, if she wants it real bad," suggested Tommy. "She's just ever so rich."

"Did she tell you so?" asked Mose, incredulously.

"Everyone knows it," asserted Tommy. "Clara Van Gulden has piles of money. When she was at school, her Pa sent her a hundred dollars pocket-money every month, and he lets her do whatever she likes." The next day Mose had his photograph taken; and a terribly expensive business it was, for he had to travel thirty miles to reach a photographer. Sixty miles could not be accomplished in one day, and Tommy could not be left alone all night; he was too delicate. In default of steam, a horse would have done very well for himself alone but, having Tommy to bring along, Uncle Mose was obliged to hire a buggy. Then they had to spend the night at the hotel where rates were high, and accommodation indifferent; and finally, there was the photograph to be paid for.

He did not take Tommy with him to the photographer's, nor did he tell him the nature of his business in town; but a week later he brought a very flattering photograph to his nephew, and told him he might have it to send to his sister for her friend if he liked.

"And be sure to give a pretty message with it," said Mose, as he handed it to him.

"Wouldn't it be better if you wrote yourself?" asked Tommy, grinning.

"Oh, no," said Mose. He was really quite shy. "Perhaps Miss Van Gulden may write to thank me for it; and then—why, then—" And he retired in confusion. It was evident that he had been indulging in romantic dreams.

Miss Van Gulden did write to thank him; and, moreover, sent her own photo in exchange—a pretty picture, with an astonishing mass of rough hair, and a pair of very dark, thick eyebrows. She explained that she was staying with her dear friend, Rosie; and hoped he would write to her as often as Tommy wrote to his sister. "Then," she suggested, "you could enclose his letters, and that would save the dear child's pocket-money; he writes home so often, like a good little boy as he is."

In a postscript, she said she had a great fancy to have some pineapples out of his own garden; would he not send her some?

He had no pines in fruit; his were only just planted. So he had nothing for it but to search the settlement for half a dozen of the best that were to be had, and send them off north by express. He wrote a letter, too, expressing his admiration of the fair Clara's

He waited in great perturbation of spirit for the letter which should announce his fate, and, when it came, could hardly believe in his good fortune. Clara accepted him with rapture. There was only one drawback: she insisted that he should not come to see her for the present.

"I have two reasons," she wrote. "One is, that you may possibly be disappointed in me when we



"ROSIE PICKED UP THE RING AND HANDED IT TO HIM" (*p. 549*)

photograph in no lukewarm terms, and begging for a flower that she had worn.

In a few days' time he received a well baked rose-bud, enthusiastic thanks for the pineapples, and a request for a box of oranges from his own grove. His grove was only two years old: but he paid for the pick of a neighbour's before the shipping began, and sent Miss Van Gulden a box of fruit fit for a princess.

She sent a lock of hair in exchange, and inquired about the winter strawberries, of which she had heard so much.

"She appears to be a whale at fruit," said Mose dolefully. "People seem to fancy these things are to be picked up for nothing in Florida."

"Oh," said Tommy, "she don't think about the price at all. You see she has so much money herself, she makes no account of a few dollars."

"Evidently not," said Mose.

But he sent the strawberries, and a great quantity of mistletoe for Christmas; and then, feeling that this sort of thing had gone on long enough, he wrote a formal proposal of marriage, which, if accepted, would make the outlay worth his while; and, if rejected, would do away with the necessity for further expense.

meet. I should know it at once if you were: and I want to preserve my dream of bliss undisturbed a little longer. The other reason, you will easily guess, is, that I do not wish poor little Tommy's visit to be spoilt. It is important that he should remain in Florida until April at least. If you were to come away now, you would have to send him to some horrid, uncomfortable hotel or boarding-house in the back woods, where Rosie tells me you live; and I am sure he would not be so happy anywhere as with his dear uncle. Remember, I have always been accustomed to have my own way, so I shall expect implicit obedience in this matter.

Of course, Mose was obliged to give in.

He ordered an engagement ring that cost a small fortune, according to his ideas, and sent flowers or fruit every week regularly to his intended. He bewailed with fearful hypocrisy, the absence of jewellers' shops in the pine-woods; but Clara answered him prettily that inexpensive gifts pleased her best, and Mose gnashed his teeth, thinking of the railway companies that were making their fortunes out of his weekly consignments. Inexpensive, indeed! However, the game was worth the candle, and he grumbled aloud no longer. At last the time came for the journey

north. Tommy was to be taken home, and Clara was to be there to meet him.

"One thing puzzles me," said Mose to his smart little nephew, as they stood together on the deck of the steamer. "How can you folk—if they are as poor as they pretend—afford to keep a rich young lady on a visit for the whole winter, a young lady like Miss Van Gulden, who considers the price of nothing, and must be accustomed to every luxury at home?"

Tommy opened his eyes wide in innocent astonishment.

"Why, of course," he said, "her Pa pays everlastingly. He knows we're poor, and that Clara likes to be with Rosie, so he lets her board with us whenever she has a mind to. There's nothing mean about *him*, I can tell you."

It was with a very dazed feeling, and his courage at a low ebb, that Mose found himself at his journey's end, surrounded by Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and Rosie—welcomed, confused, driven to distraction. He had not seen Rosie since her early childhood, and he was not much impressed with her now. She wore her hair painfully smooth, plastered in fact, and her eyebrows were light colored and ineffective; her complexion was sickly, and she had a trick of smiling broadly which did not become her style of feature.

Miss Van Gulden was not there: no one spoke of her; and at last, by sheer desperation, Mose drew Rosie aside and inquired for his Clara with considerable awkwardness.

"She has gone away," said Rosie, becoming suddenly grave in expression. "But she has left a note for you. Will you have it now, or wait until after supper? I greatly fear it contains bad news."

"Give it to me at once," said Mose; and Rosie pointed to the writing table where a letter was lying addressed to him in the square, stiff handwriting that had become so familiar within the last few months.

He tore it open, and out of it tumbled Clara's dear, dear engagement ring. That precious thing lay unheeded on the ground as he read—

"NO LONGER BELOVED ONE.—Alas! that I should say it! The day which was to have brought our happiness is one of doom to both! I can never meet you now, but I must at least be thankful that a chance revealed to me your true character before it was too late, for I could never have known a day's happiness as the wife of a miser. Only last night I discovered the horrid, the revolting fact that you, whom I fondly believed so generous, have been all this time accepting payment from my poor friends for little Tommy's *board and lodging*. The hideous words make me sick. Do not attempt excuses. There are none to be made. Nor try to follow me—it would be useless. Rosie has promised to keep my address secret, and I can trust her. I return your ring. Your other presents, having been of a perishable nature, I cannot return. They have vanished, like my trust in you, forever. This is the last letter you will ever receive from her who once loved, and now loathes you,

"CLARA VAN GULDEN."

Rosie picked up the ring, and handed it to him. He put it into his pocket carefully, and took up his hat.

"You are not going?" exclaimed the family in chorus.



"SHE LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE THE PHOTOGRAPH OF CLARA."

But he was: and the next day saw him on his way back to Florida.

Rosie went to her room and washed the bandoline out of her hair, and the powder out of her eyebrows, and ceased grimming in the aforesaid unbecoming manner. When she appeared at the supper-table, her hair was in a tremendous fuzz, and she looked exactly like the photograph of Clara Van Gulden. She found her father and mother and Tommy in a state of semi-hysterical hilarity, and remarked placidly as she took her seat, "'They may laugh who win.' We had a good supply of fruit through the whole winter, anyhow."

M. PENROSE.

GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND



WHEN all our thoughts are bent on holidays, such reading as we undertake must, perforce, be of a light character, save perhaps in the case of those resolute spirits who can resist all the blandishments of sun and scenery and can pursue in summer those studies which weaker mortals relegate to the sunless months. So let me speak first of stories, and fortunately all the stories that I have before me this month are in single volumes. Here are three additions to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Pseudonym Library," first and best of which is "The Hon. Stanbury," said to be by "Two," but popularly ascribed to a single writer. The tiny volume contains three stories, the first of which lends its title to the whole work, and all of which exhibit a striking power of pathos and strong character-drawing. "A Study in Colour" is really a series of chapters more or less closely connected, unfolding successive word pictures of lower class Creole life in the British West Indies, and very clever pictures they are, too. "The Shen's Pigtail" goes to another untrodden path in search of material for fiction and sketches Anglo-Chinese life in a very realistic manner. Encouraged by the success of the anonymous "Pseudonym" series, Mr. Fisher Unwin has now commenced an "Autonym Library," the principle of which is to be the inclusion of representative works by popular authors, who shall sign their stories and avow the authorship. The first volume is already issued, and contains two stories by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, "The Upper Berth" (which serves as a title to the volume) and "By the Waters of Paradise." It is a novelty to find Mr. Crawford, writing what, if it came from anyone else, would be called a ghost story.

The readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE have a peculiar interest in "Cassell's Sunshine Series" of complete novels, seeing that most of the stories which go to make up this collection of eminently portable and readable tales have already appeared in serial form in our own pages. We have had so many inquiries from readers for these stories in separate form that, I am sure, this series will be welcomed by those who are anxious to renew acquaintance with old friends. Among the stories included in the series are "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "Lady Lorrimer's Scheme," "Wonderful," "A Man of the Name of John," "You'll Love me Yet," "A Step in the Dark," and "Witness my Hand," all of which are familiar to readers of the MAGAZINE.

A little book of interest to all housekeepers is Mr. C. H. Senn's "Side Dishes, for Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner and Supper," published by Messrs. J. Haddon & Co. The work does not profess to be a complete cookery book, but it contains a number of useful and workable recipes for tasty and economical dishes, to which Mr. Senn's position as inspecting and consulting *chef de cuisine* at the National Training School of Cookery lends additional authority and interest.

Books of travel which deal with tracks more or less well beaten are not often so interesting as Mr. Clement Scott's "Pictures of the World," of which Messrs. Remington & Co. have just published a second edition. Mr. Scott set out to visit the World's Fair at Chicago, and made his way thither overland to Italy and thence *viâ* Egypt to India and Ceylon, later to China and Japan, and so to the "Golden Gate," and by rail from San Francisco to the great exhibition. In a journey like this, every stage of which has been responsible for an untold number of volumes in the past, it is only the individuality of the traveller which can put a fresh point of view before us. His chapters on Japan put quite a new complexion on matters Japanese, and he is forced to the conclusion that our women have not "anything to learn from their Japanese sisters in grace, refinement, or beauty." There is very little about the World's Fair in the book, but that is hardly a disadvantage, at this distance of time from the closing of the great "show."

The seventh volume of the Jubilee edition of "Cassell's History of England" carries its illustrated record of events from the illness of the Prince of Wales to the British occupation of Egypt, so it is bringing its story very close to the present day. Its portraits and other illustrations are so well up-to-date that they, in many cases, actually explain current newspaper articles and paragraphs. Mr. Lecky's dictum that "The present of a country can only be understood in the light of its past" is most true when applied to the immediate past whose influence on current thought and policy is most potent. The teaching of history at school used always to stop at the Revolution of 1688, or the Battle of Waterloo, and there are few of us who would not be better for the reading of an impartial story of comparatively recent events, such as is here put before us.

In "The Art of Music" Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry has presented us with a series of the most interesting and original reflections, so simply and popularly expressed as to be of value to the most uninitiated and least technical of readers. See for instance this brief quotation from the chapter on "Incipient Harmony," which is charming even to a man without pretence of a shred of musical knowledge. Dr. Parry has been speaking of the extent to which the spirit of the Christian religion has even been reflected in its music, and then he goes on: "In the early middle ages the warlike priest was not the ultimate object, but nevertheless the spirit of the religion and religious life was essentially devotional and contemplative, and it followed that all the music employed in Church ceremonies was vocal or choral, and almost totally devoid of any rhythmic quality or anything which represented gesticulatory expression. This state of things was eminently favourable to the development of certain artistic features which were a necessary preliminary to the ultimate building-up of the modern musical art. Dance music demands very little in the way of harmony. The world could go on dancing to the end of time without it, and whatever harmony is added to pure dance tunes, even in days of advanced art, is generally of the simplest and most obvious description. But vague melodic music, and vocal music which is sung by voices of different pitch seem to call imperatively for the help of harmony; and unless the instinctive craving for choral harmony had led men to overcome its initial difficulties the art could never have developed that particular kind of regularity in time which is independent of dance rhythm. It was the necessity of regulating the amount of time which should be allowed to particular notes when singers sang together which brought about the invention of the standards of relative duration of notes and the whole system of breves, semibreves, minims and crotchets; and also that of the time signatures, which do not necessarily imply rhythm, but supply the only means by which various performers can be kept together, and irregular distribution of long and short notes made orderly and coherent." Dr. Parry's work needs no commendation at our hands. It is evidence of the growing interest in knowledge of musical history and correct knowledge, which it cannot but foster. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. are the publishers of this excellent work. While I am speaking of a book on music, I must add a word or two upon an admirable little primer on the "Elements of Music," by Mr. T. H. Bertenshaw, B.Mus., of which the first part has just been published by Messrs. Longmans.

To the "Mermaid" series of the "Best Plays of the Old Dramatists," Mr. Fisher Unwin has just added a volume of the plays of Richard Steele, of whom, as his able editor, Mr. G. A. Aitken, says, we all think rather as an essayist than a dramatist, forgetting that the same wit and humour are to be found in the comedies as in the essays for the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. The "Mermaid" volumes are always readable for their own sake, and this one on Steele is not the least interesting of the set, by any means.

Another volume of Cassell's "Storehouse of General Information" carries its references from "India" to "Morrison," and illustrates them by numbers of engravings in the text of the work as well as by inserted maps and other plates printed in colours. The convenience of an encyclopædia which is at once comprehensive in its scope, and of such a bulk that it is easily handled is undeniable, and the "Storehouse" is not only concise but is accurate as well.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have just issued a new edition of the late Dr. Neale's translation of "The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix," from which several of the finest and most popular hymns in the English language are taken. Comment on such well-known verse would be superfluous; but as the publishers have accompanied the lines by illustrations, I can only regret that they are not such as are likely to be generally regarded as adequately interpreting the beautiful ideas of the original. And I regret this the more, because in every other respect the publishers have spared nothing that would help to make this a fitting *édition de luxe* of a memorable work.

BOOK-MARK.